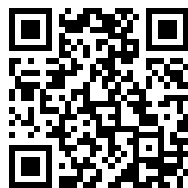


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# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 49.

## VIEWS IN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

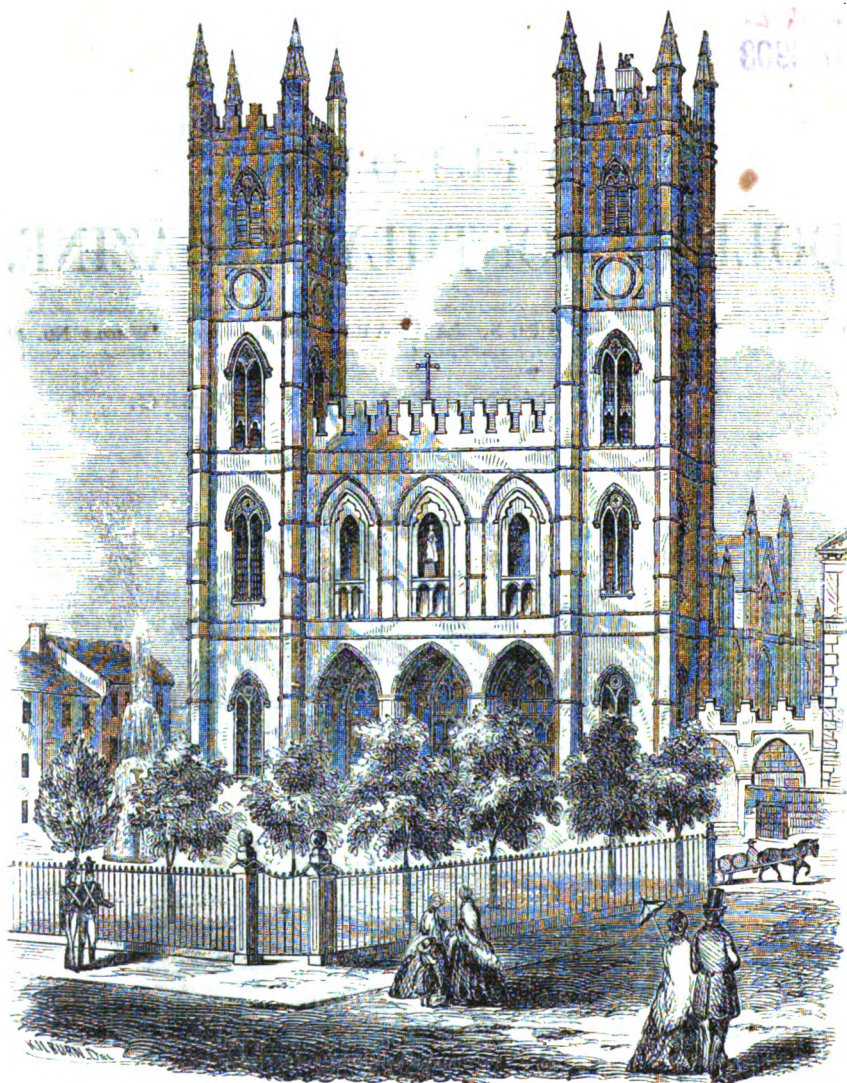


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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, MONTREAL.

We have devoted a portion of our present number to pen and pencil sketches of the two great Canadian cities of Montreal and Quebec, now our near neighbors by the agency of railroads and steam. Montreal is the second city and chief seat of commerce in Canada. This important and interesting place is situated on the south side of the island of Montreal, in the St. Lawrence, 142 miles southwest from Quebec. It lacks the commanding and picturesque features of the latter place, but in all other respects is by far its superior. Like Quebec, it is divided into an upper and lower town, but the difference of elevation between them is inconsiderable. The buildings are generally of stone—a material which gives them a very substantial appearance, and the streets, though narrow, are kept in a

state of cleanliness which reminds the traveller of those of our own city. St. John's and Notre Dame Streets are exceptions, however, to the general rule of narrowness, being noble avenues, which would not discredit any city on the face of the globe. The quays, also, are the noblest on this continent, and are, indeed, unsurpassed by any in the world. The city, with its suburbs, stretches for two miles along the river from north to south, and for some distance has a nearly equal depth inland. The principal commercial avenue is called Paul Street, and extends parallel with the river, along the whole length of the city. This is in the lower town. In the upper town are several streets running in the same direction, and connected with Paul Street by cross streets. In the suburbs, many of the



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL.

houses are built of wood; but there are no wooden houses within the space once encompassed by the walls, which have now fallen into decay, leaving the city entirely open. The surrounding eminences are beautifully wooded, and covered with villas and pleasure-grounds.

The harbor of Montreal is not a large one, but perfectly safe, and vessels drawing fifteen feet of water can lie close to the shore. Its average depth is from three to four and a half fathoms. St. Mary's rapid, about a mile below the city, is a powerful current, and difficult to stem. The Lachine Canal, about Montreal, nine miles in length, was undertaken to improve the navigation. A large amount of steam vessels are em-

ployed in navigation, and during the summer season, vast rafts of timber float past the city to Quebec; while the produce of Upper Canada is transported in scows and batteaux. In winter, the ice is covered with thousands of sledges, carrying provisions to the city. Montreal is the centre of the commerce between the United States and Canada, and the depot of the adjacent country; while most of the business done in Quebec is transacted by branches of the Montreal houses. Its trade is nearly or quite as active in winter as in summer. It was formerly the head-quarters of the fur trade. It has various manufactories and a number of shipyards. The markets are excellently supplied. The society is pleasant



and refined. About two-thirds of the population are of French descent, the remainder being English, Americans and Indians, the latter seeming to get along much better with the Gallic than the Anglo-Saxon races.

The public-buildings of Montreal are numerous and handsome. The most prominent is the cathedral of Notre Dame, depicted in our second engraving. This remarkable edifice, devoted to the Roman Catholic form of worship, is the finest cathedral in British America. It is of Gothic architecture, 255 1-2 feet in length by 134 1-2 feet in breadth. It is faced with stone and roofed with tin, like most of the public buildings in Canada, and has six towers, of which the principal are 220 feet in height. On the roof is a promenade 76 feet long and 20 broad. The principal window is 64 feet high and 32 broad. It is capable of accommodating 15,000 persons, and so admirably contrived are the outlets that such a congregation can disperse in six minutes. It comprises seven chapels and nine spacious aisles. Connected with the establishment is the Black Nunnery, founded in 1650. Its inmates consist of a superior and sixty nuns, whose duties are directed to the education of young girls.

In 1760, a year after the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, Montreal, the last remaining stronghold of the French in Canada, was invested by Generals Amherst and Murray, and by Colonel Haviland. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the French governor general, finding himself unable to cope with the besieging force, and despairing of succor from his government, capitulated to the enemy on the 8th of September. At an early period of our Revolutionary war, after the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, a project for conquering and revolutionizing Canada was set on foot. In September, 1775, about three thousand men, recruited from New England and New York, under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, appeared before St. John's Fort, at the head of Lake Champlain, and not far from Montreal. General Carleton had furnished St. John with a garrison of a thousand men, about the time the provincials arrived. The latter fortified the island of Aux Noix, about 115 miles north of Ticonderoga. Soon after this, General Schuyler falling sick during a temporary absence from camp, the command fell upon his colleague—Major General Richard Montgomery. This gallant officer was a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1737. Having chosen the profession of arms, he served under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759; but on his return to Ireland, he then gave up his commission. He had conceived a strong attachment to this country, and came hither shortly after his resignation, purchased an estate on the Hudson, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston. His military talents and his love for his adopted country, procured him a major general's commission at the opening of the Revolutionary war. On receiving the command of the army, Montgomery immediately prepared to attack Montreal, the preliminary step to which was the reduction of Fort St. John. This was rather slow work, as the provincials were deficient in ammunition. The fort, however, surrendered on the 3d of November. In the interim he had captured Fort Chambly by a gallant

dash; while Ethan Allen, who had offered to take Montreal with 150 men, had been defeated and made prisoner. General Carleton, who commanded at Montreal, hearing of Arnold's approach to Quebec, retreated down the St. Lawrence to arrest his progress.

Montgomery, a few days after the surrender of Fort St. John, left a small garrison to defend it, and crossed the St. Lawrence with his remaining troops to attack Montreal. It fell into his hands by capitulation on the 13th of November. Leaving a small force there, Montgomery marched to meet Arnold, who, after leading his troops from Cambridge, Massachusetts, through the then wilderness of Maine, traversing forests, swamps and plains, and overcoming almost unparalleled difficulties, reached Point Levi, on the St. Lawrence, on the 9th of November. On the 13th, he crossed the St. Lawrence, and, following in the footsteps of Wolfe, reached the Heights of Abraham, and found his little band upon the plains. But finding his force—reduced to about 400 men only—insufficient to oppose the garrison, he retired to Point Aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, where Montgomery effected a junction with him. With a combined force of nine hundred men, the brave generals (for Arnold was as brave as he was base) marched upon the Gibraltar of America. Arrived under the walls, Montgomery sent a flag with a summons to surrender. The British replied by firing on the flag (a similar action on the part of the Russians, by the way, lately caused a storm of indignation in England). As his batteries were too light for a siege, Montgomery determined to storm the city. His desperate attempt was made on the morning of the 31st December, in the midst of a very heavy snow storm.

The Americans were divided into four columns, two of which made feigned attacks on the upper, while the other two, headed by Arnold and Montgomery, assaulted the lower town on the opposite side. Montgomery was killed by a point blank cannon shot, and his men retreated, Aaron Burr carrying the body of his lamented leader out of the fire, while Arnold's column entered the town, and met temporary success. But Arnold was severely wounded and carried to the rear, and a large proportion of the assailants were forced to surrender. The body of Montgomery was found in the snow the day after the battle, and buried with military honors. Congress afterwards directed a monument to be erected to his memory, and in 1818, his remains were placed in St. Paul's churchyard in the city of New York, and at the expense of the State. The monument is a bas-relief under the portico of St. Paul's Church.

The Mechanics' Institute, the subject of our first design, stands at the corner of Great St. James Street and Rue St. Pierre, and is an honor and an ornament to the city. Nelson's monument, the subject of the engraving on page 8, is situated in the Place Jacques Cartier, opposite the Place d'Armes. The statue is of colossal size, and stands upon a Doric column resting upon an elaborately sculptured pedestal, which has bas-reliefs portraying the principal actions of the great naval hero. It was originally a very fine monument, but has been suffered to go to decay.

The city of Quebec, which we proceed to illustrate, occupies the extremity of the point of land which terminates at the junction of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers, about three hundred and forty miles from the mouth of the former. The population of the city is somewhere between thirty and forty thousand. It is located on an elevated ridge of land, terminating in the angle formed by the junction of the rivers above mentioned, the apex of which bears the name of Fort Diamond, and is nearly three hundred and forty feet above the level of the river.

The city of Quebec is, as we have remarked, divided into the upper and lower towns. The old town lies wholly without the walls, and its streets are narrow, dirty and irregular, reminding one very strongly of portions of the city of Edinburgh in Scotland. The ascent from the lower to the upper town, which crosses the lines of fortification, is by flights of steps. The traveller, on landing in the city, finds himself in the lower town, with the fortress, grim with its threatening batteries, frowning three hundred and fifty feet above him. Winding his way through the



NELSON MONUMENT, MONTREAL.

The scenery here is bold and striking. The fortifications and barracks crowning the highest point are defined sharply against the sky, and the appearance of the upper town is strikingly picturesque. To the steep rocks forming a natural fortification, the engineers have applied the resources of their art so as to render them as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar. Below, and skirting the water, lies the lower town, while the river, bearing on its breast a heavy fleet of steamers and sailing vessels, rolls its deep tide onward towards the ocean.

narrow and steep streets we have noticed, with quaint, antique and picturesque stone buildings on either hand, he reaches the fortified barrier, and enters the town by the Prescott gate, shown in our fourth engraving. The contrast between the two parts of the city will here strike him forcibly. There is a passage way for carriages through the Prescott gate. This, and the four other gates, are constantly guarded by sentries night and day. This military preparation is a novelty to the eyes of a visitor from the States, but it harmonizes with the character of the city,

and invests it with a peculiar interest. In both the upper and lower town, the buildings are entirely of stone, and many of the private residences in the former, as well as all the public buildings, are roofed with tin plates, which send a thousand reflected rays in the sunshine, stamping the city with a peculiar individuality. The streets are paved or macadamized, and are well kept and clean. The most prominent object which arrests the attention of the stranger, after his passing through the Prescott gate, are the Parliament buildings, which are on the right. The walls are built of stone, and stand firmly, though the interior was destroyed by fire a few years ago. Quebec has been styled, and very appropriately, the Gibraltar of America, and is nearly as impregnable as a place can well be, though "nothing is impossible to him who wills." Some idea may be formed of the vast extent of the artificial defences of this natural stronghold, when it is borne in mind that the citadel covers an area of forty acres! The line of the fortifications stretches nearly across the peninsula, and all the works are constructed on the best principle and most gigantic scale. The public buildings, the churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, are rather substantial than elegant. The court-house, represented on page 11, is a plain, neat and substantial building, not unlike many of our United States court-houses. Neatness and solidity are also characteristics of the private residences. The whole place has an old world air about it. There are three nunneries in the city, one of which, the Hotel Dieu, is a hospital. The French college, a Catholic institution, enjoys a high repute. It has a principal, professors of theology, rhetoric and mathematics, with five regents for the Latin and Greek classics. There are also in Quebec a royal grammar school, a classical academy, a national school, and a number of private educational institutions for both sexes. The Royal Institution for the Advance of Learning, the Literary and Historical Society, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Public City Library deserve honorable mention.

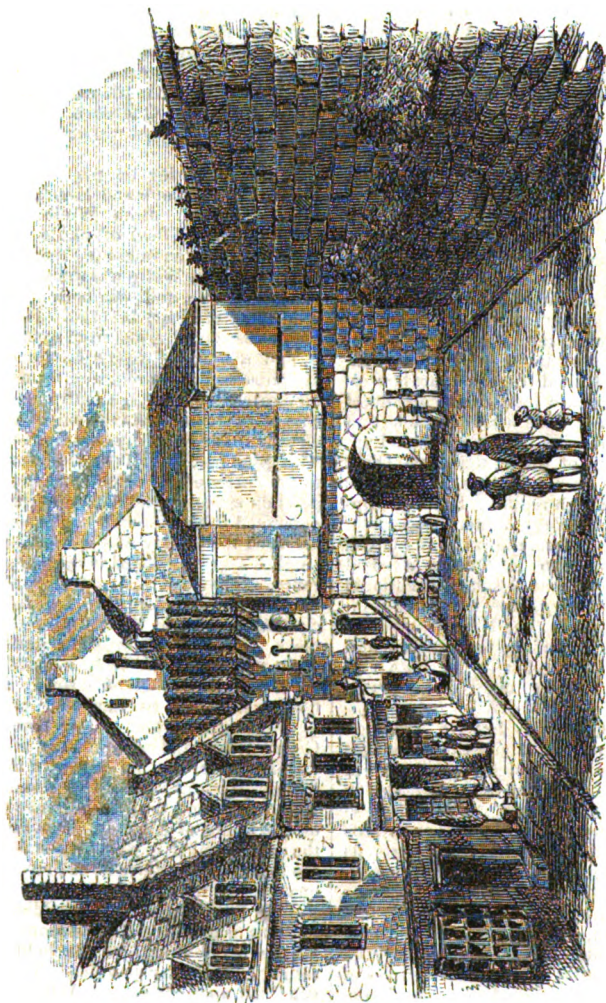
The climate of Quebec is healthy, although the inhabitants are subject to vicissitudes of heat and cold during the year, which requires care in the article of dress. They have, in fact, Italian summers and Russian winters. The St. Lawrence is early in winter closed by ice; snow falls to a great depth, and the frost spirit asserts its empire for many months. During the summer, on the other hand, the heat is sometimes almost tropical. A large proportion of the population is of French extraction, and this gives a lively tone to society. The gentlemen and ladies of French descent, whom you meet in the higher circles of society, are even more polished than the Parisians of the present day. They have preserved the social traditions, the usages and manners of the old regime, which the new school of the revolution and the empire extinguished and replaced in France. The manners of some of the Canadian ladies lead back the imagination to the Court of Versailles in the days of Marie Antoinette, or to the yet more gallant circles of preceding reigns. The English in Quebec are a high-toned and substantial people, and certainly nowhere in British America is better society to be met with than in this picturesque northern

capital. The trade of the city is quite extensive, and it enjoys great business facilities. Vessels of the largest tonnage can reach the quays. The harbor, which lies between the city and the island of New Orleans, is very large and commodious. McCulloch says that Quebec "engrosses almost the entire trade of the province with the mother country, the West Indies, etc., and is annually resorted to by vast numbers of immigrants who partly settle in Canada, but mostly re-emigrate to the United States. It has a regular intercourse, by means of steamers, with Montreal, and other ports higher up the St. Lawrence, and with Halifax and other ports on the Atlantic. Still, however, it must not be forgotten that, in so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the trade with Canada and Quebec is wholly forced and facitious, and is not a source of profit, but the reverse."

In the engraving on page 12, we have the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, in the governor's garden. Both Wolfe and Montcalm perished on the field of battle in 1759, when Quebec was taken from the French by the British. General James Wolfe was the son of Lieutenant-General Wolfe, and was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, in 1726. He early adopted the profession of arms, from enthusiastic love of it, and a burning aspiration for military glory. He possessed every requisite for a brilliant military career—energy, gallantry and a chivalric cast of character. At the age of twenty he was already distinguished, and he served in Germany with great credit. His talents commended him to the notice of the elder Pitt, and when the expedition against Quebec was decided on, he was appointed to the command. The bold plan which achieved the victory was entirely his own. The English army embarked in boats on the St. Lawrence, approached the city unsuspected by the foe, and effected a landing by scaling the precipitous Heights of Abraham, to the west of the place. Holding commissions and in the ranks of the invading army were some of the best and bravest of New England's sons. It was while floating down the St. Lawrence, on the night before the attack, that Wolfe read or repeated Gray's Elegy, and remarked to one of his officers, "I had rather be the author of that poem than the conqueror of yonder city to-morrow." The French, astounded at the presence of the enemy on the Plains of Abraham, flew to arms to repel the attack, but they were beaten at all points. In the heat of the conflict, Wolfe received two balls, one in his wrist and the other in his body. Falling in the arms of his soldiers, he was carried out of the fire a short distance to the rear. As he lay fainting on the field, a loud shout rallied his expiring energies. The cry of "they run" fell upon his ear. "Who run?" eagerly inquired the dying general. "The French!" was the reply. "Thank God," said Wolfe. "I die content," and almost instantly expired. The French commander, the Marquis de Montcalm, mortally wounded in the same battle, died thanking God that he should not survive the defeat of the French arms. Quebec was taken September 13, 1759. Wolfe was but thirty years old. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory by the British government in Westminster Abbey—for England cannot be accused of being ungrateful when fortunate soldiers, as

Marlborough, Nelson and Wellington are the idols of their country. In this monument the names of the French and English generals are united in honor, as they were united in death, though one perished in the arms of victory, and the other in the shadow of defeat. Passing through the city to the St. Louis gate, we emerge upon the Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's death, and of a monument to his memory, depicted in our last engraving. This monument

In closing this article, we add some interesting particulars respecting this great battle between the English and French forces, on the Heights of Abraham, in addition to the general account above: It was on the night of the 12th of September, that, silently and swiftly, unchallenged by the French sentries, Wolfe's flotilla dropped down the stream in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the water with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless.



PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC, FROM WITHOUT.

bears two inscriptions. That on the western side reads, "Here died Wolfe, victorious September 13, 1759." That on the other side is, "This pillar was erected by the British army in Canada, A. D., 1844, His Excellency, Lieutenant General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G. C. B., K. C. H., K. C. T., etc., commander of the forces, to replace that erected by Governor General Lord Aylmer, G. C. B., in 1832, which was broken and defaced, and is deposited beneath."

Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. His eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he hurried past. He recognized at length the appointed spot, and leaped ashore. Some of the leading boats conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders had in the mean time been carried about 200 yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain Donald M'Donald, were the first to land. Im-

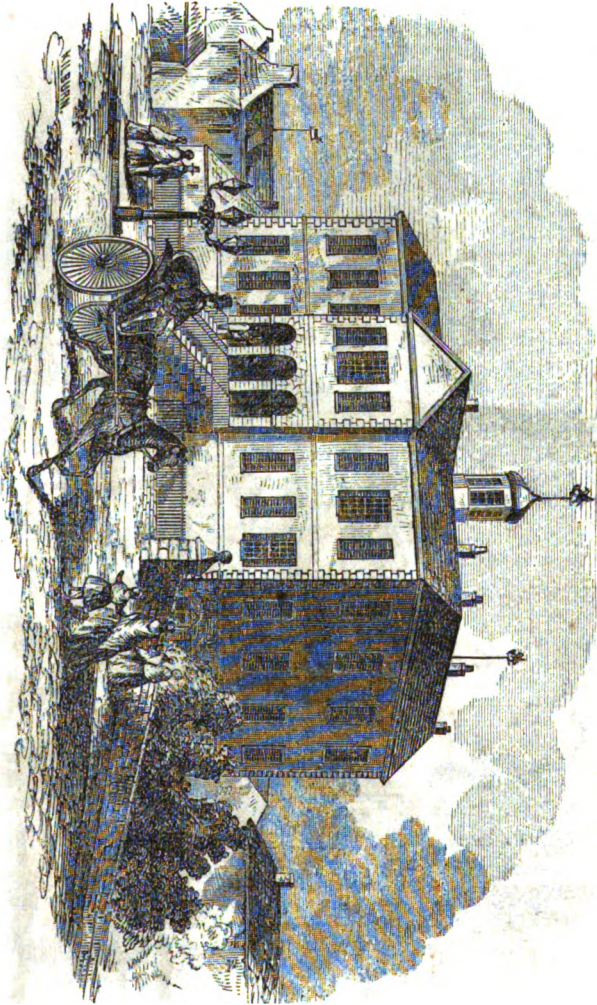


mediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face; at the summit a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence. With out a moment's hesitation, M'Donald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff; half the ascent was already won, when for the first time "Qui vive!" broke the

ing assailants, but was instantly overpowered; the Highlanders, incensed at his vain valor, tore from his breast a decoration which he bore, and sent him a prisoner to the rear. In the meantime nearly 500 men landed and made their way up the height; those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of that path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monckton and Murray, landed with

COURT HOUSE, QUEBEC.



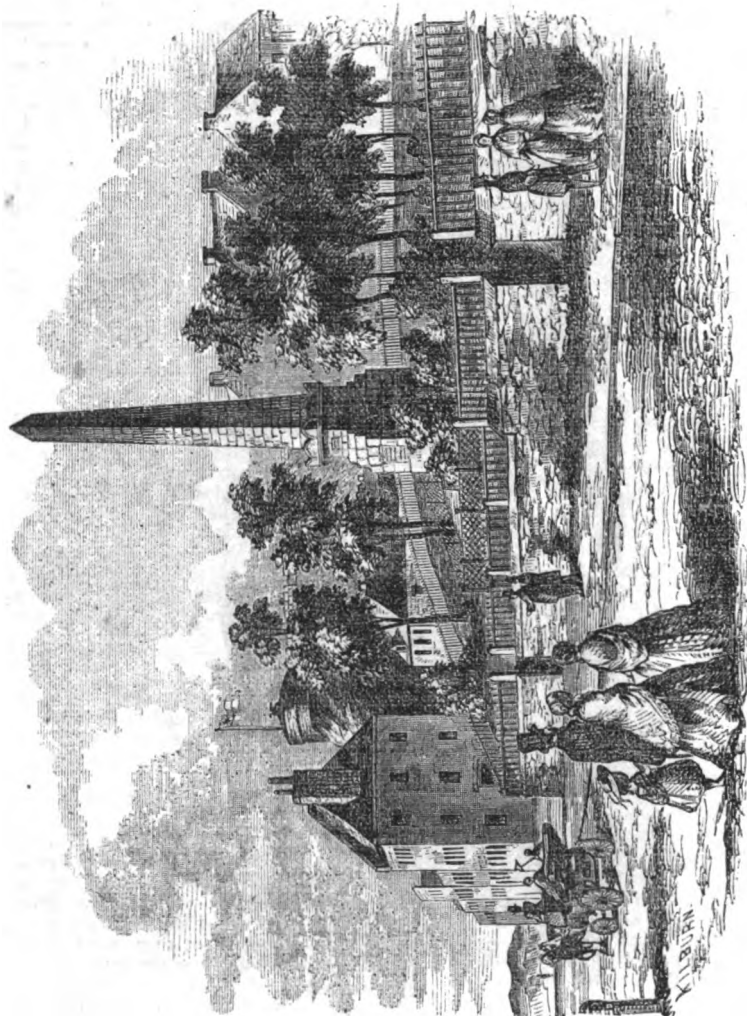
silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round. In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard; they hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in panic. The captain, M. de Vergor, alone, though wounded, stood his ground; when summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the lead-

ing assailants; as fast as each boat was cleared, it put back for reinforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide nearly opposite to the place of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path, and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land

above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill, and even that was not got into position without incredible difficulty. After a few minutes' anxious observation of the face of the country, Wolfe marched the army by files to the right in the direction of the city, leaving two companies of the 58th Regiment to guard the landing-place; he then formed his line of battle upon the Plains of Abraham, and resolved there to cast the die for Canada.

were speedily routed by Colonel Howe. The whole line then received orders to lie upon their arms, while light infantry videttes covered their position at some distance in advance.

Montcalm had been completely deceived by the demonstrations of the fleet below the town. Through the whole of that anxious night, boats were approaching the shore and again retiring, on various points of the line between the Montmorency and the St. Charles. The English



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND, MONTCALEM, GOVERNOR'S GARDEN, QUEBEC.

At about six o'clock, some small parties of the enemy appeared upon the slopes under the ramparts of the city; at seven, they mustered in greater force, and brought up two field-guns, which caused some annoyance. Shortly afterwards, they threw a body of Canadians and Indians into the brushwood on the face of the precipice over the river, into a field of corn and in a coppice opposite the British centre; those skirmishers caused considerable mischief, but

ships of war had worked up as near as they could find depth of water, and their guns played incessantly upon the beach, as if to prepare the way for a debarkation. Day broke before Montcalm even suspected that another struggle awaited him on his eastern lines; then, however, a stray cannon shot, and the distant echo of musketry from above the town, caught his ear; while he yet doubted, a horseman reached him at full speed with tidings that the English had landed

on the Plains of Abraham. The news spread like lightning through the Canadian camp. Aids-de-camp galloped to and fro in fiery haste; trumpets and drums aroused the sleeping soldiery. As fast as the battalions could be mustered, they were hurried across the valley of the St. Charles, over the bridge, and along the front of the northern ramparts of Quebec to the battle ground.

At eight o'clock the heads of French columns began to appear ascending the hill from the St. Charles to the Plains of Abraham; the only piece of artillery which Wolfe had been able to bring into action then opened with some effect, and caused them slightly to alter their line of march; as they arrived, they formed in three separate masses upon a slope to the northwest of the city, where they were sheltered from this solitary but mischievous gun. At nine o'clock, Montcalm moved some distance to the front, and developed his line of battle; at the same time M. de Bougainville, who was hastening down the left bank of the St. Lawrence, made a demonstration with some light cavalry upon Wolfe's extreme left. Townshend checked this movement by throwing the third battalion of the 60th into a line extending from the threatened flank to the post over the landing-place.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general; it was, however, still left him to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly arrayed. The centre column was led on in person by Montcalm, while the right and left were assigned to the regiment of La Sarre and Languedoc and the Canadian levies and Indians. The French attacked. At about ten o'clock a crowd of Canadians and Indians emerged from the bush on the slope which falls towards the valley of the St. Charles; as they advanced they opened fire upon the English piquets of the extreme left, and drove them into their supports. Under cover of the cloud of smoke which rose above the scene of this attack, the French veterans of the right wing passed swiftly round the left of Murray's brigade, and turned his flank; then throwing aside their irregulars, they fell upon Howe's light infantry. He was hardly pressed; his men fell fast under the overpowering fire of the French, but soon afterwards the two battalions of the 60th joined the line, and turned the tide of battle.

In the meantime swarms of skirmishers advanced against the right and centre of the British army; their stinging fire immediately dislodged the few light infantry which Wolfe had posted in his front, and forced them back in confusion upon the main body. The troops who were in the rear, and could not see the real state of affairs, became alarmed at the somewhat retrograde movements in front. Wolfe perceived this—he hurried along the line, cheered the men by his voice and presence, and admonished them on no account to fire without orders. He succeeded; confidence was restored.

The spirited advance of the skirmishers was but the mask of a more formidable movement. The whole of the French centre and left, with loud shouts and arms at the recover, now bore down to the attack. Their light troops then ceased firing, and passed to the rear. As the view cleared, their long unbroken lines were seen rapidly approaching Wolfe's position. When

they reached within 150 yards they advanced obliquely from the left of each formation, so that the lines assumed the appearance of columns, and chiefly threatened the British right. And now from flank to flank of the assailing battalions rolled a murderous and incessant fire. The 35th and the Grenadiers fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command. When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to "fire." At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm, but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow. When the breeze carried away the dense clouds of smoke, the assailing battalions stood reduced to mere groups among the bodies of the slain. Never before or since has a deadlier volley burst from British infantry.

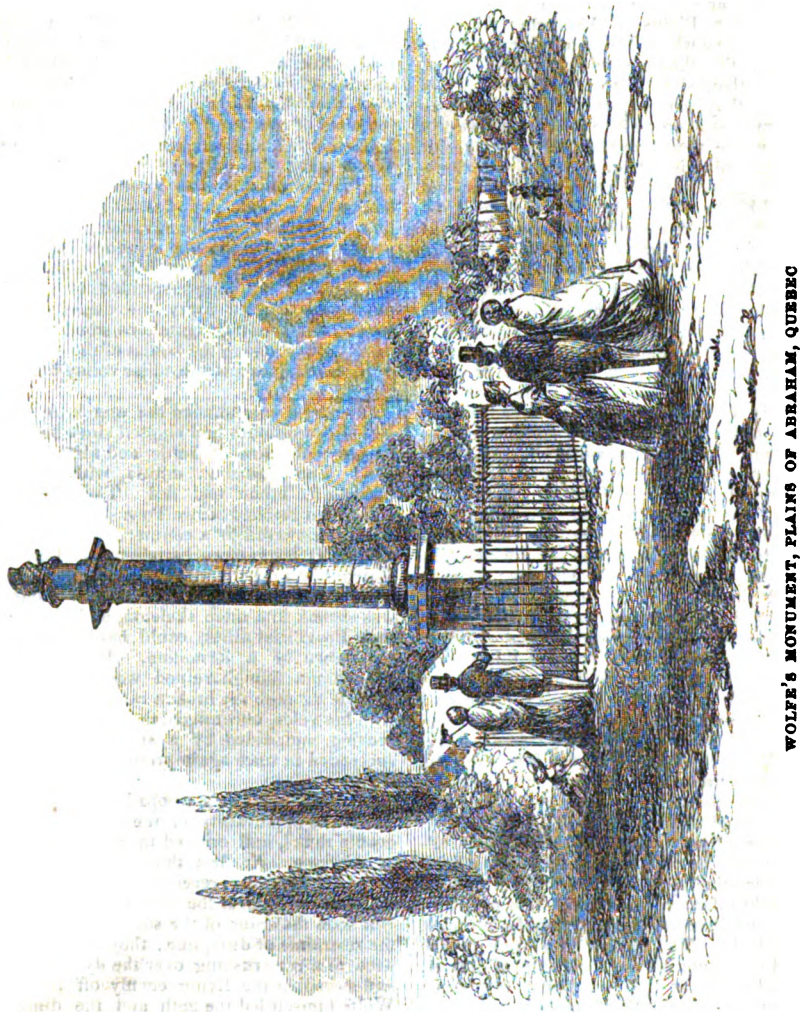
Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! The Canadian militia, with scarcely an exception, broke and fled. The right wing, which had recoiled before Townshend and Howe, was overpowered by a counter attack of the 58th and 78th; his veteran battalions of Berne and Guienne were shattered before his eyes under the British fire; on the left the Royal Roussillon was shrunk to a mere skeleton, and, deserted by their Provincial allies, could hardly retain the semblance of a formation. But the gallant Frenchman though ruined was not dismayed; he roared through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward in majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French. But soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline; they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and dead and sweeping the living enemy off their path. Wolfe himself led the 28th and the diminished ranks of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, who that day nobly redeemed their error at Montmorency. Wolfe was a second time wounded, in the body, but he dissembled his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished; again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast; he reeled on one side, but at the moment this was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank; and was borne a little to the rear. Colonel Carleton was despe-



ately wounded in the head at a few paces from Wolfe; the aide-de-camp who hasten for Monckton, to call him to the command, found him also bleeding on the field, beside the 47th Regiment. At length Townshend, now the senior officer, was brought from the left flank to this bloody scene to lead the army. The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon

But, leaving other interesting incidents relating to this celebrated battle-ground, we will bring this article to a close. We have sketched rapidly some of the principal features of the interesting city, the scene of its action. Quebec receives annually many visitors from the United States, but not near so many as it would were its attractions known. No tourist to the north, with a little time at his disposal, should fail to visit Quebec. Within a comparatively short distance of Boston



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC

broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the advancing enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain; the head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry; in a few minutes, the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

and New York, it possesses all the charms of novelty, and of a diametrical contrast to familiar scenes. The environs of Quebec are quite inviting and picturesque. Here are villages almost wholly French, and buildings which exactly resemble those in the rural districts of France; barns thatched with straw; strange farming implements, and, above all, a people who do not speak English, but use a dialect of the musical language of la Belle France.



## AMERICAN ARTISTS.



WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Considering the youth and the peculiar circumstances of this country, our achievements in the fine arts have been already sufficiently great to warrant a feeling of pride in recording them. In the departments of painting and sculpture we have done nobly. In the former branch, not to mention all the illustrious names which swell the record, even in the last century we furnished a president to the Royal Academy of London, while of late years we have sent to Europe sculptors who have attracted attention and awakened admiration, even in Italy, the home of plastic art. In this connection we present likenesses of eight of the representative men of American art. The first on our list is that of **WASHINGTON ALLSTON**. He was born in South Carolina, in 1779, but was sent to Newport, R. I., at an early age, as the climate of the South did not agree with him. He remained at school there until 1796, at which time he entered Harvard College, whence he graduated with credit, after the usual course of study. At an early age, he evinced a taste and an aptitude for art, and while in college commenced painting, with a fair promise of after excellence. In speaking of his boyhood, he says: "My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints of all kinds of figures, landscapes and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own, at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember were the storm of Count Roderick's castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of that day, and the siege of Toulon; the first in India ink, the other in water colors. To these succeeded many others, which have passed into

oblivion. Though I never had any regular instruction in the art—a circumstance both idle and absurd to boast of—I had much incidental instruction; which I have always, through life, been glad to receive from those in advance of myself. My leisure hours at college were chiefly devoted to the pencil—to the composition equally of figures and landscapes. I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape in the house of a friend in Cambridge that gave to me my first hints in color in that branch; it was of rich and deep tone, though not by the hands of a master. In the coloring of the figures, the pictures of Pine in the Columbian Museum, were my first masters. Pine had certainly, as far as I recollect, considerable merit in color. But I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Vandyke, in the college library, which I obtained permission to copy one winter vacation."

In 1800, on returning to South Carolina from college, he painted a head of St. Peter and one of Judas Iscariot. In 1801, at the age of twenty-two, he embarked with his friend Malbone for England. The succeeding year he exhibited three pictures at Somerset House, one painted at college. After three years' residence and study in England, Mr. Allston went to Paris and revelled in the exhibition of the Louvre, then enriched with the spoils of the noblest galleries in Europe. In Italy, where he passed four years, principally at Rome, Mr. Allston studied drawing, painting, and modelling in clay. In



HIRAM POWERS.

Rome he formed the acquaintance of Coleridge, by whom he was very strongly impressed.

In 1809 he returned to America, leaving behind him the reputation of a distinguished colorist. In fact the artists of Italy called him the American Titian. After remaining in this country three years, he went to England, where he painted his first great picture, the "Dead man restored to life by the touch of Elijah's bones," the subject being taken from 2 Kings, chapter 13: vs. 20, 21. It is a grand and awful picture, exhibiting much of the power and effect of Michael Angelo. In 1817, his picture of "Uriel in the Sun" obtained the prize of the Royal Academy, and is now in the Stafford collection. His success in England was very great, and he could have amassed a large fortune there had he been a rapid workman. But his views of art were so lofty, he so revered his calling, his imagination was so exalted, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he satisfied himself. He



**HORATIO GREENOUGH.**

was constantly altering and re-drawing his compositions, and he finally died, leaving his great work, the labor of years, "Belshazzar's Feast," now in the Athenæum Gallery, unfinished. In the same place are several other of his pictures in various stages, forming an invaluable study for artists, who can thereby trace the processes of the great master of color. Mr. Allston was a very careful draughtsman. The beauty of his drawing is illustrated in the design of a painting ordered by the Dutchess of Sutherland, the subject being taken from the Midsummer Night's Dream. There is a grace, purity, delicacy and strength in the lines, a correctness of proportion, and an exquisite beauty of composition that the artist himself never surpassed. It is so perfect and so suggestive, that the imagination readily supplies the light, shade and color that are wanting.

One of Allston's most impressive pictures is "Saul and the Witch of Endor," engraved for

the Art-Union. Mr. Allston did much for art in this city, and at the time of his death was president of the Artists' Association. The purity of his private life, and the thoughtful and religious tone of his mind, won the respect of all who knew him. He was an accomplished scholar, and wrote both poetry and prose with equal felicity and elegance. His metrical compositions justly entitle him to rank among the poets of America. A romance of his, entitled "Monaldi," is a work of remarkable merit, blending very happily the characteristics of the dramatic and metaphysical schools. Mr. Allston's death was a severe loss to art. The best likeness of him extant is a marble bust by Edward A. Brackett.

HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor, the second name we present, was born July 29, 1805, in Woodstock, Vermont, where his father brought up a large family on a small farm. His education was afforded by an ordinary district school, but his Yankee ingenuity enabled him to pick up a knowledge of various kinds of handicraft. At quite an early age he found himself thrown on his own resources, his father having died in Ohio, whither he had removed in the hope of bettering his condition. In Cincinnati, the future artist lived for a while, successively as an attendant in a reading-room, clerk in a store, and assistant in a clock-making establishment. In Cincinnati he obtained some instruction in modelling from a Prussian sculptor, and made several busts in plaster, which were commended for their fidelity and finish. This led to his connection with the Western Museum, which lasted seven years, during which he superintended the fine arts department, and made many wax busts and figures connected with the exhibitions. The liberality of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, widely known for his generous patronage of American art, enabled Powers, in 1837, to visit Italy, where he has ever since remained.

For some time after his arrival he devoted himself to making busts, but at last he produced his first ideal work, "Eve." Just before the model of this statue was completed, Mr. Powers received a visit from the celebrated Thorwaldsen, who expressed his admiration of Powers's busts, and declared, that as a sculptor of heads, he surpassed all the successors of Michael Angelo. When the artist modestly apologized for the imperfections of his "Eve," and stated that it was his first statue, Thorwaldsen replied, "Any man might be proud of it as his last." The "Greek Slave" followed the completion of the model of "Eve." The "Slave" excited the warmest admiration in Italy and England and throughout the United States, where it was exhibited in all the principal cities. The original is in London, and there are two copies, one of which was the highest prize of the Western Art-Union, two or three years since.

The statue of Calhoun, executed for the State of South Carolina, is now safely deposited in Charleston, after suffering shipwreck on the coast of Fire Island. In the maturity of his fame and honors, Mr. Powers has retained the simplicity of manner of early years. Though residing in Europe, he is a true American at heart. Our countrymen abroad are always sure of a warm reception in Powers's studio and house at Flor-

ence. He is very fond of amusing his visitors by telling them Yankee stories; and not Hackett himself can relate them with more comic effect or more truthfulness of dialect and accent.

For the last twenty years or more, Mr. Powers has made the city of Florence in Italy his residence; where he has won the highest testimonials of honor and fame. His many admirers will be gratified to learn that he is about to revisit the United States, when he will renew again the old friendships and associations of by-gone years, and receive that meed of appreciation which his fine talents entitle him to merit and command.

HORATIO GREENOUGH is another sculptor who has added lustre to the American name. He was born in this city September 6, 1805. He was educated in the best schools of his native place, and in 1821 entered Harvard University, where he remained till the close of his senior year, when he was permitted by the faculty to leave the institution without forfeiting his diploma.

Early in boyhood his artistic talent developed itself. While at school he was famous for carving various objects in wood with great accuracy and beauty, and his drawings elicited the commendation of good judges. At this time, incited by the daily view of a marble statue in his father's garden, he began to carve busts in chalk, and exhibited so much merit that he received every encouragement and aid in his artistic efforts. One gentleman procured him the *entrée* of the Boston Athenæum, another, Mr. Solomon Willard, taught him to model clay, and Mr. Alpheus Cary instructed him in marble cutting. His father, delighted at his promising talent, consented to allow him to pursue the bent of his genius, judiciously exacting a promise, however, that the future artist should first pursue the course of studies that he had marked out for him. We have seen that Greenough faithfully fulfilled this pledge. At Cambridge he formed the valuable acquaintance of Allston and Cogswell, now librarian of the Astor Library, whom he mentions in one of his letters as follows:

"Cogswell contributed more than any to fix my purpose, and supplied me with casts, etc., to nurse my fondness for statuary. Allston, in the sequel was to me a father, in what concerned my progress of every kind." We have seen that he sailed for Italy in 1825, but a severe illness which attacked him after a year's residence at Rome, compelled him to return to Boston. After a year passed in this country, during which he executed busts of several distinguished men, he returned to Italy. But at this time the taste for sculpture had hardly been awakened in the United States, and the young artist waited in vain for those orders from his native land which he was prepared to execute with zeal. The first of his countrymen to relieve him from the anxiety occasioned by this dearth of patronage was J. Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, who ordered Greenough's group of "Chanting Cherubs," in marble, and, when finished, sent it to the United States for exhibition, in the hope, crowned with fruition, that it would permanently establish the fame of the young sculptor. Mr. Cooper followed up this act, by

using his influence with the Federal Government to order a statue of Washington. Greenough's "Washington"—the result of this order, is a striking figure, grand, expressive and characteristic. He exhibited his boldness in divesting it of drapery, and this circumstance has caused it to be severely criticised.

We have elsewhere expressed our opinion in favor of representing historical characters in the costume of their day, and we have seen no reason to change our views. There is a sacredness in the very garb worn by a hero. In the absence of written record, tradition will preserve it to the latest time, and however ungraceful the costume of an historical personage may be, we think that art has no right to neglect this popular sentiment. We think Rauch, the great German sculptor, was right in representing Frederick the Great in his habitual military costume, and that Greenough erred in presenting Washington naked to the American people. In 1837 our artist was



THOMAS COLE.

married at Florence to Miss Louisa Gore of Boston. The union was a happy one, and the artist's residence in the Baciocchi palace at Florence was for years the scene of tranquil domestic enjoyment and of refined hospitality rewarded by social intercourse of the highest character.

Though Mr. Greenough was accustomed to speak of himself as the author of but few works, yet in addition to a large number of busts, he produced no fewer than eighteen statues or groups, some of them of heroic and colossal proportions. The two large works executed for the capitol were the "Washington" and a group typifying the struggle between civilization and barbarism, as shown in a scene on our western frontier. For these he received \$41,000—less than the money he had expended on them. His last ideal work was a "Venus contending for the golden apple." This is of the heroic size. A statuette of the Venus Victrix is in the Boston Athenæum. Though Greenough was wedded

to art, he took an interest in the social and political movements of the day, and gave much of his leisure to society. Besides being a classical scholar, he was a master of French and Italian, and had a competent knowledge of German. It is not generally known that while a college student he won the prize offered for a design for the Bunker Hill Monument, and that the obelisk on the battle-ground is but slightly modified from this plan. This excellent man and great sculptor died in 1852.

THOMAS COLE, the landscape painter, was born in 1802, and early evinced a fondness for drawing and for fine natural scenery. Naturally diffident, he loved to escape from the society even of children of his own age, and indulge in solitary and rapturous contemplations of the beautiful banks of the Ohio. About the year 1820, Mr. Stein, a portrait painter, who visited Steubenville, lent the enthusiastic boy an English illustrated work on painting. "This book," he says, "was my companion day and night—nothing could separate us—my usual avocations were neglected—painting was all in all to me." The names of Stuart and Sully came to my ears like the titles of great conquerors; and the great masters were esteemed above all earthly things." After acquiring some proficiency in the use of colors, he practised portrait painting a short time, but soon gave it up for landscapes. He made rapid progress as a landscapist, and his success in New York enabled him in a few years to visit Europe. In Italy he studied and worked with the greatest ardor. In Florence, he says: "I painted more pictures in three months than I have ever done in twice the time, before or since." In 1832 he returned to America. Among his greatest works are a series of allegorical pictures, called the "Course of Empire," and another called the "Voyage of Life." These inimitable pictures are too well known to receive artistic commendation at our hands at this time. Both of these pictures display a grand and fertile imagination. They have been examined with the deepest attention and interest by thousands, and the latter especially has elicited universal commendation. The thoughtful mind will never tire in noting the suggestive ideas which this picture calls into being. Cole's purely landscape compositions and views were inimitable. His pencil gave a poetical glory to the simplest scene. In 1841 he again visited Italy, returning in the succeeding year. He now commenced his series entitled the "Pilgrim of the Cross and the World," but died before its completion, in 1848. He was an excellent man—pure minded, modest, pious and beloved by all who knew him. His loss was severely felt by a wide circle of friends and by that yet wider circle who knew him only as an artist who was truly a bright ornament to his profession.

The next subject in our group of American artists, is BENJAMIN WEST, who rose to high rank in England, and became President of the Royal Academy. West was born in 1738, at Springfield, Pennsylvania. His artistic talent

was manifested at an early age. His first instructions in the use of colors were received from a party of roaming Indians, and when he first saw the Apollo, his exclamation was, "How like a young Mohawk warrior!" His family were of the sect of Quakers, who deny the utility of the fine arts, but the manifest genius of West overcame their prejudice, and he was authorized to pursue his inclinations. In fact, at a solemn meeting of the Friends, he was dedicated to art. He commenced portrait painting professionally, at the age of eighteen, in Philadelphia. From Philadelphia he sailed for Italy, where he was patronized by Lord Grantham. Governor Hamilton, and other gentlemen in America also generously aided him. After recovering from an illness of eleven months' duration, he visited the different cities of Italy for the purpose of inspecting the works of the great masters scattered through them. After his return to Rome he painted a picture of Cimon and Ephigenia, and another of Angelica and Medora, which increased



BENJAMIN WEST.

his reputation, and opened the way to those marks of academic approbation usually bestowed on fortunate artists. He was elected a member of the academies of Parma, Florence and Bologna, to the former of which he presented a copy of the St. Jerome of Corregio, of great excellence. In 1763 he went to London, intending to proceed to his native country; but, finding that there was a great probability of his success as a historical painter in that metropolis, he established himself there. His rise was rapid. He was introduced to the king, George III, whom he ever found a steady friend and munificent patron, and by whom, on his first presentation, he was directed to paint the picture of the departure of Regulus from Rome. He continued to be the king's painter until the monarch became superannuated, executing numerous works on historical and religious subjects, besides a few portraits. Other engagements were offered to him, but he preferred to depend on the public.

Sir Benjamin West succeeded Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy of London. Arriving in London opportunely, when historical painting was neglected for other branches, he made a great sensation by his productions in the highest line of art. He painted a great many pictures, among which his "Christ Healing the Sick," painted for the Philadelphia Hospital, and his "Death on the Pale Horse," were the most celebrated. The "Battle of La Hogue" has been styled the best historical painting of the British school. He was injured by early and easy success, and rashly imagined himself capable of anything. Still he was an artist of very great merit. He died March 11, 1820, and was buried with distinguished honors, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

HENRY INMAN,—the subject of our next engraving,—an artist of great versatility and eminent talent, was born at Utica, New York, in 1801. In 1821 he commenced business for him-



HENRY INMAN.

self, as a portrait and miniature painter, and met with good success both in New York and Philadelphia. In 1844 he visited Europe for the benefit of his health, and while there painted the portraits of many distinguished persons. After remaining abroad eight months, he returned to this country, and died at New York, January 17, 1846, universally lamented. Sully says of him: "I remember going round the exhibition of the National Academy at Clinton Hall, New York, and seeing a fine landscape, I asked, who painted this? The answer was, Inman. Then I came to a beautiful group of figures. Ah, this is very fine! Who painted this?—Inman. Then some Indians caught my eye—Inman. A little further on, and I exclaimed: this is the finest miniature I have seen for many a day! who is this miniature painter?—Inman. His large portraits I was acquainted with, but this variety of style took me altogether by surprise."

COL. JOHN TRUMBULL, whose head is next

given in our series, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, and was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the first governor of that State. He received a collegiate education, and in the course of his studies paid some attention to painting. Soon after graduating he produced several pictures. In the revolutionary war he served two years as adjutant general, with the rank of colonel, but resigned his commission in 1777. He visited England before peace was concluded, and was imprisoned as a spy. He was released by the intercession of West, but ordered to return to America. In 1784 he re-visited England, and pursued his studies under West. He returned to America in 1789. Here he painted many portraits, and his historical pieces. His "Declaration of Independence," and "Battle of Bunker Hill," are among his most celebrated and most popular works. His "Sortie of Gibraltar," a fine specimen of his best manner, is now, we believe, in the possession of the Boston Athenæum.

With GILBERT STUART, the finest portrait painter America has yet produced, our series closes. He was born at Narragansett, in Rhode Island, in 1756, and died in 1828. In 1778 he was a pupil of West, in England. In 1782 he commenced painting as a professional artist. In 1794 he painted the head of Washington, now in the Athenæum. He always succeeded in expressing the character of his sitter, while his color was fine, and his handling free and bold. "The narrations and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and of the world had stored his memory," says Allston, "and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way and with an address, peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely while occupied with his sitters, apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth, if possible, some involuntary traits of natural character."

These are all distinguished men, and their enumeration shows what this country, yet in its infancy, has done for the arts, and gives rise to the hope that she will yet achieve a fame, in that respect, as great as her renown in letters, in arms, and in mechanics. The history of no other land exhibits such a progressive refinement; for it must be borne in mind that art, as yet, has been but an episode in an high career. First of all, in the foundation of a republic like ours, based in a wilderness, comes the stern, physical task of subduing nature, felling the forests, vanquishing the wild beasts, and the fiercer tribes of men, and providing for society and subsistence. A system of government has then to be devised, general education provided for, and the professions filled and sustained. Lastly, in the march of civilization, come the fine arts, the offspring of elegant leisure and of accumulated wealth. The question has been warmly discussed, whether a republican or a monarchical form of government was the most friendly to the development of artistic genius? We believe that the highest art can exist only in a state of social freedom.



JOHN TRUMBULL.

**LADIES' RIDING COSTUME.**

With the great increase in the wholesale practice of riding on horseback which has recently taken place in this city and vicinity, we are persuaded that we should do a great service to our fair readers by copying from a book recently published in England, the following directions for the riding costume of women:—"Few ladies know how to dress for horse exercise, although there has been a great improvement, so far as taste is concerned, of late years. As to the head-

dress, it may be whatever is in fashion, provided it fits the head so as not to require continual adjustment, often needed when the hands would be better employed with the reins and whip. It should shade from the sun, and, if used in hunting, protect the nape of the neck from rain. The recent fashions of wearing the plumes or feathers of the ostrich, the cock, the capercaillie, the pheasant, the peacock and kingfisher, in the riding hats of young ladies, in my humble opinion, are highly to be commended. As to the riding habit, it may be of any color and material suitable to the wearer and the season of the year, but the sleeves must fit rather closely; nothing can be more out of place, inconvenient, and ridiculous, than the wide hanging sleeves which look so well in a drawing-room. For country use, the skirt of a habit may be short, and bordered at the bottom a foot deep with leather. The fashion of a waistcoat of light material for summer, revived from the fashion of last century, is a decided improvement, and so is

the over-jacket of cloth or sealskin for rough weather. It is the duty of every woman to dress in as becoming and attractive a manner as possible; there is no reason why pretty girls should not indulge in picturesque riding costume, as long as it is appropriate. Many ladies entirely spoil the 'sit' of their skirts by retaining the usual *impedimenta* of petticoats. The best-dressed horse-women wear nothing more than a flannel chemise, with long, colored sleeves. Ladies' trowsers should be of the same material and color as the habit; and, if full, flowing, like a Turk's, and fastened with an elastic band round the ankle, they will not be distinguished from the skirt. In this costume, which may be made amply warm by the folds of the trowsers, plaited like a Highlander's kilt (fastened with an elastic band at the waist) a lady can sit down in a manner impossible for one incumbered by two or three short petticoats. It is the chest and back that require double folds of protection during and after stormy exercise. There is a prejudice against ladies wearing long Wellington boots, but it is quite absurd, for they need never be seen, and are a great comfort and protection in riding long distances, when worn with trowsers tucked inside. They should, for obvious reasons, be large enough for warm woollen stockings, and easy to get on and off. It would not look well to see a lady struggling out of a pair of wet boots, with the help of a bootjack and a couple of chamber-maids. The heels of riding-boots, whether for ladies or gentlemen, should be low, but long, to keep the stirrup in its place." These directions, though written for English ladies, may be profitably heeded by American ladies who would become good equestrians.



GILBERT STUART.

## ANGEL WHISPERS.

BY O. F. ROLPH.

Angels are whispering to me,  
In accents soft and low;  
Their eyes are like the diamond,  
And wings as white as snow.

They breathe of hope and love,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
That we will meet again,  
On that last, solemn day.

They tell me of my friend,  
That has lately gone before,  
And that she now is waiting  
Upon the heavenly shore.

That when my life of sorrow  
And sufferings is o'er,  
They tell me I will meet her,  
And ne'er be parted more.

And bidding me be faithful,  
To faint not by the way,  
With eyes so soft and humid,  
They gently passed away.

## MY MYSTERIOUS NEIGHBORS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

THEY had the next room to mine. My boarding-house was one of a row—all boarding-houses, where the same carts came, all in a row, too, with meat and vegetables; where the landladies sometimes stood—all in a row—all in caps—to inspect the interior of said carts.

My landlady was decidedly the best looking of the whole. Most of them wore (as my brother once facetiously observed) "an air of pinch," as if hard times had turned an extra screw on them, as indeed everything about them had an extra something—except their tables.

As I said before, or should have said, my mysterious neighbors had the next room to mine. They came in a carriage, the lady closely veiled, and when we sat all agog at the supper-table expecting to meet them face to face—expecting to have the exquisite pleasure of passing our comments on the color of their eyes and the style of their general make-up—lo, and behold! we did not see them at all—for they took supper in their own room. The next day and the next they absented themselves in the same way, not only at supper, but at breakfast and dinner, and finally we ascertained that they did not intend to be on exhibition for our benefit. Of course, we did not like it; we could not be expected to like it. We had received our share of inquisitorial inspection, and wanted to put others through the same course of—vegetable-tops.

Very well, if they avoided their fellow-boarders in that style, it was very likely, yes, it was more than probable that they were no better than they should be.

"A runaway match," suggested one.

"A couple of spiritualists—free lovers," chimed in another.

"Something wrong, any way," said a third, and there we left it, satisfied that something was wrong, of course.

Day after day, I tried to get a glimpse of this mysterious couple. Sometimes I saw *him* come in, though it was always at that interesting time just before the hall lamps were lighted, and an indistinct figure passed by, whose immense whiskers and bushy beard suggested a resemblance to Kossooth. Once or twice I saw *her*. She had a beautiful figure, further than that this deponent saith not.

Our boarding house was an old building—the whole square was decrepid—whose large rooms contained more comfort in the way of air and breathing space, than the new-fangled edifices they put up new-a-days have in their whole interiors. I had a front chamber, which to make as much like a parlor as possible and divest of all the common places of boarding life, I had fitted up with a bedstead that took the shape of a well filled secretary during the day. There I wrote, read and dreamed in a quiet, contented way, except when thoughts of my mysterious neighbors forced themselves upon me.

One night as I took my bed from the perpendicular, I felt a cold current of air rush past me. It was as cold as the month—January—and although the room was kept up to a temperate heat, it seemed to blow steadily, that cold rush, and tingle through my veins. Scanning closely, I saw a small aperture, which I had never noticed before. I was satisfied as I examined it, that by some means I had opened a sliding panel, and I tried to increase the space, but it would not budge an inch, one way or the other. Determined to inspect more thoroughly on the morrow, and satisfied that—what had often been declared—my boarding-house was really haunted, I stuffed the crevices with paper, and composed myself to rest. I heard the clock strike twelve; I had been sitting up unusually late, and was just conscious of gliding into a doze, when there seemed to be voices close to my head. In a moment I was wide awake, sitting bolt upright in bed, for these were the ominous word I heard:

"You know you held him till his breath was gone."

"Well, it was your wish. Such a thought

would never have entered my head but for you."

"My wish! You cruel wretch!"

"Yes, your wish; your expressed wish. Was I not to take you to wife as my reward? Better it had taken me to the halter."

"Be easy on that score," said the feminine voice, "it may carry you there yet."

"I wish no taunts, madam; if I go you go too, sure as—" The word need not be written here, but at that moment I felt as if the place signified was very near. My blood curdled. Was I living day by day next door to a murderer—to a brace of murderers? Suppose they should take a fancy to hold some of their neighbors till *their* breath was gone? The voice of the woman was wondrous sweet—that of the man harsh and unmusical; both were low. There seemed to come after that, penitence, a soft whispering of words, and then, for a moment there was silence.

"*Pshaw!*" I said to myself, "*I have been dreaming.* The excitement of finding a panel in the room like these in the old stories, has bewitched my brain. This will do for a romance. I'll get up and take notes. Hist!" There it was again, the same murmurous sound.

"Will you not give me the ring now, Letsdale—the one, I mean, with the three garnets and the small diamond in the centre? There are more rings like that in the world, besides, he brought it for me."

"Perdition! Why do you keep talking of him? Don't you know walls have ears? Woman, keep your tongue!"

"Nonsense, I do not fear; fear is not in my composition. I looked round after it was done, mercy, I never saw such a face; it was more frightful than his. I, on the contrary, smiled because it was over."

"Great Heaven! is this to be my punishment? What in the name of Deity has set your thoughts running that way to-night, of all nights?"

"Because, perhaps, it is just three months this hour since you held him under water."

"Perdition! I should forget it if you would let me."

"But I won't, till I have the ring and certainly one half of the five thousand. If, as you say, I shared in the work, I ought surely to share in the profits. That ring cost three hundred dollars, and I want it before we go."

"A foolish vanity, woman; let us sell it. Three hundred dollars would pay our passage to Europe, and there's so much clear gain. Absurd! to wear three hundred dollars on your finger."

"Absurd, to risk your life for a pitiful sum

like that. I tell you that I have set my heart upon having that ring, and I *will* have it. They told me of your miserly habits. 'Miserly!' said I, 'wait till he gets me; I think his disposition will change very soon.'"

"Change! you would make the devil blacker," growled the other, fiercely. "If I had the courage to finish him—remember—"

"That you have the means to despatch me. Don't think I shall accept the invitation if you ask me to a moonlight boat-ride—and there is no other means quite so secret. Will you give me the ring?"

"Woman, will you be quiet? Don't you know the whole name is there, Eugene Mayfield? Would you ruin yourself?"

"Why, no. I think it would be safer on my finger than in the hands of a Jew-pedler, who might possibly know how to read. Eugene A. Mayfield, you mean—don't you know A. stood for Augustus? Come now, be magnanimous, say that you will give it me, and half of the five thousand beside. I promise you, if you will do this, never to mention the circumstance to you again, or to speak even his name. But remember I shall be satisfied with nothing less."

Will not the ring satisfy you?"

"No; not alone."

"The ring, say then, and one thousand?"

"No; nothing less than the ring and two thousand five hundred. I am not going to Europe like a beggar."

"But I have already given you a splendid wardrobe."

"It will be out of fashion there."

"Wait till to-morrow—I will decide it then."

"You are cunning. What if you took it into your head to run off with the whole?"

"Bah, do you think I would go without you, most peerless of women?"

"Bah, back again. I think I understand a sneer. I ought to be by this time," was the reply.

"Give me an hour to sleep on it then."

"No, not a moment. I want the key of the green desk immediately. I am going now to strike a light."

Then followed a bustle, a springing to the floor, a moving cautiously with hands, and then a sound as if a friction match had been rubbed. It seemed as if the very smell of brimstone floated towards me.

It took me some time to realize what had actually transpired. I had been so horror-struck, so at times almost furious at their cool, deliberate villany, and their heartless comments, that I longed to give a smart blow on the panel, as an evidence that I heard them. But prudence pre-



vented me. I sat in bed, bolt upright, thinking. The papers I had torn from the crevice that I might listen more readily strewed the pillow in confusion. I was very cold, exposed constantly to that icy current of air, but I did not heed that. I had no doubt that a real murder had been committed, and after a long deliberation with myself, I got up softly, mended the fire, and sitting at my table, wrote off what was indelibly stamped upon my memory.

It was now the eighth of January; therefore, on the eighth of November, exactly three months ago, a man by the name of Eugene A. Mayfield was in some manner exposed to death by drowning, and held under water by the man who was my next door neighbor, till life was gone. I wrote the particulars about the ring and the money, and then marked out my course. Hearing nothing more, I went the next morning to my cousin, an eminent lawyer, and laid the case before him. To my surprise, he had known Mayfield, and was under the impression that he had gone some time ago to England. Once, he said, he had transacted a little business for him, and he remembered his appearance perfectly. He thought it was right for me to attend to the matter, and advised me to communicate immediately with officer Welsh, a competent detective, who would not fail to ferret out the mystery. "By all means," he said, "see to it as quickly as possible, for there is no knowing how soon they may start, and that will make more trouble."

At the breakfast table next morning, it was the unanimous opinion of the company that I looked a little "stewed." Miss Crout, a sour-visaged single lady, smiled sideways into her tea, as she remarked that "perhaps I hadn't slept well."

"Ah, he was out too late," cried Major Jolly, whose two bluff daughters tried to blush. "These girls, these girls! Mr. Morrison, they play the dickens with the young men's hearts."

"I'll defend him;" it was my pleasant-faced landlady who came to my assistance—"to my certain knowledge he was not out of the house last night."

"And how with that pretty daughter of yours?" asked the major, slyly.

"For shame!" said little Abby—she is a sweet girl—blushing crimson (she had no paint to blush through), while her mother deigned not to speak.

I am not vain, but I think Abby would have married me in a moment at that time, and perhaps the neat widow would have given heart and hand to the major; *perhaps* I said. I bore their bantering with the air of a man who has heavier

business on his hands than attending to jokes.

"What time do your—do the folks up stairs breakfast?" I asked of my landlady, Mrs. Upshur.

"La! you're as solemn as an owl. Mr. Wells—excuse me; they don't breakfast till half-past nine. Mary is making their coffee now."

"And does he—does the gentleman go out before breakfast?"

"La! mercy, no; he's too well off I guess to work for a living, though to be sure he's gone all day. But what makes you so particular?"

"I have my reasons—I mean curiosity prompted me to inquire. Never mind, Mrs. Upshur. By the way, where is Miss Abby? Will she hem a couple of handkerchiefs for me, do you think?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Doesn't she hem beautifully?"

"Indeed she does; she's a most remarkable girl, Mrs. Upshur."

Having thus diverted the widow's mind from my mysterious neighbors, I went up into my room and made a signal at the window. Thereupon a man wrapped up to the chin, the vizor of his bearskin cap almost touching his immense, upturned collar, came into my boarding-house, and was soon closeted with me. I showed him the aperture, which had not been closed, and which I took good care to keep from discovery.

"They are stirring," said Welsh, in a whisper.

I trembled from head to foot, but he was as calm and collected as if he had been going to take breakfast instead of a brace of murderers.

"I'll give them time to dress and sit down to breakfast," said Welsh. "The sheriff will be here immediately, and we three will surprise them at the table; there is nothing like taking a man off his guard, especially if there is anything cowardly about him."

Very soon I had another visitor—two, I should say. The sheriff brought his brother along. The decisive moment came. We saw Mary the servant take the coffee in their room, and come out again. She started at the question:

"My good girl, do they sit with their backs or their faces to the door?"

The question had to be repeated.

"Their backs are this way," she replied, gave us one earnest look, and then rushed down the stairs.

The door was opened slowly and noiselessly, and almost before they had turned their heads they were arrested for the murder of Eugene A. Mayfield on the eighth of November.

"My God! how did they know?"

Her question condemned her. Her white

cheeks and large, hollow eyes almost starting from their sockets, condemned her. The man was as ghastly white as she—his pale lips blundered out:

"I deny it! It is false!"

The woman—I pitied her. I do not know but what my sympathy was strongly enlisted because she was so supremely beautiful. I think in all my travels I never saw a lovelier face. I could not bring myself to realize that this was she who had talked so calmly so resolutely of a foul deed. Her aspect of extreme terror haunted me long after. She could not command either her features or her limbs, but almost grovelled on her seat. They were driven to jail.

Three months after this, the man on the woman's confession was condemned to death. A coward at the last, she doomed her companion in guilt to the hangman's rope. It seemed that in substance the story was as follows:

Julia Weeks was married to Mayfield, an Englishman with no connexions in this country. They were to travel soon, when by some chance, Letsdale became acquainted with Julia, and a guilty passion, which they wickedly called love, sprang up between them. Mayfield had money; Letsdale had none. Little by little the guilty pair lost all shame, and finally they plotted the death of the unsuspecting and good-hearted Mayfield. They planned to go a journey together. They crossed a river, and when they had arrived at the place where the current ran with furious swiftness to the sea, Letsdale knocked his friend overboard, and then, like a fiend as he was, to prevent him from saving himself, he held him under water till he was dead. The solemn heavens alone knew where that poor drenched body was carried. It was probably never found.

Letsdale was hung. The guilty woman escaped death, but not imprisonment. I visited her once in her cell. Her face was changed; it was demoniac. She cursed me with terrible maledictions.

I still retain my chamber at the old boarding-house. The panel is permanently replaced, and a pretty woman hemming a very fine ruffle, occupies my twin arm-chair. She is my wife, and her first name is Abby.

#### NEVER DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

He who doth small things despise,  
Cannot certainly be wise,  
Since small things do sometimes more tend  
Than great to work a pleasing end;  
For a nutmeg, small as the smallest eater,  
Is more to our taste than a nutmeg-grater.

Poetry from the mouth, dies in the ears; poetry from the heart, stays there.

#### ANECDOTE OF REV. MR. CECIL.

Some years ago, a young girl entered the shop of Mr. B., a bookseller, desiring him to exchange a prayer-book which she had brought with her, for a Bible, stating as a reason, that she had lately attended a dissenting meeting, where the Bible was used, but not the prayer-book. The bookseller, feeling anxious to meet her wishes, and desirous at the same time, that she should not forsake the national church, of which he was himself a member, gave her a Bible, and bade her keep the prayer-book also. Some time after this girl was taken into the service of the Rev. Mr. Cecil. On her first coming into the family, Mr. Cecil inquired if she had a Bible; to which she answered in the affirmative, and told him from whom she had received it. Mr. Cecil was pleased with the circumstances, and finding out Mr. B., recommended him to his friends. During Mr. Cecil's absence from town, however, Mr. B. became involved in serious pecuniary difficulties, and was compelled to give up his business and return to a mechanical employment which he had learned in youth. The violent exertion attendant on this occupation, occasioned a painful illness. He remained some time in a hospital; but at length left it, and retired to an obscure lodging, without any adequate means of support for himself and family. To this place Mr. Cecil, on his arrival in town, with difficulty traced him. An early interview took place; and Mr. B., having stated his misfortunes,—“Well, B.,” said Mr. Cecil, “what can be done for you? Would a hundred guineas be of any service to you?” “I should be truly thankful for such a sum,” said B.; “it would be of great use to me; but I cannot expect it.” “Well,” returned Mr. Cecil, “I am not a rich man, and I have not a hundred guineas to give you, B.,” continued he, putting his hand in his pocket, “I have got one; here it is at your service, and I will undertake to make it a hundred in a few days.” Mr. Cecil represented the case to his friends, fulfilled his promise, and the Bible which B. had formerly given to a child, became the means of opening his shop and obtaining him a subsistence.

#### SEA BATHING.

Sea bathing should not be had recourse to by persons of enfeebled frames, because the organs are too weak to ensure that pleasant reaction of feeling—that sense of warmth which diffuses itself all over the body—consequent upon immersion. Invalids and persons of nervous temperament should never resort to sea-bathing except under the direction of a medical man. No persons should bathe after a hearty meal, nor if they feel cold; and after bathing they should take a little gentle exercise.—*Reynolds*.

#### OLD AND YOUNG FRIENDS.

Old friends are the great blessing of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. \* \* \* I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate; but can they grow old friends? My age forbids that. Still less can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one says? One must relate the history of one's memory and ideas; and what is that to the young but old stories?—*Horace Walpole*.

## THE COMET.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Come forth with me, the west is clear—  
See'st thou yon wild old privateer,  
That's like your candle, when you snuff  
Its flaming wick with force enough  
To quench the flame, and leave a spark  
And smoke-wreath glimmering through the dark?

Amidst the starry multitude  
He roams a tameless Robin Hood;  
An outlaw in the universe,  
Bearing an everlasting curse;  
And mounted on a steed that wears  
A tail like Tam O'Shanter's mare's.

Man's old acquaintance seems the sun,  
And all the gentle stars that run  
Their nightly courses far above,  
Smile on the earth with looks of love;  
As voyagers that have distant steered,  
Hold kindred voyagers thrice endeared.

But he, unshorn barbarian grim,  
How strange the cosy scene to him,  
When, woven just athwart his way,  
He marked our web-like system lay,  
And wondered, as he ventured near,  
What such tame worlds were doing here.

More lonely than a ship must be  
Burned on the solitary sea,  
This fearful elf of giant race  
Burns on the eternal deep of space;  
Unlike sweet stars, to him is known  
No earthly lover's vow or moan

Love saucy meteors, ye who may,  
And uncoag'd comets' dangerous play;  
But give me earth in dewy June—  
Give me the dear, substantial moon,  
That knows when far enough she's sped,  
Then goes respectfully to bed.

## THE CHANGELING.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

"DOCTOR, she will live? Say that she will live!" exclaimed Colonel Lansmere, as he clasped the arm of his wife's physician, and gazed wildly, imploringly, in the old man's face. "O, speak, do speak! I cannot bear this—I cannot endure this agony."

The old physician was deeply affected; twice he attempted in vain to speak audibly, and when at last he succeeded, the words came chokingly.

"I cannot save her, nothing on earth can restore her to you, my dear friend; all I can say now is, bear it as well as you can, compose yourself and come to her once more; her hours are few now and swiftly passing."

With a breaking heart the husband suffered himself to be led to the chamber of his wife, his

beautiful young wife who they said was dying—it could not be true, he could not let her go; but the frantic words were checked, and the passionate sorrow hushed, when he saw how fearful a change the last half hour had wrought in her he loved. He dare not bid her live when death had already claimed possession of her beautiful form; he dare not disturb the peace of that parting hour by giving vent to his own rebellious grief—and kneeling at her side in silent anguish he listened to the few faint farewell words.

"I would have lived for you, dear Arthur, we have been so happy, you made life too bright and beautiful, but it may not be; just now I saw my mother, Alfred, and Elinor, and they bade me come home. O, Arthur, I must go, I must leave you." And the weak arms were lifted with a wild look of entreaty.

Trembling and awe-stricken, he raised her in his arms, holding her close pressed to his heart until the last sigh was drawn, the last struggle with the conqueror had passed, and then Dr. Annesley touched him.

"My dear Lansmere, will you come with me? It is all over." And looking on the white face lying helpless on his breast, he saw that it was indeed so.

All his hopes and plans, the joys and delight of the past two years, all over. His brain was burning, his heart icy cold, he had faced death a score of times, had seen beloved comrades fall stricken by his side upon the battle-field, and with his own hand slain the enemy; yet he had never faced the pale spectre in his quiet home-life, had never realized the possibility of his beautiful young wife going to the grave before himself. If a dread had ever entered Colonel Lansmere's mind since his marriage, it was of old age for himself, while the wife he loved would yet be in her bloom; he had feared this, but death never, least of all death to the gay young creature who sang and laughed, and danced in the joyous lightness of her eighteen summers.

"Will your honor see the baby?" asked a sweet, low voice, and for the first time for twenty-four hours the widower raised his head or took notice of a question.

In vain the kind physician had entreated him to rest, to take refreshment, even to come and look at his dead wife, and as a last resource the young nurse and her charge were sent for. He took the child without a word, and as he looked in its clear blue eyes and thought of the mother, his grief took another form, which so terrified the young woman that she ran off to tell the doctor that the gentleman was breaking his heart.

"Thank Heaven," said the old man fervently,

"that danger is past. Let him cry, my good woman, it will do him good."

And thus Arthur Lansmere was suffered to weep away the keenest edges of his sorrow, and his heart went out in yearning love to his little son, his dead wife's legacy. On the nurse's return she found him more composed. He asked her several questions, and wished to have the child always near him.

"Are you willing to live at the Park, or will your husband not allow it?"

"My husband is dead, sir," the woman replied, "but I have a child the age of this—if I come here my mother must take care of the child."

Colonel Lansmere looked at her compassionately. "Poor thing, and you have your own living to get and a child to attend to. Arrange it with your mother in any way, I will pay her well to keep your baby, and you come here to-morrow to stay. Everything shall be done for your comfort, only take care of my boy."

He kissed the child, slipped a guinea into the young woman's hand and dismissed her. In a week Mary Law and her charge were established at Lansmere Park, and Mary's own child, also a fine little boy, was daily brought for the mother to see.

It was hard to say which of the little ones she liked best, though the colonel, having one day found her weeping over her own child, redoubled his kindness to induce her to remain, fearing nothing more than that she should leave. But Mary never spoke of going away, although her agitation at every meeting with her child was evident. Those who knew her history said the bitter past was ever present to the widow, for she had married in defiance of her parents, had found that her lover whom she foolishly believed perfection, was an idle, worthless scamp, a drunkard and a poacher, and in less than two years after her ill-starred marriage, he was killed in a fight with some of the neighboring game-keepers, and brought home to her, his handsome face so disfigured that none but herself could have recognized him. Two months after her child was born, and Mrs. Lansmere, having heard the sad story from her lady's maid, sent for Mary, and engaged her to take care of her infant.

And for three years she did take care of it; no mother could better have performed her duty; and then Colonel Lansmere resolved to go abroad. His most intimate friend and nearest neighbor, George Hope, Esq., of Hopedale Lodge, was about to travel with his lady, and their united persuasions induced the colonel to make one of their party. Mrs. Hope had just

buried a child, the son and heir of Hopedale, and she insisted on having the little Arthur with them. As her health was delicate, and her grief so recent, neither gentlemen attempted to contradict her wish, and Mary Law in an agony of sorrow was obliged to yield up her little charge to strangers.

The Park lodge was repaired and new furnished, a handsome garden made, and with an annuity sufficient to put her beyond all danger of want, bestowed on the faithful nurse. But neither money nor presents could calm poor Mary's sorrow, and Colonel Lansmere left England deeply impressed with her fondness for his child, and half grieved at occasioning sorrow to so faithful a servant. The party went to Switzerland, thence to spend the winter in a warmer clime; and under the sunny skies of Italy one year from their departure from England, little Florence Hope was born.

A very ray of sunshine was the sweet child, bringing joy and gladness to the hearts so lately mourning, and the father himself scarcely loved the little beauty better than did Colonel Lansmere, who was the first to project an union between the families.

"My brother, Sir Rupert, will never marry now, and Arthur then comes in heir of the Lansmere estates. No better match can be found for your little girl in the country than he will, then be, and the properties united will rival any estate in the kingdom."

"Dear friend do not let us plan too much," the mother said, as her thoughts went back to the castles built in imagination at the birth of the boy. "Florence may be taken from us as our little George was."

But the father made some jesting remark about his hope of having half a dozen heirs yet, and the subject was dropped, only to be renewed again and again, until at last it came to be an understood thing between the families that at some future day the children should be united.

The only objection to this was that the little ones did not agree, little Florence never liked her companion, and as the years passed on, Mrs. Hope herself was conscious of a growing dislike to the bold, rude boy whose precocious impudence so pleased the gentlemen. They remained abroad three years, and on their return to England little Arthur, being now six years old, was permitted by his father to act the tyrant over the entire household. At the first visit the Hopes paid at Lansmere Park the young gentleman gave a specimen of his disposition which still further estranged the mother from him.

The children were sent out to play on the

lawn, Arthur having been charged to take care of his companion, and they had not been gone more than half an hour when the little girl's scream alarmed the family, and rushing out they beheld one of the dogs holding the child's white dress which a strange lad was trying to take from his mouth, while little Arthur stood by laughing and clapping his hands to encourage the dog to hold on. As he freed the little girl, the boy said something to Arthur who struck him on the cheek, when the other little fellow knocked him down. The whole affair took place in sight of the parents, and was over before they could cross the lawn, and Arthur rose up screaming with rage as his father came up. Whatever indignation Colonel Lansmere might have felt at seeing his child struck by another, he dared not display it, so flagrant had been Master Arthur's misconduct; but he did not join in the praises the Hopes lavished on the brave stranger until he heard his name.

"Robert Law!" he exclaimed. "Are you Mrs. Law's son at the lodge?" The child answered in the affirmative, and again thanking him, the party returned to the house, Mrs. Hope with the terrified child close clasped to her bosom.

"Such a manly little fellow," George Hope exclaimed. "I have rarely seen so handsome a child, and so well behaved. Who is he, Lansmere?"

"The last of a very bad race," was the answer. "The father and grandfather both fell fighting Sir James R——'s game keepers, and two worse men never lived or died in the county. This child has an excellent mother, and to her he owes his good training, also the extreme neatness of his dress. The servants laugh and say she tries to imitate Arthur in the boy's appearance. I have never seen him before, for he generally lives with Mary's mother in the village."

Here Master Arthur, finding himself neglected, set up a scream of anger and the conversation was stopped. Thus passed on several years. Florence remained the only child at Hopedale, and her father daily growing more anxious that the noble estate of their neighbors should at some future time be hers. There was always trouble when the children met. Once the savage boy took all the gold fish from their marble basin, leaving them fainting and dying on the stand, and another time poor Florence came with tears and sobs to show her mother her dead dove, its white feathers soiled with blood, the work of Master Arthur, who laughed at her sorrow.

Mrs. Hope shed tears of sympathy with her little daughter, and enraged at the sight, Colonel Lansmere severely punished the young monster,

but with no lasting effect. From three different schools was Arthur Lansmere expelled before his fifteenth year, when his father in despair procured a tutor for his hopeful heir.

Young Robert Law, too poor to go to school, had yet made rapid progress under the instruction of the parson of the parish, whose salary was barely sufficient for the wants of a large family, and who thankfully accepted the bright boy's able assistance in the garden, giving him in return invaluable instruction. Both the pastor and his wife loved Robert, and in their society he spent his happiest hours. It was frequently matter of surprise to them, how from so vile a stock this beautiful boy had descended, for no trace of the bad qualities of the Laws was ever discovered in his noble disposition.

When Robert was sixteen his grandmother died, and he went to live with his mother at the lodge, an arrangement scarcely pleasant, as young Lansmere never failed to insult and annoy him whenever they met, and in consequence his mother silently made arrangements to leave, though reluctant to give up a pleasant home, surrounded by evidences of the care and kindness of the colonel. As Robert spent most of his time at the parsonage, any very violent quarrel was avoided; but Arthur was not slow to see that Miss Hope smiled pleasantly on Robert when they met, and received flowers or fruit from his hand with a warmth of thanks quite unusual for her, peasant lad though he was. At Hopedale the lad was a favorite, and well-known, from Colonel Lansmere's habit of sending him there on errands.

Amused at the interest with which he viewed the books in the library one day, Mr. Hope questioned him about his studies with the parson, and finding he had made astonishing progress, presented him with a number of valuable volumes, quite a little library for a boy like Robert. As he thanked the kind donor, there was something in his manner that touched Mr. Hope's not very impressive nature, and laying his hand upon his shoulder he looked in his beautiful eyes, exclaiming:

"Don't thank me, boy, you well deserve them, for you are a good lad, and must be a joy to your mother; would to Heaven such a son had been given to me!"

One pleasant autumn day an old-fashioned and odd-looking vehicle might have been seen leisurely rolling along the highway leading to the Lansmere Park gates. But if the equipage was unique in its color, shape and fittings up, not less extraordinary was the appearance of the indi-

vidual who occupied it, and who drove the fat old horse himself. Unusually tall and straight for a man of his years—he was something past sixty-four—with a clear, healthy complexion, and an eye dark and piercing, he was truly a handsome old man, had not his abominable style of dressing spoilt all. An old fur cap lined with wool completely disfigured his head, while a cloak of camlet of no particular form or shape hung about him in disorder, the red flannel lining and the faded hue of the stuff itself giving him a decidedly poverty-stricken appearance. A comforter of many colors was tied about his throat and kept in place by the ears of his cap which tied under the chin, while red worsted muffatees and knitted gloves patched with chamois leather completed his attire.

Such was the appearance of the individual who watched with curious eyes the rapid approach of two riders through a neighboring field, and who were making for a gate which opened on the turnpike. One was a short, stout and rather coarse-looking young man of eighteen or nineteen, his companion a slender and rather delicate looking young lady of sixteen or thereabouts. As they neared the gate the girl attempted to slacken the speed of the high-spirited animal she rode, but leaning forward her companion caught her rein and kept on at full speed, evidently bent on making her leap the barrier. Just at this moment a tall youth came slowly along the road, carrying under his arm two or three books. No sooner did the girl see him than with a cry of joy she wrenched her horse free, and called to the new-comers to open the gate, a request he instantly complied with, when she dashed through at full speed, the long plumes of her hat flying in the wind, and both herself and her horse in considerable terror.

Riding up to the new-comer, the horseman began to abuse him shamefully, threatening to strike him, which he would probably have done had not a third actor appeared on the scene in the person of the odd-looking owner of the carriage, who seizing the young man's horse bade him desist at once. His rage of course turned instantly on the old man, and he finished a choice string of abuse by threatening to horse-whip him.

The old gentleman grew pale with passion. "Horsewhip me, will you, you young scoundrel?" he exclaimed, in a voice of rage. "Let me see you do it." And ere the words were well spoken he pulled him to the ground and administered a lesson on impertinence not likely to be soon forgotten. With a contemptuous kick he then walked to his chaise and bidding the

lad with the books get in, was soon on his way again. The lady rider had gone out of sight.

"It seems to me I ought to know you, boy," was the first abrupt speech made after the fat old horse had once more got started.

The lad colored slightly at the suddenness of the words. "I don't know, sir, I do not think I ever saw you before."

"I don't say you did, but I know your face. What's your name, eh?"

"Robert Law, sir, and there's my home. My mother is gate-keeper at the lodge."

The old gentleman uttered an exclamation more forcible than polite, and looked at his companion as if to read his very soul.

"Do you know the heir here?" and he pointed to the Park.

"Arthur Lansmere? Yes, sir, I know him. That was the young gentleman you horsewhipped just now."

By a great effort the old man restrained an expression he doubtless thought unsuitable for youthful years, but a heavy frown darkened his face.

"Who was that girl?"

"Miss Hope, sir."

"Ah, yes, George Hope's daughter. Well, it is a queer business altogether."

The lad jumped down and opened the gates, and as the old man drove through he called out something about seeing him again. Robert hastened in and told his mother the adventure of the morning, to which she listened in evident distress and ended by bursting into a violent fit of weeping. In vain the tender-hearted lad prayed her to tell him her trouble; she was overcome with grief, and from her incoherent exclamations he could make nothing.

"But, mother, who could that strange old gentleman have been? I know he was a gentleman, though he looked so poorly dressed."

"It was Sir Rupert Lansmere, child, and I know that his coming forebodes trouble. He never was here but once before, when you were a little baby, and he and the colonel quarrelled then and have never met since."

"But, mother dear, how can his coming bring trouble upon us? He was very kind to me, and said my face was quite familiar."

Mary Law shrunk at these words as from a blow. Looking full into her son's truthful eyes, she prayed him in piteous tones never to turn against her.

"No matter what they say about me, Robert, it all rests with you; don't let them ill use me."

She would have knelt at his feet, but he caught her in his arms, and promised solemnly that

nothing should estrange them. For a long time the poor lad suspected that a stain rested on his birth, and though the thought was agony, his mother's behaviour on this occasion confirmed his suspicions. The utter silence respecting his father, her sadness and nervous terror of all strangers coming to the Park had all gone to strengthen the idea, and now it was made certainty. An increasing love for Miss Hope, which for months had taken possession of him, added bitterness to his reflections, and made him truly miserable.

"Never, I will never allow her to go out alone with him again. How dare he send her home to me in this state?"

And Mrs. Hope alternately soothed the terrified Florence, who clung sobbing round her neck, and flashed angry glances upon the two gentlemen who stood before her silent with surprise.

"There must be some mistake here. I cannot think Arthur would knowingly alarm you, my love," said the colonel, and attempted to take the girl's hand, but drew back at a glance from her mother's beautiful eyes.

"Here comes Arthur himself; he must explain it all," exclaimed Mr. Hope, as the young man made his appearance, walking slowly under the trees without his horse.

But just as the whole party called upon him to explain his extraordinary conduct, Sir Rupert and his wonderful equipage arrived, and in the warmth of the greeting between him and the Hopes, Master Arthur took himself out of sight. Of course the story was soon told. Colonel Lansmere looked annoyed at hearing that his son had threatened the old gentleman, still more so when he learned that Sir Rupert had horse-whipped his darling, but there was no help for it now; the whole party went in to dress for dinner, and in due time made their appearance at the table, except young Arthur, who begged to be excused on the plea of a headache.

When the gentlemen sat over their wine, Sir Rupert (who himself drank nothing but water) commenced to question his brother on a subject which agitated him exceedingly. It was nothing less than Robert Law's birth and parentage, and the old gentleman made no scruples about accusing his brother of a great wrong in the matter.

"I always knew you were a foolish man, Arthur, but I never suspected you of being a bad one before."

"And you do me a great wrong, now," the colonel exclaimed. "My late wife pitied the

young woman, and gave our boy to her care. She performed her duty faithfully, and I gave her the lodge, and a sufficiency to keep her from want. The father of the boy was a bad character, but Mary seems to have given all her own good qualities to the child, who is a general favorite in the village."

Mr. Hope confirmed all this, but nothing would move the old man, who became each day more and more convinced of the truth of his own suspicions.

"I can see your looks in that boy's face, just your expression when you were his age, and then his hand and foot, why any fool might see he had the Lansmere hand and foot." And he would survey his own well-shaped white fingers with evident satisfaction, while the colonel spite of his annoyance could not forbear a smile at his oddity.

Sir Rupert staid one week at the Park, during which time he treated young Arthur with supreme contempt, rarely suffering an opportunity to escape of making some sarcastic speech at him, and otherwise showing his dislike; in fact he made himself so disagreeable that it was a positive relief to the colonel and his other guests when the old leather chaise was ordered, and the fur cap and camel cloak once more adorned his person; to all but Florence, who really felt a liking for the old gentleman, and with her mother's consent promised to spend a week at his old house, the original home of the Lansmeres.

"I am going to take your boy home with me," Sir Rupert said, as he gathered up the reins with one hand, and settled the fur cap comfortably with the other.

"What, Arthur?" said the colonel, surprised.

"O, by no means," he replied with his usual scornful smile. "We have young scamps enough in the vicinity of Lansmere Court, without taking any within the walls, but your other boy, Robert, he is too good to be knocking about here, running errands for everybody; I mean to take him home and adopt him, so don't be surprised if you hear some fine morning that I am dead, and he is master of Lansmere." And with this parting blow he drove off, leaving a most uncomfortable impression on his brother's mind.

"You don't really think he would do such a thing?" said Mr. Hope.

"Why not? The property is not entailed; he has taken an unaccountable dislike to Arthur, and a mad fancy for that boy Robert, and what is to hinder him from doing anything he likes?"

"Nothing, if that is the case; but it will make some difference to Arthur."

"Some difference! I should think it would,"

said the colonel, vehemently. "Why, it will ruin him. You know I live economically and find my fortune abundant, but it is in reality small when compared with Rupert's vast estates; Arthur knows nothing of economy, and consequently cannot live at all unless he gets them. I don't know what to do about it."

The Hopes made their visit a short one, and to the great joy of both mother and daughter, the father made known his intention of breaking off the match as soon as possible.

"He is going to college now, and his father has great anticipations of his success, but I foretell that we shall have no trouble in finding an excuse to get Florence free from her engagement. He is an unlikely scamp, to say the best of him, and my little girl can do better; there's young James R——, for instance, with only his father standing between him and the baronetcy, I rather think he will do."

But just at this particular time Florence had no idea that any one would do. She was but a child, and childish thoughts filled her mind, while her affections were far more firmly centered on the white moss rose Robert Law had given her, than upon all Sir James's great possessions.

"Florence must keep on with her studies for two years more," her mother said, "and lay aside all this nonsense about lovers and engagements." And the poor child was not sorry to comply, so distasteful had the idea of her betrothal to Arthur always been.

One year passed in which few changes took place in any of those whose history we are attempting to write. Before leaving home for college Arthur had prevailed upon his father to dismiss Mary Law from the lodge, an unkind act which the colonel very unwillingly performed, but yielded, in the hope that compliance with his every wish would bribe the young reprobate to good behaviour.

Poor Mary left in sorrow, not at the loss of the home, but at the ingratitude of her foster-son, who refused to see her previous to his departure. The colonel increased the allowance he had made her to meet her additional expenses, but people said Mary Law would not burden his kindness long, it was evident she was sinking rapidly into a consumption.

During the first year several letters were received at the Park, complaining of Arthur's behaviour, and the only restraining influence was to shorten his allowance, but these letters agitated the fond and too indulgent father, and added to some village whispers which reached his ears, made him truly wretched. The family to whom Mary's cottage had been given were recom-

mended by Arthur, who described them as worthy people, deserving of kindness. The only daughter was a handsome, vulgar peasant-girl, with red cheeks and a decided fancy for gay dresses and cheap jewelry. Of this girl and the young heir of Lansmere some very scandalous stories were soon told, and in due time reached the colonel, who dare not try to prove the truth or falsehood of them. He began to look very old, his hair turned very gray in those few months, and there was a perceptible stoop in his figure, the proud Lansmere figure which they boasted never bent. At the end of a year Arthur was expelled, and seeing in this disgrace the end of all his hopes of an alliance with the Hope family, Colonel Lansmere ceased the acquaintance and almost entirely secluded himself in his own home.

Arthur went to London, very much against his father's wish, the colonel having a presentiment that trouble would follow, but his wildest fears fell short of the reality. His son's demands for money were at first incessant; impertinent letters and hasty notes came thick and fast, then the device of sending his numerous bills down to the Park for settlement was tried; that failing after a time, all tidings of him ceased, and the colonel's next grief was caused by seeing the proud name of his family in a newspaper paragraph with a stinging comment on the conduct of the representative at the time in the metropolis. This was followed up by others, some milder, some more cutting, until the father writhed under the agony thus inflicted.

With unspeakable terror he awaited some final act which should crush the author of all this sorrow and bring matters to a conclusion, and he had not long to anticipate. Two rough-looking officials made their appearance one morning whose business was soon told. Arthur Lansmere had committed a heavy forgery, had been immediately detected, and was now in jail awaiting his trial. The police had been sent to search his rooms in his father's house, it being more than suspected that there were other crimes to be proved against him. As nothing suspicious was found at the Park, the men departed civilly, but the disgrace rankled in the colonel's proud heart, and was not relieved by the reception of a letter from Sir Rupert, wherein he bade him take no steps to save the life of such a graceless villain, but let him hang, and put an end to the family shame.

The colonel loved his family name, disgrace was a keener word than death, but he thought of his dead wife, the young girl whom he had so wildly worshipped, and she was the mother of



this boy, could he let her child perish by such a disgraceful death? Would she not have pleaded for him with all her strength, would she not have given life itself to save him? Yes, well he knew it, and it determined his course; with all speed he started for London, to find there that his brother had been before him and taken all necessary steps to save the young man from the punishment due to his crime, if possible. Hateful as young Arthur had made himself to his uncle, the old man had still a feeling for his brother's child, and the best legal assistance was secured, and unlimited means offered them, if in return for their efforts they procured his release.

After a wretched interview with the lost boy, Colonel Lansmere returned to the Park, there to await the result of the trial, his own health rendering it imperative that he should leave all excitement for a time. George Hope, like all the rest of mankind, had faults, some of them bad ones, but under an amount of worldliness he had a tender heart, and he was first to welcome the poor colonel to his home, to condole with him on his great grief, to hope for brighter things in the future.

Mr. Hope felt particularly well calculated to pity his friend just now, for he believed himself to be the most unfortunate of fathers. Sir James had come to Hopedale to plead his son's cause, Miss Florence had been summoned to the library, and with one of Robert's white moss roses in her hair, had gone down to disappoint all their plans. In vain the two gentlemen pleaded; she "did not love the young man, and she would not marry him; she had told him so long before."

"But you may change your mind, child," said her father, "you are so young yet, and you don't love any one else—"

"But I shall not change my mind, papa, and I do love some one else;" and with this declaration Miss Florence swept out of the room.

Sir James shrugged up his shoulders, took an immense pinch of snuff, and hinted that it would have spared a great deal of trouble if Miss Hope had said as much before.

Mr. Hope was in a passion, and insisted on knowing what his daughter meant. Mama Hope was indignant, and reproached Miss Florence with her ingratitude after all their indulgence; but she utterly refused to give any explanation of her words, and Sir James took his leave. The following day Mr. Hope went to see his friend the colonel, and James R—, having called to assure himself of the truth of his father's report, received a dismissal which left him nothing to expect from the young lady.

The night preceding Arthur Lansmere's trial

was one of fearful suffering to the unhappy father. Through the weary hours he paced the floor of his library, oppressed with misery. Midnight had just struck, when a loud summons at the hall door aroused the sleeping porter, and startled the colonel violently. It proved to be a messenger from Mary Law, praying him to come at once to her deathbed to hear something she had to communicate. Through fear of his own health, or by reason of his great trouble, the colonel hesitated, when the messenger said, "Mary begged it for the sake of her dead mistress." Without a moment's more delay he followed him.

It proved to be a fearful interview, the dying woman's confession of a dreadful wrong, and in her agony she flung herself from her couch to his feet screaming for pardon.

"O, forgive, forgive! I was tempted, and changed them; I had no opportunity to repair my fault until it was too late, and then I dare not confess." As she tried to clasp the colonel's knees he involuntarily drew back, seeing which she redoubled her entreaties. "Think you I have not suffered too; when the boy for whom I sacrificed myself disowns me, turned me from my home—curses his mother? I have been good to your son, he loves me; he will not curse his mother, even when he learns how much she has wronged him." Exhausted with her emotion, she paused, gasping for breath, while the colonel, touched at the sight of so much misery, sat down and spoke soothingly to her.

He said he freely forgave her sin, and then in the gentlest terms announced the danger of her son and his impending trial. Without a word poor Mary fell fainting to the floor.

The colonel, on arriving at home, instantly sent to his brother the particulars of the strange communication he had received, and two days after, Sir Rupert arrived in an ecstasy of delight. The young forger had been transported for life; but of him he took no thought; that his favorite should turn out to be the true heir filled his heart with delight. Mary Law repeated her confession before a magistrate, and more than once explained to Sir Rupert how she was tempted to substitute her own boy for the heir. He never reproached her, and once when her repentance was more bitter than usual, thanked her for her care of the boy.

"You brought him up well and carefully, Mary, and I owe you thanks; had he been under my brother's weak control he would doubtless have been spoiled."

Poor Mary's death took place soon after, hastened by a cruel letter received from her own son, upbraiding her for the deception she had prac-

tised, and then blaming her for not continuing it. The real heir was unceasing in his kind attentions to his "mother," as he always called her, and she died imploring blessings on his head.

Sir Rupert in the fulness of his joy swore eternal friendship with his brother for giving him so noble an heir; while the colonel in his new-found son was more than repaid for all the other had made him suffer.

The young man lost little time in renewing his acquaintance with the Hope family, and now that her parents beheld his attentions with delight, Miss Florence no longer hesitated to inform them that he was the fortunate individual on whom she had bestowed her youthful heart. On the day that the heir became of age there was a magnificent fete given at Lansmere Park to celebrate the event, and six months afterwards Hope-dale rejoiced at the wedding of the fair maiden who represented that ancient family.

#### A BON-MOT.

Queen Victoria's reception in Berlin seems to have been extremely enthusiastic on the part of the multitude. Numerous instances are cited of well-timed kindness on the part of high personages. Even General Wrangel, a rough, old soldier, who prides himself on speaking nothing but German (and that very incorrectly), and whose wit is generally known to partake of the broad humor of the barracks, succeeded in perpetrating a delicate flattery, which would have done honor to a courtier of Louis XIV. When permitted to kiss the queen's hand, the general pronounced, with infinite gravity, albeit with a strong Teutonic accent, the English word "Welcome!"

"Ah, general," said her majesty, "since when have you learned to speak English?"

"Your majesty," replied the old soldier to this question propounded in German, "on my honor, that is the only English word I have to offer you."

#### THE MISCHIEF MAKER.

"When the absent are spoken of," says Henry Ward Beecher, "some will speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some dirt, for they have a natural attraction towards what is evil, and think it shows a penetration in them. As a cat watching for mice does not look up though an elephant goes by, so they are so busy mousing for defects, that they let great excellencies pass them unnoticed. I will not say it is not *Christian* to make heads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is *infernal*. If you want to know how the devil feels, you *do know* if you are such a one."

Money invested in a tool, and the tool left exposed to the weather, is like money loaned to a spendthrift with no security received. In both instances it is a dead loss, and the result of indolence or inexcusable indifference to one's own interest.

#### "TOO MIRTHFUL."

"Do stop that girl's laughing! It really makes me nervous to hear her. From morning till night her mouth is open, either laughing or singing, just as if there was no trouble or sin in the world. I never saw such a rattle-brain thing as she is in my life!"

So Hetty was made to suppress her glee, and to sing low. This was the utmost that her rulers could accomplish, for the girl's heart was light within her, and overflow it would. But check after check was given her; and month after month she was told, with awful seriousness, that she was too wild, too merry, too imaginative; that it was her duty to measure her steps, her morals, her very smiles; to hold down her imagination; always to turn her thoughts towards reading, cooking, mending and sewing, when she caught them starting off for a revel in the regions of beauty and delight—for the fair, fair skies of fancy; and always to wait till she didn't care whether she moved or stood still, spoke or held her tongue, when she glowed with a quick impulse to do or say something. Well, they managed to tone Hetty down somewhat; but she never could be made to become exactly serious and proper until the hand of sorrow took her heart and pressed it so hard—so very hard—that the joyousness which had so long dwelt singing in it was crushed out and went, none knew whither. Many burdens were bound for poor Hetty's heart, and it bore them bravely till the spring of joy was broken; then each additional load pressed down with more hopeless weight. Now she is what blindly they tried to render her when she was a child.

O, let the children and the maidens laugh and sing. Do not, O, do not—be always checking and rebuking them for being gay. Little time enough have they before care will begin its gnawing and grief and pain. They will grow old and grave anon, never fear. Their glory will soon enough be darkened, their buoyancy cease. The canker and the blight will not pass them. Darkness and disaster sooner or later, shuts down the morning light of all. O, the fated, the unconscious young! But let them, while the impulse yet is in them, laugh and play, and dance and sing. And if, perchance, ere the merry days are over, any sleep, murmur not. "Happy the early dead."—*Willie's Musical World*.

#### DAILY DUTIES.

My morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and hardness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty.—*Milton*.

#### TIME.

Time has laid his hand  
Upon my head gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations.

LONGFELLOW.

## NOT AN ANGEL.

BY WILLIAM H. ATENSON.

She's not perfection, let's be sure,  
No angel wings has she;  
Her girlish heart is but as pure  
As girlish hearts can be.

But is our human love the less,  
If nature faintly stains  
The marble of all loveliness  
With some imperfect veils?

The stars are beautiful and cold,  
But dear the frazier flowers,  
Whose dewy hearts of humbler mould  
May speak, as 'twere, to ours.

Then not celestial must she be,  
Her sweetness and her worth  
But crown a frail humanity,  
As roses do the earth.

## THE ENCHANTED BOAT:

—OR,—

## Why the Captain didn't get to the Party.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"WHAT d'ye want here? Who, in Satan's name told you to come aft here, hey? Go for'ard, you bloody villains!"

The scene is on the deck of a ship lying at anchor in an East Indian river. The captain, a stout, brutal looking man, has just paused in his walk, and scowls spitefully at four sailors who stand in a respectful attitude before him.

"Will you please, sir, to allow us chaps to go ashore for an hour or two this evening, just to get some—"

"Please let us chaps go ashore," mimicked the captain, in a taunting and most insulting manner. "No, I please wont. For'ard ye go now, before I hurry up your time for you." And turning on his heel, he strode aft to the taffarel; when again turning he perceived that the men still remained where he had left them.

"Blast your eyes! what are you standing there for?" he shouted, as with his face inflamed with passion and his fists clenched as if to strike, he rushed toward them.

"The whole crew are out of tobacco, and we want to go ashore and get some before the ship sails. We can't make the homeward passage without any," replied one of the men, doggedly.

"O, you can't, hey?" sneered the captain. "Now I'll convince ye that you not only *can* but *will*. You may think yourself lucky if you get your heads safe home with you. I'll show you what can be done and what can't before I've

done with you. Blast ye! I'll haze ye round—I'll work up your old iron for you, so that you wont know whether you have any tobacco or not. I'll make you curse the day you ever saw Bully Waterman. Now go." And with kicks and blows he drove them forward into the waist.

As the men joined their shipmates in the fore-castle and reported progress, a simultaneous growl broke from them, which for depth of tone and duration might have been taken for distant thunder—very distant.

"Well, I'm blowed if this style of thing isn't getting altogether too bad to be borne much longer," muttered Jack Brace, a fine specimen of a young, stalwart, well educated American sailor; one who might confidently look forward to a not far distant period when he should command a ship of his own. "It's tyranny of the worst sort," he added, in an ominous undertone, "and resistance to tyrants is obedience, etc.—"

"It's hard to be hanged for such a wretched object as him though," responded another of the crew.

"I'm not so clear about being hanged. The ship's not at sea yet, and knocking off work in port is a very different thing from mutiny on the high sea," added Jack, determinedly.

"Yes, and how mach would ye make by trying of it on, I wonder?" asked Joe Grummet, in a rather contemptuous tone. "Ye'd make jist about as much as the chaps in the Lively-scratch did once when I was aboard of her. We all knocked off work when lying in port at the Oil o' France, 'cause our grub was so thunderin' scaly, and wouldn't turn to agin, till we seed the council. Well, we did see him and told him how we'd ben sarved, an' he said as how 'twas too bad, and that we shouldn't hev no sich grub no more at present. Then he larfed, and the cap'n larfed; an' in a minnit a file of Johnny farmes come in and marched us all off to prison, an' there we lay two months with next to nawthin' at all to eat; not a rag o' clo's to change; no water for to wash in; and half dead with fever at that, so that when the ship come to sail we was the most miser'ble lookin' peeps ever ye seed on a deck. That's what we got, an' I'm thinkin' that's what you'll be likely to get here, on'y wuss, for this here council an' the ole man are as thick as two thieves together. Now ye can jest do as ye like ye know, but ye'll jest git inter a mess ef ye try to dessart to the shere; now mark my words with red chork."

Joe was a veteran mariner whose advice was asked upon all occasions, and what is a great deal more, was generally acted upon, consequent-

ly his remarks upon the present occasion produced a profound impression; the more so as no one had the slightest doubt as to the soundness of his views; and all hands relapsed into gloomy silence, while the night began to close in dark and rainy. Presently the steward rushed into the fore-castle in a high state of excitement.

"Ky, fellers," he began, shaking his woolly head, and grinning like a—a—well, like a nigger. (I take it a nigger's grin is the superlative of all grins, consequently a comparison is worse than useless.) "Ky, fellers, dad da party ashore da to-night is agoin to be a reg'lar double breasted, high-beeled 'fair, sartin sare. Mine I tell ye."

"What party is that you're blarnting about?" growled Jack Brace, sulkily.

"Why, dat party de cap'n goin' to to-night. Ky, he keep me all de arternoon blackin' he boots, and brushin' he coat and trouserlooms; an' now he gettin' puffedly 'sane coz he can't make he har lay jes' whar he put 'em. Ky, giss cap'n think he reg'lar lady killer, he, he, he."

"See here, boys!" shouted Jack, with animation, as soon as the steward was out of ear-shot, "if the old rip is going ashore, he'll want four men to pull his boat; now whoever goes must do the errands for all the rest, whether it's possible or not."

"That's the talk. I'll count round to see who shall go," said Joe Grummet, touching each man with his finger as he passed him. "Hinty, minty, cuty, corn—"

"Avast there, with your cuty corn," interrupted Jack Brace, "we wont have any counting at all about it—four of the best men aboard will go. I'm one, Grummet's another, Tom Pipes and Bill Bulkhead are the other two. What say, boys, d'ye agree to that? The old rip will probably order us not to put foot ashore, but that's all my eye. Go we will, and bring off tobacco enough for all hands, or lose a leg."

This arrangement was satisfactory to all parties, and the four men having made an oil-cloth toilet to protect them from the heavy rain, proceeded aft to the gangway and descended into the boat that lay alongside, to await the captain's orders.

The point of the river at which the ship lay was about two miles below the town, but hidden from it by an abrupt turning of the stream and a long point of wooded land projecting far out into the river, which at this place is several miles in width.

"Well, I don't see why the old beast don't come, if he's coming at all," growled Jack Brace, when they had been waiting in the boat something like twenty minutes. "It's getting confoundedly

dark, I can hardly see that headland now, and before we can pull to it against this six knot current it will be out of sight altogether, and there's no light to guide us till we round that. It would be a jolly joke if we should get lost. By Jove, I should rather like the idea myself, if it wasn't for the pretty certain chance of running afoul of some of these cut throat natives and being cooked up for their breakfasts."

At this moment, the captain made his appearance at the gangway.

"What in thunder ye doing in that boat, ye bloody villains," he yelled, in a towering rage. "So, you thought you could double on *me*, did ye? Yer were going to come it nicely, wa'n't ye—going to catch an old bird with chaff. Come up out of that, you larks of misery, before I sink ye," and as the men came up the ladder, he seized them one after another, savagely by the ear, and hurled them forward. "Now then, Mr. Smith," he continued, turning to the mate, "send along the carpenter, sailmaker and two boys. The lazy lubbers haven't had anything to do this three months, and can pull the boat ashore as well as not. I'm not going to have these fellows go ashore on any pretence; men are too scarce in port to risk the chance of any desertions, now that we're so soon to sail."

While the mate was drumming up this novel boat's crew, Jack Brace took advantage of the darkness to slip round abaft the trunk cabin, where a quantity of whale lines were stowed; and from thence down into the starboard mizzen chains to the boat, and almost instantly returned unperceived.

"Hadt'n you better take a pocket lantern and compass, sir," inquired the mate, as the captain was stepping into the boat. "It's rather dark to see the way now, but if you head northeast by east it will bring you off that headland, when you can see the lights from the town."

The captain unwillingly admitted that Mr. Smith had, for once in his life, made a suggestion that had some slight show of sense. These articles having been put aboard, and the captain crouching in the stern sheets in a monstrous great cloak and under a thumping big umbrella, the painter was cast off and the word given to give way. The crew bent to their oars like men who wanted to get a disagreeable job over and done as quickly as possible, and the boat shot away from the ship at a very respectable speed, considering the strong current against her. For half an hour, more or less, they continued to row without a word being spoken by any of the party—the singing sound of the rain falling in the river, the creaking thump of the oars playing

in the rollocks, and the short, quick gasps of the men as they doubled to their work serving rather to increase the silence by its monotony than to break it. At length the captain, who had kept his eyes fixed alternately upon the face of the compass and the point from which he expected to see the lights from the town, exclaimed impatiently:

"Why in thunder don't you pull, you lazy roundrels? Here we've been half an hour going a mile, and haven't got there yet. You don't work hard enough to pull a shad off a gridiron. Pull, I tell ye, or I'll give ye something that'll make ye lively."

Thus admonished, the men bent to their work with redoubled energy, making the boat fairly jump from the water at every stroke.

"Strange!" muttered the captain, as, after a quarter of an hour's furious pulling the men, panting and exhausted, began to slacken speed.

"Are you sure the compass works, sir?" asked the carpenter. "That's a heavy weather compass, and perhaps the motion of the boat don't give it a start."

The captain punched the instrument with his forefinger. "To be sure it works," he replied, looking at his watch. "I don't know what to make of it. I've pulled up here against the tide more than a hundred times, and was never more than fifteen minutes making the distance—now we've been an hour. What do you think of it, carpenter? Where do you suppose we are?"

"Well, sir," replied the carpenter, hesitatingly, "if I may be allowed to give an opinion—"

"Of course you may. What in thunder do you suppose I asked you for?"

"Well, sir, I think we have pulled somewhere about nine miles; now take out six for the current, and it would leave us about three miles below where we ought to have borne up for the town."

"I don't understand how I possibly could have passed the town without seeing the lights," mused the captain, in great perplexity.

"Pears ye did though; or else where are we?" responded Chips, encouraged by the familiar tone of his commander; for now that that august personage was in difficulty, he behaved himself surpassingly like a mere man, and actually spoke to his subordinates as if they were human beings.

The captain's pocket lantern, which had been for some minutes growing fainter and fainter, now gave two or three bright flashes and went out altogether, leaving them in worse than Egyptian darkness—or, if not worse, fall as disagreeable and inconvenient.

"There!" ejaculated the captain, in a tone of despairing vexation, "it never rains but it pours." And as if to verify the adage, the rain, which had come down briskly enough ever since they left the ship, now absolutely cascaded upon them in such immense sheets of unbroken water as rendered the captain's umbrella a mockery, and flooded the boat so rapidly as to keep one man bailing continually.

"I suppose, of course, you wout think of going back, now, sir," remarked Chips.

"Why not, carpenter?"

"Well, sir, without being able to see the compass we might run ourselves ashore anywhere along here, or even up some of the creeks, and the shore is lined with these cursed Malays. It's only last week that these black rascals cut up a whole boat's crew, stock and fluke, you know, sir."

"True," responded the captain, "I didn't think of that. But I think we might go ahead with safety, by rowing very slowly and making no noise whatever. About a couple of miles below where I suppose we are, there is a fleet of fifteen or twenty vessels at anchor; now, if you'll pull easily, I think I can keep near the middle of the stream till we get among the fleet, where at all events we can pass the night a little more comfortably than in this waterfall."

The men again bent to their oars, but more easily than before, and rowed in silence for nearly an hour and a half, without falling in with the expected fleet, though the darkness was so intense that they might have gone within half a dozen fathoms of a vessel without knowing it.

"We don't seem to come up with them yet, carpenter," remarked the captain. "It's hardly possible we could have passed without seeing them, they were so anchored across the stream."

"So you thought it wasn't possible we'd passed the town, sir," responded Chips. "Mayhap we passed the vessels before we stopped the first time; we pulled pretty fierce for a spell, you know, sir."

"In that case we must be getting well out of the mouth of the river toward the sea," said the captain, leaning over the side of the boat to dip up some water in his hand, and tasting of it. "Be hanged if it isn't as salt as Lot's wife. It wout do to go any further; just keep your oars dipping enough to overcome this current and keep the boat about where she is till mornning. We can do nothing better as I see."

For six mortal hours the benighted seamen labored at the oars, while the rain poured down unceasingly, soaking the captain's party suit like a sponge, and rendering him the most damp and miserable of tyrants. At length when they had

given up all hope of ever seeing such a sight again, a faint gray light spread along the eastern horizon. As the light grew momentarily stronger, all eyes were looking for their whereabouts.

"I believe I see land about half a mile ahead of us, sir," said Chips.

There certainly was land, and the longer they gazed at it the more familiar it appeared. If they hadn't known how far they were away from it, they would have sworn it was the point for which they started the night before, and beyond which lay the town. As they were intently looking at the strange appearance of the land, one of the boys suddenly exclaimed, with an energy that startled them: "Good Lord! there's a ship half a mile astern of us."

All eyes instantly swivelled round in that direction, and there, sure enough, was a ship; and what was stranger still, the ship also had a familiar look. There could no longer be any doubt; that was the point for which they started, and that was *their ship*. The men sank back in their seats and in open-mouthed terror gazed in each other's faces. The carpenter was the first to recover himself. Going aft to the stern sheets, he ran his hand and arm down along the stern post, and brought up the bight of a whale line, one end of which was made fast to the boat's keel, and the other probably on board the ship. The mystery was a mystery no longer. When they left the ship, half a mile of line had had been payed out after them and then made fast, and all through the long, dark hours of that wet night they had been churning the water in the same spot, gaining never a fathom, the six knot current rushing past giving all the appearance—in the dark particularly—of going through the water at a respectable rate of speed.

The wrath of the captain upon this discovery was terrible to witness. His face, that at first was purple with rage, became absolutely livid; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, his hands clenched and teeth ground against each other like those of a person suffering from the most frightful spasm. Several times he essayed to speak, but his voice failed him. At length he managed to say in a hoarse whisper, as he pointed to the ship, "Pull back!"

The men obeyed the order with dreadful forebodings of the awful punishment which awaited their shipmates—all of them, for the captain was not a man to seek out one offender, all suffered alike under him. When they reached the ship no one was at the gangway to receive them. They went on deck—all was still as the grave.

"Go for'ard and rout out these scoundrels," shouted the captain.

The men returned with the intelligence that the forecastle was empty, chests and all gone.

"Mr. Smith!" roared the captain.

But no Mr. Smith answered. He shook the cabin door; it was locked. He shook again, and shouted and listened. A faint sound was heard in reply.

"Carpenter, split open that door," he said, in quite a calm tone, for to tell the truth he was getting frightened at the series of strange things that had and were happening.

The carpenter's broad axe played but a short time in the vicinity of the lock before the cabin door flew open, and there in the middle of the cabin floor lay the mate and the black steward clasped in each other's arms, their cheeks resting lovingly side by side, in which position they were securely bound.

"What's the meaning of all this, Mr. Smith?" asked the captain, as they entered the cabin.

"Cut me clear from this baboon and I'll tell you," said the mate, writhing in his bonds.

The knife was applied, and the mate bounced to his feet, when his first act was to dip into poor Cuffee and lend him half a dozen clips over the head—not, as the mate said, that the darky had done anything, but he had no business to be a nigger, if he was going to be tied to him all night.

"Well, sir, the way of it was," begun the mate, "directly after you left the ship—I don't think you could have gone more than half a mile or so—"

"No, I don't think I could," said the captain, bitterly, and gritting his teeth.

"A boat came alongside from that whaler that came in yesterday, with some chaps aboard to see the men for'ard. Well, sir, I went for'ard to drive 'em away, as you don't allow the men to have any visitors. Well, sir, they mitted me and the steward, tied us together as you saw us, and chucked us neck and crop into the cabin and locked the door, and that's all I know about it. If the men are not aboard here, they are probably aboard the whaler."

At this moment their attention was attracted by the approach of a vessel that with full topsails was sweeping down the stream within a cable's length of them. It was the whaler the mate had spoken of, and her fore and main rigging was manned by the late crew of the deserted ship.

"Three groans for the bloody old hooker," shouted Jack Brace, from the foretop of the whaler, and they were given. "I say, cap'n, you thunderin' old bison, was that line strong enough last night? I thought it would hold you to-your moorings." And with an ironical laugh from all hands, the ship passed on.

## THE LOVER'S APPEAL.

BY FANNY BELL.

You bid me sing no more  
 The minstrel's love-fraught lays,  
 Nor breathe to thee on moonlit shore  
 The hopes of happier days;  
 You say that danger's nigh,  
 That fortune bids us sever,  
 And tell me with a tearful eye,  
 That we must part forever!  
 Sweet lady, say not so,  
 Revoke the harsh decree,  
 Nor dim the only joy I know—  
 The bliss of loving thee!

You bid me seek among  
 Far lands a happier fate;  
 You urge me with a faltering tongue,  
 To fly your father's hate!  
 But ah, in vain you'd move  
 My heart by peril near;  
 Alas! I cannot cease to love,  
 And loving, cannot fear!  
 Then, lady sweet, forego—  
 Forego the harsh decree,  
 Nor dim the only joy I know—  
 The bliss of loving thee!

## LUCY'S LESSON.

BY NORA PERRY.

"You don't like Mr. Burleigh, Kate!"

This was spoken in an accusing manner, as presented.

"No, I don't like Mr. Burleigh," was the frank answer.

"What's the reason you don't?"

"What's the reason you do?"

"I don't know—I can't help it—it's fate, I suppose."

Kate's lip grew tremulous. "Do not believe that, Lucy!"

"Why?"

"Because it will be an unworthy fate."

"You are so prejudiced, Kate!"

"No, dear, I love you, and grieve to see you sacrificed."

"Sacrificed?" There was some indignation in Lucy's tones.

"Yes, sacrificed, Lucy—as you most assuredly will be, if you marry Norton Burleigh."

"O, you do not know him, Kate! or you could not say so. But how shall I be sacrificed? Explain."

"To his love of rule first—then to his tastes. They are not fine tastes, like your own. While I may, I will speak my whole conviction, in quoting a verse from Tennyson's Locksley Hall:

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its  
 noval force,  
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his  
 horse."

"O, Kate, you are unjust! He is an unsocial man, and for that reason seems cold. But he loves me—I know that."

"Lucy, you are a graceful, brilliant girl; you are vastly superior to him; it would be very gratifying to him, to win and wear such a fair flower. I grant that he loves you, in his way; but this man does not understand the sacredness of love. There is a certain line I remember, which will give my idea better. He possesses 'an unconscious self-contempt which values nothing it has power to win.' Become his wife, and you will soon be subjected to a thousand small humiliations, in waiting upon his whims."

"Nonsense! I shall do no such thing," Lucy quickly replied.

"You will," was the answer, in low, quiet, yet assured tones.

But Lucy could believe nothing of this. She was only eighteen, and desperately enamored of a fine figure, a handsome face, and gallant ways. She saw nothing in the future but a rose-colored vision of happiness—a young girl dream of living a charmed life with the object of her affection.

Norton Burleigh was a determined wooer. A prize was before him; and the excitement of pursuit lent added interest to the real admiration and love with which this fair Lucy Delavan had inspired him. There had been another competitor quite as earnest in the wish to win, but not as reckless in the chase; and for this sole reason, I grieve to say, he lost where Norton Burleigh won. Two scenes will show how each of these men loved, and evince, besides, Lucy's peculiar failing.

Harrington Warde was one of those men calculated to inspire love in woman. Added to a fine person, he possessed a generous nature, and cultivated tastes. In brief, he was a gentleman by birth and education. Many years Lucy Delavan's senior, his reputation as a sculptor not entirely established, and consequently his income variable, he shrank from binding her young life to an uncertain prospect. His unselfish resolution was sorely tried at one time. It was just before his departure for Europe, when he came to bid her adieu. He was never quite sure that he was anything more than a dear brother to her until that day. You must bear in mind, my reader, that Norton Burleigh had but just made her acquaintance. All the current of her being turned to Harrington Warde at this time. I am not certain but it was the only true love of her

existence, and that subsequent emotions were but the dim reflections of this larger light.

Well, that day—that last sweet summer day—they walked in the orchard together, where the ripening fruit fell now and then with a soft sound upon the ground, and where the birds sang their merriest. He had been speaking of his journey, and the artist hopes and ambitions it had enkindled anew in his bosom.

"You will write to me, Lucy, wont you?" he asked.

With a little pique, she answered:

"What need have you of letters from this small town—you who are going amidst the grand glories of the old world, amidst painters and sculptors, and their splendid works?"

"What need? the need of a warm heart, Lucy. I go to Europe to study; my profession demands it."

"Somebody has said," answered Lucy, blushing, "that an artist gives his heart to his work. If that is the truth, you will take yours with you."

"Ah, my little Lucy, you do not know how much I leave behind, and how I dread to leave it, lest, when I return, other hands less loving than mine may have plucked the blossom I dare not ask for now!"

Lucy grew pale and red by turns, and then stole a bashful glance at her companion's face. It was not turned towards her, but straight-forward—looking into the future, as it were, and bearing an expression of anxious trouble. She was too young and inexperienced to comprehend all that he meant. If he loved her, why didn't he say so, and ask for her faith, in return? She could wait for him. She saw but two points in his remarks. He confessed an affection, but he also confessed a hesitation in declaring it. Dear child, if you could have seen the beautiful provident care which lay beneath this! It was her misfortune, not her fault, that she could not. They walked on in silence, Lucy full of deepening pique, crushing in one hand the fragrant southern-wood that bordered the path, and swinging carelessly on the other, by a slender string, the scissors she had unconsciously brought from her sewing. In one of these rapid evolutions the string snapped, and the sharp point of the scissors, as they flew forward, struck Mr. Warde on the left cheek.

A little cry came from Lucy's lips, and the next moment she was staunching the blood, that flowed freely from the wound, with her cambric handkerchief. In the excitement, all her fond girlish heart was laid bare to him. Forgive him if he yielded to the intoxication, and as her soft

touch pressed his cheek, his arms encircled and held her close. No word was spoken, but Lucy felt that great heart beating fast against herself. When he released her, the perplexed look was on his face, and drawing her hand over his arm, he said, in his old tender, brotherly way—"There, Lucy dear, there's no harm done! My cheek will soon be well; don't fret about it." Nothing more. He regarded her as a child, she thought. A child indeed she was who could not see the struggle going on within him, nor understand how very bitter it was to turn away and leave unspoken the thoughts that were burning in his heart.

The next day he sailed. Being an old friend of the family, there was a general affectionate good-by. Aunt Letty, little Anna and Eddie gave him a hearty farewell kiss. In the same manner, he stooped to Lucy; and so it happened took to Europe with him what he valued more than aught else, save Lucy herself.

It happened, unfortunately enough, that Norton Burleigh followed up his acquaintance immediately after Harrington's departure. He paid her the most devoted attention; rode with her, walked with her, sent her the finest flowers to be procured, was the first to proffer his services to any place of amusement. Her wishes seemed to be his law; he appeared to have no will but hers. In outward devotion it far exceeded anything Lucy had ever received; and coming, as it did, when her heart was sore from the silence of Harrington Warde, it had double the effect. What did Norton Burleigh think? To marry this delicately reared girl, when his income was scarce six hundred a year. He was not a man to calculate consequences; in his pursuit of her, there was one absorbing idea—to win.

In that same orchard where Harrington Warde walked with her, not quite a year afterwards she walked with Norton Burleigh. Their talk was of the fading flowers, the light interchange of words between those who meet constantly.

"Marian Archer is to be married next month," communicated Lucy, tossing up her gloves and catching them as they fell.

"I wish it was I," her companion answered, in his most impressive manner.

"That was to marry Marian Archer?" Lucy laughed.

"You know better, Lucy."

"I don't know better, either; all I know is, that I am to be bridesmaid, and Charley Archer the groomsman, and that we are to accompany them on their wedding tour and spend the winter with them in Washington."

"Who does 'we' mean? Charley and you?"



"Charley and I."

"But you will not go to Washington, Lucy?"

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot spare you! because I love you!" And Norton Burleigh poured out to her, rapidly, a torrent of burning words.

He asked her to be his wife, and when she hesitated, half frightened, half exultant at the storm of emotion she had roused, he pictured with a lover's vehemence his desolation, if she refused. She thought, then and there, of another who hesitated even when he must have seen she loved him. The contrast soothed her. Her vanity was flattered, her taste gratified, and in that moment Norton Burleigh was accepted.

There must have been an unusual magnetism about him, to have enthralled a girl like Lucy Delavan; for she was a person of fine intellect, though undeveloped, and of a warm, true nature, refined and lofty. If ever a girl was infatuated, it was she. His presence came to be necessary to her; and she watched for his coming with a quickened pulse. He followed up his advantage, and now began to speak of his poverty. Lucy was romantic, and thought that poverty with him would be elysium. The disapprobation of her family and friends only fanned the flame, and thus the affair was hurried on, until it ended in her marriage with him. It was a small house he took her to; but I think Lucy would have been as merry as a bird in that same house with Harrington Warde. How she would have jested over its tiny rooms! and how Harrington, with his generous ideas of living, and his poetic sense of what was due to a woman, would have deprecated its inconvenience with a thousand apologies and regrets! Not thus did Norton Burleigh accept their life. A secret jealousy seemed to darken his thoughts—as if he suspected her of drawing comparisons unfavorable to the present; while outwardly, he affected to believe that their manner of living was perfectly exceptionless. It was not long ere he began to evince the very traits of which Kate Sullivan had spoken.

Kate herself was present, to her own sorrow one day, and witnessed a little scene. Norton had come home late to tea, and the only servant-girl was out. His wife had been indisposed for some days; but notwithstanding this, and though the supper was easily transferable from the little gas-oven to the table, he called out from the dining room for Lucy to come and wait upon him. When there, my gentleman decided that he must have an emelet; and openly abused the relis and tea, blaming Lucy for allowing the girl to leave the house until he came, and hinting at the impropriety of not waiting for him

herself. How was Kate surprised to see Lucy, that high spirited Lucy Delavan, receive all this with a subdued meekness, so unlike her former self! But when she noted the red flush that deepened on her cheek, she began to comprehend that a wife's dignity and pride were at stake. By retorting, she would only call out his disposition still more. This, then, was Lucy's method.

In the second year of their marriage, Harrington Warde returned. His first letter had never reached her, and thus the correspondence was never continued; for this reason, he had not heard of her marriage until he came to America. No one ever knew how the intelligence was received by him; indeed, no one but Kate Sullivan wondered about the matter, for only she knew of the affection he had entertained for Norton Burleigh's wife. Norton, himself, did not think of being jealous of the gentle interest this grave, quiet man took in Lucy's welfare. And Lucy—did she begin to see how truly Harrington Warde had loved her, as she was again brought into his society? Not yet. There was no need for change in his manner towards her; it had always been like a tender brother's, and it was the same now.

Scene after scene occurred like what I have related, yet Lucy ignored them with the still pride of her nature. She would die, and make no sign. In the interval, business prospered with her husband; and as their society extended, his habits, always influenced by those he fancied superior in the social scale, became modified into a wider range. He began to like to see Lucy well dressed—to show her off—and to make a parade of his hospitality for the same reason. Those who had known him in the first days of his marriage, when he denounced his wife as extravagant upon the simplest want, declared him to be a changed man. At this time, Kate Sullivan went to visit them. They had been married now eight years.

Kate noticed, upon her arrival, that the style of things was greatly changed. The house was large, commodious and finely furnished; and all manner of plenty and hospitality seemed to abound. Out of this wide range, too, Norton appeared to have found more manliness; and Kate rejoiced at the difference. There is an old proverb—"a new broom sweeps clean;" never was this more forcibly verified than in the present instance. For a while, Mr. Burleigh demeaned himself with considerable graciousness; but when the novelty of the guest's presence wore off, his old narrow-minded jealousies broke out.

A great deal of company now frequented the

house, drawn thither by Kate's presence and a young cousin of Lucy's—Nellie Seward. It was a long time before the gay, liberty-loving Nellie could comprehend the sullen, surly looks which invariably succeeded any little impromptu gathering. When she did, the real reason was Greek to her. Kate, who had read this man so closely for years, had the key. She understood the matter at once; it was nothing more nor less than jealousy. So tenacious was he of his rights, that he fancied they were ignored when any member of his house made merry without—"by your leave, sir." His own self-contempt was plainly apparent here. A man of any self-respect would never have been so suspicious of opinion. Limited to such a low standard, with no range of thought beyond money-making, with even the objects of his affection looked upon in the light of possessions—what marvel that he should act accordingly?

One night a scene took place, which revealed even to Nellie Seward's vision the true state of things. Nellie had a passion for music, and played the harp; this brought her in connection with musical persons, and every week, or so, some half a dozen young people would meet at Mrs. Burleigh's to hear Nellie play.

On the evening in question, in connection with two or three invited guests, several young gentlemen "dropped in." This increased the number in appearance considerably. They had their music; and they laughed and jested over it, as young folks will, making merry neither very noisily nor quietly. At eleven, they broke up and dispersed. It had been a pleasant evening to Nellie; and humming a gay air she had been playing, away she danced from the hall back to the parlor. There, with his wife and Kate Sullivan, sat Mr. Burleigh, a sullen storm brewing in his lowering brow and fiery eyes.

"How funny the Greys and Wildes should happen in!" she exclaimed.

"They wouldn't have come unless they had been invited," broke out from Mr. Burleigh, angrily.

Nellie's mettle was up, and she replied coldly, with a sprinkling of scorn:

"I didn't invite them, sir!"

"Somebody must. It's just so every week, and I'm not going to have it in my house!"

Here was an implication of falsehood on Nellie's part, which was enough of itself to have raised her indignation, without the concluding assertion. "*My house!*" how petty the remark sounded to those three women! and how petty the whole thing seemed to them!

"Fancy Harrington Warde raising such ob-

jections!" thought Kate, and the contrast glared.

"I can go to Aunt Anne's, and receive my guests there, if you won't have them in your house!" retorted Nellie, with sarcastic emphasis.

"I don't care where you go!" returned the gentleman, with an oath I will not repeat.

Then followed some high words, neither brave, true, nor gentlemanly, on his part; and on Nellie's, some scorching sarcasm and plain facts not to be denied—facts, too, from Kate herself; and even from Lucy's wounded nature, flowed out the poison which had been gathering in her heart for these eight years. Must this be her lot through life?—was Kate's bitter thought—to live with this coarser clay, subject to his whims and caprices, fully conscious how impossible it is for her to give a wife's honor where there is little to call it forth? There seemed no alternative; for Lucy was too sensitive to public opinion to seek a divorce.

"After a storm comes a calm," is an old and true proverb. It was particularly applicable here; for on the next day, Mr. Burleigh appeared as unruffled as a summer morn.

"'Twont last! I wouldn't trust him 'for an hour," said Nellie, scornfully. "I'll bet a sixpence he'll promise her all sorts of good behaviour—say he's sorry, and penitently go into sackcloth and ashes for the time being; but let '*my wife*' (don't it make you mad, Kate, to hear him say '*my wife*,' just as he would say '*my horse*,' or '*my dog*'?) let '*my wife*' give a household order about '*my house*,' or pay a dollar more for a spring hat than '*my husband*' thought fit, wouldn't the tune change? Wouldn't he say insulting things to her, just as we have heard him scores of times, in the presence of the servants too? Or let Miss Nellie Seward talk ten minutes at the garden gate with Sammy Jones or Billy Blake, on her return from a concert or lecture, or entertain her guests fifteen minutes beyond the specified hour, wouldn't there be a fass raised? Talk to me of his doing better! it isn't in the man. I've no faith in him. I'll go to Aunt Anne's next time, but catch me leaving Lucy till it pleases me! '*My house*' is just as much her house, as his. I fancy she earns the right by living with the Blueboard."

"Dear Lucy! she must be repenting her hasty match day by day," sighed Kate. "O, Nellie, take warning, and don't accept a man because he is a fine bean, because he is handsome and gallant, and not even because you merely love him, unless you know that he is a true hearted gentleman, '*sans peur et sans reproche*!' I would especially warn you to distrust a man who would make your will his law in the days of courtship

—who would assent to every wish, however trifling and unreasonable, and appear to have no will of his own. You may be sure such an one is playing a part, and an unmanly one; for no man of self respect would lose his individuality for any end in view, neither would he pay so poor a compliment to a woman he loved."

"You talk like a book, Kate; but I think you are right. Was Norton Burleigh excessively gallant?"

"Yes, just such a man as I have described. O, the hypocrite! the coward! He knew he could not win her in his true guise—he knew there was not enough of the real metal to attract!" cried Kate, in a little passion of regret. "Yes, he used to modulate the unmodulated tones you now hear to a sweeter tone, when in her presence, and whisper to her 'airy nothings' in some moonlighted room. Flowers graced her table day after day, and pretty articles of taste every now and then were bestowed upon her. There was not a wish that he did not strive to gratify? and for what end? Not because he loved her alone—that is, not for love's sweet sake—but to win; for in less than a year after their marriage, he spoke in just such terms, in just such a voice as you have heard, to her—and that, too, in the presence of her mother! Think of that, Nellie!"

"I hate to think of it, I get so mad. I'd have left him long ago."

"Yes, you might, but Lucy wouldn't. Do you notice, Nellie, that she always calls your attention to the young men whose demeanor is the most unassuming and kind, amongst those who visit you? It is never the dashing beaux. I have seen her watch you so anxiously when you flirted with Thornton Wilder!"

"Lud, she didn't think I was smitten with that little fiery fellow?"

"She didn't know what might be; and she saw that he possessed one quality that had been her curse."

"What?"

"The love of rule."

"Well, that may be; but there's one difference—Thorn is a gentleman! He respects himself too much, I know, to insult a woman in the way Master Bluebeard does."

"Well, I think he could tyrannize in his way, Nellie."

"Yes, I can fancy him drawing his slim little figure up, and deliberating the law. As Uncle Sam's Pomp says, 'he makes me so sassy!' I like to say impudent things to him when he gets upon his dignity. Fiddlesticks! I hate to see folks set up on their dignity. Anxious when I

looked at Thorn and made *beaux yeux* at him! Well, Kate, you can tell Lucy there is no *Thorn* in my heart yet from that quiver, and never will be. I am ten times more charmed with Frank Bell's honest, manly face, and fine simplicity of character and manner."

"Ah, it's all right if you admire that style most," said Kate, with an amused smile.

"Of course I do. O, I like to flirt with such men as Thornton Wilder—to make *beaux yeux* to them—all the time knowing it is dangerous pastime! But as these men are sure to show me their weaknesses, as well as their virtues, I have managed to come off unscathed from several such experiences."

"If you will only continue liking best such men as Frank Bell, Nellie, you are safe."

"O, I think as soberly as you do about these things, Kate, though I seem so wild! and all the time I know how wide the difference is between beaux and husbands. Sometimes, though, I think it will be my lot to marry a fool or a knave—it runs in the family, seems though; for there's cousin Rupert! see what a little foolish wife he's got—and such a man as he is!"

"With such warnings as Lucy and Rupert, Nellie, you should do better. I trust and hope you will."

"So do I, Kate. O, I think marriage is awful!" And a little shiver shook Nellie's shoulders, as she thought of the lot in life of Lucy and Rupert.

Time proved that Nellie's prophecy was correct with regard to Mr. Burleigh's good behaviour. The snake was not killed, nor hardly scorched; for but a few days afterward he again found new cause for displeasure—nothing more than the cost of a ribbon, it is true. If he had only known that the cost of ten thousand ribbons would never pay him for what he lost in the best of life, he might have refrained from such petty ebullitions of temper. But, fool fashion, he went on upon the principle that a man may do as he pleases with his own, little thinking that she, whom man's law had given to his charge, was no more his than the stars above him. Years ago, her finer spirit had soared beyond him; and not a thought was within his control. A vague knowledge of this galled and fretted his jealous nature. He was somehow conscious that he could not hold her—that she was every day further off.

One night, Lucy was dressing for a party. She stood before the mirror, just putting the last touches to her pretty lace gown, when a letter was placed in her hands from home. She opened it with glad eagerness, and commenced reading.

Every bit of color left her cheek as she read; and laying one hand upon the bureau, to steady herself, with the other she reached forward and gave the missive to Kate. It contained the news of Harrington Warde's death—"lost at sea."

Half an hour after, Norton entered the chamber to prepare to accompany his wife. She was sitting where he had left her, in dressing-gown and slippers.

"What's the reason you are not dressed?" he inquired, in some surprise.

"I do not feel well enough to go."

He could readily believe her, when he saw the pale face and hollow eyes; he could have sympathy, too, for physical suffering, for all his good was an impulse, and he manifested some concern about her. But the indispotion was so undemonstrative—she sat so quietly by the fire, leaning back in her chair, that he soon became relieved, and lost his fears in the columns of the Herald. And while he read, did her thoughts go back to a well-remembered orchard, and a summer day when she walked there, not with her present companion, but him who lies "fathoms deep?" Does she understand now the unselfish heart she misinterpreted that day? Witness the weary eyes, tearless and dry, which seek a certain bust above her head, wrought in marble by his hand in imitation of his own features; witness the tremulous, reverential air with which she gathers up his letters, and all the little mementoes of the past connected with him, and lays them away; witness the crown of Immortelle, with which she crowned the sculptured head, typical of his future, and the band of black crape twined below as an emblem of her darkened life; witness the tearful tones which pronounce the name of her only son, Harrington Warde, named in remembrance of him. Let none say this was unbecoming a wife! let none prate of her right to mourn! Human lives may be controlled, but human hearts must have their way in hours like these.

Ten years elapsed, and Lucy was now watching with anxious care the young life of her eldest child, Mabel. This girl was a source of great solicitude to her mother. Beautiful and brilliant, she was surrounded even at her early age with admirers. One of these, more ardent than the others in profession, turned Lucy's heart "stone cold with ominous terror." In him, she saw many traits that had worked her own misery. The most prominent was the very one of which Kate Sullivan had warned Nellie Seward ten years ago—ignoring the dignity of manhood in a lover's gallantry. Morris Weir was almost servile in his devotion; dancing at-

tendance to the pretty Mabel at every party of the season, forgiving her girlish whims, which sometimes were very nearly insults, and which no person of self-respect should have forgiven, without reparation. All softness and gentleness to her; but evincing, in his relations to others, a spirit of arrogant tyranny which made him generally disliked. This was the hawk that hovered over Lucy's dove! How to avert the dark doom which seemed gathering, was the mother's great anxiety. By her own sad experience, she knew how worse than useless it would be to remonstrate with Mabel. She could see but one way—to take her abroad. But how to accomplish this expensive scheme? Mr. Burleigh, though accounted a man of property, would never furnish means for this. What could be done? Every day seemed hastening on the dreaded culmination.

One bright April morning, Lucy went down into the parlor to look for Mabel from the west window. She was expecting her home from a ride with her brother. She sees her coming at last, but not with Harrington; by her side sits Morris Weir. She meets them at the door, and asks—"Where is Harrington, Mabel?"

Mabel looked up with a little confused blush, and answered:

"O, Mr. Weir met us by Moore's Bridge, with Charley Chester—and as Harrington preferred to ride out to the races with Charley, Mr. Weir brought me back!"

Lucy could see through all this. It was Morris Weir's plan; and Mabel was nothing loth. With a sickening heart, she noted the meaning glance he bestowed upon his companion at parting, and Mabel's deepening color as she received it. Returning to the parlor for her sewing, Lucy's eyes dwelt upon a statue of Ariadne—one of Harrington Warde's gifts—his last gift, and his last work ere he went to Europe on that fatal voyage!

A sudden color came into her cheek—a light to her eye which shone through a mist of tears; and coming to a full stop before it, she seemed to be struggling with some great emotion. She kneels in front of it—she clasps her hands, and cries in a broken voice: "Teach me the way—teach me the way!"

None but herself and God's angels knew what an ordeal she had passed through, what a sacrifice she was making, when she parted with the Ariadne to the highest purchaser on that day week.

"It is worthy—the end is worthy of the deed!" she murmured to herself, after it was over.

They could go to Europe now, for Harrington

ton's last work had brought an almost fabulous price; and it was for this end she parted with it. More than once, during their hurried preparations, she thought—"this is Harrington Warde's help!"

Mabel welcomed the idea of a trip to Europe with great delight; in the splendor of the anticipation, Morris Weir's fascinations were only secondary. Something greater than love and marriage seemed coming to her—what but this unseen world about which her active imagination had dreamed from childhood? Any girl she knew might have the former—very few the latter. Excuse her giddy estimate,—she was only seventeen!

The ostensible object of going was said to be Mrs. Burleigh's health, which needed the genial climate of Madeira; and between her delight at the prospect of the journey, and the real anxiety for her mother, Mabel was quite occupied. Mrs. Burleigh watched her daughter very closely in the interval before they started, taking care to keep her constantly occupied, with the hope of avoiding a *tete-a-tete* for her, with Morris Weir. The night before they left, a few young people came round to say good-by—Morris among the number. After a little laughing chat, they one by one departed, excepting Morris, who lingered behind. Lucy had shown herself a determined woman in greater things than the breaking of a *tete-a-tete*; and she would not flinch here. But this was a matter demanding the finest tact; for it would be madness to let Mabel suppose she was striving to thwart her. With her disposition, it would only accomplish the very thing she was working against. A happy thought struck her; it was early yet in the evening—she would order the carriage and drive round to Aunt Anne's. Dick had just returned from the South; and they would not otherwise have an opportunity to see him, perhaps.

The suggestion was made, with many pleasant apologies to Mr. Weir, and a remark directed playfully to Mabel that that young lady was no doubt sorry to leave him, as she always was speaking in praise of Morris Weir. This might seem a hazardous speech, but Mrs. Burleigh knew Mabel's nature. The color flushed into the girl's cheek, and with a little toss to her head, she replied:

"That's no great compliment from me; I'm always speaking in praise of the young men. So don't flatter yourself too much, Mr. Weir!" And then she went on about "dear Cousin Dick"—how unfortunate it was that she was about to leave just as he returned!

Mr. Weir obliged now to take his departure,

did so with a curious mixture of baffled aims and uncertainty in his manner. Lucy saw the interview to the end; there was no love-making—and to-morrow they would be on the Atlantic! The journey was a prosperous one; and both Mabel and her mother enjoyed it in their different ways intensely.

They found many pleasant acquaintances in the mother country, some of whom ripened into friends; and Mrs. Burleigh watched with great gratification the improvement in taste and manners of Mabel. In the genial society they found, she was maturing to a finer woman than she would have done under home influences. Many times, to test her feeling, the mother would mention the name of Morris Weir to her; but Mabel's interest in him had declined, or else was carefully guarded. Until she had ascertained for a certainty the state of her daughter's heart, Lucy was not willing to return. Something occurred, at last, which proved all she waited to know. Opening a home paper one day, what should she read but the marriage of Morris Weir to an old schoolmate of Mabel's? In a tone of indifferent surprise, she read this aloud to Mabel.

A burning flush and then sudden pallor changed the girl's cheek. Then with one of her impulsive bursts, she said: "He never forgave my coming away, mother!"

Her mother talked with her long and earnestly, and to her joy discovered that the interest she had felt, and which might by constant devotion have ripened into marriage, had subsided into a certain girlish pique, and died out utterly in that last red flash of mortification at his want of constancy.

The more Mabel mingled in fine society, the more she became aware how insufficient Morris Weir had been to her; and Lucy saw, with a thanksgiving, that she was getting to like "*such men as Frank Bell*," as Nellie Seward had done before her.

The return was full of rest and hope to Lucy; and there seems no danger of her being tried in like manner again, for Mabel has learned to look deeper than the surface, and to form her judgment more upon what men don't profess than what they do. Lucy's chief happiness lies with her children; but her home will never be a quiet, tranquil one; for where fear, instead of love, is felt for one parent—a fear, too, mingled with a growing understanding of the narrow nature which prompts the feelings—there can never be the right confidence which should exist in a harmonious family circle.

It was a bitter lesson that she learned, but one fraught with much meaning. The life of Nellie

Seward profited by it, for when, amid her young and handsome lovers came one whose position among his fellow-men was that of a Christian gentleman—one who did not woo her with flattery and romantic homage, but who wrote to her such words as these :—

"Nellie, I do not seek to bind your young life in any way—I do not ask you to marry me only because you love me—though I shall count it the blessing of my life, if you do; but I ask you for this reason principally—I think I understand your nature, its needs and requirements, and with all humility believe that I can make you happy. I am many years your senior, but not old enough to have lost the freshness of manhood. With a natural reverence for woman, I especially reverence the one to whom I am writing; and in my promise for the future, though I do not offer a surety of domestic bliss, I am sure that your life shall not be a disappointment. I will try to live in such a manner, that you may feel free; and secure to you, as it were, the liberty of your girlhood with a wife's wider sphere. I do not ask if you love me romantically; if you esteem me and trust me enough to let me give my name to you, I shall know that from so delicate a nature as yours, I have an affection which I feel confident that marriage will only deepen"—

—What did Nellie answer? What she never had answered before to a lover—"yes;" and her future proved how wise a wooer she had won.

Through ten years of wedded life, he had never ceased to treat her with the courtesy and respect which any gentleman owes a lady. He had never ceased to be her lover; consequently, as he had prophesied, the affection which she had first felt deepened into a profound love—the finer that it had sprang from a sure foundation of esteem.

Thus Lucy's lesson, bitter in itself, proved a warning to more than one life. But to her who daily lives the lesson, God sanctify the end!

#### MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.

Our young women are cautioned against marrying dissipated young men; but, with equal, if not greater propriety, may not young men be cautioned against marrying idle and extravagant young women, for a great many unhappy marriages are the result of the latter, as well as the former. Nothing is more destructive of domestic happiness than the present mode of bringing up our young women. Foolish mothers think they act affectionately by indulging their daughters in their fondness for the giddy pleasures of life, and allowing them to contract habits of indolence, not dreaming that they are thereby unfitted for the stern realities of life which must surely await them. Let them marry wealth or poverty, they will be unable to support either condition. Let them remain single, and life will become more and more burdensome as it advances.—*Spurgeon.*

## WINNING A WIFE.

BY NED ANDERTON.

SQUIRE HARBOTTLE, of the Lodge, was one of the strangest humorists in the country. Having strictly circumscribed his desires to country life and rural pursuits, it is not wonderful that he derived all his ideas from thence; consisting of a small stock of feelings and opinions, which, as they were of the exclusive kind, and admitted of no innovation, were probably the very same that had employed the intellectual faculties of his grandfather, and been used as hereditary property from time immemorial.

Among these crude doctrines was one upon which the squire insisted with a vehemence quite apoplectic, and in whose behoof and maintenance he had oftentimes well nigh destroyed the table, and his own knuckles into the bargain. It was this. That unless a man were well acquainted and properly conversant with the sports of the field, unless he delighted in gymnastic exercises of all descriptions, and devoted himself with all the fervor of an idolater to the mantling bowl and the circulation of the bottle, he could not in justice to the race be esteemed a human being. Upon these points he had not only pinned his faith, but sewed it with the needle of strong belief, and it would have been as safe to doubt the legitimacy of the Hanover succession, or the justice of the corn laws, as to argue with the squire upon the soundness of his premises in the promulgation of the above doctrine.

It was, accordingly, a matter of much perplexity and concern to Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter Emily, well knowing these obstinate and irrevocable convictions, how the addresses of Mr. Merton would be countenanced by the squire.

Mr. Merton was a young West Indian of large fortune, who during the last London season had been introduced to Emily, and had succeeded in creating what is usually termed a "reciprocal passion," and had in consequence been invited by Mrs. Harbottle to spend a few weeks at the Lodge.

That lady justly conceived that a better match could not possibly be discovered in the whole West End, or in the vast regions of probability; but in the ardor of her projected negotiation had altogether forgotten or overlooked the fulminations of the squire, which threatened utter destruction and disgrace to her scheme.

From that oracular authority, in the meanwhile, no further consolation was to be obtained than such as could be extracted from sayings and intimations of this nature :

"He would see what was to be made of the young fellow. Ten to one he is a milk-sop," and invidious reflections of the like character.

Mr. Merton arrived at length at the Lodge, and was received by the squire with an anticipatory paternal grasp of the dexter hand, which he verily believed had paralyzed his whole frame. But in spite of so cordial a greeting, Mr. Harbottle encouraged mental reservations of his own, by no means propitious to his new visitor.

"Not at all like my friend Burley, of the Grange," thought he. "The lad doesn't weigh more than ten stone, and Burley is sixteen, and then he's so thin! slender, as the stipend of a pinched annuitant, or the expectations of a sixth son under the law of primogeniture. He wont do for a son-in-law—that's certain."

Merton was, in truth, a young gentleman of the finest taste and most elegant accomplishments, but by no means likely to conciliate the squire by a forward or presuming exhibition of proficiency in the peculiar practices or feats with which the old gentleman had been prone to invest his imaginary idols. But recently arrived from the West Indies, he had not yet divested himself of those habits of luxurious indolence and enjoyment common to the natives of those islands, and he could no more reconcile it to his inclination to assume the gloves with a pugilistic veteran, or to dive into the mysteries of the third bottle, than to encounter a triumvirate of Titans, or to see Silenus himself under the table. It may readily be conceived then, that the two gentlemen were at first sight far from feeling that perfect cordiality and good will towards each other, so little expected, but so anxiously hoped for by the ladies.

As they sat over their wine, however, after the retirement of Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter, the squire thought it would be a favorable opportunity of sounding the West Indian touching these indispensable acquirements, which he preceded by an elaborate survey of his victim.

"Why, you don't drink, my good sir," said he, thrusting the decanter towards him. "No evading the bottle—fair play, you know," and he tipped a wink of meaning.

"No, sir," replied Merton, "I am but a poor drinker at all times."

"Ah! poor drinker—I thought so," growled the squire, with a glance of pity, "but it's the fashion, I hear, to drink nothing now-a-days, and you of course, follow the fashion."

"No, indeed," said the young man, "fashion is but a —"

"I suppose," interrupted Harbottle, "you never put on the gloves, eh?"

"Put on the gloves!—I wear gloves certainly," answered the other, with an inquiring smile.

"Wear gloves! pshaw!" shouted the old gentleman, testily. "Put on the gloves, I say—exercise yourself in the old English diversion of sparring—in the manly and athletic course of self-defence."

"My dear sir, I never do put on the gloves, I assure you," said Merton, gravely, with a voice that would have graced a confessional.

"You don't hunt, I presume?" asked the squire, drumming his fingers upon the table, as he elevated one eyebrow and directed an oblique look at his companion, which seemed as though his voice proceeded from his eye—"You don't hunt?"

"I have never been used to hunting, I confess."

"Ah! very well—I see how it is." And a bitterly sardonic grin deformed the features of the squire.

"Look ye, sir," said the squire, after a long pause, "I have a daughter—Emily. Emily is a fine girl, sir."

"Miss Emily Harbottle," said Merton, with a rapturous emphasis, "is indeed a young lady, not only of the greatest beauty, but of the most elegant taste, and the most exemplary principles. Might I but hope—"

"No, no, you must not hope, sir, by any means," quoth the squire, doggedly, "unless you are prepared to make yourself master of these requisite accomplishments, without which the king himself should sue for her hand in vain."

"What, sir," cried the astounded youth, despatching a bumper down his throat and falling back in his chair. "What, sir, would you have me grovelling under your table nightly? Would you have me saturate myself with wine, until my visage put on the imperial purple during the unhappy reign of my existence? Would you have me drown myself, like Clarence, in a butt of Malmsey, before you could deem me worthy of your daughter?" And he swallowed a second glass. The squire nodded assent.

"Would you delight to see me," he continued, "rushing madly over your acres, like the wild huntsman of Bohemia, or the hero of Mr. Wordsworth's 'Hartleap Well,' or coursing through the air like him of 'The Wondrous Horse of Brass?'"

"Why, yes; I should like to see it very much," quoth the squire, complacently.

"Would you qualify me for marriage," proceeded the novice, "by breaking every bone in my body? By pounding-me more ruthlessly than physical pain was meted out to Don Quixote under the tender batons of the wool staplers, or

by educing pastime from my person, whereto the tortures of Phalaris, in his 'Brazen Bull,' were but soft and exquisite delights?"

"Nothing less, I assure you," roared the squire, in a transport, raising himself in his chair, and rubbing his hands with delight. "These are the conditions, my dear boy, and so you may make choice instantly."

Wherenpon the old gentleman betook himself to his evening slumber, and the unhappy Merton again had recourse to the decanter, till, sooth to say, it refused to yield a drop more. Having at length made his way into the drawing-room, and seated himself beside Mrs. Harbottle, the youth fetched a deep sigh, and began to speak volumes, of which the following is but a brief abstract:

"Madam, that I feel the most pure and unconquerable affection for your daughter is altogether undeniable; but her worthy father, now under the benign influence of Morpheus in the parlor below, has, I cannot but hope jocularly, been pleased to mark out for me a course of studies which will, I feel, be impracticable."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Harbottle, addressing her daughter, "your father has been insisting on those ridiculous conditions—I feared as much."

An imploring glance from the tea-urn too plainly intimated that Miss Emily partook of her mother's chagrin.

"Well, but, madam," said Merton, fervently, "is there no way of evading these preposterous articles of treaty?"

"I fear not, indeed," was the reply. And both ladies shook their heads despondingly. And here the young gentleman fell into a profound reverie.

At early daybreak the next morning, Merton was aroused by a vociferous hallooing, and the wild blast of a horn beneath his window, in the midst of which, the superhuman voice of the squire broke upon his ear, summoning him without delay to the chase.

With a heavy heart he proceeded to obey; and crawling down stairs, was at once conducted to a furious quadruped, whose locomotive propensities, even before he was well in the saddle, seemed to foretell disastrous downfall and disgrace, and intimated by anticipation, that compound fractures and dislocations of the neck were by no means unfrequent to those adventurous cavaliers, who should make up their minds, or rather their bodies to mount her. But Merton, "albeit unused to the *hunting* mood," was by no means disposed at that moment to dissolve the partnership then subsisting between himself and the four-legged pest which was capriciously gambolling over the country; and accordingly

contrived to attach himself as closely to the animal as an expectant heir to an expiring curmudgeon, or a bereaved bankrupt to a sudden windfall, and made himself, as it were, a part and portion of the beast with all the certain security of a Centaur, while the infinite encomiums at the conclusion of the day upon the manner in which he had acquitted himself drew tears of delight into the eyes of Emily, and caused the face of the elder lady to mantle with satisfaction.

And now more than a month had elapsed, and the West Indian had been regularly introduced into the vestibule of the various arts to which it was deemed expedient that he should devote his attention, and in spite of the athletic strength and constitution of the squire, he had more than once contrived to bear away the palm of merit from his competitor. In truth, the severe exercises in which he was now for the first time a participator, had not only recruited his frame, but had given an impetus before unfelt to his constitution, and it was with rather a degree of satisfaction than otherwise that he obeyed the matutinal mandates of the squire.

It is true, there were several particular liege amusements not altogether recognized by the votaries of fashion, which (and he hugged himself in the conviction) were perfectly unknown to his aristocratical friends; and if he did occasionally hear corks drawn at incredibly short intervals, and cheerfully assist in the absorption of the fluid at such times liberated, who was the wiser? Not he, certainly.

But it was deemed high time by the ladies that these delights should have an end. They thought, and with reason, that the too implicit adherence to the squire's whims and fantasies would not only furnish forth a bad precedent, but superinduce a fatal habit in the young man himself. The elder lady knew full well that "if vice by custom grow not into nature," it is an unsightly graft, nevertheless. And Miss Emily said, half upbraidingly, that "Henry was grown strangely partial to papa." And she began to believe quite seriously, that he was likely to grow strangely inattentive to herself. But the old gentleman would hear of no terms of accommodation. He averred that he had not half done with the boy yet. He protested that his marriage would be his ruin, and declared that he would not hear a word about it, under penalty of breaking off the match altogether.

"What is to be done?" urged Merton, expostulating with the ladies in a private conference. "I solemnly aver that I have done everything in my power to conciliate Mr. Harbottle's esteem, and to deserve his friendship. I have broken



the knees of his horses, I have more than once during our gymnastic exercises, caused him to adopt an involuntarily horizontal position, and I have seen him descend under the horizon of the dinner-table in all the flowing glory of a setting sun. Can I do more? I will, if you wish, dislocate the necks of his hunters—I will at one blow destroy the squire—I will at one sitting swallow the vast contents of his cellarage. What can be more reasonable and complying?"

These terms, it must be confessed, appeared reasonable and consolatory enough, at least, so far as they afforded evidence of our lover's unchanging affection, and each party was fain to wait patiently for a few weeks longer, till some more auspicious opportunity of compelling the squire to the spirit and letter of his agreement should occur. But the squire grew more inflexible daily. He had become attached to his young friend, and foresaw plainly that his union would cause an instant and final cessation of the agreeable course of amusements and companionship, without which he verily believed he should not be able to exist. He sought, therefore, to put off the evil day to an indefinite period, and was impracticably impatient of any allusion to the subject. It became at length too evident to Merton that steps must be taken forthwith to check the overweening self-willedness of the squire, and that such remonstrances should be made, as would effectually conduce to the end he had originally proposed to himself in his visit to the Lodge. Preparatory, however, to the discussion of the matter, he took the opportunity one morning when they were exercising themselves in the elegant diversion of sparring, to deliver such a blow at the old gentleman's ribs as could by no ingenuity be likened to anything more nearly, than to the effort of a giant furnished with a sledge-hammer; and having enjoyed for a few moments a bird's-eye view of his prostrate antagonist, our gratified gymnast betook himself leisurely to the breakfast-table. Immediately after the conclusion of the meal, a propitious silence having presented itself, the youth lifted up his heart and voice, and with much gravity delivered himself as follows:

"Squire Harbottle, I beg you to bear in mind the purpose for which I came to the Lodge."

"What do you mean, my dear fellow—what are you aiming at?" said Harbottle, in surprise.

"My meaning, squire, ought to be instantaneously obvious—your daughter, sir—"

"No, no, my good lad, not a word about it, I insist—a lad of your spirit—I am surprised!"

"Mr. Harbottle," said Merton, solemnly, "the institution of marriage needs no defence from

me; all civilized nations have consented that such an institution is indispensable. I am a candidate for admission into that community."

"Pshaw!—stuff!—vile cant!" shouted the squire. "It mustn't be—I won't permit it."

"Let me refresh your memory by a recital of your own conditions," resumed Merton, in a gradually enlarging voice. "'Sdeath, sir, I must not be trifled with! Am I not a Milo in strength?"

"You are, indeed," groaned the squire, embracing his ribs with much tenderness.

"Am I not a perfect Nimrod in hunting? Was there ever such a dare-devil in the country?"

"Never—I admit it."

"Was not Bacchus a young gentleman of regular habits compared with me?"

"He was, he was."

"Well, sir, then what do you mean?"

"Why," said the squire, coaxingly, "I mean that you won't be foolish enough to marry my girl yet. There's plenty of time—she's young."

"And I am young," cried Merton, in a frenzy, "which you shall discover to your cost. Hark you, sir, you have raised a demon you will vainly endeavor to quell. It is now my turn to triumph. I shall stop here for life. You have warmed me at your fire, and I shall sting you to death by way of acquittance. You thought me a worm—I'm a boa constrictor. I shall exterminate your stud; I shall make an end of you; no vineyard shall supply my convivial demands; I shall burst your double-barrelled gun in an attempt to blow the butler into an infinite and pleasing variety of atoms; I shall—"

"Hold, hold!" cried Harbottle, in alarm. "The man's mad! What do you want?"

"Your daughter," raved Merton.

"Take her," said the squire, promptly.

"Where is the girl? Why, if the jade has not been laughing behind the window all the time. Step in, you wicked minx. What do you say—will you have this furious fellow?"

"If you wish it, papa, I cannot make any objection," said Emily."

"And so now we are all satisfied, I suppose," said the squire, with the air of a man who had acted conscientiously.

"And now, Mr. Harbottle," concluded his wife, entering the room, "you have done a sensible thing for once in your life."

About a week after, there was an unusual stir at the Lodge, and a bridal party proceeded to the church with becoming solemnity, where a reverend gentleman in a red face was calmly waiting to officiate; and there was the usual amount of rejoicing and merriment in the neighborhood upon the said occasion.

## EVENING.

BY WHITE MOUNTAIN LILLIE.

The autumn sun is setting,  
And its last rays linger new,  
Where the crystal rocks are gleaming  
On the far-off mountain's brow.  
Slowly, now, the shades of even  
Gather o'er the hill and dale;  
The evening star will soon be shining  
O'er the calm and silent vale.

Gleaming through the distant tree-tops,  
Rising from the brow of night,  
The harvest moon, with queenly splendor,  
Bathes the hills in silvery light;  
While across the sleeping valley  
Strange, quaint shadows dimly lie,  
As though the grim old mountains, fearing,  
From the moonbeams' fall would fly.

Melodiously the murmuring streamlet  
Its pebbly bed is gliding o'er;  
The night-birds wake their plaintive numbers  
Mid the tall grass on the shore.  
Gliding through the tangled wildwood,  
Its rushing waters, cool and clear,  
Music makes like angel whispers  
Falling on the listening ear.

The day-time minstrels, hushed in slumber,  
Dream the hours of night away;  
The nightingale, mid leafy bowers,  
Warbles forth a sweeter lay.  
Troops of elfin sprites and fairies  
Dance upon the moonlit green;  
The springing grass and pearly dewdrops  
Mark the fairy rings, I ween.

Holy are the hours of evening:  
Memories then our heart-cells throng,  
Of the ones we loved and cherished  
In the days forever gone.  
Dreams of bygone hopes and fears,  
Recalled by memory's magic power,  
Once again, with smiles and tears,  
Come with the quiet evening hour.

## BOARDING A WRECK.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

WE were from Hamburg for Philadelphia, and were twenty-six days at sea, during which we had experienced a succession of light, easterly winds, which had scarce stretched our heavy canvass, and sufficed to infect every man and officer on board—not even excepting myself—with that peculiar, dead-and-alive feeling, by seamen termed the “blue—old gentlemen.”

About three bells in the afternoon watch, being off duty, I had ensconced myself in the starboard quarter boat, where with a brace of prime Havanas and Cooper's “Wing and Wing,” I was endeavoring to keep awake, being absolutely

too lazy to wake up, should I fall asleep. One of my cigars had about vanished in smoke and ashes, and I had reached the close of the third chapter of the interesting tale above-mentioned, when the second mate—a canny Scot, named Mackenzie—approached the boat, and laying his hand on my shoulder, moved me gently, saying:

“Maister A., there's a something awa' braid off the starboard bow. I can make naething awa' o't, an' I wish you'd tak a blink o't; mayhap ye hae better eyesight than me.”

“What does it look like, Geordie?” demanded J, as I relinquished my Cooper and the stump of my cigar, heaving the latter overboard, and preparing for a journey to the fore-castle, with a desire to obtain an unobstructed view of the object of his solicitude.

“Saul o' me! that's what I dinna ken, mon,” rejoined the honest Scot. “Gif I could hae made it out mysel' I wad'na ha speered ye to left yer buke.” And he moved off, leading the way to the fore-castle, whither I followed him, as speedily as my laziness would permit, taking the precaution to light my second cigar at the galley as I passed. On reaching the fore-castle, my companion directed my attention towards an object scarcely larger than a dot, upon the line of horizon towards which I directed the telescope, and bringing it to bear on the former, scrutinized it earnestly for the space of five minutes.

“What can you make o't?” demanded Mackenzie, as I lowered the glass.

“Nothing. A boat could not be seen at that distance, and it looms up too small to be a distasted vessel of any class. I guess I'll take a squint from aloft,” and gliding along the rail, I gained the fore-rigging, which I ascended to the fore-yard, from which, after a brief pause, I proceeded to the topsail yard, from which I could obtain a good view of the object, with a broad expanse of water beyond. A brief scrutiny from the elevated position I then occupied, served to convince me that I gazed upon a wreck water-logged, and—I trusted abandoned. But the latter I could only surmise in the absence of all evidence of the fact, the object being still too distant to admit of the most remote degree of certainty on the subject. As our course would carry us by at a distance of at least two miles, which would still be an impediment to the formation of any correct judgment of the real condition of the supposed wreck, I resolved upon apprising the captain, that he might adopt such measures as he deemed proper for the gratification of the strange curiosity I felt concerning the object, whatever it might prove. Once more

I elevated the glass, sweeping the horizon until my eyes again rested on the wreck, at which I gazed, until a mist gathering before my overstrained eye, shut the former out from view, when, lowering the glass, I hailed the deck, requesting Mr. Mackenzie to call Mr. Howard, and inform him of the occurrence requiring his attention. He complied, and my superior soon joined me aloft, saying :

"Mackenzie tells me we've a wreck in sight. Where away? Ah! low in the water, I should say," he continued, after a brief pause. "Hang it, I've had too much sleep lately to see clear! How are you steering?" And lowering the glass, he commenced to wipe the lenses carefully.

"West by-south-half south, sir."

"Hail Mackenzie and have the yards canted. Let her come to north-west by-west, Mr. A. Now that I'm here, I'll have a squint at that concern, if it does cost me a mile or two."

Hailing the deck I transmitted his order, which was instantly executed, bringing the object almost dead ahead, in which position it was kept for about twenty minutes—the ship moving along about three and a half knots, during which Captain Howard scrutinized it closely, when returning me the glass, he said :

"It's a wreck fast enough, but so far submerged as to be almost invisible except the after-house, which first attracted your attention. If you look close you can make out something like fore-castle bulwarks, with the stump of the bowsprit. She must be low, as the latter just shows above the surface."

"Yes, I see it," I rejoined. "She does indeed float deep, so deep, that I am surprised she floats at all. She must have been abandoned some time."

"Probably. She must have heavy timber to carry her down so deep. Vessels waterlogged with white pine are as buoyant as a cork in comparison to her." And taking the glass, he again levelled it to the wreck, when after a brief scrutiny he lowered it and resumed :

"I don't fancy the presence of that house aft, Mr. A. If it were not for that I should keep away at once. But it is possible some of her crew may have found shelter there, though whether past all aid, or still needing succor, remains to be seen. We'll board her. Jump down, and turn the hands up. Let one watch shorten sail, while the other clears away a quarter-boat."

"Ay, ay, sir," rejoined I, and leaving the yard, I soon gained the deck, when, repeating the first order to the second mate, his deep toned voice resounded through every nook and cranny in the forward and after houses, as with his head

inside the fore-castle, he shouted : "All hands! all hands a-h-o-y! Tumble up, tumble up, and stand by to board a wreck!"

This addition of the purpose for which they were called brought the watch on deck in a hurry, when the royal and top-gallant sails were clewed up, the courses hauled up, and the ship, under topsails, jibs and spanker, kept away about half a point to give a clear berth to the wreck, which was now within a mile of us. The star-board quarter deck was cleared away, and swung outward, the oars unlashd and tiller shipped, when Captain Howard descended, and joining me on the quarter-deck made known his intention of visiting the wreck in person, adding : "I guess we'll have some wine or other cordial placed in the boat. Who knows what need we may have for such articles? Steward, hurry up a bottle of the best wine, and some of that cherry juice, and bring some hartshorn or camphor, or something of that sort. You'll find any quantity in the centre compartment of the upper drawer of the medicine chest."

But a few minutes elapsed ere the steward appeared with the required articles, which were placed in the boat, when the captain, glancing towards the wreck which we were now rapidly closing with, shouted :

"Lay aft to the main braces! Let go the larboard main brace, Mr. Mackenzie, and lay that main yard square! Well! Brace up sharp fore and aft!"

His orders were speedily executed, and the ship came to within a hundred yards of the wreck, which we could now make out plainly to be a large ship, with every stick and stanchion, with the exception of the topsail and a few stanchions adjoining the knight heads forward—shorn off apparently at the plank-beam. All three masts were gone by the board, not even a chain being visible on her side, as she rolled up to view from time to time. Her bowsprit still stood, though dismantled of the cap, the only rigging remaining in its place on the hull being the chain bob-stays, of which a few fathoms were visible, each time she rose on the swell.

"Lower away, Mr. A!" said the old man, as he swung himself from the quarter rail, to the stern sheets of the gig, in which eight stout seamen had seated themselves.

"Lower away, Mr. Mackenzie!" echoed I, as amid the rattle of the block sheaves I took my place beside the captain, and the next minute our boat danced buoyant on the swell. The davit falls were unhooked, the oars shipped, when falling clear of the ship's stern, a strong pull on the starboard bank of oars, aided by a

slight movement of the helm, sufficed to "shoot the boat clear of the ship, and into full view of the wreck, which now lay broad off the ship's larboard beam.

"Give way, men!" said the captain, briefly. And lapsing into silence, he spoke no more till we stood side by side on the main deck of the waterlogged ship, where we paused to reconnoitre.

'Twas evident at a glance, that she had stood the worst kind of milling. As before stated, every stanchion was gone—apparently broken or twisted off by some gigantic power or pressure—the masts were gone by the board, the main, below the deck, the plank of which was badly started in that vicinity. Every eye and ring-bolt in the deck, as far as we examined, was broken off, or fairly hauled out. The chains were all missing, being either dragged or broken off the ship's side by some means to us unknown. Both anchors and cables were gone—the larboard altogether, and the starboard to the bare end, which was jammed somewhere below, or perhaps clinched, as is customary, round the heel of the foremast. All these details we gathered in a brief survey, when Captain Howard proposed a visit to the after house, at the door of which he stopped, remarking:

"We must steel our hearts for heart-rending scenes, Mr. A. Who can tell what secret this cabin will disclose?"

Placing his hand upon the door handle, he essayed to slide the door aside—but in vain; when, upon subjecting it to examination, we discovered it to be nailed firmly, so as even to defy our strongest effort to force a passage.

"Whoever nailed that door was apparently inside, and must be there still, if we can find no other means of ingress." And the old man moved round the corner of the house, trying each window-shutter as he went, but all were fast. In the after-end of the house we found a door which yielded to our first effort, when we entered a short passage terminating in a bulkhead, and from which we emerged into the cabin through a swinging door opening near its end. At the first glance round the cabin, by the uncertain light admitted through the door, Captain Howard exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven—she is abandoned!" while I, less sanguine, rejoined:

"I hope so, but I fear we'll find it otherwise. To me, the air here is like that of a church-yard vault. Had we not better have the skylight hatch off, when we shall have more light, if no fresher air."

"Yes; off with it, two of you!" he added, to the majority of the boat's crew, who had followed

us to the inner door, in which they stood huddled, gazing in upon the scene, in which there appeared but little that was uncommon, yet which they viewed with evident dread.

They obeyed, a rush of dull, red light flooding the cabin, on the execution of the order, and tinging each object with the same blood-red hue, which characterized the glass composing the sky-light.

"O, smash that glass out, men, for my sake!" exclaimed the captain, hurriedly. "Its effect here brings hordes of demons in human guise before my mental vision," adding, as the skylight crumbled with a crash, and the bright sunlight burst in, "See, yonder water-stain on the bulk-head—long since dry—in that horrible light it assumed the appearance of dripping blood. O, 'tis fearful what horrid phantoms man's fancy aided by such simple auxiliaries will conjure up. Open that state-room, Mr. A."

I obeyed, and glancing hastily into the apartment, drew as hastily back, with an exclamation of horror.

"Ha! What's that? What have you found?"

"Look for yourself, sir." And standing one side, I afforded him an opportunity to view the object which filled me with horror.

He likewise drew back shuddering; but regaining his courage, entered the state-room and sliding the sash down, unhooked the shutter, swinging it back, and exposing to full view the scene, which by the admission of light had been robbed of half its horrors. Seated on a chest, or rather half reclining thereon, with her head and shoulders supported in the angle formed by the bulkheads, in which she had leaned, or perhaps fallen from faintness, was the shrunken form of a female, while at her breast was clasped the form of an infant, whose flesh, like her own, was shrunken or fairly dried on its bones, and so far as exposed, covered with a slight encrustation of salt, which fact accounted for the strange preservation of the bodies. On the finger of the elder glittered a diamond ring of some value, and round her neck was the gold guard of a watch of exquisite workmanship, the hands of which were stationary at four minutes to twelve. Her dress, upon removal of the green mould which encrusted it, was found to correspond in some measure with the articles of jewelry, and indicated the deceased to be at least wealthy, if not of high birth and station.

Turning from contemplation of the scene, we subjected the berths, upper and lower, to a brief examination, and in the lower found two others,—children—a boy and a girl, both forms in the same state of preservation as the others, the

elder of whom was evidently their mother, and the younger their infant brother or sister.

Turning out of the state-room, we entered a second, which we found untenanted, Captain Howard bringing with him from the former the watch and chain, hoping thereby to identify the deceased, and carry to her friends the sad certainty of her fate at some future time. In a third we found two forms encased in the habiliments peculiar to foremast-men. One lay on the floor, while the other occupied the lower berth, the flesh of both being, like that first discovered, dried and shrunken, in fact, fairly preserved in salt.

In a fourth were found two more. A fifth had a like number, and in the sixth we discovered three, the position of which only served to increase our horror. The forms were those of a man, woman and child, the two latter evidently mother and offspring, and the former, from the position he occupied in relation to the latter, evidently some intruder in the premises. They lay partly in a heap, the man nearly on his back, while in his mouth, and between his tightly clenched teeth, he held a portion of flesh nearly torn from the child's shoulder, yet still attached thereto by the now dried tendons. The latter lay partially on its back, its damp, mildewed hair mingling with that of the human wolf, whose face was partially hidden by its neck and upper shoulder, and to whose ravenous hunger it had evidently fallen a premature victim. Its little features were writhed in agony, the view of which, death stamped as it was on the former, proved most heart-rending; and its little hands clenched, the right half upraised, with the gaping mouth, all combined to furnish evidence of its rude exit from life. Last of all, the woman lay partially across both forms, her left hand was pressed on her left breast, and clutched a knife-handle, the blade of which was buried in her bosom, while her right hand lay on the man's throat, which her fingers half encircled, her features bearing evidence of her death agony. On closer examination, we found a small penknife sticking in the man's shoulder, and which its size, shape and finish indicated as the property of the woman, who had probably resorted thereto as the last and only means of effecting her child's rescue.

Leaving our readers to draw their own conclusion from the above description, we will cut short the narrative of horrors, the bare recollection of which causes my frame to thrill afresh as I write this scene of long ago.

One state room beside the captain's private cabin remained to be examined, and on opening it and admitting the light, we beheld a scene

calculated to banish the horror engendered by its predecessor, and also soothe that vague feeling of terror which had been gradually but surely creeping over us from the first, drying up the fountains of our courage, and unfitting us for the discharge of our duties for days to come. In this room we found two forms—two adults and two children. The former male and female, evidently the parents of the latter, who kneeling beside the kneeling form of their mother, were gathered closely to her side an arm encircling the form of each, as if to protect them even in death. In this position, the forms had stiffened and died, that of the mother having fallen slightly forward, the face resting against the bulk's head, and acting as a support to the body, while the tiny form on each side, coming in contact with the berth and outer bulk's head, aided in the maintenance of that position one might suppose so untenable. Poor mother! What pen can paint the anguish rending her heart at the moment she knelt there, gathering to her side, as if to protect them, her famishing children. Not mine, nor will I attempt it. It is enough that I drank from that scene a deep draught of knowledge—*ay*, from every curvature of limb and form, I learned the same great lesson of life—confidence, trust in an all-wise, omnipotent God. On her knees that mother had died, probably in the act of asking aid from on high, and her death had proved the speed with which her prayer was answered. The father lay in an upper berth, on the edge of which his hand rested, or rather, which he grasped, while the head lay partially over the edge of the berth, the face downward, the open eyes, the balls of which were shrunken and mould-covered, being directed toward the kneeling group. What paternal, conjugal solicitude did not that position betray? Ah! to be fully appreciated it should be witnessed.

Turning away, and closing the door upon the hallowed scene, we entered the captain's private cabin, in which we found four more salt encrusted forms. One lying partially across the threshold of the door, and another on its back, grasping a pistol in its right hand, while a compound fracture of the skull and lacerated appearance of the dried flesh, on the right side of the head, clearly betrayed a suicidal end. A third lay on its side on the couch, which bore, as did everything in that inner cabin, a heavier encrustation of mould, than was observable elsewhere. At the table sat a fourth, the head bowed on an open book, which upon examination proved to be a Bible. That we removed, and having searched narrowly for, and secured, as many of the ship's papers as we could, we sought the deck once

more, and were about embarking, when Captain Howard suggested the propriety of securing the log-book. That we obtained by breaking into the mate's room from outside, none caring to brave the horrors of a second visit to the cabin, when having secured it, we embarked and soon stepped once more with a feeling of infinite relief, upon our own deck, when Captain Howard ordered the boat away once more, with directions to place a keg of powder—which he gave them prepared for that purpose—in the cabin, when they were to light a slow match and return.

While they were absent in the execution of that task, we ran over a few entries in the log-book, from which we learned the ship's name to be John Clark, John Clark, master, from St. Johns, New Brunswick, towards Liverpool. The first entry—sea-time—showed the ship to have sailed from the first named port on the 13th day of August, 1846, three years previous, and the last entry but two was made on the 13th of October, or two months later, and showed her latitude to be by observation, seventy-four degrees and thirty minutes; intermediate entries, setting forth the loss of her spars by contact with an iceberg, when scudding before a violent southerly gale. The last entry was as follows :

"Captain Clark has just shot himself, and in the cabin silence as profound as the grave reigns. I cannot bear it! 'Tis but a plunge, and all is over. So closes this account of our misfortunes by me. S. POWERS, *Mate.*"

While gathering the above particulars from the log of the ill fated ship, the absent boat returned. Hoisting her up without delay, we filled away, and crowding sail had increased our distance to about a mile, when the cabin of the wreck blew up, scattering the fragments of the house far and near, and giving up to the keeping of the sea its ghastly tenants—the mould-encrusted, time-bleached and ocean-salted forms of the dead.

The ship referred to, had probably remained imbedded in the ice in some high northern latitude for one and most probably two seasons, when being detached by some means, she had met some current counter to that which carried her north, which drifted her once more to the south. At all events, large quantities of ice were discovered towards dawn of the day succeeding her discovery.

#### SILENCE.

She feels her innermost soul within her stir  
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;  
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—  
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Mrs. ANELIA B. WELBY.

#### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A case of "love at first sight" is recorded by the Lyndon Court Circular in a story of a man "who is now in St. Luke's mad-house, and has been detained there ever since the occurrence took place which consigned him to its walls. Lady — was so exquisitely fair, so singularly graceful, that it was difficult for the eye of man to behold her without preferring her to any other of her sex. A porter was sent from a railway terminus to this lady by her brother; this man, the present occupant of St. Luke's, got to the door in Park Lane just as the beauty alighted out of her carriage from an airing in Hyde Park. The man, who had never seen Lady — as she was then, tripping up stairs, asked a servant for the lady to whom the letter was directed, and was answered, he might give the letter to him for his lady. On the poor fellow's refusal, as he was ordered to deliver it into her own hands, he was shown into her apartment. The man, being with the lady alone whilst she was employed reading the letter, fixed his eyes on her intently, as if lost in thought; but before she had done reading it, he violently, and with transport, flew into her arms and gave her numberless devouring kisses. Lady — was so surprised, that she lost the power of crying out; but in the struggle with such a sudden and strange lover, she caught hold of the string of the bell, rung it violently, and a servant appeared. From that moment the unhappy man lost his reason, and was committed to the mad-house. It is due to Lady — to state the fact, that the maniac lover is frequently visited, and wholly supported by her.

#### ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.

Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father Jesse to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brother fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer says that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclop Polyphemus. Euripides, Theocritus, and other early poets mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians; and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese. There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese; they appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseous part of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when too young to carry arms, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves, and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.—*Reynolds.*

The hatred of favorites is nothing more than the love of favors. Our indignation at not possessing it ourselves is soothed and mitigated by the contempt we express for those who do; and we refuse them our homage, because we are not able to deprive them of that which procures them the homage of every one else.

## THE SYBILL'S COTTAGE.

BY LUCY A. SREDMAN.

We were straying in the forest,  
By a swiftly gliding stream,  
And gazing in the waters,  
Where the woodland naiads dream:  
When 'neath the tall trees' branches,  
Close by a rushing brook,  
I spied a moss-grown cottage,  
With lone, deserted look.

There was nought to bar our entrance  
But the broken, time-stained door,  
And heaps of autumn's crimson leaves  
Lay scattered on the floor.  
The walls were damp and mouldering,  
And silence reigned within—  
To break the solemn stillness  
It seemed a very sin.

We had wandered since the morning  
Up the mountain's rugged side,  
Where the shadows gave to noonday  
The gloom of eventide.  
And now I marvelled greatly,  
To find in that old wood  
A cottage drear and lonely,  
Like that in which we stood.

Then said a dark-eyed maiden,  
Who marked my eager look,  
"This is a sybill's cottage,  
And this a mystic brook;  
When first to Happy Valley  
My father came to dwell,  
She lived within this forest,  
As I have heard him tell.

"She was a strange, wild being,  
None knew from whence she came:  
Could only guess her early life,  
Or what might be her name;  
And when she left her cottage,  
To wander by the stream,  
An angel lost from paradise  
As beautiful might seem.

"She died a long, long time ago,  
And lies beneath a yon tree;  
Her weary heart is now at rest,  
Whatever its grief might be."  
She ceased, and down our homeward path  
We moved with noiseless tread,  
And left the sybill's cottage  
To the memory of the dead.

## THE HOUSE IN THE CORNFIELD.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

[The following letter came into my hands by accident, and is given to the public with no other alteration than the correction of a few errors, manifestly the result of haste.]

Yes, dearest Anna, I am a married woman. That I have "married in haste," too, is a melancholy fact. As to the rest of the too veracious

proverb, the "repenting at leisure," you must gather its applicability from the brief narrative of my connubial experience which I am about to give you.

Since I last wrote, from the house of my uncle, my nearest and almost my only surviving relative, I have lived so rapidly, if I may so express it, that I can hardly believe but that many months, instead of a few weeks only, have elapsed. The same day on which I despatched my last letter, I was returning homelate in the afternoon, after putting it in the post-office myself. This, however, was not my only errand out. The posting of the letter was only an incidental affair. I had been making a visit to my old friend—my mother's friend—Mrs. Mandewill, who had had an attack of paralysis that morning. When I started from home it was quite clear, but it came on to rain soon after I reached the old lady's house, and rained very hard for four or five hours. My uncle called for me, in his buggy, but as I wished to stay longer, and knew that he was very busy, I told him that I would remain all night, unless it should clear up soon enough to make it pleasant for me to return home on foot. Uncle went away, but the weather did become so beautifully clear that I resolved to return that evening.

My walk home was a very agreeable one, till I reached a sort of hedge separating two tracts of valuable woodland. It was composed of brushwood, briars, fallen trees, etc., and was wholly impassable except at one point, where there was a gap in it. This gap was filled up by a deep pit or gully, across which lay the trunk of a large tree, which was used as a bridge by the very few persons who were in the habit of passing that way. I had crossed this bridge in perfect safety that morning, and frequently before; but it was now a little slippery, from the late rain, and I felt somewhat timid about passing it.

At one time I gave it up, and started to go round by the end of the hedge; but it was getting late, and going round would take me at least three quarters of a mile out of my way; besides, I felt rather ashamed of my timidity, and so, after a little hesitation, I advanced and put my foot upon the log, resolved to cast my fears away, and go forward with a fixed resolution to imagine myself to be walking upon a log resting upon the earth.

This was an excellent resolution, and I have no doubt that it would have carried me safely through if I could only have kept it. If I could have preserved my presence of mind, and prevented myself from getting flustered, I would have had no difficulty at all. But when I reached

the middle of the log, my right foot slipped a little, I stumbled, grew frightened and bewildered, in spite of my resolution, and began to feel sure that I would fall, and for that very reason did fall.

Down I went, feet foremost, and while I was in the act of falling, I saw a tall figure come running down the hill, on the opposite side of the pit, and then come tumbling in after me. Less fortunate than myself, he fell head foremost, and the first thing I saw about him, with any degree of distinctness, was his legs, sticking out of the mud and water, like a pair of compasses.

I was not injured, nor was my companion, save the being turned so roughly upside down, and having his eyes, mouth, nose, ears, hair, etc., all filled with mud. What he would have looked like under more favorable circumstances, it was not easy to say. This much, however, I could safely assert, he was human, masculine and young; and he was certainly entitled to my warmest sympathies, in spite of his very ungraceful presentation of himself, seeing that it was in endeavoring to assist me that this misfortune had overtaken him.

Coming from the opposite direction, he happened to be approaching the log at the same time that I was, for I had already begun to cross before he perceived me. Seeing me totter and turn pale, he quickened his steps to a run, but before he could reach me I had lost my footing and fallen. Even if he had overtaken me before this catastrophe took place, it is not very likely that he could have prevented it. It is probable that the only difference would have been that we would have tumbled—as Dr. Johnson might have said—contemporaneously instead of consecutively. But it was no time then to speculate upon probabilities and possibilities; we were in the midst of stern realities, and very cold, and wet, and dirty ones, too.

The water in which we stood could not be less than four feet deep. What the entire depth of the pit was, we could not well determine. It seemed to me quite deep enough to bury a pretty tall house. Though it made it very unpleasant, it was well for us that there was a plentiful supply of mud and water at the bottom. If we had fallen that distance upon a hard surface, we would both of us have been killed, most unquestionably.

But we were pretty safe thus far, and the question now was, how were we to get out? To obtain assistance from without was impossible. Very few persons ever passed that way, even in the daytime; and it was now almost night. The prospect seemed to me an exceedingly gloomy

one, and if I had been alone, I would have made up my mind at once to remain there all night, at least, and an indefinitely long period of time thereafter.

Fortunately, however, there were energies of a very different character from mine at the bottom of that gloomy man-trap. As soon as he had freed himself as far as practicable from the effects of his immersion in the mud, my companion addressed me as follows:

"Good evening, madam. Most happy to make your acquaintance, though I dare say you would have preferred a somewhat less abrupt introduction. The first thing is to get out of the water, if possible. There is a shelf large enough for you to stand upon. Permit me—" And he picked me up and carried me to a narrow ledge of rock, which was the only accessible dry spot in the place.

The next few minutes were spent by both of us in an anxious examination of the den into which we had been cast. It was a deep pit, with rocky sides, very nearly perpendicular, and manifestly not to be scaled by any unassisted living creature without wings. What the object was in excavating such a hole, no one of the present generation is able to tell. There are at least half a dozen different theories on the subject, any one of which may or may not be the true one.

"Well," said the stranger, at the conclusion of our survey, "things don't look very gay here, do they?"

I assented, of course, to the remark, the truth of it being self-evident.

"Can you suggest any means of escape?"

Most assuredly, no, I could not.

"Well continued he, after a moment's reflection, "I can see but one course that we can possibly pursue, and that, I am afraid you will think anything but a pleasant one."

"Unless it is something a good deal more unpleasant than staying here all night would be, I am quite ready to give my vote for it," said I.

"You shall judge. I can see no means of getting out without the assistance of a rope, and I can see no way of getting a rope except by the sacrifice of our clothes."

"Our clothes! Why, you don't mean that it will be necessary to—to—"

"Go naked? No, not that, exactly. But as an inevitable necessity—a choice between two evils—we will probably find it possible to dispense with a good many articles."

Though it was near midsummer, we began to feel, in our dripping condition, that the air was beginning to get quite chilly, as the shades of



night gathered round us; and the bare idea of spending the whole night and an indefinite portion of the next day in such a predicament, made my teeth chatter.

Without any further deliberation, I began to divest myself of everything in the shape of dress, which could, by the most liberal rendering, be construed into a vestimentary superfluity—as Dr. Johnson might have said again. Considerately turning his head in the opposite direction, my companion began to “peel”—as not Dr. Johnson, but he himself not merely might have said, but did say—and in a few minutes we had raised a pile that would have set up an “old clo’” man, in a small way.

“Most nobly done!” cried my associate “peeler,” as he surveyed the height and breadth of my contribution. “The amplitude of the modern feminine toilette has been much complained of by some, and much commended by others, but I think we will now be able to make an addition to the list of capabilities, which even its warmest admirers have never yet dreamed of.”

And the fellow began to rip up, with his jack-knife, one of my prettiest new dresses, with as little apparent compunction as if he had been whittling a stick. But he is just like all the rest of them. I never knew a man of any sort—unless, indeed, it might have been a man-milliner—who would have been at all likely to appreciate a woman’s feelings on such a trying occasion.

Melancholy though the business was, I was soon at work, assisting in it, cutting my devoted dress into long strips, and twisting them into a rope. The stranger, who seemed blessed with a fund of imperturbable good humor, kept up a constant fire of quips and quirks, and jests, and droll sayings, and queer speeches, until I laughed in spite of myself, till the tears streamed down my cheeks.

From the shreds of our united garments, and having used fewer of them too than we had expected, we had soon fashioned a quantity of rope such as one would hardly believe to be producible from such a source. As we were closing up the concern, working away assiduously, and for a wonder, quietly, I observed my companion engaged in emptying his pockets of all the strings and stringy articles he could find.

“Will thread be of any use?” asked I, as soon as I perceived the nature of the search he was making.

“Worth its weight in gold, and more too,” was the enthusiastic reply.

“Here is a spool of cotton,” rejoined I, “but

I am afraid it is too brittle to be of much service in the cause.”

“We’ll try it, and I think it will do very well. At all events, if it don’t answer in this way, we can double it, and make it do. It is quite a godsend, I assure you, and will save us a great deal of trouble.”

Having cut off a considerable portion of the thread, he proceeded to attach one end of it to an end of the rope, while at the other end he tied a small stone. Then giving me a caution to look out for my head, he threw the stone, with the cotton thread attached, almost directly upward. The stone fell, as was intended, across the log bridge; and by hauling at the stone end of the string, which proved to be quite strong enough, the thick rope to which it was attached was also pulled up over the log, until the middle portion of it rested upon it, with the two ends hanging down into the pit. The rope being thus securely suspended by the middle, a few twists, and a knot tied below, served to incorporate the two ends sufficiently.

“Now,” said the operator, “you can do me an essential service, but, unfortunately, in order to effect it, you will have to get into the water again.”

I thought the quickest and best way to dispose of this matter was to get into the water at once, and I did so.

“That’s the way to do it. You needn’t ‘come in out of the rain.’ It won’t hurt you one bit. Now, if you will just have the kindness to take hold of these combined ropes, and hold them together and steady them, I will do my hearty best to climb to the top.”

“But what is to become of me? I can’t climb to the top.”

“I was about to propose two plans for your consideration. If, when I get to the top, you will put your feet in the loop there, just above the knot, I will guarantee that I will pull you up safely. But if you prefer it, I will go to the nearest house, and procure men, with ladders, or a windlass, or some other means of extricating you, as speedily as possible.”

“Whatever is speediest,” said I, “is best. To you and to our good rope I will trust myself.”

“Enough said.”

The slack-rope performance (it was slack in spite of all I could do) commenced immediately, and as I was about to trust my life to the performer’s muscles, I was of course a deeply interested spectator of the exhibition. If he had been a *sultimbanque* by profession, he could hardly have made the ascent with more ease and dexterity. I almost began to think that I had been

tumbled into an acquaintance with a real, live circus-man, sure enough.

As soon as he reached the top, he collected a number of rails, which happened to be lying near, and constructed a sort of platform, by laying them from the side of the pit to the log in the middle of it. Having secured a firm footing upon this extemporaneous staging, he cut the double rope from the log, united the ends by a knot, and then secured it thoroughly by twisting it round his right arm, wrist and hand.

All things being ready, I placed my foot in the loop formed by the knot at the bottom, seized the rope above my head with both hands, and with great trepidation, and holding on with a sort of furious tenacity, I finally gave the word to "hoist away." I was terribly frightened, there is no gainsaying it; but I kept my eyes steadily fixed upon the hoister, who was hauling away like a steam engine, and never suffered them, nor my thoughts either, to wander elsewhere, till I felt his powerful arm around my waist; then I closed my eyes, suffered my nerves to relax, and almost, but not quite, fainted.

The uppermost object in my thoughts during this undeniably "scary" ascent, was not my own safety, for that idea was really more than counterbalanced by the astonishment which I felt at the extraordinary strength of the man's arms. If I had been a six or seven months old baby, instead of a full-grown, stout-limbed young woman, he could not have handled me with more perfect ease, or more entire command of all my movements. Hercules or Samson could have done no more.

It was now quite dark, and the chill night wind, coming in contact with our dripping wet persons, half-clothed as they were, acted as a spur to drive us home as expeditiously as we could possibly travel. The figure we cut when we presented ourselves to my wondering relatives, will be much less graphically pictured by my pen than by your imagination. In a very few minutes, I was comfortably disposed of under a pair of warm blankets; and it was not long, I believe, before the companion of my perils was similarly accommodated.

Next morning, for the first time, I had a fair look at the strong-armed stranger. He was not by any means a pretty man, nor would he make as presentable an object in a drawing-room as some others I have seen; but a better looking man to fall into a deep mudhole with, I have seldom seen. He was rather over than under six feet in height, and of herculean proportions, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. There was a rugged massiveness about

the man, which seemed to characterize his mental and moral as well as his physical entity. Take him all in all, he was a novelty in the every-day world of mankind, to say the least of him; something very different indeed from the tiresomely common-place beaux to whose attentions I had been accustomed.

I suppose the peculiar circumstances of our introduction must have had something to do with causing our acquaintance to ripen so fast. At all events, ripen it did, into intimacy, in a day or two, and into matrimony in a day or two more. And that's the way, my dear, that your old friend and boarding-school "chum," in the course of human events, became Mrs. John Ellington.

This marriage was thus speedily determined upon and speedily carried into execution because of the peculiar nature of Mr. Ellington's business arrangements, which, he informed me, required his immediate presence in Europe. It must either take place forthwith, or be deferred till after his return from abroad—an indefinite period, of which nothing certain could be predicted.

Though necessity and not choice had induced me to consent to this hasty and perhaps somewhat unseemly-looking procedure, I suppose there are but few even of the very slowest married women in the world, who are better pleased with their bargain than I was at the time of which I speak—with one single exception. That exception refers to the extraordinary reserve always manifested by my husband in relation to everything connected with his own private affairs.

In a general way, he had the appearance of being one of the most frank and candid persons imaginable; but whenever the conversation turned upon his own business matters, he instantaneously became as mute as a fish, and as close as a clamshell. This peculiarity had been noticed and commented upon by my uncle before our marriage, and (I may as well confess it) if he had had the ordering of the thing it certainly never would have taken place. I was also fully aware of it; and indeed it appeared to me that he was less communicative with me than with any one else.

The thing puzzled me and annoyed me sometimes; but I thought of it as little as possible, and on the whole managed to keep myself in very tolerable good spirits. I hear you look wise and say—I mean I see you look wise and hear you say, "Imprudent, shockingly imprudent!" So it was, my dear, but you know of old, alas! that prudence and I are hardly even speaking acquaintances.

Three days after the wedding, we started for Europe, by the way of New York. I had never been within five hundred miles of that city before, and had therefore much to see that was new, strange and interesting. The very morning of our arrival, however, my husband surprised me not a little by announcing that he would be under the necessity of deferring his European trip for a time. An unforeseen occurrence had rendered inevitable a business visit to the State of Maine, and he was not able yet to say when it would be in his power to return.

In the meantime he said it would be necessary for me to take up my abode with his father, whose residence was something over a hundred miles from New York. He was very sorry indeed, he said, that it would be impossible for him to accompany me on my journey thither. He was for the present a slave to business. To make this journey alone, going among people who were utter strangers to me, was anything but agreeable; but my husband seemed still more annoyed than I was, and for his sake I put the very best face upon the matter I could.

On a bright, beautiful summer's day, I left New York, on my lonely journey. My husband had given me all needful directions for finding his father's house. The old gentleman, it appeared, had been living there only a few years, and the son had never been in that part of the country but once; he assured me, however, that there could be no difficulty about finding the way, as the house was only a few miles from the railroad.

Whirled along by the fleet iron horse, I heard, sooner than I had expected, the voice of the conductor announcing the arrival of the train at the place where I was to stop. It was a very small village, in what seemed to be a thinly settled country. My husband had sent my baggage on in advance, and had also sent a letter informing his father of my visit, and requesting that a carriage should be sent to the railroad for me. There was no carriage waiting, and I pushed forward on foot. The distance I had to go was little over two miles, and I was an experienced pedestrian.

The road turned out to be a lonely one. It led, for the most of the way, through a dense forest, in which I did not see a single house. At length I came to a cornfield, in which, according to my directions, I expected to find the house I was seeking. Sure enough, half buried in the wilderness of corn, was a long, low building, answering to the description I had received. Though of an humble appearance, the house was rather a longer one than I had expected. I ap-

proached it with a good deal of trepidation, for of the inmates I knew literally nothing. During our short acquaintance, my husband had hardly ever made any allusion to his family.

As I advanced towards the door, there issued from it a tall man, with hair plentifully sprinkled with gray. He was not by any means as rustic in his appearance as I had anticipated, but upon the whole, my first impressions with regard to him were not very favorable. He bowed, and with what I thought an unnecessary degree of formal and even ceremonious profundity.

"Is this Mr. Ellington's?" I asked.

After a keen, scrutinizing look, which did not please me any better than his bow, he replied in the affirmative, adding that he himself was Mr. Ellington, senior.

"In that case," said I, "I have a note for you, from your son, Mr. John Ellington." And I handed him a few lines of introduction from my husband.

"Have you not," I continued, "received a letter from your son concerning my visit?"

"No," replied he, while he took me by the hand and kissed me, "I have not received any letter; but you are none the less welcome. Walk in and see the rest of the family. Has my son told you much about us?"

"No, indeed, he has not," said I. "I don't even know the names of my brothers and sisters-in-law, nor how many of them there are."

As we entered, I learned also that my trunks had not yet arrived from New York. In spite of my earnest desire to think well of my husband's father, I found it impossible to do so. He was not only an utterly different person from what I had expected him to be, but I could not help thinking that there was a sinister and ill-looking something about the man, notwithstanding his apparent efforts to please me.

I was introduced into a tolerably well furnished parlor, where Mr. Ellington left me for a few minutes, and then returned, with a young female, about my own age, who was introduced to me as his daughter Fanny; and at various intervals there appeared four tall, stout, and I really thought, ill-looking sons, all young, but grown men. There was, as I already knew, no Mrs. Ellington.

If I had been but indifferently pleased with the father, the daughter absolutely disgusted me. She was pretty, and to some men would no doubt have seemed very attractive, but, though evidently upon her good behaviour, there was vulgar pretension, and even immodesty, in almost everything she said and did. And this, alas, was my husband's sister!

Forlorn as was my situation, friendless and alone in a strange country, I would certainly have attempted to leave the house at once if it had not been so late. After tea, I made an attempt to get away to my bedroom; but my new sister, "Fan," kept close to my side, with her impertinent questions, and her vulgar, indelicate observations, until I was half dead with vexation and disgust.

At last I was left alone—left to the luxury of solitude and tears. Having locked the two doors of my chamber, I hastily undressed, and threw myself upon the bed, where I wept long and bitterly. It was long after midnight when exhausted nature gave way, and like a grief-stricken child I sobbed myself to sleep. But, worn and weary as I was, my care-burdened heart would not permit me to rest quietly. After half an hour, perhaps, of troubled slumber, I awoke, with an oppressive consciousness of the difficulties of my position weighing upon my spirits.

I had been awake but a short time, when, without knowing exactly why, I became convinced that there was some one in the room with me—I was sure of it long before I heard the slightest noise. Though much frightened, I lay perfectly still, until I detected a faint rustling sound near the foot of the bed. At that instant I lighted a match, and with it a candle, which was in readiness at my bedside; but there was no one in the room. There was no place of concealment, and the doors were both locked on the inside, as I have stated.

Though both puzzled and frightened, I was so tired and sleepy that I immediately lay down again, leaving the candle burning, and was soon asleep. This nap lasted probably for an hour or two. It was suddenly brought to an end by a shriek, the wildest and most piercing I had ever heard. Despair, in his last agony, howling from the regions of the condemned, could hardly have sent forth sounds more fearful.

Silence followed, as profound as that of the grave. I heard the cry, distinctly, for it was prolonged for some seconds after I awoke. I was terribly frightened, and while yet in the very agony of my fear, I again became conscious of the presence of a moving thing within the walls of my chamber.

It occurred to me at once, that if there really was any one observing me, it would be best for me to be thought to be asleep. Though I could not control the wild throbbings of my heart, I did control my breathing, and imitated that of a sleeper. In the meantime I listened intently. After a while there was a slight rustle, as before, and all was still.

Just as I was beginning to grow a little calmer, a whisper, either in the chamber or somewhere very near it, fell upon my ear. Though unable to gather the meaning of all that was said, I contrived to make out the following dialogue:

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, I am sure of it. I thought of her immediately, and stole into the room by the sliding panel. I listened at the side of the bed for five minutes at least. She had no reasons to feign sleep, for she could not know that any one was there. Her breathing was that of a person in a sound sleep."

"Well, I am very glad to hear it. She must not find it out till we are ready to leave the place, at all events. If she does, we must stop her from blabbing, at all hazards. But I tell you what it is, now, and I tell you for the last time; there must be no more of this, unless the game is fully worth the powder. We will have to leave the place, right away, and all for your infernal temper. Keep your knife to yourself, till I tell you to strike, or you'll rue it!"

Every few words of this speech were garnished with oaths too horrible to think of, much less to commit to paper.

"Gracious heaven!" thought I, "what a den of murderers have I fallen into!"

With trembling hands I hurried on my clothes, resolved to escape if possible. I listened; everything was quiet, but I thought it best to wait awhile. I stopped some fifteen minutes—an age, it seemed to me—and then went to the door by which I had entered, and unlocked it. I could not open it; it was fastened on the outside. I ran across to the other door; I could not move it. I was a prisoner in this pandemonium.

I thought I should die on the spot. For a time, I could do nothing but wring my hands in hopeless inactivity. After a while I grew calmer, and then I thought of the "sliding panel" I had heard mentioned. My mysterious visitant must have entered and disappeared by it, and the rustling noise I heard, was near the foot of the bed. I began to explore the wall at that point. I had passed my hand along it but a short distance, when it came in contact with a wide crack in the wooden partition which formed that side of the room.

The chamber was too dark to allow the sense of sight to be of any use; but by the touch alone, I soon found that I had hit upon the "sliding panel," probably left open by accident, and by pushing it further back, I readily passed through.

With a desperate hope of escaping in this di-

rection, I advanced into what seemed a small and very narrow room. As I passed through, my hand came in contact with a bed, and some cold, smooth object lying upon it. Almost unconsciously, I spread my fingers over the surface. Great heaven! it was the face of a corpse, and the neck was still warm! I felt a clammy moisture upon my fingers—it was fast coagulating blood!

I staggered back to my own chamber, and fell fainting on the bed. These accumulated horrors were too much for me, and outraged nature took refuge in insensibility. I made an effort to rise and close the "sliding panel," but I fell back senseless. When consciousness returned, the gray light of the dawn was just beginning to appear at the windows. I felt sick and sore, and wretched beyond description. With difficulty I rose to my feet, shut the panel, and arranged my dress. I then fell back upon the bed, and lay there till the odious "Fan" came to bid me good morning.

I was resolved to attempt to escape at the first opportunity, and in the meantime, it was evidently my best policy to keep on as good terms with these terrible friends as I could. Having resolved upon this course, I met the family at breakfast as calmly as possible, and did all I could to hide from them my knowledge of the horrors of the night.

The day which followed, I will not dwell upon. The incidents were of no great importance, but I felt every moment like one treading upon a mine which might explode and blow me to atoms at any time. Towards evening, I was introduced to a party of gamblers, and saw my relations attempting to fleece them. They were well dressed, but evidently dissolute to the last degree.

After tea, my father-in-law addressed me as follows:

"It is about time, my daughter, that you were beginning to make yourself useful, as it was for that purpose, no doubt, that you were brought into the family. There is now in the house a young gentleman who is supposed to have in his possession a considerable sum of money, of which it is our purpose to relieve him. With this object in view, I wish you to meet him, to make yourself as agreeable to him as you possibly can, and to do whatever may be necessary to accomplish your object, which will be the introduction into his drink of the contents of this phial, which will soon throw him into a profound sleep. As soon as the draught has taken effect, ring the bell which you will find upon the table, and I will then come and take charge of him.

And you, Tom and Gus, when you hear the bell, be ready at the bottom of the well to receive him, and I will lower him down at once."

I knew very well that any opposition to this delectable scheme on my part would be worse than useless. I therefore promised obedience with as good a grace as possible, resolving, however, to give the man warning, at all hazards—though I had no doubt that there were, in this convenient establishment, contrivances by means of which all my movements would be closely watched.

I was directed to the room in which the gambling had been carried on, where a tall man stood at a window, with his back towards me. He turned, and in spite of all the watchfulness I was exercising over myself, I staggered back as if I had received a powerful blow, and fell heavily upon a sofa, near the middle of the room. It was my husband!

I thought at first that I had suddenly lost my senses—that all these terrible trials had ended in driving me mad. Such a complication of heart-scathing excitements might well have done so. My husband's conduct rather tended to favor the notion, for he approached me with a ceremonious obeisance, and with the manner, in every respect, of a total stranger.

"A most charming creature, upon my word!" said he, seating himself by my side; but the moment he was near enough, he added, in a hurried whisper: "I am acting a part; I hear a noise behind the partition, and I know there is some one observing us." And he immediately went on talking in a strain of high-flown compliment.

A more unutterably bewildered, befuddled and bewildered poor creature than I, surely did never exist. It seemed to me certain that I had either gone mad, or else that I was bewitched—deprived of my identity, and turned into somebody else.

In another pause in his voluble small talk, Ellington whispered:

"I partly know, or at least can guess, what you are sent here for. You must go on to act your part, as I am doing."

"But I was told to pour a sleeping-draught into your drink," said I.

"Well, pour it into that bowl of punch, and I will pretend to drink it and to be put to sleep by it. That will put them off their guard."

I was about to ask one of the hundred questions with which I was bursting, when a noise, close at hand, warned us to resume the performance of our assumed parts.

This comedy was continued for some time,

and the narcotic potion was eventually poured into the punch-bowl, from which the intended victim soon afterwards took what appeared to be a hearty draught. Ellington acted his part admirably, but my anxiety was so great that I found it impossible to do anything coolly or naturally.

What I had long been dreading, at last took place. The old man, probably suspecting me of treachery, and resolved to bring matters to a crisis, entered the room. If I had not actually reached the point of ceasing to wonder at anything, I would have been not a little astonished at what followed. Quick as lightning, John Ellington seized a loaded cane which he had deposited upon the sofa, knocked the intruder down, gagged him with a handkerchief and a pair of gloves, and tied his hands firmly together with his own cravat; then bringing his knees and chin into contact, he forced the manacled wrists over the former, and passed a billiard-cue, which was at hand, through the hollow behind the bended knees, and between them and the arms, which had been slipped over them. This mode of securing a prisoner was a novelty to me, but I saw at once that it must be an admirable one, particularly where tying materials are scarce.

The rapidity with which the thing was done almost took my breath away. As soon as I had recovered a little from the first shock of astonishment, I exclaimed:

"O, John, bad as he is, how could you treat your own father so?"

"My father? Can it be possible that you—But we have no time to talk now." And he picked the old man up, and carried him into an adjoining room and laid him on a lounge.

I now urged him to fly from the house; but he told me that he had ascertained that every outlet was closely watched.

After a moment's thought, he questioned me in relation to the arrangements made between the old man and myself. When I had told him all, he commenced an examination of the room, which soon resulted in the discovery of a closet, in one corner, in which was the "well," with an apparatus of ropes and pulleys.

"I tell you what we will do," said he. "I will take my arms, and pretending to be in a state of insensibility, you shall lower me to the bottom, having previously rung the bell, so that my 'brothers' below there may think it is all right. I can thus attack them unawares, and hope to be able to give a good account of them."

Seeing that he was bent upon it, I made no opposition. He took his place upon the hoisting

apparatus, and I lowered away. There was a light below, at what seemed to be the bottom of a cellar. Soon after he reached the place, there was a noisy scuffle, but to my great satisfaction, no report of fire-arms.

While I was listening attentively, I heard footsteps without, which frightened me excessively. Mechanically shutting the door of the well-closet, I ran into the room where the old man was lying, and shut the door.

The two brothers who had been watching outside, entered, and looked around the room.

"Hillo!" said one; "I wonder if the job is finished already!"

"Well, here's some punch that's not finished," cried the other, raising the bowl to his lips.

"Halt, there!" exclaimed number one; "you've drank more than a pint already."

"Well, take it; it's poor, bitter stuff."

"I wish you had found that out a little sooner," retorted the other; and drained the bowl.

They both sat down upon the sofa, and both were soon buried in a deep, lethargic sleep.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Ellington, who entered the room just as I opened the door. They've taken the old man's medicine themselves. Much good may it do you, my dear 'brothers!' I think the whole family may now consider itself 'done for.' I have knocked down both of the others, and tumbled them into a sort of dungeon they have down there, which was probably intended for me. They are safe under lock and key. My pretty 'sister' is in a dark closet under the stairs, and no doubt fast asleep by this time; for, I am sorry to say, she is most unequivocally and undeniably 'tight' elsewhere than under her corsets. And now I think we may safely leave them and take up our line of march for Niceville."

Niceville, as I learned afterwards, was the name of the neighboring railroad station, and we started at once to walk thither. On the way my husband entered into an explanation which relieved me of a load of anxiety which no pen can describe.

"Before you had been gone an hour," said he, "I began to feel anxious about your safety, and to regret that I had not gone with you. At last this feeling became so strong, that I could no longer resist it. I was already on my way to Maine; but I stopped short where I was, sent an agent north with the news that I would be on in a day or two, and then started by the next train for my father's house. Imagine my feelings when, upon arriving, I learned that you were not there, and never had been."

"But, if there was any possibility of—"

"Wait a little, my dear, and you shall know all about it. Your baggage and my letter had arrived in due time, and they were all wondering why you did not come yourself. At length, in thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that you might have gone astray at Niceville. It was not until that moment that I reflected upon the similarity in sound between it and Knightsville, which is the name of the station where you ought to—"

"And isn't this Knightsville?"

"No, my dear; you doubtless heard the conductor proclaim the arrival of the cars at Niceville, and thinking that he said Knightsville, you unfortunately got out at the wrong place, and finding afterwards a house in a cornfield, the deception was complete—though the houses are very different, and Knightsville a large village in a populous country, while Niceville is a mere hamlet in the woods.

"I started back again, by the first train, and soon discovered that you really had made the mistake which I suspected, and which I humbly confess was all my own fault in not noticing and cautioning you against the resemblance in the names of the two places, on the same road, and but twenty-two miles apart.

"When I made the additional discovery of the evil repute of the house in question, my anxieties were redoubled, and I started off at once to the rescue, without waiting for assistance, which, in such a sparsely settled country, would be difficult to procure. The people of the house, though they had been there but a few months, were known to be gamblers and counterfeiters, and strongly suspected of being robbers and murderers. The girl 'Fan' was a decoy duck, and the men were famous bullies. This much I learned at Niceville, during the few minutes of my stay there.

"Meeting one of the young men in the cornfield, I entered into conversation with him, and purposely induced him to believe that I had a considerable sum of money with me. He swallowed the bait, and I was very cordially invited to the house, and as it was then getting late, I consented to stay all night. The rest of the story you know as well as I do."

"But I asked the old man if his name was Ellington, and he said yes. Is it?"

"No; his name is Brewster. But as soon as he saw you, he no doubt conceived the idea that you might be of use to him in his nefarious calling. Hence he humored the mistake which he saw that you had fallen into. But here we are at Niceville."

In company with a constable, and three or four others coaxed from their beds by the promise of a good fee, my husband started off again, as soon as possible for "The House in the Cornfield." But the birds had flown. The dungeon in the cellar had a secret outlet, through which "Tom and Gus" escaped, as soon as they regained possession of their senses; and having liberated the others, they all made a hasty evacuation of the premises, carrying off, however, most of their valuables. It was afterwards ascertained that the one who had swallowed the most of the contents of the punch-bowl, never awoke from the sleep it produced. It is quite probable it was meant to produce an eternal sleep.

By the time the party got back to Niceville, it was almost morning. Though neither of us had slept any, of any consequence, for forty-eight hours, we pushed on to Knightsville as soon as possible, and arrived at the real Mr. Ellington's before breakfast. Though really in a cornfield, it was immediately surrounded by lawn, garden, yards, etc., which were in turn surrounded by the corn.

I was most agreeably disappointed in my husband's family. They turned out to be, not only honest and worthy, but intelligent and truly loveable. I have spent two delightful weeks with them, and will only leave them, next week, to go to Europe. My husband is the inventor of an exceedingly important improvement in the mechanic arts, and he has been in an agony of apprehension lest it should be pirated, and all his labor go for naught—as very nearly happened. All his future prospects depended upon the result, and until the thing was finally decided, he wished to say nothing about it; hence his singular reserve. I am sure you will be glad to hear that we are now certain of success, that all will eventually be settled to our entire satisfaction, and that I am now sure of being a rich as well as (what is of far more consequence) a well-beloved, and, I trust, happy wife.

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#### FISHER'S SONG.

Up and down all day long,  
Life glides by us like our song.  
In our little fisher-boat,  
On the restless sea we float,  
Up and down all day long,  
Life glides by us like our song.

Far from care, far from pain,  
Far from thoughts of greedy gain,  
Calmly, cheerfully we ride  
Over life's tempestuous tide—  
Far from care, far from pain,  
Far from thoughts of greedy gain.  
[From the German.]

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There is always somebody to believe in any one who is uppermost.

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with the angels."

A baby was sleeping,  
Its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,  
And the tempest was swelling  
Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O, come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered,  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee;  
O, blessed be that darling!  
My child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I knew that the angels are whispering with thee.

And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,  
And say thou wouldst rather  
They'd watch o'er thy father!  
For I knew that the angels are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
And closely carensing  
Her child, with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee!"

## THE EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY EMILY A. DENNETT.

I WAS walking with my father one day on one of the wharves in Boston harbor. We were looking through a small spy-glass at the remnant of an old ship that laid against the shelving bank of an island, when a friend came toward us whom my father had not seen for many years. We walked and talked together, speaking of the unsightly object we had just been gazing at, when our friend, an old sea-captain, gave us the following little history, which I will endeavor to jot down in his own language.

"Yes, sir, I've sailed in that old hulk that lies rotting there, many a long year. She used to run between Bremen and here. A splendid clipper she was, a regular ocean beauty in them days when I was afore the mast. Her name was the 'Jenny Saunders,' and her captain's name was Galliger. Many's the crew of fine, honest men I've seen aboard of her, but her commander was a belligerous old wretch. Everybody that was aboard hated him, for he was a bad man, sir, a bad man. We used to know how he'd behave in foreign ports, and he had a pretty

creeter for a wife at home, sir. Sometimes she'd go to sea with him, and that would keep him in tolerable good order, but it wouldn't prevent his cruelty to the men. If they was first-rate seamen, he generally did about fair by them except that he was cross as thunder, always. But if a greenhorn shipped—gracious! he'd as lief take a belaying pin to him and knock him in the head as eat his dinner. I've seen him do it, too! It was a young fellow that answered him back once, and he just lay his face open from crown to chin. He was a cruel man, sir.

"He took emigrants to the United States, squads of 'em. They generally got served pretty well. Pay the captain his money and he'd give you the worth of it, that's the fact. I mean in grub, of course, and tolerable kind words. Well, one passage we had an uncommon lot; five hundred, I think, young and old, a pretty decent set, too. Fact is, these German passengers, even if they are in the steerage, have their pockets pretty well lined. Well, there was families of two and five, and sometimes of ten and eleven—a good many handsome-looking young girls among 'em too.

"The particular passage of which I'm going to tell you, was in the year thirty, a great year for the clippers. I was cleaning some part of the ship outside just as this family—the family of the girl I'm going to speak about—come on board. There was first an old man in his old-country dress—his hair was as long as my arm, and as white as the foam of the sea under the sun. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, there was no mistake about that, likewise was his wife as handsome and high-mannered an old dame as you might meet in a hundred years. Then there were the sons, the daughters and the grandchildren. I did think it a pity for them to go in the steerage especially as they hadn't no common ways about them, but seemed as good as the best.

"Well, between two young men, one her brother and the other her lover, I expect, come a young girl not more than seventeen, the handsomest little craft that I ever laid these two eyes on, and I reckon I've seen some fine-looking women in my day, having been into all ports of the known world. I actually trembled when I saw our captain look at her, and he did give her such a hard look that she turned as red as a rose. I couldn't tell you how handsome she was. Queens and great ladies might envy the red and white of her face, and even the very way she walked and held her head. O, it was a sight to see! Her brother was as good-looking as herself, and a manly young fellow he was, too.



"Well, we set sail, having beautiful weather for the first few days, and I didn't often see the emigrant girl only when she came up a little while on the forward deck for an airing. I always observed that the captain would be somewhere that way, looking ever at her in the most admiring manner possible; and I wanted to tell her lover as the young man appeared, that it would be better not to show his little beauty so much if he wanted her kept out of harm's way. Come the second week out, and we had mighty bad weather. Meantime, you see, the captain had got to coming into the steerage and talking with the fine old German and his wife. The fools! I could have told why he singled me out for his attentions, if I had had such a pretty daughter as that. I shouldn't have been blind by no manner of means. It wasn't the captain's place to be in the steerage; I longed to tell him so, more than once, but I might have paid for it with my life.

"It happened that there was but few passengers in the cabin, one of them a consumptive lady who brought her servant with her. And it happened, too, that her servant being new to the sea was very sick, and unable to attend to her mistress from the first day to the last. How it was I never knew, but our captain managed to get this handsome girl into the cabin to wait upon the sick lady. I suppose he offered her father a large sum of money, and I know he gave the girl presents.

"Hans Something, was the name of her father. He did not seem to be like the rest of the family. He had married the old man's daughter, and I don't expect he came of so good stock. At any rate, he must have been mighty fond of money to let that girl go out of his sight and into the company of such a man as our captain. But then—what did *they* know of the captain? He looked honest enough. He was handsome, that is, one of the taking kind with the ladies, black hair, eyes, and a tremendous bunch of whiskers on his upper lip. Besides he talked German with the best of them. I noticed for a while that the young fellow who appeared to have been the girl's sweetheart, grew pale and nervous. He used to be out on the deck oftener, and his face seemed to indicate an uneasy, jealous feeling. I could tell how it was, poor fellow—if he saw half that I did, I don't wonder, not only that he was suspicious of the captain, but I thought that if I was in his place, the captain should answer for it. He got pretty well roused one time, and—but I won't tell that part of the story till I get to it.

"I knew something of languages, enough, at

any rate, to make out even the lingo of a German, and one day being down in the steerage busy at something, I heard an expression that made me open my ears. Just then, down came the girl—O, but she did look prettier than ever. She had on a foreign looking silk apron, I think the women call it, and a pair of glistening earrings in her ears, and her hair was all fluffed up, her cheeks aglow. The old woman had been sick, but now she was out of her berth, tidied up, and held her knitting, though she seldom took a stitch, the ship rolled so after the storm. The whole family were there, saving the girl's sweetheart, and he, as soon as he heard her footsteps, had jumped up and gone to another part of the ship. I see she looked after him in that sort of way girls look sometimes when they know they can do just what they please with a man's heart, and I took notice that she was very much flustered. So, as I said before, I heard the captain's name this time the young girl spoke. Then they all looked anxious and pleased at the same time, then one asked a question, and another asked a question. All at once, a new light broke over me, and for a moment it shook me like I had felt an ague chill. I didn't know what was my duty, for I was as much afraid of the captain's ugly temper, as any man could be, but as I listened and listened, I couldn't bear it any longer, and going up to the people, I said a few words in their own language. The girl smiled at me in a mocking way, and turning to the rest, seemed eagerly denying my statement.

"I only made the reply—'it is true, quite true!'

"The old people seemed horror-struck; the woman especially, seemed on the verge of fainting, but the younger one only laughed with her daughter, and seemed unwilling to give any credit to my statement. Finding I could make no impression upon them, I went after the sweetheart, and in the best manner I could, let him know my suspicions. I never saw a man so deathly pale; he was very light, and the terror and the horror made him ghastly. His hands were clenched and the veins stood swelling on his forehead, while his "mein Got!" was cried out in a sort of hoarse whisper-like voice, enough to curdle one's blood. I had told them the captain was married. After that, I saw the girl go in the cabin again; the sweetheart saw it too, and he shook like a pennon in a gale.

"That very afternoon the captain came towards me, and I knew what to expect. So I braced my nerves up, and determined that, please God, I wouldn't be afraid of him.

"'You low, sneaking rascal!' he exclaimed.

And he looked like the old one himself. 'What do you mean by meddling with my affairs?' And then he took all the oaths that I ever heard come out of a whole ship's crew's lips in ten voyages, that he'd have my heart's blood, that he'd send me to the bottom of the ocean, and such like threats. I told him respectfully, as a foremast hand should always speak to his first officer, that I had done by that girl as I would by my own sister.

"For, sir," said I, "she thinks you are an unmarried man, and you, yourself, sir, I am sure (God forgive me the speech), wouldn't expose so young and innocent a thing to temptation."

"He looked at me hard on that, as if he wasn't certain whether he quite saw through me, and with one heavier threat than the last, and a mouthful more of dirty oaths, he went off."

"But I could see a change in the girl after that, yes, sir, for I was always watching her, having a daughter of my own about her age, gave me the interest, I s'pose. I see that she began to smile more seldom, and her color went. Then her step was quite slow, and she would go by the side of the vessel and take long sad looks at the water as if she was in a brown study. Pretty soon after that her eyes begun to be heavy, and once or twice I found her in an out of the way place, crying and sobbing like a baby. Well, I didn't attempt to comfort her — she wouldn't have borne it, for as soon as she seen me, off she flew, like a scared bird. My heart felt very heavy, for I knew there was trouble somewhere; besides, she lost all her beautiful color, and I saw that the captain seldom spoke to her now."

"One night—ah, sir, I shall never forget that night—the moon was at her full, and the whole ocean was like a great bed of silver with a glitter on it. For the first time in a great many days, I saw the pretty German girl and her sweetheart steal upon deck together. It was my watch—and my duty to bid them below, but I don't why, it wasn't in my heart to do it. They went forward and sat near the bows. There were barrels there and planks atop, so one could walk back and forth very easily. I couldn't hear anything they said, but I saw by their gestures that they were talking rapidly. Sometimes he would go very close to her, and she would put out her hand and push him away, then she would weep and sob again. This went on for some time, when at the last she seemed to grow calmer. I saw her throw herself into his arms, I saw him kiss her again and again, then she seemed to wrench herself away, and quicker than I can tell, over she went."

"I don't know how I got there. I remember

catching at a dark body that was going over, her poor, distracted sweetheart, and his falling back in my arms dead as a log, after giving a great cry. That cry brought the captain and two of the mates. The captain asked angrily what was the row, while I was at the boats like one frantic.

"A young woman overboard," was all the reply that was made.

"He knew—the scoundrel! the villain! He knew well enough. His face changed, his very voice was different, as he ordered 'bout ship!' 'Twas no use, there wasn't a thing to be seen—not a bubble! She must have put weights in her pockets."

"O, there was a woful time on board that ship! We made as if she had fell over, all of us who could. Her mother went on like one crazy; her father had to be held to keep him from jumping overboard, and her poor grandparents, when they understood it, were worse than all. I hate to see an old man cry—it was hard to see that fine-looking old gentleman tottering round, wringing his hands, and shaking his gray old head, and sobbing while the tears run—may I never see the like again."

"The sweetheart, he had brain fever. The doctor on board gave him up twice, but he lived, poor fellow! They kept him quiet at my request, for I told the doctor in confidence all about it, and he knew enough of the captain to believe every word, but when he had got, as you may say, well, he tried his best to have a fracas with the captain, but he didn't succeed."

"Next voyage there was a green hand shipped. I never suspected till he'd been out three days that it was the German girl's sweetheart. I told him I knew him, but he wouldn't let on. Never saw a fellow keep a secret so well. Then I was sure there was going to be more trouble, and it came soon. He didn't know the ropes, and I think the captain suspected who he was, though he was disguised, for he was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I shouldn't 'a blamed him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man, but the German acted as contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horror-struck that I vowed to heaven I'd never sail in that ship again, and I

never did. Sir, it was a God-cursed ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, too. That always seemed strange to me. He lost men, he lost the owners large sums of money, but he always seemed to come off scot free."

"The above story," says the narrator, "was told to me by a sea captain, as we strolled one day, hardly heeding whither. I had been much interested in its horrible details, and had not noticed that we were close upon the gates of the famous lunatic hospital beyond the city. Having long had a wish to inspect the place, I requested him to enter with me. We had seen several cases of raving insanity, when the keeper said, pointing to a double cell:

"There is the worst subject in this, or any other establishment of the kind. He is a sea captain, quite old, whose madness is so alarming about the hour of twelve at night, that we expect every morning in spite of all our precaution, to find him a corpse. We are obliged to keep him most of the time in this closet, the walls of which are lined that he may not dash his brains out. He has been here now six months, and he imagines that he is pursued by a girl, and held under water by her till his breath leaves his body."

"The captain at my side looked at me, and then asked if we might see the person so unfortunate. One of the doors was unlocked, another opened, disclosing a hideously haggard face. My companion drew a long breath shuddering, and exclaimed:

"At last, God has smitten him. It is he."

#### A TRUE WITNESS.

The late Dr. Kane rested his manly courage on a sure basis, the constant providential care of God over his children. In his immortal work he acknowledges his dependence on the Divine care, and his trust in the Divine help so frequently vouchsafed to him: "Meanwhile we tried to dream of commerce with the Esquimaux, and open water, and home. For myself my thoughts had occupation enough in the question of our coming labors. I never lost my hope, I looked on the coming spring as full of responsibilities; but my bodily strength and moral tone enough to go through them to the end. A trust based on experience as well as on promises, buoyed me up in the worst of times. Call it fatalism, as you ignorantly may, there is that in the story of every eventful life which teaches the inefficiency of human means and the present control of a supreme agency. See, how often relief has come at the moment of extremity, in forms strangely unsought, almost at the time, strangely unwelcome; see still more, how the back has been strengthened to its increasing burden, and the heart cheered by some conscious influence of an unseen power."

#### THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

We ask for peace, O Lord!  
Thy children ask thy peace;  
Not what the world calls rest,  
That toil and care should cease,  
That through bright sunny hours  
Calm life should flit away,  
And tranquil night should fade  
In smiling day;  
It is not for such peace we would pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord!  
Yet not to stand secure,  
Girt round with iron pride,  
Contented to endure—  
Crushing the gentle strings,  
That human hearts should know,  
Untouched by others' joys  
Or others' woe,  
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask thy peace, O Lord!  
Through storm and fear and strife,  
To light and guide us on,  
Through a long struggling life;  
While no success or gain  
Shall cheer the desolate flight,  
Or nerve what the world calls  
Our wasted might;  
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is thine own, O Lord,  
Who toll while others sleep;  
Who sow with living care  
What other hands shall reap;  
They lean on thee entranced  
In calm and perfect rest;  
Give us that peace, O Lord!  
Divine and blest,  
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

#### THE BIRTH-MARK.

BY WILLIAM D. OLIVER.

AFTER a full course of medical study I found myself in practice in a small town on the river M—. I say in practice—I would have been so, had circumstances allowed it; but fortunately (or unfortunately) it was too healthy a place to give me much support, and I had nothing to encourage me to remain. Still, I should have felt unwilling to leave it. The heart always clings to first places. The place where we were born, where our childhood was passed, the first place in which we have lived after marriage, or, perhaps where the first child was ushered into existence—all seem to have a tale peculiar to each, and memory and love repeat over and over again that well-conned lesson.

Old ladies—those oracles of country towns—told me I must not expect practice until I mar-

ried. To have sympathy with patients, they said, I must be a family man — and so, though trembling as I revolved the problem of our future, I brought home the sweetest being that ever gladdened or saddened a man's heart, and installed her in the tiny cottage which you might see at the foot of yonder hill, only that it is all hidden by lilacs and altheas.

My Ellesif was a contented, easy little creature, never repining, if I could bring her only the poorest and simplest fare—joyous and cheerful with bread and water, and with a bright smile of welcome at my approach, as if I had brought her the wealth of India. I sometimes endured agony on her account, lest this state of things should always last; but it was consoling to know that *she* at least, was not fretting or repining over the probabilities of life. When at length she woke up to the fact that I was doing absolutely nothing, she told me one day in an enchanting sort of careless way, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, that she could not accept my invitation to ride, as she was to entertain several young ladies at the house. I was dismayed, for the thought of company in our restricted way of life was really overwhelming. I went to drive with a borrowed vehicle, for I was too poor to hire one, and there was a case that came to me like a godsend, but too far off to admit of walking. It was one that promised well for me, and I returned elated by my success. I was so absorbed in it that I forgot the company, until I came into the little vestibule and heard the sound of voices. My hand was on the latch, and I could not recede. There sat my Ellesif with half a dozen girls grouped around her, hearing a lesson in German. I stood amazed, but seeing me she came eagerly to the door.

"How long has this been thus?" I asked.

"Twelve whole weeks. To-day is the last of the term, and I get my pay for the class."

"But how, or why?"

"How? Because I know very little excepting German, which I understand very well—my mother you know is German. Why? Because my husband is wearing out his heart, not with work, but for want thereof. Does not the *how* satisfy you, Sir Doctor? And pray, what fault do you see in the *why*?"

Bachelors will laugh when I say that I called my wife an angel. Let them. They have no angels, poor things, and no wonder they are envious of those who do have them. I went in, was introduced to the six young ladies, and saw them give my wife a folded paper each, which, as soon as they were gone, she transferred to me.

"The first fruits, Mark," she said. "My first present to my husband!"

I shall not tell you how many kisses followed this. Ellesif continued her school, and her pupils increased with the formation of each new class, until all the young ladies in H— were jabbering German like natives.

My wife's energy made my fortune. It bought me a new horse and carriage with which I made the circuit of a number of towns, and Doctor Mark Kingley, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. My new carriage had caught the eye of a rich old gentleman who had long been an invalid, and who lived in a neighboring town. He had me called in, and I "found favor in his eyes" as a physician. Thenceforth I was the doctor of that whole region. My fame rested on the word of a single individual, because he happened to be a rich one. So much for the influence of wealth.

Of course, I could not practice thus in several different towns, without being the confidant of some strange family secrets. Most of these can never be disclosed, because they are still living whose feelings would be injured by the recital. Others again are susceptible of being laid bare to the world, the individuals having passed away and left no one to complain of a breach of trust.

I was sent for hastily one night to attend some patient in the farthest village of my circuit. A man came for me, and would not allow me to stop long enough to have my horse harnessed.

"I will fetch you back again when your visit is over," he said. "We must make no delay."

Ellesif looked anxious. She did not quite like such a proceeding, and she began to remonstrate. The stranger turned a beseeching, earnest look upon her.

"If you are his wife, lady," he said, "I would like to ask you if you would withhold him from one of your own sex who is perhaps even now dying?"

Ellesif loosed her hold upon my arm. "No, no, pray go at once," she exclaimed. "Do not let any one suffer for want of attention, or save my foolish fears."

I lingered a moment after the man had gone out, and bestowed on her my hearty approval.

"Drive fast," said I, to my companion, but indeed I needed not to tell him this, for I could hardly see the trees and houses as we passed. I asked no questions, and the man was silent—intent apparently on his driving, without thought or care for me. It was some time before we arrived at a retired house at the end of a pretty avenue of trees, in a part of the town which I had never visited. We stopped at a gate, and

walked up a long yard. The moon was silvering every object around, and I saw quite distinctly that it was no common residence to which I was brought. At the door stood a gentleman, whose countenance seemed familiar to me, but I could not recall him fully to my mind. Nor had I time, for he hurried me up stairs immediately, and opening the door of an apartment from whence issued a subdued light and the odor of perfumes, he drew me within it, and led me to a bed, on which lay the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. Accustomed as I was to hearing Ellesif styled beautiful, and indeed thinking her such myself, I was yet completely dazzled by the splendor of the face now looking up to me as if to catch hope and strength from my presence. The long, black hair that floated in rich braids over the pillow, the lustrous black eyes shining through tears, the white marble brow, wide and low, the soft, dark pencilling of the eye, brow and lashes, and the exquisite shape of the white hand and arm, all bespoke a rare type of womanhood; and I read in the anxious, yet resigned countenance, how much such a being might "suffer, yet be strong."

I pass over the next few hours. They were of exquisite pain and suffering to one, of more than mortal agony to another, and of deep interest and anxiety to myself. At the end of that time, my patient was sleeping quietly, and in the fairy crib hung with the finest lace curtains, that stood by her bedside, was a wee bit of humanity, half smothered with flannels and muslins, and perfectly unconscious of the harsh, rough world into which it had recently entered.

In the next room, the gentleman, exhausted by watching and anxiety, was slumbering in a large arm-chair—an uneasy slumber, for he started frequently, and moaned as if in mental pain. The man was waiting to take me home, and I was anxious to go, for the moon had gone down, and a wild storm was rising. But I had a duty to perform before I could go, and I roused the sleeper that I might perform it. He awoke with a start, and murmured some indistinct words.

"It is my duty to tell you," said I, "that the child just born, has an irretrievable disfigurement, which it will not be safe to discover to the mother, until she has strength enough to bear it."

He gasped like a man dying.

"I know what it is," he exclaimed, involuntarily putting his hand to his throat.

"How—have you seen it?" I knew he had not been in the room, since a moment after the first faint cry of the infant, he had crept in and silently kissed the mother.

He was embarrassed at my question, but I went on to say: "Yes, you are right. The throat has a horrible stain, like that known by the name of wine stain. It is very purple, and extends in streaks down the neck, which is unfortunate, as the child is a girl."

The man burst into tears. I never saw any one so overwhelmed.

"Merciful God!" he exclaimed, "must I bear this frightful punishment in the person of my innocent child?" He was wild, despairing, frantic, for a time. Suddenly he seemed to recollect himself. "Doctor," he said, trying to speak calmly, "you will not make use of this affair abroad." He was now quite confused again. I looked him steadily in the eye.

"I do not understand you, sir. If you think that physicians tattle of any secrets of the sick-room, except under permission, to advance science, you are mistaken. At least, you mistake me. I speak for myself individually, and generally for my brethren."

"Thanks, doctor. You will understand me that I trust you to speak no word of this night to any person living: You will attend *Mrs. Mortimer* through the necessary period, and shall be well rewarded. Until she is quite well, do not tell her of this."

There was a stress on the name which made me suspect it was not the right one; and I was convinced of it, when on returning home I spoke of my employer as Mr. Mortimer, and the man turned an inquiring look upon me, as if the name was quite new to him. Seeing something in my looks I suppose that recalled him to prudence, he took occasion to give his master that name when he spoke of him, but it sounded forced and unnatural.

There came a time, however, when the mother must be told. The child's state must not be left to a chance discovery, lest it shock her into illness at this critical time. I was deputed to tell her.

"I cannot," said Mr. Mortimer. "But, as you have only a half confidence from me, and some suspicion, too, I suppose, I will throw myself on your honor, and if I judge your appearance rightly, you will not betray me."

Of course, I said all that was necessary to assure him of this, and he related to me in substance the following story, more rapidly and briefly even, than I repeat it.

In his early youth, when the first flush of a prosperous life seemed before him, he had wooed and won Rose Ternon, the daughter of a neighbor. Never was a happier or more genial couple, and the marriage was talked of strongly as to take place the following year. But Henry Mor-

timer was called suddenly away to transact some necessary business on this side the water. (I should have said before, that they lived in England, but I will not designate the place.) He reluctantly left Rose, but her father promised him on the word of a gentleman, that he should marry his daughter immediately on his return.

Mortimer had a feud of long standing with a rude, rough sort of youth, named Carson. He had once insulted Harry, and the quiet contempt with which he had knocked him down and walked on serenely leaving him to pick himself up, enraged Carson to the extent of vowing his ruin. Harry's absence prevented the revenge which he meditated against him — but a bright thought seized him. He would deprive him of Rose. Carson had sense enough to know that he could not win her affections; but he invented all improbable tales respecting him, and had them carried to her ears. She disbelieved them, of course, but was grieved and astonished by his silence. She had not a single letter. They were reposing in piles, however, in Carson's desk. Then Carson wrote to Rose, that he could unfold the mystery, if she would meet him at a certain house, a lonely, unfrequented place, at broad noon. Distracted with anxiety, and knowing nothing of the quarrel between him and her lover, she went, telling no one but her maid servant where she was going.

Meantime Harry Mortimer had arrived, and was speeding to Rose Ternon with the impatience of a lover. Mr. Ternon was absent, but the faithful Mary, breaking through her promise, revealed to him where he could find her young mistress, and for what purpose she was gone.

Harry knew the way, and he flew to the place instantly, and found the villain reading one of the letters which he had written to the weeping girl, but wickedly changing the expressions to those of dislike and a wish to break off the engagement.

"Monster!" cried the kneeling girl, "I will not believe it. Harry is true to me. You have stolen his letters."

At this moment, Harry rushed past the kneeling figure, and plunged a knife into Carson's throat, crying, as he did so:

"There, take back the lie you are telling!"

Carson never breathed again. The knife had penetrated to the lungs, and he fell to the floor, covered to his waist with blood.

There was but one course to take—instant flight. A ship was to sail the next morning. Rose went home to her father, told him all, and he promised her that he would himself carry her to America by another month, to join her

husband, as he would then be. But in the darkness of night Mortimer came and pleaded so earnestly for a marriage then, that Mr. Ternon could not refuse him, and Rose and Mary accompanied the exile to his new home, under the name of Fleetwood. This name was again changed for another, fear prompting the exchange. Mr. Ternon was dead, and there was nothing to recall them to England. Carson's dead body was found, and the murder fixed upon Rose, whose letters lay scattered over the floor.

But that terrible sight was ever present to both. True, Carson merited punishment, but Mortimer's after thoughts shrunk from himself for inflicting it. Every where, the bleeding throat rose before him, and with Rose it was a species of insanity. The sight of a knife would bring on spasms. She had fully believed that her child would come into the world with the signet of blood, and when I told her, she received the intelligence with pain, but no surprise. The poor infant lived only a few days, and the father and mother fell victims to the pestilence of 1832, in New York, to which city they had removed, for they never continued long in one place. The property went to distant heirs, excepting a large bequest to Mary, who is still alive, and is married to a worthy man in her own country. No one knows the secret of Carson's death, save us two.

#### A YORKSHIRE WIFE.

It has long been an adage that the Yorkshire people are the meanest people under the sun. An English paper has the following instance of conjugal affection:

Not far from Bradford an old couple lived on their farm. The good man had been ill some time, when the practitioner who attended him advised that a physician should be summoned from Bradford for a consultation. The doctor came, looked into the case, gave his opinion, and descending from the sick room into the kitchen, was there accosted with:

"Well, doctor, what's your charge?"

"My fee is a guinea."

"A guinea, doctor!—a guinea! And if ye come again will it be another guinea?"

"Yes; but I shall hardly have to come again. I have given my opinion, and leave the patient in very good hands."

"A guinea, doctor, hah?" The old woman rose, went up stairs to her husband's bedside, and the doctor, who waited below, heard her say: "He charges a guinea; and if he comes again, it'll be another guinea. Now, what do you say? If I were ye, I'd say no, like a Britoner; and I'd die first!"

The man of pleasure should more properly be termed the man of pain; like Diogenes, he purchases repentance at the highest price, and sells the richest reversion for the poorest reality.

## FERRULING ANNA HAWKES

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Buzz—buzz—buzz—buzz!"

"Indeed I cannot stand this. You'll drive me quite crazy with your buzz, buzz, buzzing. I *must* and will have silence. I find that plain, pleasant persuasion will not do; I shall be forced to resort to a harsher method. Now, listen one and all, while I assure you that the first scholar, old or young, miss or master, young gentleman or lady whom I shall see whispering without leave, I will ferrule!"

The teacher, Mr. Arthur Stone, closed his bearded lips firmly, and glanced about the old-fashioned school-room with a determined expression, as he ceased speaking. He evidently meant just what he had said—meant it in the faces of the stout, stalwart young gentlemen, and the pretty, witching, bright eyed girls about him. For a moment there was a dead silence upon all, while every eye was fixed upon the handsome, resolute face of the teacher. But in the little crowd of eager, upturned faces, there was but one which his eye sought intuitively, drawn as it were, by some strange, mesmeric power. One face, and one at that moment which was a pretty picture of piquant beauty, with its saucy, inquisitive blue eyes, which met his own fully and daringly;—its strawberry red mouth pursed up by the most provoking and daring of smiles, that said as plainly as words could have said it—"You won't ferrule me, Arthur Stone, if I whisper ever so much!"

A sudden flush of anger reddened up into the cheeks of the young man, and shot from the depths of his fine gray eyes, as he said, determinedly, in answer to the smile of the red mouth and blue eyes, and the toss of the dainty head—"I repeat it; I will ferrule the first scholar whom I see whispering without leave!"

This time there was no mistaking it; there was a perceptible motion of Anna Hawkes's pretty head, an unmistakable light in her eyes, and a whole, unbroken sentence wreathed about the curve of her lips, as she turned carelessly to her books—"You can ferrule me if you choose," she said, mately, not believing that he would venture to do it.

"And I certainly will," was the silent reply of the young man, confident the while that she could not allow him an opportunity of putting his threat in execution. But he was ill at ease as he turned moodily to the arithmetic class from which his attention had been drawn by the unusual confusion. Affairs had taken a disagree-

able turn, an unexpected course, and whatever he might do, he could not better them. There was but one way for him. He must put a stern face upon the matter. He must maintain his dignity as a teacher, even if he was obliged to thrust roughly aside his own wishes and inclinations. Anna Hawkes, pleasant, witching, graceful Anna—the one bright star that threw so much light upon his arduous, tiresome duties; the warm-hearted girl who had grown nearer and dearer to him as the dull, wintry days went by, till he had dared hope, silently, yet earnestly, that sometime he might be more to her than any one else in the world, even she, if she came between him and his duties, must be sacrificed. It was a miserable thought, and he greeted it with a long, deep-drawn sigh.

Not once during that forenoon did he venture to look towards Anna's seat, or allow himself to pause anywhere in her vicinity, for fear his ears might be greeted by a provoking, odious whisper. Not once, I say, but I must except the long recess, during which he watched her eagerly, as she bent over her slate, working out her algebraic problems, apparently lost to everything about her. Two or three times he half started from his seat to go to her assistance, as she knit her white brows perplexedly, but a strange new feeling, like pride, kept him back. He thought he had never seen her look half as pretty or loveable as then, as she sat there bending thoughtfully over her book, with one white hand running rapidly and gracefully over her slate. Her dress of dark crimson cloth, with its full sleeves confined at the wrists by black velvet bands, fashioned high in the neck, but in such a manner as to display her full, white throat, was strangely becoming to her. He had never thought of it before, but there was a certain refinement in her taste that was truly pleasing. It was visible in everything she wore—the dainty cambric collar confined at the throat by a small cameo breast-pin; the knots of black velvet ribbon fastened about her luxuriant soft brown braids; the petite black silk apron, with its girdle of silk cord, and full, large, drooping tassels, and even the slender, shining little kid boots that peeped daringly out from the folds of her ample skirt. In all his life Arthur Stone had never looked upon a face or figure so pleasant or captivating. But as he watched her, she raised her eyes to his face. In a moment the pretty seriousness which had rested so becomingly upon her features was gone. A provoking smile curled up her rosy mouth, and went with a sudden rush of triumph over her whole face, dilating her finely curved nostrils and sweeping like very sunshine over the blue of her

eyes, making such rare dimples about her chin, as one might have supposed to have been fitted by the cunning forefinger of Cupid himself.

Arthur Stone was vexed, but he was too much a man of the world to allow the young girl to know how much she was capable of annoying him, and so after the first flame of petty anger had died out from his cheeks and forehead, he said, in a voice, the coolness of which surprised even himself:

"Can I be of assistance to you, Miss Hawkes?"

"None, sir, thank you. I have quite conquered my exercises alone to-day."

Foolish fellow! The very coolness of his manner betrayed the secret which he strove to hide. There was little need of coverts if there was nothing to conceal. And so it was that the forenoon slipped unpleasantly away, and the afternoon came in its stead. The teacher's rule so far was a good one. The school was remarkable for its quietude. If Anna Hawkes had not been present, Mr. Stone would have counted it a success, but as it was, he was in a constant tremor of fear.

A raised hand in the neighborhood of her seat, and a timid application for assistance was met with something like an unreasonable frown. In a hurried, nervous way he proceeded to explain away the difficulty to the timid applicant, anxious to be free from such dangerous surroundings. Just as he was congratulating himself upon his success, and about turning away, a rapid, whispered volley of words rattled past his ears. There was no avoiding it. He knew the source from whence they came as well as did every scholar that heard them. He could not pass thoughtlessly along. The dread alarm had come with such a sudden distinctness as to surprise him into an involuntary start. Every pair of eyes in the school-room were turned inquiringly and curiously to his face. He was forced into doing his duty. The heavy beard about his mouth was friendly to him then, for it covered a suspicious pallor that settled there as he turned about and rested his eyes sternly upon the blushing, piquant face of Anna Hawkes. She was the picture of innocence just then, with her brown lashes drooped low upon her cheeks, and the pearly white teeth crushed cruelly down upon the crimson of her lips.

"Miss Hawkes, can you tell me who whispered a moment since?"

"Yes, sir." The white lids were thrown wide open, and the clear eye fixed frankly upon his own.

"Who?"

"I, sir."

"Will you oblige me by stepping this way a moment?" He led the way out in the floor.

"Yes, sir, certainly." She followed him promptly, pausing beside the desk and resting one hand prettily upon its top.

"I suppose you listened to my rule of this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"You understood it, too, doubtless?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Understanding it perfectly, then, you have been pleased to break it. Can you name my duty?"

"It does not admit of a question. Ferrule me, sir." She commenced drawing a slender gold ring from her left hand. "This hand?" she asked, suddenly, looking up into his face.

"We have plenty of time, Miss Hawkes; do not hurry," he said, evading her question, "I have something to say to you."

She leaned her elbow upon the desk, and her burning face upon her hand. "I shall be happy to listen to you," she said.

"I will not trouble you but a moment, only to say that I regret more than I am able to express, that a scholar whom I have ever endeavored to treat with uniform courtesy and respect, and in whose advancement I had felt a lively interest, should, by so glaring a misdemeanor, such an utter contempt of my wishes, avow her disregard for me as a teacher and a friend. Such a display is unpleasant enough if a mere child wilfully breaks the rules of a school, but when instead a young gentleman or lady so far forgets him or herself, it is intensely painful. I assure you that I deeply regret this."

Anna bowed gracefully as Mr. Stone ceased speaking. Again her white teeth were dented into her lip, while the brown lashes trembled close upon the deep, burning red of her cheeks.

"Your hand, if you please."

The little white hand was reached forth as though it were to receive a caress instead of a blow. As it lay so tenderly and trustingly upon the broad palm of the teacher, he inwardly cursed his stars. He called himself a brute, a tyrant, a monster. He had a mind to get down upon his knees and pray for a big-mouthed earthquake to come and swallow him; for a sudden flash of lightning (in the winter time) to melt him into nonentity; for a whirlwind to sweep him with its rapid rushing winds from off the face of the earth. Strike that little dimpled hand with a cruel two-inch rule? He had rather cover, ay, blister it with kisses, instead. It trembled within his grasp, and about the mouth of the owner a little white line was islanding the redness of her



lips. For a moment, he thought he'd kneel before her, and ask her to give the pale prisoner entirely to him. It would be *his* hand then, and no one could blame him for not wishing to injure his own property. A thought struck him. He might strike his own hand instead of Anna's. He could shield her and take the blow himself. The idea was a rare one. He was in a mood for cracking every knuckle that he owned. He raised his ruler. Anna raised her eyes to his face. His fixed, determined expression startled her. She would bear his blow without shrinking, without starting, she thought, but, O, she would hate him, hate him, *hate him*, so long as she lived! As the thought flashed through her mind, a gay, dashing looking sleigh, drawn by a pair of fine horses, came rapidly up to the school-house door.

Lucky, lucky Mr. Stone, the rule fell harmlessly upon the fair, rosy palm of Anna, as he turned his eyes toward the window, and exclaimed hurriedly:

"The committee, Miss Hawkes. You can take your seat now, but remain to-night after school. Even for this interruption I should not feel justified in letting the affair pass."

"The last committee man upon earth that I would care to see!" exclaimed Mr. Stone to himself, as he bowed low before the pompous young gentleman, known by the cognomen of Dr. Wesley Barker, who rapped with his whip upon the door—said young gentleman being one of wealth and education. But the teacher did not care a fig for his wealth—he did not envy him—or anything for his education—his own was quite equal to it. But what he did care for was, that Dr. Barker was a great admirer of Anna Hawkes, and in the present state of affairs he did not care about having any rivals around. Everything went along smoothly during school hours, as it always did during the visits of the several committee, but the moment school was dismissed, Dr. Barker stalked across the school-room floor and up to Anna Hawkes's seat. Mr. Stone bit his lips with vexation. His rival had made his appearance quite in the nick of time. He despised meanness heartily, denounced it wherever he saw it, but now in spite of himself, he stood and listened eagerly to catch the few words that dropped from Dr. Barker's and Anna's lips.

"I'll ask Mr. Stone to excuse me," he heard Anna say.

"Which of course he will do," replied Dr. Barker.

"I am not so certain of that," was the smiling reply, as she started towards his desk.

"I hope you'll pardon me for daring to ask

such a thing, but Dr. Barker wishes me to drive with him in his new sleigh, which I'm very anxious to do, and so I'd like to be excused from remaining to night to take my ferruling, promising to come early to-morrow morning."

Mr. Stone bowed and said, "very well," though the words quite choked him. He secretly wished Dr. Barker and his new sleigh in China, and himself free from the vocation of school teaching. He thought as he stood moodily by his desk watching Anna Hawkes pin her plaid shawl closely about her throat, and tie under her chin the blue ribbons of her quilted hood, preparatory to her drive with Dr. Barker, that he was the most miserable man in existence, and that he would purchase him a farm, work shovelling on the railroad, would do anything rather than teach another school. He had engaged already to take charge of the village academy the following spring, but now he resolved that he would not do it. He would throw up the engagement at once.

"No doubt she thinks me a very brute," he said to himself, as the gay equipage went dashing down the street. Perhaps after all, she had not meditated that ruthless attack upon his dignity and patience, he mused. Indeed, now he thought of it again, the whisper was more like a sudden exclamation than anything else. Yet, he had not given her the slightest chance for an explanation, but like an executioner who loved his occupation, hurried her forward to a punishment—the dolt, that he called himself. He had a very poor opinion of Arthur Stone just at that moment. He was sure that he would quite like to horsewhip him.

A fair counterpart of the pupil's thoughts and feelings were those of the teacher. It was a dull, dreary drive that Anna Hawkes took with Dr. Barker. She hadn't a heart to enjoy it after her folly of the afternoon.

"He thinks that I do not care for, or respect him," was the thought uppermost in her mind, whichever way she turned. "And this is the return I am making him for all his kindness to me—all the interest he has taken in my studies both out of school and in. O, if he could but know the truth!"

The truth! The young girl startled herself by the words. And what was the truth? She buried her burning face in her hands, as she asked the question. It was this. *She loved Arthur Stone!*—loved him better than life itself! A cry of pain went from her lips, as the knowledge settled slowly down upon her heart. But what proof had she given him of this? What proof that she was any other than a vain, selfish.

unwomanly thing! None, alas, none! Like any woman who is conscious of her power, she gloried in hers over Arthur Stone. But how was he to know that it was any but the glory of a fickle, heartless coquette, rather than that of a strong, loving, true-hearted woman, who makes her power a golden chain about the heart of the man she loves, by which she draws him tenderly and gently towards her? How, O, how, was he to know this? The thought was agonizing to her.

She resolved at last to go to him in the morning, and confess her fault, humbling as it was. He should know, at least, that she held his feelings too sacred to wound them wantonly. But in the morning she was sick and feverish, hardly able to lift her head from the pillow. She could not see Arthur that day, and so she must contentedly wait for the next. Against her wishes Dr. Barker was summoned, who croaked dubiously of a fever which was hanging about her. She must be careful, be very quiet, and follow his directions, he said, and he would come again in the afternoon to learn how she was getting along. He came in the afternoon, but at an unlucky hour. Anna sat leaned back in the rocking-chair by the window, looking eagerly up the street. Dr. Barker was vain enough to believe she was watching for him. But while he prated learnedly at her side, he saw a rapid red stain through the whiteness of her cheek, and an eager light break out from the clear blue of her eyes. Arthur Stone was passing by the house, and viewing with a scornful curl of the lip the handsome equipage of Dr. Barker. He did not look beyond it, to the pale face bent so earnestly towards him, but turned his eyes coldly away and walked haughtily down the street, while Anna sank back with a sigh into the softly cushioned chair. The next morning she refused to remain away from school another day. Arthur Stone would say that she was cowardly, that she feared a ferruling, that she absented herself purposely, because of the misunderstanding of Tuesday afternoon, which she was too guilty to face again. She would go to school though she dropped fainting on her way. She could not rest until her weary mind was unburdened of its heavy load. So she went, pale and trembling, at an early hour to the school-house.

"How he scorns me—how he hates me!" she thought, as Mr. Stone quietly raised his eyes to her face, and bowed a silent good morning as she entered the room. How could she ever face that stern, cold gaze, and make her excuses for not keeping her appointment of the previous morning?

"I was too ill to come out yesterday morning," she said, in a trembling voice, "or I should not have broken my promise. Will this morning do as well?"

Mr. Stone glanced keenly into her face. The blanched cheeks and white quivering lips testified to the truth of what she said.

"Are you able to be here now?" he asked, in a tone of voice that had more of tenderness than aught else running through it.

"Hardly. You can fer—ferrule me, and I will go home," she said, while her cheeks crimsoned with shame.

Mr. Stone bit his lips to keep back a reply which rose involuntarily to them. Again was that tender, white hand before him waiting meekly for its punishment, now weak and trembling from illness. Did she think him a brute? Quite evidently, from her actions.

"I—I—regret that I wounded your feelings Tuesday," she said, raising her eyes to his face. "I am thoughtless, I hope not heartless. Will you pardon me?" The question was asked in a low, quivering voice, half choked with tears.

"Pardon you!" Mr. Stone repeated the words slowly, in a clear, emphatic tone.

"Is it too much to ask? You will not refuse me—you could not refuse me if you knew—"

"What?"

"How utterly miserable I am. I cannot stay here—here's my hand—be quick—let me go home!"

With a quick, rapid movement the teacher grasped the little feverish hand that was outstretched to him, and covered it over and over again with fervent, passionate kisses.

"Forgive you," he said, while his fine eyes grew deep and tender in their expression, "forgive you, yes, a thousand times, and then not be able to show you a millionth part of the love which I bear for you. Forgive you—but I'll dare ask more than you—dare hope, perhaps more than you cared to hope—that you will love me; that you will place yourself and this sinned against, abused little hand in my keeping. Tell me, Anna, have I asked too much?"

The answer was faint and low that came from Anna Hawkes's lips, but nevertheless it was a satisfactory one, for the sweet little mouth from whence it came took immediate reward in kisses.

So it all ended. And a few weeks after, Anna Hawkes became Mrs. Arthur Stone, much to the satisfaction of the wondering school at Elton.

Man, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power; but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.

## THE CHILD OF THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"Who is she, Virginia?" asked Gorham Rockwell, pausing in his walk down the shady avenue of Longley Hall, addressing the graceful, high-bred girl, whose hand lay within his arm.

"Whom mean you, Gorham?"

"Why, yonder girl dipping water at the spring. Heavens! she should be a Ganymede!" And the young man's gaze lingered admiringly on the slight figure which tripped away with her pail from the mossy, fern-bordered spring, and disappeared in the path leading to the rear offices of the mansion.

"Ah, then you think her beautiful? All our visitors do, Gorham. Poor Dilly! to see her at her daily tasks, with her fair face and tiny white hands, one would almost think the Fates had committed an anomaly in creating her for her present situation," said the beautiful Virginia Longley. "Papa took her from the poor-house, Gorham!"

"Ah!" and a curve of contempt wreathed Gorham Rockwell's handsome, haughty lip—"then my Ganymede resolves into the most ordinary piece of human deft ware? 'Pon my word, dearest, I will never go 'into raptures again. How long has she been with you, though?" he added, affecting a yawn, although his eyes told a different tale.

"O, nearly all her life!" replied Virginia. "It's a long story. You see the girl's mother, fifteen or sixteen years ago—papa remembers all about it. Dilly's mother came to our poor-house, sick and dying—gave her baby to the keepers, and then died. They said she was beautiful as a dream when she lay in her coffin, and everybody went to look at her. Even papa was strangely moved—and he is always calm and proud, you know. Well, Dilly grew up there in the poor house; and everybody loved her, just as though she were not a pauper's child—and we all played with her at the village school. I'm sure I loved her very dearly till papa sent me away to boarding-school; and now, when I come back and find her a kitchen girl, it makes me feel badly enough. But I have a plan in my head. You see, papa never denies me anything on my birthdays; and to-morrow—you know I shall be sixteen to-morrow, Gorham—I mean to ask for poor Dilly's release. She's 'bound out' here till she's eighteen, and we treat her well, not at all like the other servants; but I want poor Dilly to be sent to school and become

a teacher. I'm sure she is beautiful and lady-like, if she *does* work in our kitchen, Gorham!"

"Enthusiast!" exclaimed Gorham Rockwell, imprisoning both her hands in his, and bending down to touch a pair of lips red as a cleft pomegranate. "Going into whimsicalities over a pretty pauper! That is like my little madcap. But let us go in now—the night dew is falling heavily."

"Jupiter! I think dame Nature intended me for a diplomatist! That was well done. Virginia is far off the scent; and does not even suspect that my interest in her charming servant is even deeper than her own," and a sinister smile lingered on the young man's lips, as an hour after he wandered alone in the maple grove behind Longley Hall. "'Educate Dilly for a teacher?' pshaw! if she'll leave her to me, I'll tutor her in an easier lore than that of books, and one which woman's heart acquires more readily. It is strange how that girl has bewitched me, with her soft, brown eyes and silken hair. Heavens! if she had Virginia Longley's position and inheritance, the day that sees me twenty-one should make her my wife, and I would win her fairly and honorably; as it is—well, it's the way of the world, and I'm no bigger rascal than others have been! as it is, I must win her *sub rosa*, and none shall be the wiser. But I shall have to play my cards deuced carefully. It won't be so hard to blind that little silly Virginia, who, I do believe, dotes on the very ground I walk on—but the old colonel—he has the eyes of a lynx. I fancy he is already quite familiar with the manner in which I have spent the greater portion of the time ostensibly devoted to my Alma Mater, viz., in the intellectual employment of 'sowing wild oats,'—and then, such confounded scrutiny into the state of one's finances, is not remarkably agreeable, even from that legally authorized person yelect one's guardian. Faith, he holds the reins a trifle too tight; and the day of my majority is 'a consummation most devoutly to be wished.' What the deuce I most wonder at, is, that he should consider a graceless scamp like me a fitting husband for his daughter!" still soliloquized Rockwell. "But for that matter, I've no cause for complaint. Virginia is beautiful, accomplished; and her patrimony is by no means to be despised in prospective. Fact it is, that Gorham Rockwell's lines have fallen in pleasant places—thanks be to the friendship that existed between Virginia's father and mine! But this charming little Dilly! this brown-haired gipsy! all the prior 'engagements' ever made by paternal heads, shall not hinder

me from the pretty and agreeable little pastime of winning her unsophisticated heart. But, deuce take it! how time lags! 'Tis time she were here, where she promised to meet me."

O, rare worldly teachings, which had thus early developed the heartless passions and pursuits of a hackneyed man of the world, in the elegant and aristocratic boy, Gorham Rockwell—and rare code of morals, which permitted him, the betrothed of the pure-souled Virginia Longley, to utter treacherous vows unto one as sweet and pure and beautiful, but of humbler name, the poor-house orphan, Dilly Ware!

Dilly Ware was the child of mystery and poverty, perhaps of disgrace. When a heart-broken, youthful mother wandered feebly to the work-house threshold, over which she was never again borne save to her rest in the pauper burial-ground—when, her feet groping on the verge of the silent land, she wildly murmured *one* name, and babbled of secrets never told beyond the work-house door, because a rich man's gold was powerful to buy silence, then kissing her baby, so died—who knows, in that hour, how much of wrong and betrayed trust went down into the pauper's grave?

And the little orphan, with her sad, dreamy brown eyes—the child of mystery—who would not have said that aristocratic blood circled in her veins, flushed in crimson waves over her delicate cheeks, or faded away among the rings of chestnut hair that lay over her sweet brow? You would have vowed her no beggar's child, with her little feet, brown and bare, 'tis true, yet with the high, arched, Spanish instep, and the taper fingers closing like curled-up rose leaves, over her soft pink palm. If, as some would have us believe, beautiful physical organization be the type of aristocratic lineage, then this waif of Hatfield work-house was blown thither from stately parterre—alas, who in all Hatfield knew by what chance wind of sorrow or disgrace?

The evening had deepened—a soft, delicious summer night, when but to live and breathe the scent of roses is an exquisite luxury—and, softly gliding down the garden walks of Longley Hall, and out into the maple forest, went little brown-eyed Dilly Ware to meet her lover. For the girl had thus early learned the lesson her mother had known before her. Day by day, meeting Gorham Rockwell at the Spring or in the wood, where he deferentially lifted her pail, or detained her for a lingering conversation, what wonder that the lonely child, simple and unsuspecting, believed and trusted too well for her own happiness?

And what wonder, when he met her that evening and breathed a story of love, regretting the bond which bound him to Virginia Longley, that the poor-house girl wept because Heaven had denied her the gift of station and accomplishments bestowed on her young mistress?

"But, little one, you are beautiful, a thousand times more lovely than she," murmured Gorham. "She is fair, but calm and chill as a mountain blossom—you are my sweet wild flower, with cheeks burning like the hue of the damask rose; her eyes are calm and blue as summer skies—but yours, ah, Dilly—

'Thy brown eyes have looks like birds  
Flying straightway to the light!'

and, little one, let the bird nestle in my heart. Look up, Dilly, and tell me if you love me."

Dilly did look up; but her artless question smote that unprincipled youth to the heart:

"Gorham, if I had not loved you, I should never have stolen out to meet you here. Do you truly love me better than Miss Virginia, Gorham?"

For an instant a flush of embarrassment played over the youth's cheek. Then he forced a quick laugh, as he said:

"Dilly, you are jealous now. You do not understand how I am situated here. Colonel Longley is my guardian, and he looks upon me as Virginia's future husband; for so it was arranged between her father and mine. How could they foresee that I should meet my beloved Dilly? I must wear the cloak a little time longer. In a few months I shall be of age, and then, Dilly, would you be willing to trust yourself to me? We should have to go away from here, Dilly."

"I should be willing to go anywhere with you, Gorham, as your wife," replied the girl. "But your wife should be educated and accomplished, and I am neither. Don't ask me; it is wrong. Take back your love, and give it again to Miss Virginia. She loves you, and you might forget me after a while. I have been dreaming. Go away, and forget poor Dilly Ware. I am doing wrong to listen; I see it now. You would grow weary of, and ashamed of me; and I could not bear that. I am wronging Miss Virginia in meeting you here. I must not stay here longer, Gorham."

"Dilly, you are killing me!"

The words were indeed full of pain, which fell from Gorham Rockwell's lips, but the pain of baffled passion rather than wounded love.

"Do not leave me, Dilly!"

And Dilly crept back. Words of love were

so dear to this poor girl that she had not yet learned to resist their pleadings.

"Dilly, promise me that you will leave Hatfield with me. You will make me miserable, if you talk of giving me up. We will go away from here and be happy. "You do love me; tell me so!" urged Gorham, in impetuous tones.

"Gorham, you frighten me. I dare not promise. Don't ask me. I will stay here, and study and learn, and become everything you would have your wife to be, and then you can come and claim me. I will wait years and years for you, but do not urge me to take this wrong step. How can I look Miss Virginia in the face to-morrow, knowing that I am planning this sudden blow to her happiness? Go to her and her father and tell them all. I am sure Colonel Longley is not a hard man, Gorham."

"You do not love me! You cannot love as I do!" burst forth Gorham, in hot, boyish passion. "Else you would never talk so coldly. Go, leave me!"

"Yes, Gorham, I do love you truly," replied Dilly, "but I love truth and honor better. Do not be offended, you will think better of this. Good night, Gorham. I dare linger no longer here." And hastening from the maple thicket, striving to quell her own heart, Dilly Ware, all unheeding the prostrate form crouching down among the shrubs so near that her dress brushed in passing, fled on and on, through the garden walks, and along the terraces, till her feet had trodden the stairs of Longley Mansion, and she had gained her own chamber.

An hour later, a knock came at Dilly Ware's door. Opening it, Virginia Longley stood upon the threshold bearing a taper in her hand. Dilly had not slept, and her cheeks were pale, but not so marble in their hue as her mistress's. There was a strange brilliancy in Virginia's eyes, and dusky circles rimmed them. Dilly started back affrighted.

"Hush," said Miss Longley, in a cold, hollow voice. "Come with me. Papa wishes to see you in his library."

"How cold you are, Miss Virginia," said Dilly, laying her hand on her young mistress to take away the candle. "You are sick."

"No, I am quite well. Don't touch me, Dilly Ware!" exclaimed the girl, drawing away her hand impatiently. "Why should I not be perfectly well?" she asked, with a hard, husky laugh. "But go, hasten. You will meet him in the library," she added, bitterly.

Dilly Ware stopped on the threshold, while her lips were compressed.

"Miss Longley, in this hour we are equals. You shall tell me what I ask. What sent you here? What do you know of him?"

"All!" was the reply, in a cold, haughty tone. "You have said rightly, Dilly Ware; we two are equal—both duped by an artful boy. But go on. My father is kept waiting."

"You saw me go forth to meet him to-night; you overheard his words? Is this so, Miss Virginia?" asked Dilly.

"It is. But hasten. Did I not tell you he is there below?" answered Virginia, sharply. "Why do you not go to meet your lover?"

"Miss Virginia, you are blaming me, your heart is bitter towards me—but before my Maker, I will say that I am not wholly in fault. When Gorham Rockwell came around me day after day, it was long before I would listen. Not till he had told me that he had never loved you, save as a sister, not until then did I listen. And then, O, Virginia Longley, what can you, born in love and nurtured by a father's and mother's kisses, what can you know of the cravings of the desolate, poor-house girl's heart? But I was wrong, I felt that all the time. I came away and refused to listen to his words. I will never, never see him more. Don't look so freezingly on me, for indeed, I am not so very much to blame." And she caught Virginia's hand and covered it with kisses.

A softened curve grew about Miss Longley's lips. She shaded her eyes with her disengaged hand.

"It is not you who are so much in error, Dilly, but he. And to think I have loved him so! Girl!" and she trembled violently, "to-night, by the merest accident, I heard all. I saw you steal forth, but did not once imagine to meet him, till following you, I overheard his voice. I have told my father all. And now, whatever you are commanded in the library to-night, you must obey, remembering this, that henceforth Gorham Rockwell can be nothing to me. Now go." And mistress and maid glided silently through the gallery.

In the library a solitary flame burned in the candelabra on the mantel. Dusky shadows draped the heavy, oaken furniture. Colonel Longley stood with his back to the mantel, and his dimly lighted features looked dark and stern. He looked up as the twain entered, and walked forward a step or two, when Dilly crouched on the cushions of a divan near the door. Gorham Rockwell stood in a windowed niche, his face lost in the shadows. There was one other, the young clergyman of Hatfield, who had been for several days the guest of the colonel.

"Dilly, my child, come hither," said Colonel Longley.

Was that voice, so kind, so gentle, the voice of the usually stern Colonel Longley. Dilly started up, shook the brown curls from her forehead, and listened. Again it was repeated, and she went and stood beside him. Stooping, he brushed back her curls, upturned her face to his own, gazed earnestly, even tenderly into her eyes till a moisture started into his own, then suddenly bent lower and kissed her. Was he mad—that stern, proud man—to bestow a kiss on a pauper child? Surely all present were much surprised, and Gorham Rockwell's fingers worked nervously, and he made a sudden movement forward, as of jealousy.

"Gorham!" exclaimed Colonel Rockwell, sharply. The youth came forward with an embarrassed air.

"Gorham Rockwell, I have summoned you hither, not to upbraid or reproach you with the double part you have been playing, but to reason with you calmly and kindly. Had you come to me, or my daughter, and said, 'I wish to be released from my engagement,' neither would have withheld the freedom sought; but instead, you preferred to delude this poor child with promises which, upon my soul, I do not think you ever truly meant to redeem. What purposes were really in your heart, I will not say. I do not want to judge you too harshly; but, my boy, remember this, that for every heart you break in your wild and giddy youth, a thousand stings of conscience and never-dying remorse shall pierce your own through in all your after years—for every love you win, mock and destroy, a thousand recollections shall rise up to torture, to madden you!"

Colonel Longley was strangely excited, and spoke in low, sharp tones, almost full of pain. Gorham's lips lost their firmness and slightly quivered; the two maidens trembled, and the young clergyman intently watched the group. But the mood passed, and Colonel Longley spoke in firm, yet kind tones.

"Gorham, I know all. It is not best to multiply words. We will not speak of the past. If Dilly Ware is dear to you, as you have professed, I, as your guardian, do not withhold my consent for you to make her your wife."

"And when, may I ask, is this precious arrangement to be consummated?" said Gorham, sarcastically. "When am I to become the husband of Colonel Longley's *servant girl*?"

"This night!" thundered forth the colonel, in a tone that made his listeners start. "Boy, she whom you would have made the plaything of an

idle love-dream, is good enough, yes, too good for your wife!"

There was a pause of full five minutes in the library. That proud, passionate, dusky-haired boy of twenty summers stood mute and defiant; then, gradually his attitude changed to thoughtfulness, as though he revolved this strange proposal. It seemed a pictured tableau gathered in the dimly-lighted library. At length, Colonel Longley broke a silence growing painful.

"Gorham, I command your obedience! You are young, and your faults may have been but the common error of rash youth. The future can redeem all. You need not fear that this marriage shall hamper you now. It is my intention, at my daughter's request, to educate and fit Dilly for another station in life than she has hitherto occupied. She has been a rare child always; what she may be as a woman depends on this night's doings. Gorham, you cannot look her now in the face, and say the words you uttered scarce an hour ago were false—that you never loved her!"

"No, sir, I will not do that! I *have* loved—I *do* love her!"

"Then why this reluctance to obey my wishes?" asked the colonel, sharply.

"Obey! Ah, that's it," burst forth Gorham, passionately. "To be planned for, like a boy—to be commanded to do this! Colonel Longley, let me speak alone a moment with Dilly." And Gorham advanced to take her hand.

"Certainly; you can retire to the adjoining room," was the reply.

But Dilly Ware drew proudly back. Her form seemed to dilate, an almost queenly dignity begirt her; no longer her eyes fell beneath his like a blushing girl's. She quietly withdrew her hand.

"Gorham Rockwell, what you have to say to me, can be said in the presence of all here. What would you ask of me?"

The youth was a little disconcerted. Then he asked: "Dilly, is this your doings?"

"No; I knew nothing of this till Miss Longley brought me here. Do not fear that I shall ever seek to entrap you into marriage!" she replied, proudly.

"Do you still love me, Dilly?" queried Gorham, nervously, for her pride and coolness were quite new to him.

"After what has passed this night, you have no right to ask that, nor I to answer."

"Dilly, will you here and now marry me?" now asked Gorham.

There was something akin to abjectness in the tone of this question, which each person present

felt was wrung honestly from the depths of that proud boy's passionate heart.

"Gorham, is this your wish?" asked Dilly.

"Yes; it is I who speak now—not Colonel Longley!" he replied, impetuously.

"And yet, scarce an hour ago—scarce an hour ago—(, Gorham Rockwell—what love is this, that one moment would destroy—another cherish? Gorham, I cannot trust you. No, I cannot become your wife. Go!"

In amazement all looked upon the slight girl—the servant and pauper-child—who, invested with the dignity of womanly purity and resolve, repeated the decision that rejected the aristocratic youth—"No, I will not marry you, Gorham Rockwell!"

"Girl—Dilly, are you mad? You shall marry him! You are my own—" But Colonel Longley's accents suddenly grew inarticulate, and he sunk helpless, motionless from his chair.

They approached and raised him, but his head drooped limp and nervelessly; his eyes gazed on vacancy, while his lips strove to utter words that died away in broken, distorted syllables.

"He is smitten with paralysis!" exclaimed Walter Saville, the young clergyman, "and, unless I much mistake, he, who requested my presence to wed yon hair-brained couple, may, ere the morrow's sun, pass away from earth to that clime where they neither marry nor are given in marriage." And they bore the colonel away to his chamber.

Five years went by; and then the long-closed Longley Hall was re-opened to the sunlight. For those five years, silence and shadows had slept in Virginia Longley's apartments, and the old library that oft re-echoed her father's full, deep voice; and for five years the pillow in the servant's chamber remained unpressed by Dilly Ware's brown head, and her fair face had never seen its reflex in the fern-bordered spring. And for five years Colonel Longley had slept under the cedars in the family burial-ground, while the Hall had been given over to solitude. But now the young heiress had returned to dwell in her girlhood home; and with her came, as dearest friend and sister, she, whom we knew in olden days as Dilly Ware. Most faithfully had the high-souled Virginia fulfilled her own wishes regarding Dilly, wishes that were seconded by the few words her father revived to articulate ere he died. "Be kind to Dilly, treat her as you would a younger sister," he faintly uttered. "In my private cabinet you will find a letter in my own hand; and on your twenty-first birth-

day, call Dilly to your side, and read it together. My will is made; long ago I attended to all these things; the letter will explain all. My daughter, I have sinned, but I have also suffered. Do not judge me too harshly. Tell Gorham I was harsh and quick. Some day he may meet Dilly, and they may be happy yet. Now let Dilly come and kiss me. Ah, she has the eyes of her mother! Virginia—Lucy." And murmuring brokenly, he died.

Whatever thoughts they might have cherished as they stood at that death-bed, the two girls never uttered them; yet from that hour the heiress of Longley Hall and the child of the poor-house were as sisters. Together they followed the dead to his last resting-place; together they went mournfully from room to room; and then, together they entered the seminary where for three years they studied side by side. Two years more were spent in the family of the guardian Virginia had chosen; but now, on her twenty-first birthday, they stood again in the library of Longley Hall, and the letter was open before them.

"To my beloved daughter Virginia:

"Reading this, when the hand that penned these lines shall have fallen into dust, my Virginia—child born in wedlock—read of that other child, the fruit of sin and passion, for *Dilly Ware is your sister!* This secret I might carry with me to the grave, did not the brown eyes of the girl daily moving about me at her tasks forbid, those eyes through which I see the haunting gaze of the dead!

"My daughter, long before I wedded your mother, I knew and loved sweet Lucy Ware. But she was poor and lowly, while I was the son of luxury and affluence. Yet I would have wedded her, God knows how gladly! but my father was proud and stern; and on her knees my mother besought me not to bring this disgrace upon the Longleys. There was another reason, too; my father was trembling on the verge of ruin; he had speculated wildly. There was a brilliant Southern belle whom I might wed, and her thousands would redeem all. For that my mother prayed; and, Virginia, I loved my mother best of all on earth, excepting sweet Lucy Ware, and I promised her. I met and married Isabelle Vane, your mother.

"My child, I would not condemn the dead; but this marriage, contracted without affection on my part, and only to secure a brilliant, flattered man on hers, was most unhappy. We suffered. Home was no home to me till your blue eyes first opened to the light. Then I knew a season of comparative peace. Another year, and your mother died. And then poor Lucy Ware crept back to Hatfield poor-house with the fire of consumption blazing on her cheek, its canker worm in her heart. She brought there her two year old child—her child and mine—Dilly Ware. Blame her not. Lay the sin at my door. This day I believe Lucy Ware is an angel in heaven.

I believe her soul went up thither from the poor-house where she died.

"My child, I have to ask your forgiveness. I believe God has not withheld his. The world knows not of the stain upon my name, nor the deeper stain upon my heart; nor will it until the day when my wronged child takes up her name so long withheld—Dilly Longley.

"God bless you, Virginia! I know when you have read this, your own noble heart will prompt the rest. God bless you both—Virginia and brown-eyed Dilly, my beloved children!

"Your repentant father,

"EDWARD LONGLEY."

"Dilly, you shall share my name and wealth. We will be sisters always," exclaimed Virginia, with pale face and tearful eyes.

"But we will spare the dead from disgrace. Thus let it perish!" And the noble, brave-hearted Dilly Longley lighted a waxen taper and held the letter in the flame, till it fell a tiny heap of white dust, that a breath might waft away.

And thus the memory of the dead was left unsullied; and the two sisters wept in each other's arms.

Another year had been woven up into the web of the past, and in the library of Longley Hall, a question spoken there six years before was repeated in the hush of a summer's evening:

"Dilly, will you become my wife?"

But this query had been preceded by an avowal of love so pure and quenchless, a love which had redeemed a wild, reckless, passionate youth from a career of sin and folly, a love, which any high-souled maiden need not shrink from receiving into the sacred "innermost" of her heart. And this time, Dilly Longley did not draw back in injured pride or wounded delicacy; but with a faith born of six long years' devotion, tearfully laid her hand in his, murmuring:

"Yours, Gorham, for time and for eternity!"

And Virginia Longley and Walter Saville, coming suddenly past the low, library window from their walk in the terraced garden, looked into each other's faces, as these words of the reunited lovers fell upon their ears; for to them, those happy promises, foreshadowed vows to be repeated in their future.

And standing there in the summer starlight, with hands clasped in her redeemed, manly lover's, and heart throbbing back the echoes of his own, fell the boon of happiness upon the heart of Dilly, "THE CHILD OF THE POOR-HOUSE!"

The covetous man reverses the principle on which Æsop chose his burthen, and oppresses himself with a heavier load of provision the nearer he gets to the end of his journey.

## FOILING A FINANCIER :

—OR,—

## PREVENTING A WRECK.

BY WILLIAM A. STURGIS.

"THIS Mr. Rainsford's office?" demanded Ralph Rudderbrace, my very particular friend, shoving his head and shoulders through the doorway of a counting-room located on Commercial Wharf, in the good old city of Boston, one bright June morning in the year 1848, when times were so dull for the shipping interests, that sailors, from captains down, had become a drug in the market.

"Yes, sir!" was the instant response from a dapper little fellow, "without any hair on the top of his head," adding: "Your business?"

"I wish to see him!" said honest Ralph, advancing his body a few inches after his head and shoulders.

"Your wish is already gratified, sir. I am he!" And the dapper little gentleman, spurning his desk with his foot, whirled round on his office-stool, confronting my friend, who with an awkward pull at his topknot, and a scarcely less awkward scrape, resumed:

"Beg pardon, sir; but I heard's how you wanted a mate for the ship *West Wind*, now lying in port?"

"I don't!"

"I've been misinformed, then. Beg pardon for disturbing you! Good morning!" And the speaker was aping the polite Frenchman—whom he had been watching make love to the boarding-mistress's daughter for the last six weeks—and bowing himself out backwards, when the dapper gent exclaimed:

"Hold! You want a berth as mate?"

"I do, sir," rejoined Ralph, brightening up.

"Ah? Well; the mate's berth in the ship *West Wind* is vacant, and the captain requires a competent man to fill it. He chooses his officers; therefore you will perceive why, although owning the ship, I do not want a mate for her."

Ralph bowed, and the dapper gent resumed:

"Captain Benton has had several applications, but for some reason has made no choice. He will be here in an hour, when, if you call, you can see him; or you may probably find him at the ship now, if you choose to go down."

"Thank you, sir! I'll go down and see him at the vessel, then!" And Ralph bowed himself out, shaping a course for the end of Long Wharf, where the ship lay, which course we will leave him to steer, while we record a dialogue, which ensued, upon his departure, between the



dapper gent and a bluff, burly specimen of the amphibious portion of humanity, who bobbed into the counting-room bows first, a moment after my friend bobbed out stern first.

"Ah, good morning, Benton! Just had another application for the mate's berth aboard the West Wind!"

"Well, what colors did he show? Look as if he knew a marline spike from a penny roll?"

"I should call him a thorough-bred sailor, from appearance. But you'll see him, when you can judge for yourself. He's gone aboard now to hunt you up, and failing to find you, will probably return here at once."

"Liked his looks, eh? Well, that's in his favor. Did you give him an inkling of the duty required of him?"

"Why not ask me if I was insane at once? Have not I told you again and again that you must break that matter to whomsoever you ship yourself?"

"Yes; and in event of the deuce being to pay hereafter, I can foot the bill, I suppose," adding: "You're a keen one, Rainsford. I never dreamed, when I entered your employ, that I should be required to tarnish my honor as a man, and blast my reputation as a seaman, by— But no matter! If it comes to the worst, I can go with her, and I aint sure but I shall! If I don't, I know I can never hold up my head in the presence of an insurance agent again, as long as I live."

"Tut, tut, Benton! You've got the blues this morning! What care you what becomes of the ship, so long as you cancel the claim held against you by our firm, besides pocketing five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand— But I wont swear! Let me tell you, Rainsford, to the power alone which that claim gives you over my person, do you owe my consent to become a party to this vast fraud. If it were not for my wife and little ones, I'd die—ay, rot in prison, before I'd become the villainous tool of any shrewd scoun—"

"Beware!"

"Financier, then, if the term suits ye better."

"Well, go on."

"No, thank you! I've said enough."

"Too much, perhaps," answered Rainsford, drily; adding, after a brief pause: "But you know, Benton, it was not my fault that you were unfortunate in speculation, nor was it by my mismanagement you lost your all, besides incurring the vast indebtedness which the firm generously liquidated from a desire to retain your valuable services."

"Valuable indeed!" sneered Benton. "Yes,

they must be valuable, when they can be made available in the accumulation of sixty thousand dollars at one sweep! But there! drop the subject—change it, for heaven's sake, if you don't wish to send me to sea a maniac! When afloat, I shall have ample time for recurrence thereto, when I can school myself to bear it. At present, it maddens me!"

"As you will! Only bear in mind the conditions of your agreement, with the penalty attached, which you may be assured will be enforced to the letter, in event of failure on your part."

"Spare me! I require no reminder of what I incur. I've a monitor here"—and he laid his hand on his breast—"which will not cease its accusations until the deed is done, by which they will be doubled and which, in my own estimation, will transform hitherto honest Harry Benton into a black-hearted pirate, if not into a murderer!"

"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! If that aint rich, at your time of life! he, he, he!" And the dapper gent laughed at his own conceit as though he'd burst his sides, adding, when his merriment had somewhat subsided: "Well, I must say, for as brave a seaman as ever sailed out of this port, you betray as great a degree of cowardice, in view of the simple service required of you, as man can well betray. But I have your bond for its fulfilment, and, like Shylock, will only *'ask my bond.'* Enough! Are you ready for sea?"

"No."

"How's that? Was not the last of the cargo delivered yesterday?"

"No! nor can't be till noon to-day. Besides, the life-boat you ordered aint ready yet, nor can't be completed ere day after to-morrow."

"Sail without it, then; or better—buy one! There must be some in the market. Give any price, since you think one so necessary! I'll pay it!"

"Necessary! Have I not told you that when the West Wind goes down, 'twill be only in such a gale as would swamp any common boat ever built by the hands of man? I agreed to lose the ship, but not the crew! No, no! Come of me what may, they, poor fellows, shall at least have one chance for life!" And the stern-browed though tender-hearted captain passed quietly from the counting-room to the outer door, while his callous-hearted employer rejoined:

"Adopt what measures you will to assure their safety, be assured you have my consent. Ah, here comes our applicant! Young man," he continued, addressing Ralph, who at that moment brushed by the captain in the act of enter-

ing the store, "permit me to make you acquainted with Captain Benton, of the West Wind."

Ralph bowed low, at the introduction; while Captain Benton, recognizing in him the unmistakable traits of the seaman, cordially extended his hand, saying, as Ralph grappled with him:

"Happy to make your acquaintance! You want the berth of mate aboard my ship, I believe?"

"Yes, sir—if you have no one in view?"

"I have had a score of applications, but from parties who appeared to me almost too genteel to come in contact with a tar-bucket; so out of pure regard for their gentility, have declined their services. I want a man, and a sailor; for mate; not a gentleman navigator. I can take care of that part of the business; but I don't fancy keeping an eye to the rigging as well. However, you look as if you were pretty salt. What wages do you wish?"

"Fifty dollars per month!" replied Ralph, resolved to demand enough to pay for the nautical skill required by his questioner.

"Tall wages, young man, such times as these! When can you go on board?"

"Within an hour, if required, sir!" replied Ralph, somewhat amazed at the apparent favor with which the demand was viewed.

Hundreds of so-called first-class officers were to be had for thirty-five dollars a month, and deemed themselves fortunate to secure berths at that amount, which fact being well known to my friend, rendered the surprise still more profound, when the captain rejoined:

"Ah, I like that!" Have your traps right aboard! You can take charge at noon, and get the ship ready to go down the harbor with the first of ebb to-morrow."

"At fifty a month, sir?"

"Certain! I said I'd give it, didn't I?"

"But Captain Benton," chimed in the dapper gent, "you can obtain any number of mates at a much less figure?"

"Ship them then!" was the blunt rejoinder.

"This man suits me, and I choose to suit him with wages. O, never mind, Rainsford! He'll earn his money, or I'm mistaken in him."

"But fifty dollars, Captain— Can't you take less, young man?"

"Who ships the mate, sir—you or I?" demanded the captain, bluntly. "I thought I was to have my say in this matter, regardless of my own desire. I've had it; of what do you complain?"

"O, nothing! I'm glad you're suited, if it does cost fifty dollars a month!"

And the worthy owner assumed a pen, which he was about to apply to paper, when suddenly pausing, he turned to my friend, saying:

"Of course, having such high wages, you do not require any advance?"

"But I do, sir!"

"Can't allow it—"

"And why not?" demanded Benton, interrupting him.

"O, nonsense! Who ever heard of such a thing as fifty dollars a month and advance wages, with the wages out of port at least twenty-five or thirty per cent. less?"

"How much do you want, Mr.—"

"Rudderbrace," prompted Ralph; continuing, as his superior acknowledged the name with a nod: "Half a month, sir. My board-bill, and a trifle to the washer woman, must be squared up."

Captain Benton stepped to the desk, and taking up a pen, wrote rapidly for a minute; then tearing off the slip on which he had written, tendered it to Ralph, saying:

"Here's an order on the house of Rainsford & Co. for the amount, payable at sight. You have but to present it at their desk to receive your money."

Ralph gazed at the paper as he received it, and then at the speaker, evincing some surprise, which Captain Benton perceiving, resumed:

"Yes, step right up! This gentleman will cash it for you!" adding to the latter: "This, sir, is one of the measures to which you consented."

Leaving Ralph to receive his money, settle his bills, take possession of his state-room, and enter upon the discharge of his duties, we will transport our readers over a period of four months, and to the distant shores of India, in the Bay of Bengal, to a point just outside the Sandheads, mouth of the River Ganges, where the good ship West Wind lay becalmed, having performed the passage thither in perfect safety.

Methinks I hear the reader exclaim—"I thought she was to be cast away!" Stay! not too fast! She isn't in port yet, although her arrival in its vicinity may be deemed almost a sure indication of the safe consummation of the passage. Yet she was bound into port in direct opposition—if we may judge from the conversation in which one of them has figured before our readers—to the wishes of her owners, in explanation of the disregard of which by her commander and officers, we offer the following dialogue, which took place between the former and his first officer, in the first watch during the first night of the calm:

"Too bad to be caught in this change of the monsoons just at the entrance of our destined port, Mr. Rudderbrace! It seems as if fate had conspired in favor of Rainsford's wishes."

"It does, indeed! But you will have the consolation of knowing it was no fault of yours, captain, if we do fail to carry the ship in safely."

"True. And thanks to you, who placed that happiness in its true light before my distorted mental vision! I know how to appreciate it. No! I would not exchange the proud consciousness of having discharged my duty to my fellow-men for all the wealth of India! Should I live, and reach my home again, I can meet my darling wife's fond embrace with one as hearty—receiving the fond caresses of my children, yielded in all innocence, as a tribute due to my unblemished honor. I little dreamed, when you shipped, that beneath your rough exterior dwelt a soul on which mine should lean, and from which I could gather moral strength to remain a man!"

"Forbear! No flattery, captain, I beg! I have but done my duty, as you yours—conscious of which we can boldly face our owners, while you can defy their power. But we *must* go into port! The cargo, which you say is worthless, must be exhibited, to become the groundwork of our defence. If 'tis lost, your simple asseveration will go but little way against the copy of clearance retained in the Boston clearing-house. The full insurance would be paid, and you would be at their mercy still."

"I know it. But what can we do to prevent a total wreck? The wind is sure to come from sou'west, and if the typhoon strikes a vessel, no mortal power can save the ship, or prevent our bones from bleaching on the beach of some one of those islands which skirt the coast of Aracan."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Benton! Did you ever know the change of monsoon to be preceded by a calm before?"

"Not by personal observation; but I have heard of it!"

"There I, having seen it, have the advantage of you. It's my impression 'twill come from northeast and blow steady, unlike the regular typhoon, which traverses the compass ere it spends its power. It did so once, I know; and from recent observation, why should it not again? Besides, I've heard old coasters say such features in the gale was by no means uncommon."

"Perhaps it may, and I sincerely hope it will. But how hot and oppressive the air is! Come out from under the awning! I never told you

how Rainsford obtained such power over me, and the relation now will serve to pass the time away."

"In a moment, sir. I guess that awning may as well be stowed. We shall not need it to-morrow, or I'm mistaken!"

"As you will."

"Lay aft the watch and clear away the awning! Now, sir, I'm at your service."

"Well, when I first entered the employ of Rainsford & Co.—But what's that to northeast, Mr. Rudderbrace?—there away, on the verge of the horizon?"

"The gale!" exclaimed Ralph, as his gaze rested upon a low, black line of clouds extending about four points, along the northern and eastern horizon, adding: "We'll have it ere an hour expires."

"Then prepare to meet its force as we best may! Call all hands at once!"

And simultaneous with the order, the decks resounded with the shrill cry of "All hands! all hands ah-o-y! A typhoon! a typhoon!" rousing out all sleepers and bringing them on deck in a twinkling, when the ship was rapidly stripped of her canvass, her royal and topgallant yards sent down, and her topgallant masts housed, the last heel-lashing being scarce well secured, when the typhoon burst upon them with remorseless fury.

But the West Wind was in the hands of men who knew how to handle her; and although borne down—fairly buried, as it were—by the violence of the gale, for nearly five minutes, she answered her helm, and gathering headway, bounded away before the shrieking gale, which had exercised its force so far in vain.

Running to the southwest, she skirted the low, sandy, western shore of Bengal Bay for nearly thirty hours, gradually crawling shoreward as she drove, of which fact both commander and mate were well aware, yet dare not attempt to swerve a point from the course of the gale, lest broaching to, she might capsize, an event by no means improbable, should her broadside be opposed for even a moment to the power of the typhoon.

"I fear our cruise is up, Mr. Rudderbrace!" said the captain, as the morning of the second day dawned, bringing no abatement of the gale.

"Don't know about that, Captain Benton!" was Ralph's brief and hopeful rejoinder.

"Speak frankly, sir. Do you entertain a hope of surviving this gale?"

"I do. Several!"

"For mercy's sake, on what are they founded? You are aware that we are gradually but surely

approaching the beach, on which we are liable to strike at any moment, and which we cannot avoid longer than noon to-day!"

"By which time I hope to see the old boat safely moored in the Gulf of Cuttack, with both anchors ahead!"

"Impossible! Should we be driven into that gulf, nothing can save us! Is not the whole sheet of water exposed to the northeast?"

"Not all, sir. I know a little land-locked harbor, just inside the peninsula, in which we will be secure from the run of the sea at least, and I know if we can but get the anchors down, they'll hold her till the cables part, or something goes. I've been here before, and know every inch of the coast so well, that even in this gale I should not despair of taking the ship safely in, provided she drove into the gulf so near the promontory that I might catch one glimpse of the Pagoda of Nemul."

"In that case, take charge of the ship at once, Mr. Rudderbrace! I resign her with a hearty good will, for my knowledge of the coast heretofore extends no further than a faint recollection of a brief description given by Blunt."

"Which being unfaithful to fact, in the highest degree, you would find of little avail, did you attempt to navigate thereby. Of one thing I am certain; the typhoon will break as the sun rises, when I trust it may subside with sufficient rapidity to enable us to haul the ship to four points, a measure which will be absolutely necessary in attempting the passage into Nemul."

"You speak hopefully, Mr. Rudderbrace. Heaven grant the realization of your hopes!"

"Amen! 'Twould not be a bad idea to have the life-boat ready."

"Well thought of! Yes, prepare her for service by all means, and in addition, supply the men with life-preservers."

"Ay, ay, sir!" And the mate repeated the orders to his subordinates, when they were instantly executed.

The sun rose above the horizon, but invisible to their gaze because of the dense haze prevailing; while with the ascension of the former, a visible abatement in the power of the wind became manifest. Two hours later, the mate ascended to the foretopmast head, where he remained nearly an hour as a necessary precaution, while he kept his gaze unwaveringly fixed ahead, in expectation of beholding the pagoda.

At last his perseverance was rewarded, as it burst to view, yet indistinctly, less than a mile distant, whereupon he forsook his post, and reaching the deck by a swift passage down the backstays, shouted:

"Clear chain, and cut away all tricing-lines! Give her sixteen fathoms forward the windlass on both chains, and a double range\* on each part, abaft!"

Then he hurried aft, and taking his station at the wheel, was joined by Captain Benton, to whom he said:

"I have it! The pagoda is nearly abeam by this time. Ha! There! don't you see it? Just forward the mizzen rigging. Thirty minutes hence this ship will ride safely at her anchors, or be in pieces!" And turning partly away, he gazed steadily at the huge pile of idolatrous architecture, until it bore some three points abaft the beam, when shouting "hold on, for your lives!" he sprang to the helm, and with the helmsman's aid, hove it hard a-starboard, when the gallant ship yawed wide to port, falling fairly over on her beam-ends, and burying to her hatch-combings in the foam covered surface.

Yet her course was still onward—her huge hull, lying broadside to, being propelled in a right direction for some three minutes, which seemed as many ages, when she reared upon a huge roller, and plunging once or twice, seemed to sink still deeper, more than one brave heart quailing, and more than one voice giving escape to the thrilling cry—"Lost! lost!"

But they were not lost—as but a few moments sufficed to assure them; when the ship with righted helm, again fell off before it, until she gathered headway, when the mate again cried, "Hard a-starboard! Quick! quick, my man!" and clearing the poop-ladder at a bound, had reached the fore-castle ere the ship was again borne down, when grasping the axe tendered him by the third mate, he tripped the ring-stopper, letting go the best bower.

This snubbed the ship's progress, canting her slightly head to wind, as she overran her anchor, when the second was let go, which effectually checked her progress, as it brought up within a few fathoms of the bare end, when plunging bows under, she rolled heavily and lay straining at her anchors.

"Will she hold?" demanded the captain, as he shook the spray from his hair on joining the mate on the main deck.

"She can't help it if the cables stand the strain, which I doubt. I'd cut away the masts. They can be of no service should we part chain, and without them, our chance to hold would be much better."

"Cut them away, then!" rejoined Captain Benton, decisively. And seizing the cook's

\* Eight fathoms.

hatchet, he struck the first blow towards relieving her of her spars.

A few sweeping blows, aimed at stays and shrouds, and the hurricane completed the work, leaving the gallant ship a sparless hull, in which state she rode out the gale in safety.

In due time, her condition was made known in Cattack, when she was towed over to the main, and eventually—as soon as the regular monsoon set in—up to Calcutta, where, upon examination of her fraudulent cargo, her owners were indicted as guilty of intended fraud upon the insurance, and the ship thrown upon the hands of the consignees, who refitted her, reappointing Captain Benton to the command, who loaded and sailed for home, which he reached in due time, and where he found his late owners under heavy bonds to appear and answer to the charge preferred against them by the agent of the combined companies who had taken the risk on the ship.

Captain Benton appeared as the principal evidence against them, securing their conviction, in return for which they prosecuted their claim against him—for money advanced and claims bought up—to the amount of fourteen thousand dollars. But his straightforward course had secured him powerful friends, in the various insurance companies whose interests he had guarded, and who now defended him, paying all costs, and eventually securing his triumph on the ground of fraud, with an intent to gain unlawful power of the individual.

In conclusion, I would add that Captain Benton still sails to and from Boston, commanding a ship, of which he owns the largest share, while several vessels of a smaller class bear on their registers his name as part, if not sole owner.

Of one of these, a barque, my friend Ralph Rudderbrace had recently command, and might have now, had not he, like myself, gave up his chosen profession, allured therefrom by—but, reader mine, that must remain his secret. Suffice it that to this day Captain Benton remains his warmest friend, and oft asserts that to him alone does he owe his present wealth and happiness, both of which had ever eluded his grasp had he, in obeying the wishes of his fraudulent owners, strengthened still more the tie by which they held him, ready to sacrifice him to their own safety, a victim to their fraud.

#### NIGHT.

The sun went down in clouds, and seemed to mourn  
The sad necessity of his return;  
The hollow wind and melancholy rain,  
Or did, or was imagined to, complain;  
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;  
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.  
[Yours.

#### INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

Thrushes feed very much on snails. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot, with a snail shell in his mouth, which he placed between two stones, and hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when it was rolling about, and he therefore found and made use of a spot which would keep the shell in one position. When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast or hole, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet, in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, which, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when it is immediately seized and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird. The lapwing frequents the haunts of moles. The animal, when in pursuit of worms, on which it feeds, frightens them, and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, when it is seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

#### GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

The Rev. Mr. Nosworthy, who died in 1677, had, from the persecuting spirit of the times, been imprisoned in Winchester, where he met with much cruel usage. After his release, he was several times reduced to great straits. Once, when he and his family had breakfasted, and had nothing left for another meal, his wife, lamenting her condition, exclaimed, "What shall I do with my poor children?" He persuaded her to take a walk abroad with him, and seeing a little bird, he said, "Take notice how that little bird sits and chirps, though we cannot tell whether it has been to breakfast; and if it has, it knows not whither to go for dinner. Therefore be of good cheer, and do not distrust the providence of God, for are we not better than many sparrows?" Before dinner they had plenty of provisions brought them. Thus was the promise fulfilled, "They who trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing."

#### COMPANY PHASES.

"I wish we could have company all the time, mother," said Sarah.

"Why, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Because, mother, father is so pleasant when company is here. He calls me *dear*, then, and he kisses Henry, and sometimes he takes me with baby on his knee. O, mother, when shall we have company again? I am so happy when father loves me!" Then she asked:

"Mother, why does not our father love us so all the time? It makes us so happy! And O, didn't he smile so dearly on you to-day, mother? If he knew how much good it does, he would be so always, wouldn't he, mother?"—*Picayune.*

## LOVE'S LIBATION.

BY WILLIE K. FABOR.

I look upon her gentle face,  
And through the lattice of her eyes  
The secret of her life I trace—  
The love her heart cannot disguise.

She walks about like those who keep  
A memory of pleasant things;  
Of rose-hued visions, such as sweep  
Life's azure on hope's rainbow wings.

Her lips are sweeter than the rose;  
Her cheeks are rivals of the peach;  
And what her eyes will not disclose,  
Slips through the gateway of her speech.

I look upon her as she stands,  
Free from all woman's wiles and art;  
And in my own I clasp her hands,  
And lay them on my beating heart.

And as I look upon her face,  
And through the lattice of her eyes,  
The secret of her life I trace,  
And all the love that in them lies.

## SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Probably the best illustration of the benefit of patient and continuous thought, that has ever been presented for the encouragement of the young, is to be found in the early life of England's great philosopher, the illustrious Newton. He had at the outset, only the humble advantages for instruction which a common day school could furnish in England, two hundred years ago. He thus acquired reading, writing and arithmetic, and at the age of twelve was sent to a grammar school. But he displayed at this age no particular proficiency in the studies to which his school hours were devoted, and was, according to his own admission, extremely inattentive to his tasks, and stood very low at school. The energy to excel was at length aroused in him by the singular circumstance of a kick in the stomach by the boy next above him in his class. Though the boy was taller and stouter than himself, Isaac challenged him to fight in return for the kick. They met in the churchyard, and after a severe struggle, Newton became the conqueror. This pugilistic success stimulated the youth to excel his opponent in scholarship, and he devoted himself to his studies with such vigor, that he soon outranked his antagonist, and before long placed himself at the head of the school.

While a schoolboy he manifested a strong mechanical genius, and with the aid of little saws, hammers, hatchets and other tools, occupied his play hours in constructing models of

known machines and ingenious contrivances. In this way he made windmills, water-clocks, and a carriage to be moved by the person who sat in it. His next enterprise of this character, was the construction of a sun-dial, whereby any person could tell the time of day. This he accomplished without any knowledge of the laws of dialling as modified by latitude; but by a series of patient observations at all times of day and seasons of the year, by means of wooden pegs driven into the walls and roofs of the buildings at his home. His success in these primitive experiments led him to carve two dials on the walls of his parents' house at Woolthorpe, one of which is preserved to this day in the Museum of the Royal Society at London. At the age of fifteen, his mother took him from school to assume the charge of the family farm, but his confirmed habits of study and investigation made him comparatively useless, both on the farm and at the market. When he was sent to Grantham with the market wagon, to dispose of the farm produce, he usually left the business to an old farm-servant who accompanied him, and resorting to the garret of the house where he used to live when at school, spent the time in perusing a parcel of old books that were stored there. Upon the servant's return from market, he would intercept him on the road between Grantham and Woolthorpe, and ride home with him. This and similar neglects of duty upon the farm, convinced his mother and uncle that they could never make a farmer of young Isaac, and they determined that he should be educated for a different life.

Accordingly he was sent back to school, and subsequently to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made the most unusual and rapid progress in mathematics, optics, and kindred studies. He had mastered all the text-books of the class before he was called upon to hear the tutor's lectures upon those works, and in the midst of the lecture terms his available time was devoted to eager and independent pursuit of further knowledge. At the age of twenty-two, he discovered the celebrated doctrine of fluxions, which is one of the pillars of his fame, and an essential aid to astronomy and all the higher mathematical investigations. Newton also gave his attention to optics, producing the far-famed reflecting telescope which bears his name. His attention to refracting telescopes, and efforts to improve the lenses, led him into deep researches upon the subject of light and the phenomena of color, and gave rise to his famous corpuscular theory of the materiality of light. In the midst of these investigations, the terrible Plague of 1665 broke out in England, which carried off nearly seventy

thousand persons, in London alone. This drove Newton from Cambridge to his maternal home. While thus banished from his favorite books at the University, his ever active mind struck upon the brilliant discovery of the theory of gravitation. The fall of an apple from a tree, beneath which he was reclining in study, led him to question why the apple would fall, and why if one body of matter was attracted towards another, there should not be an universal law of attraction, extending to the moon, and all the planets, and even throughout the universe?

The cessation of the plague interrupted this investigation for a time, by recalling him to college, where, in 1667, he was elected as one of the Fellows. Four years later, he succeeded his own teacher, the celebrated Dr. Barrow, as Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and in his lectures developed his discoveries in optics. The comet of 1680 attracted his attention, and by numerous experiments he proved the truth of Kepler's supposition about the motions of the primary planets, thus elevating astronomy from a speculative to an exact science. Soon after, at the request of the Royal Society, he published his celebrated *Principia*; and in 1703, he was elected president of that learned body, which office he adorned for a period of twenty-five years, until the day of his death. Newton's gigantic achievements in science won for him the respect and admiration of the learned both in England and abroad, and the patronage and favor of the great. He was knighted by Queen Anne, in 1705, and subsequently became an established favorite at the court of George I. The Princess of Wales, afterwards the persecuted and unfortunate Queen Caroline, who was a woman of superior mind, was his pupil, and profited greatly by the instructions of the great philosopher, in astronomy and mathematics. But the honors and affluence that rewarded his intellectual labors, never made him proud or vain-glorious. On the contrary, he was ever meek and unassuming in his deportment, battling with a giant's strength for truth, but never for himself. He died in 1727, at the age of eighty-five, his mighty intellect shining bright until within a few days of his death, when it became obscured from human view by the failure of the worn-out tabernacle. Newton's mind was of that high order that becomes more and more humble before the throne of the Supreme Ruler, the deeper it penetrates into the mysteries of his creation. He was from first to last, a sincere and devout Christian; and never in all its lofty soarings, did his spirit settle upon the cheerless and icy peaks of infidelity. In his last days he manifested his sense of humility, and faith in the

boundless power of the world's Creator, in the following striking remark: "I know not what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself now and then by finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

#### PREDICAMENT OF A SARPENT.

A resident of Texas says:—"One night my wife and myself were awakened by a noise from the shelf, which contained our small store of crockery, followed by a crash, which showed that a great portion of our cups and plates had been thrown to the floor. Springing up to discover the author of this "attack upon China," I found a large snake in a somewhat unpleasant "fix." He had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs which were scattered about. One of these he had swallowed, and in order to get at the next, he had put his head and a portion of his body, through the handle of a jug which happened to stand between the coveted delicacies. The handle was just open enough to let the body, in its natural state, slip cleverly through; but not sufficient to let it pass when puffed out by the egg. In this position he had swallowed the second egg. His snakeship thus found himself unable to advance or retract; and in floundering about to escape from this novel stocks, had caused the accident which had aroused us. I, of course, proceeded at once to execute summary justice upon the interloper; but the eggs which he had swallowed were a dead loss."

#### A MODEL TENT.

The guy ropes of each tent had already been carefully fastened to large rocks as well as to pickets; and my wife's tent I had had constructed in Edinburgh on the following plan, for promoting both cleanliness and safety. Safety, in that the manner in which tents are generally blown away by a storm, and the inmates rendered most miserable and left most helpless—being, by the wind getting in under the walls, and then turning inside out, like an occasional accident to an umbrella—this source of weakness was now avoided by making a canvass floor, and forming it in the same piece with roof and walls. In such case the wind, by getting underneath, cannot enter the interior; and, besides that, if all one's heavy baggage is brought into this tent, it is so securely ballasted thereby, as to be independent of the usual pegs; and though it may be blown down, that is the whole mischief. Cleanliness at least is secured in a hot, dry and dusty country; because such a tent, carrying its own floor, can at once be put down in the sand, which then forms a soft understratum, but cannot enter the interior in the usual way, and begrike everything therein.—*Astronomer's Experiment.*

#### THE DEVOTEE.

The devotee  
Lives not on earth, but in his ecstasy;  
Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,  
His soul is gone, before his dust, to heaven.—BROWN

## Curious Matters.

### Ingenious Invention.

A German woodman has recently invented an ornithological clock, by marking the hours of the waking and the first notes of the little songsters. The signal is given by the chaffinch, the earliest riser among all the feathery tribes. Its song precedes the dawn, and is heard in summer from half-past one to two o'clock, A.M. Next, from two to half-past two o'clock, comes the black cap, (*Sylvia atricapilla*) whose warblings would equal those of the nightingale if they were not so very short. From half past two to three o'clock the quail is heard. From three to half past three the hedge-sparrow. Then from half past three to four o'clock, we have the black-bird, the mocking-bird of our climate, which imitates all tunes so well, that M. Dureau de la Malle made all the black-birds of a French canton sing the Marseillaise hymn, by letting loose a blackbird which had been taught that tune. From four to half-past four the lark pours forth its melodies; from half-past four to five o'clock the black-headed titmouse is heard. Lastly, from five to half past five o'clock, the sparrow, the *gamin* of the skies, awakes, and begins to chirp.

### Curious Calculation.

A correspondent of the Chicago Free Press, reflecting on the sad fate of Thurston, the aeronaut, has been induced to compute the time he would be in falling to the earth; his mean velocity, as well as the momentum with which he would strike the earth. His elevation was thought to be three miles, and assuming this to be the distance which he fell, it would only require thirty-one and a half seconds for him to reach the earth, a mean velocity of 495 feet per second. Assuming his weight to be 100 pounds, he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 160,800 pounds, or a little more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to scatter his body, bone and muscle, into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the earth."

### Voracious Rats.

In Montevideo, in South America, the long, narrow streets are so infested with voracious rats that in the night the passage of some of them is perilous. So far are they from running off in affright to their burrows, that they will turn round, set up an ominous cry, and will then make a rush at your legs in a way to make your hair stand on end. Between them and the venturesome stranger many a hazardous affray occurs, and though sometimes he may fight his way home victoriously by the aid of a stout stick, on other occasions he will be forced to fly down some narrow cross lane, leaving the rats undisputed masters of the field.

### Valuable Document.

They have discovered in an old cabinet, a tin case containing a parchment scroll, which upon examination, proved to be a description of the Regalia of Scotland. The document appears to have been signed in the crown room of the Castle of Edinburgh, on the 29th of March, 1707, in the reign of her majesty, Queen Anne.

### Natural Aquarium.

An aquarium has been discovered on an island, near Swampscot, Mass., formed by a natural hollow in the rocks, in which are found various specimens of the aquatic tribes.

### A precocious Child.

A juvenile prodigy has just been discovered in New York, in the person of a girl named Ella Virginia Burns, whose remarkable powers of reading and repeating from memory passages of poetry and prose astonish all who have heard her. The Tribune, which has been favored with a private interview with the wonderful girl, says: "The child is not quite four years old, exceedingly pretty, playful and ebullient; in short, in all things a child, except in her remarkable development of talent. Few persons of any age, and probably not another one in the world of her own, could read with the clearness of enunciation, and correctness of understanding and perfect apprehension of what she read, a piece of poetry which we opened upon accidentally in a scrap-book and handed to her, and which there is not one chance in a thousand of her ever having seen before. The only drawback to the satisfaction in listening to her is, the regret that one cannot help feeling that there should be any necessity of stimulating, or even permitting, the exercise of such rare faculties."

### The Hag.

Among the cartilaginous fish there is one known as the hag, which is possessed of a very remarkable mode of escaping its enemies; by creating a vacuum with its lips, it adheres with such tenacity to fishes that they cannot shake it off—like the leech, it lacerates with its teeth, and draws the life-blood from the object of attack. Thus fixed, it offers a tempting bait, and might readily become an easy prey were it not that Providence has afforded it a means of escape of a remarkable character. When danger approaches, the hag emits a species of excrement of a slimy nature, which surrounds and conceals it from view. This matter is so abundant that he can continue to emit until a large tub of water is thoroughly imbued, and after a short time it assumes the transparency of glue, and may be drawn into long threads. This fish has neither ventral nor pectoral fins, and its body appears devoid of a head, terminating in a circular thick lip.

### A telegraphic Prophecy.

Joel Barlow, the author of the "Columbiad," and many other patriotic poems, and for many years a resident of Philadelphia, wrote as follows in 1796:

"Ah, speed thy labors! sage of unknown name,  
Rise into light, and seize thy promised fame,  
For thee the chemic powers their bounds expand,  
The imprisoned lightning waits thy guided hand,  
Unnumbered messengers, in viewless flight,  
Shall bear thy mandates with the speed of light."

### Longevity of Artists.

Laux, in his history of painting, gives a list of upwards of a thousand artists. A majority of the number lived more than sixty-five years, one hundred and fifty-eight lived beyond eighty years, twenty-seven beyond ninety years, and three died upwards of one hundred years old. The average age of the whole was somewhat over sixty-six years.

### Photographic Wonder.

M. Bertsch, a photographer, has obtained a photograph of the parasite of an insect—which is itself a parasite of the bee. This insect, which has been magnified to a million of times its size in surface, is covered with a shell not unlike that of a tortoise. Its paws are armed with suckers and claws, which enable it to cling with immense force to the parasite on which it feeds.



### Singular Discovery.

Death was once found in the pot, and now he has been detected in the snuff-box. Long ago the destroyer was found in the snuff, but since that he has been discovered lingering in the box itself. In boxes lined with very thin lead—but especially in cases where the leaden lining is thicker, and which are much used by the Paris retailers—a chemical action takes place, the result of which is to charge the snuff with sub-acetate of lead. This result was suspected by Chevalier, and has been confirmed by Boudet, of Paris, and Mayer, of Berlin, by long and careful experiments. The latter learned chemist traces several deaths and cases of “asthmic paralysis” to the patients having taken snuff from packets, the inner envelope of which was thin sheet-lead, in constant contact with the powdered weed.

### A long Journey.

“Saturday afternoon,” says the Detroit Advertiser, “we saw a Swedish lady at the depot on her way to her husband at Sheboygan, who left Sweden one year last August for this country, and has consequently been over fourteen months on her way! She was shipwrecked twice, the first time on the coast of Scotland, on board an American vessel called the ‘May Queen.’ She has endured innumerable hardships on the way, and paid her passage twice, with that of her children, who accompany her. She has three children—girls, from about seven to twelve years of age. She had been to this country before, and returned to Sweden on a visit. The family took the cars for Chicago, Saturday night, greatly rejoiced that their long journey was so near a termination.”

### Action of Sugar on the Teeth.

M Laro, of France, in the course of his investigations on the teeth, has arrived at the following conclusions:—First, that refined sugar, either from cane or beets, is injurious to healthy teeth, either by immediate contact with these organs, or by the gas developed owing to its stoppage in the stomach; second, that if a tooth is macerated in a saturated solution of sugar, it is so much altered in the chemical composition that it becomes gelatinous, and its enamel opaque, spongy, and easily broken; third, this modification is due, not to free acid, but to a tendency of sugar to combine with the calcareous basis of the tooth.

### Antiquity of a Habit.

The practice of resting the pen behind the ear, when not in actual use—a manoeuvre performed by clerks with such professional rapidity, and such unerring regularity and ease, as if it were really “the right thing in the right place”—has at least antiquity to recommend it. According to Mr. Wilkinson, the scribe of ancient Egypt would clasp his reed pencil behind his ear, when listening to any person on business; as the painter was also in the habit of doing when pausing to examine the effects of his painting.

### Comets and Good Wines.

By a somewhat remarkable coincidence it has been remarked that the years distinguished by the appearance of comets have also been distinguished by superior vintages, and the quality of the vintage has risen in proportion to the brilliancy of the comet. Indeed, so marked has this fact become, as to assume the character of a brand—“Comet Brand”—as indicating a superior vintage. This year the vintage is very superior, both as to quantity and quality, and we have a comet.

### Transference of Vitality.

The transference of vitality which seems to occur when young persons are habitually placed in contact with the aged, is well attested by very competent authorities. A distinguished author, Dr. James Copeland, says:—“A not uncommon cause of depressed vital power is the young sleeping with the aged. This, however explained, has been too long remarked. I have occasionally met with the counterpart of the following case. I was, a few years ago, consulted about a pale, sickly and thin boy, of about four or five years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of the functions. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he was a very robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother—a very old person—took him to sleep with her; that he soon after lost his good looks, and that he continued to decline progressively, notwithstanding the medical treatment to which he was subjected.”

### A Centennarian Preacher.

About twelve years ago there was living in the town of Frankford, near Utica, New York, a man by the name of Harvey, 111 years of age. He had been for three-fourths of a century a preacher of the gospel. From an informant, who saw him at that time, we learned that he was born in Dutchess county, New York, and that he distinctly remembered running about there in the woods a hundred years ago! During his life he had devoted some of his time and attention to farming, but always preached—and was doing so when we heard of him! He walked without any assistance, except that of a staff. His conversation, as well as his style of preaching, was animated—and frequently his eye brightened with the vivacity of youth. His mind appeared to be clear and sound, and his voice was strong enough to be heard through an assemblage of a thousand persons, or more. Wherever he went, multitudes flocked to hear him.

### Sympathy in Twins.

“I once,” says M. Troussseau, “had two brothers for clients, who were twins, very rich, and both directors of *maisons de jeux celebres*. They were so like each other that I did not know them apart. But more than this, they had a remarkable pathological similitude. Thus, one of them, whom I saw at Nesthermes, suffering from a rheumatic ophthalmia, said to me, ‘My brother at this moment must have an ophthalmia, like mine.’ And as I dissented to this, he two days afterwards showed me a letter from his brother, who wrote, ‘I have my ophthalmia, thou must also have thine.’ However singular this may appear, it is perfectly true.”

### A new Anchor.

The vessels of the Paraguay Expedition are furnished with a novel affair in a new kind of sea-anchor. It is about fifteen feet long, and is constructed something like the leaf of an umbrella, braced with wood, and made of canvas; the centre is iron, and by throwing this machine overboard in a heavy sea, the ship would be instantly hove to, were the water ever so deep.

### A Silent Printing Office.

In the town of Zuhlagen, Wurtemberg, there has lately been opened a new printing establishment, by Mr. Theodore Heigerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of one hundred and sixty; eleven of the former are women.

## The Florist.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,  
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,  
Where the pious lark his evening ditty chants,  
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.  
TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLEY.

### Roses and Bulbs.

Bulbs may be left in the earth as long as they will grow; because they produce but little foliage, which soon dies and can be cut off. Roses should be taken up, and their situation changed, as soon as they cease to flower vigorously. If roses are planted out in a shrubbery, they will gradually lose their vigor, and in five or six years cease to flower, for want of light and air, and the manuring the soil; hence they will become the very reverse of ornamental. The style of planting and thinning, so as to keep each plant distinct, and always about to touch, but never actually touching, those around it, is what Mr. Loudon, a famous English gardener, calls the gardenesque treatment of shrubberies, and a manner highly approved of.

### Myrtles.

Myrtles should be grown in a soil composed of a mixture of peat and loam, in which the former predominates; they should be regularly watered, and frequently syringed. Some persons nip off the tips of the young shoots, to make them grow bushy; and although it has this effect, it is a bad practice, as it prevents them from flowering. A better plan is, to make cuttings, and first plant them in very small pots, gradually changing them into larger ones, till the plant has acquired a bushy habit of growth.

### Auricula.

This is a favorite plant with all lovers of floral beauty, and, when seen in perfection, leaves nothing to be wished for. In order to show its true beauty, the stem should be strong, erect and elastic. The flowers should be round; but this seldom happens—the nearest approach to it being somewhat starry. The bunches of blossoms contain rarely less than seven beautiful bright flowers. It is a plant which should be in every garden, and on every flower-stand.

### Doryanthes Exceles.

The only species known is a splendid Australian plant, sending up a flower-stalk twenty or thirty feet high, crowned with a head of bright scarlet flowers. This plant is herbaceous, and it requires a peaty soil and green-house heat. It dies as soon as it has produced its flowers.

### Psidium Myrtaceae.

The Guava.—Tropical shrubs, which are generally grown in a stove here, but one kind of which, Cattle's Guava, will ripen fruit in a green-house. In the West Indies the fruit is used for making the well-known guava jelly. All the kinds should be grown in loam and peat, and they are all propagated by layers.

### Nymphaea.

The Water-Lily. One species of this beautiful plant grows wild here and in England; but there are others, some with blue and some with pink flowers, which require the aquarium of a green-house to induce them to flower here.

### Arbutelon.

The arbutelon is a beautiful plant for parlor culture in winter. The singularly elegant forms of its bell-shaped, straw-colored flowers render it very attractive, although the rather stiff character of the plant itself does not particularly adapt it to greenhouse culture. This should be introduced in November into the house intended to have fire-heat at night, and it will require but little care beyond watering. It should be allowed a good-sized pot and any rich, loamy compost that may be at hand. In spring, the branches should be well cut back, to keep the plant bushy and within moderate bounds. During summer, it may stand out with the other house plants until October.

### Plants in Pots.

In general, all plants grown in pots should have the support of a regular or symmetrical shape; and all those grown in beds or borders, such as sweet peas, the nasturtium, the scarlet runner, etc., should have small, branchy stakes inserted in the soil in a regular manner, so as not to appear the work of chance or carelessness, but of art and careful design. In the case of climbing roses, they may either be supported by training against walls or trellis work, or on single rods, with expanding, parasol-like-tops of wire-work, or they may be supported on cones or pyramids of rods or poles.

### Ever-blooming Roses.

The ever-blooming roses are of a dwarf habit generally, and do not require pruning except to preserve the regular shape of the plant. Roses of this class may be easily propagated by cuttings of sufficiently ripened wood, set in pans or boxes in a cold greenhouse. Choose short wood, and make the cuttings about three inches long, inserting them in a compost of sand or loam, or mould—about two parts of sand to one of the other. The soil must be pressed firmly—an indispensable condition to success with all cuttings.

### Daphne Flowers.

The daphne mazoreon is a handsome shrub. The flowers come out before the leaves, growing in clusters all round the shoots of the former year. The flowers are succeeded by brilliant scarlet berries. Another variety, with white flowers, has yellow berries. The shrub is sweet-scented, and, where there are many together, they perfume the air to a considerable distance.

### The Calceolaria, or Slipper-wort.

A showy plant, comprising many varieties, and easy of culture. When kept in rooms, the plants should be placed in a cool window, where they will not freeze, and kept a little moist.

### Mormodes.

An orchideous epiphyte, with dark, purple flowers, from the Spanish Main. It should be grown on a piece of wood or bark.

### Woodwardia.

Exotic ferns, natives of Madeira; a few varieties of which are found here in North America.

### Xylobium.

Brazilian parasites, growing on trees, and requiring a stove heat. Should be grown on bark.

### Chinese Chrysanthemums.

The varieties of this fine flower are frequently cultivated in pots, and may be taken from the ground and put into pots, even when in full flower, without injury, and when the bloom is over, returned to the garden; in the spring following, they will throw up an abundance of suckers. In October and November, when the waning year has left the garden comparatively cheerless, these, with their various colors, deck them out in most pleasing gayety, and prolong the semblance of summer. If the flowers fade before hard frost prevails, it is best to either plunge the pots into the ground with the plants, or to turn them out of the pots and plant them, with the balls of earth entire, into the borders of the flower garden. In potting, one single stem is sufficient for a moderate sized pot, if the object be to have bushy plants; but if showy plants are desired, one of each of the varied colors may be selected for each pot, which should be sufficiently capacious to hold them without any crowding, as this will cause the plants to grow weak and slender.

### Camellias.

The camellia is a plant which requires abundance of water, and yet is soon killed by suffering stagnant moisture to remain about the roots. When grown in pots there should be abundant drainage; that is, the pots should be nearly a quarter filled with pot shreds. The soil should be peat-earth and sand, which may be mixed with a little vegetable mould, if it is desired to have the plant of very luxuriant growth. The plants should be potted high so as to let the collar of the plant be quite above the rim of the pot.

### Parlor Plants.

An airy parlor, or drawing-room, with windows facing the sun, may be considered a domestic green-house; and such apartments may be furnished with flowering plants, which will bloom and thrive, if certain precautions be adopted. The cultivation of plants in rooms, and on balconies and window-sills, has indeed become quite a prevalent taste, though it is a department of gardening in which very few succeed. The conditions upon which vegetation depends are light, heat and moisture.

### Love of Flowers.

Tell us not that the love of flowers is an indication of a weak and effeminate taste; it is only our manifestation of the love of the beautiful and true. The woman who loves flowers, becomes gentler and more refined from observing and nurturing, and associating, as it were, with these delicate children of nature; and the man can hardly be cold or hard-hearted, who finds delight in floriculture.

### Violets.

The violets are universal favorites. The tree violet, a double purple variety, is a beautiful flower. Those who desire to have flowers through all weathers, and violets on their table when snow is on the ground, should pot up some roots from the ground, and fill a common garden frame with them, keeping the frame covered in cold weather, and open all fine days.

### Napoleon's Weeping Willow.

This willow differs in many respects from the common kind, and it is probably the male variety of *Salix babingtonica*, of which the only female was known in England. It is of much slower growth than the common kind, and therefore better adapted for planting in a shrubbery.

### Polyanthus.

This is a truly beautiful flower. The properties of a fine polyanthus are, a round eye, of a bright clear yellow, and distinct from the ground color; the latter is most admired when shaded with a light and dark rich crimson, resembling velvet, with one mark or stripe in the centre of each division of the corolla, bold and distinct from the edging down to the eye, where it should terminate in a fine point. The florets should be large, quite flat, and as round as is consistent with their peculiar, beautiful figure, which is circular, except the small indentures between each division of the corolla. The edging of the flower should resemble a bright gold lace, bold, clear and well defined, and so nearly of the same color as the eye and stripes, as scarcely to be distinguished.

### Situation of the Green House.

Now that the glory of the garden is departed and the plants must be housed, it is well to think of their sojourning-place. The green house if possible should have a free exposure to the east, south and west, and be secure from the shade of trees. On the north side, and also in some degree on the east, there should be ample shelter from the cutting winds of spring and winter. If the green house is connected with the house, it should be raised on a sort of terrace a foot or eighteen inches from the ground. Many prefer to have the green house connected with the house, but it is scarcely as good as to have it an entirely separate building.

### The Tropaeolum Lobbianum.

This is a climbing, winter-blooming plant, which is valuable on account of the great quantity of singular scarlet, or deep orange-colored flowers, that can be gathered from it during the winter months. If placed in a large tub or pot, and trained up the rafters of the hot-house or flower-house, it will grow and bloom profusely; but it must have a warm temperature. In a small house, its rambling habits unfit it, in some respects, for such a position, and it is best to train it on a trellis, and limit it to a given space—but it cannot well be dispensed with.

### The Cardinal Flower.

The common cardinalis, which flourishes by the sides of little brooks, and in wet places, throwing up its glittering spikes of flowers, has been described by an old and celebrated florist, as "a flower of most handsome appearance, which should not be wanting in curious gardens, as it excels all other flowers I ever knew, in the richness of its color."

### Garden Anemone.

The cultivation of the anemone hortensis requires great attention in the selection of roots, which are apt to be of an inferior quality. They require a deep rich soil, with a considerable portion of dressing, covering the crowns of the roots about two inches. The tubes are flat, but the eye, from which the flower-stem rises, is easily seen on one of the sides.

### The Canary-Bird Flower.

The canary-bird flower belongs to the same genus of plants as the common nasturtium, and receives its name from the resemblance of its partly expanded blossoms to canary-birds. It grows rapidly, and blooms from mid-summer until frosts.

## The Housewife.

### To Pickle Pork.

Dredge it with salt pounded nearly as fine as flour; place upon four sticks crossed upon a dry, cold flag-stone, or in an earthen ware dish; let it remain to drain from eighteen to twenty-four hours; then rub it well in with a brine, consisting of one pound of salt, half a pound of coarse brown sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, and a quarter of an ounce of salt pruned; the last, if the pork is delicate, may be omitted. If many pieces are being salted, put them into a tub, and pack them closely, filling up the interstices with common salt; place a weight upon the top to keep the meat down, as well as to prevent the admittance of any air, and, when taken out for cooking, scrape off the salt; wash the pork in several waters, or place it under a water-tap, letting the water run upon it two or three minutes, turning it occasionally, or it may lie in soak half an hour; it should be put to boil in cold water, and when the rind is tender, it will be done enough.

### Mutton Soup.

Put the rations of six into a pan (half a pound of mutton will make a pint of good family soup), six pounds of mutton, cut in four or six pieces; three quarters of a pounds of mixed vegetables, or three ounces of preserved, as compressed vegetables are daily given to the troops; three teaspoonsful and a half of salt; one teaspoonful of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of pepper, if handy; six ounces of barley or rice, or five tablespoonsful of either; eight pints of water; let it simmer gently for three hours and a half, remove the fat, and serve. Bread and biscuit may be added in small quantities.

### Mirror Pudding.

Eight well-beaten eggs, a pound of powdered sugar, and two cups of rich cream, flavored with lemon; set it on the fire, and stir it till it thickens. The best way to do this is to put it in a pitcher, and set it into a kettle of warm water, not boiling, or it will crack the pitcher. Stir it till it thickens, then set it to cool. Line a dish with delicate cream-paste, put in the pudding, with a few strips of citron, if at hand. Bake it nearly an hour in a moderate oven, covering the rim, if it burns.

### Sauce for Fish.

Twenty-four anchovies chopped; ten eschalots; two ounces of horse-radish, scraped; four blades of mace; one lemon, sliced; twelve cloves; quarter of an ounce of black pepper, whole; one gill of the anchovy liquor; one quart of best vinegar; one quart of water. Let the whole simmer on the fire until reduced to one quart, in a covered saucepan, strain, and bottle for use. If required for long keeping, add a quarter of an ounce of cayenne pepper.

### Whips.

A pound of sugar, the juice of six lemons, mixed with a quart of rich cream, and whipped to a strong froth. Serve in glasses. If a pine-apple be cut in thin slices, sprinkled with sugar, and allowed to stand all night, and strained into the sugar through a sieve in the morning, it will add very much to the goodness of the whip.

### Calf's Feet Tea.

Two calf's feet boiled in a quart of water, a quart of milk, and baked in an oven, with the addition of lemon juice. Bake three hours, and remove the fat. Eat with sugar.

### A Cure for Burns.

Of all applications for a burn, we believe that there are none equal to a simple covering of common wheat flour. This is always at hand; and while it requires no skill in using, it produces most astonishing effects. The moisture produced upon the surface of a slight or deep burn is at once absorbed by the flour, and forms a paste which shuts out the air. As long as the fluid matters continue flowing they are absorbed and prevented from producing irritation, as they would if kept from passing off by oily or resinous applications; while the greater the amount of those absorbed by the flour, the thicker the protective covering. Another advantage of the flour covering is, that next to the surface it is kept moist and flexible. It can also be readily washed off without further irritation in removing. It may occasionally be washed off very carefully, when it has become matted and dry, and a new covering be sprinkled on.

### Black, or Beef Soup.

For soup the shank of beef is the best joint.\* Cold beef steak, and cold roast beef bones, make good soup. Boil the shank in sufficient water to cover it five hours. Thirty minutes before putting the soup on the table, take out the meat, thicken the broth with scorched flour mixed with cold water; season it with pepper, salt, mace and cloves; a little walnut or tomato catsup improves it. Add sweet herbs, or herb spirit, if liked. Some boil onions in the soup; but as they are offensive to many people, it is best to boil and serve them up by themselves. Make force meat balls of part of the beef and a little fat salt pork, chopped very fine, seasoned with salt, pepper, mace and cloves, and boil them fifteen minutes in the soup.

### To tell good Eggs.

The true way to tell good eggs is to put them in a pail of water. If they are good, they will lie on their sides, always; if bad, they will stand on their small ends—the large ends always uppermost, unless they have been shaken considerably, when they will stand either end up. Therefore a bad egg can be told by the way it rests in water—always end up, never on its side. Any egg that lies flat is good to eat, and can be depended upon!

### Soft Sugar Gingerbread.

A quart of rich cream, three pounds of flour, two of sugar (white is the best), half a teaspoon of ginger, or the juice and rind of a fresh lemon. This will keep a long time, and when it becomes dry, it can be renewed by heating to the boiling point in a covered tin. Like any other cake. If brown sugar is used, it should be sifted, and heated very hot.

### Drop Cakes.

One pint of flour, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of pounded lump sugar, half a nutmeg grated, a handful of currants, two eggs, and a large pinch of carbonate of soda, or volatile salts. To be baked in a slack oven for ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour. The above quantity will make about thirty cakes; the cakes are excellent.

### Best Blacking for Boots and Shoes.

Ivory black one and a half ounce, treacle one and a half ounce, sperm oil three drachms, strong oil of vitriol three drachms, common vinegar half a pint. Mix the ivory black, treacle and vinegar together, then mix the sperm oil and oil of vitriol separately, and add them to the other mixture.

**Common Family Apple-Sauce.**

Let your stock of apples be picked over several times in the course of the winter, and all the defective ones taken out. Let the good parts of these be pared, and if not used for pies, be made into apple-sauce. Boil it in a preserving-kettle, and to a pailful of cut apples put one sliced lemon. After the apples are tender add a pint bowl of brown sugar, and boil them gently fifteen minutes longer. Towards spring, when apples become tasteless, a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, dissolved in a little water, should be added to this quantity of apple.

**Receipt for Washing.**

To a quart of soft soap add a quart of water and two ounces of borax; dissolve by heat, and then allow it to cool. Place the clothes in water over night; in the morning put a pint cup of the above mixture into a kettle holding from eight to ten gallons of cold water. Put it over the fire, let it come to the boiling point and boil an hour. Wash out of this boiling water and rinse well. Begin each boil in the same manner, putting in the same proportion of the mixture. Remember to put the clothes into the water while it is cold.

**Nutritive Matter in Wheat and Barley.**

Barley is said to contain 65 per cent. of nutritive matter; wheat contains 74 per cent. A bushel of barley, weighing fifty pounds, therefore contains about thirty-two pounds of nutriment, while a bushel of wheat, weighing sixty pounds, contains forty-seven pounds. Good oats, weighing forty pounds, contain about twenty-four pounds of nutritive substance; so that the comparative value of wheat, barley and oats in feeding cattle may be represented by 47, 52 and 24, the measure being the same.

**For Dropsy.**

Lemons are recommended for dropsy, in a Russian medical journal, and are said to be beneficial in the most hopeless cases. The first day one lemon was given, after taking the peel off, and cutting it up into small pieces, in sugar; the two following days three were given, and afterwards eighteen every day. For nourishment, meat was given. In every case, the water came off the seventh day.

**Dutch Sweetbreads.**

Two pounds of veal; a quarter pound of suet chopped very fine; four "tops and bottoms," soaked in milk; a little lemon-peel, grated fine; pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste. Mix all well together with four eggs; make up in the shape of sweetbreads; rub over with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry of a light brown. Serve with rich gravy.

**American Tooth-Powder.**

Coral, cuttle-fish bone, dragon's blood, of each eight drachms; burnt alum and red sanders, of each four drachms;orris root, eight drachms; cloves and cinnamon, of each half a drachm; vanilla, eleven grains; rose-wood, half a drachm; rose pink, eight drachms. All to be finely powdered and mixed.

**To Boil Parsnips.**

Wash your parsnips very well, and boil them until they become soft; then take off the skin, beat them in a bowl with a small quantity of salt, add to them a little cream and a lump of butter, put them into a pan, and let them boil till they are like a custard pudding. Then serve them.

**Flannel Cakes.**

Beat into a quart of new milk or cream the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of salt risings, and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks separately from the whites till they are all foam; stir the flour into the egg, then the yeast, then the milk or cream by degrees. Beat it well when all mixed, and let it rise for three or four hours; bake on a griddle, or in waffle irons. The batter must be thicker for waffles than for griddle-cakes.

**To Roast Ducks.**

Put into a pair of ducks an onion chopped fine, and a few sage leaves, pepper and salt; spit, and dust them with flour, and baste them with lard. Roast half an hour, with a very hot fire; the quicker roasted, the better they will taste. Dust them with flour, and baste them, just before taking them from the spit. Prepare a gravy of the gizzards and pinions, a large mace blade, a few pepper-corns, a teaspoonful of lemon pickle, and a spoonful of catsup; strain, and turn it on the ducks.

**To Stew Pigeons.**

Clean and wash six pigeons; quarter them; with them put all their giblets into a stew-pan, a little butter, salt, pepper, a bit of lemon peel, two blades of mace, and some chopped parsley; stew till tender in a closely covered pan. Thicken the gravy with the mixture of an egg beaten up, three spoonful of cream, and a piece of butter dusted with flour. Stew them ten minutes longer. Excellent—economical.

**Gen. Twigg's Receipt for Hair.**

One drachm of sulphur, half a drachm of sugar of lead, four ounces of rose-water. Mix them well—shake the phial on using it, and bathe the hair twice a day for a week, or longer, if necessary. It does not dye the hair, but seems to restore the original color.

**Gingerbread Snaps.**

One pound of flour, half a pound of treacle, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, half an ounce of best prepared ginger, sixteen drops of essence of lemon, potash the size of a nut, dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water.

**Ground Rice Griddle-Cakes.**

Mix half a teaspoonful of ground rice, very smoothly, in a gill of cold milk, and pour it into a pint of boiling milk. While boiling hot add a little salt, and stir in flour enough to make a batter for the griddle. When cool, half a teaspoon of yeast and three eggs will raise it very light.

**Cream Cakes.**

Stir a teaspoonful of salt into a pint of thick, sweet cream; sift in slowly a quart of flour; roll it an inch thick, cut it out with the top of a tumbler, and bake in an oven.

**Hair Oils.**

Rose Oil—Olive oil, one pint; otto of roses, five to six teen drops. Essence of bergamot being much cheaper, is usually used instead of the more expensive otto of roses.

**Rice Plum Pudding.**

Half a pound of rice, half a pound of raisins, half a teaspoonful of salt; tie it in a cloth, and boil it two hours and a half. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## OUR NEW VOLUME!

With the present issue we commence the first number of the *ninth volume* of BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY. Our new type will not be ready until the next issue of the Magazine, when the pages will present a still brighter and clearer face. We have abundant reason to be satisfied with the remarkable success of the work, which, by reason of its wonderful cheapness, sprung from the commencement into a wide spread circulation and popularity, which it has fully sustained. The present forms a convenient period for new subscribers to begin, and we take pleasure in assuring our readers that we shall continue to improve and beautify the work. Let all our friends inform their neighbors how cheap and attractive a Magazine we publish, and what a fund of reading, of the choicest character, can be procured for one dollar a year!

LOVE AND A BOTTLE.—Tennyson describes a lover, clinging to the lips of his mistress, in a passionate kiss till he draws her whole soul through it. Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through them.

POLITICAL GRAMMAR.—It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

MONEY AND CHARACTER.—When you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help you look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

THESE MEN!—"Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper; I am sure not from me." "No, my dear, for I don't find that you have lost any."

RAPID FORTUNES.—Fortunes made in no time are like shirts made in no time; it's ten to one if they hang long together.

## STRAW MANUFACTURES.

The business of braiding straw for bonnets is one of great extent in Massachusetts, employing a very large number of hands. There is an incorporated company at Foxboro', in Norfolk county, which produces annually about two millions of bonnets and hats. This company is called the Union Straw Works. It has a capital of half a million dollars, and employs three thousand two hundred and fifty hands. The greater part of the employees are females who carry on the braiding at their homes, receiving the prepared straw from the factory. At Nantucket an establishment of the same kind is now in operation, where about two hundred and fifty young women find full and profitable employment. They turn out about one hundred and fifty thousand hats and bonnets in the course of a year, valued at one hundred thousand dollars. There are various other places in Massachusetts where straw works are carried on, and the whole number of persons in the State employed in this way, is upwards of fourteen thousand, nine-tenths of whom are females. The total value of the annual produce amounts to the respectable sum of \$5,000,000. If the old adage that "straws show which way the wind blows," can be relied on, Massachusetts people are getting rich on this business; and we would advise any enterprising man who wants to give a start to the prosperity of his native town, and provide the young women thereof with a respectable, pleasant, healthy and profitable employment, to set up the straw manufacture among them.

THE BABEL CLUB.—This is the singular name of a very useful society in London, the object of which is to facilitate friendly relation between persons of different states and countries, speaking different languages. It has been in operation about two years.

A LITERAL JOKE.—What word is there of five letters from which if you take two, six still remain? Sixty.

RATHER RICH.—A Spanish poet in love with a star, addressed it as the "Burning doubloon of the celestial bank!"

## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

We wonder if all our readers have an adequate notion of this moneyed monster? The building itself occupies eight acres of ground—think of that, to begin with. It receives from five millions to twenty millions a day in notes—note that. The bank has its own paper-makers, its own printers, and its own engravers at work under the same roof, and it even makes most of the machinery by which its work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing-office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of bank notes that is not recorded in the bank. The room in which the notes are deposited, ready for issue, sometimes contains one hundred and fifty millions of dollars! When Rev. Mr. Prime visited it, in the vault he saw a director and the cashier counting the bags of gold which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. "This world of money," he says, "seemed to realize the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world."

THE MERRY MONARCH.—Charles II. was the wittiest of the Stuarts—none of them were wise. The satirical epitaph written upon the king at his own request by his favorite Earl of Rochester is said to be equally severe and just:

"Here lies our sovereign lord and king,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one."

The reply was wittier yet. "The matter," Charles observed, "was easily accounted for—his discourse was his own, his actions were his ministry's."

AN EXPLOSION.—A gentleman of Petersburg, Virginia, having been told by a wag that the best way to clear his stove of soot was to put some gunpowder inside and ignite it, tried the experiment, and was very much astonished at the result. Soot and stove both were blown out of the room, and the gentleman followed suit.

A CRITIC CRITICISED.—Oliver Goldsmith said of Lord Kames's "Elements of Criticism," "It is easier to write that book than to read it."

USEFUL RECEIPT.—To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, a pitcher.

## PETTY TRIBULATIONS.

It is a trite saying that the minor miseries of human life are harder to be borne than its great calamities. Religion and philosophy arm us against the latter, but the former find us defenceless. Many a merchant endures the destruction of a warehouse full of goods by fire much better than he sustains an attack of the toothache. The sudden sting of a wasp in the calf of a warrior's favorite leg, starts from his propriety the man who could stand against "the world in arms." Confess, if you are a bachelor, that you may be driven wild by mistake in directing a couple of letters, through which you write to your laundress: "Nothing would be wanting to my happiness, dear Matilda, if you loved me as I love you; waves of glory and of gold would flow at our feet; I should be richer, prouder, happier than a king." And to the woman you are courting: "Send me without fail my three false dickies and my two shirts for Sunday, as I am entirely out of clean linen." Confess, my dear bachelor, that such a double-barrelled blunder, so soon as you had found out that you had committed it, you will feel much more like hanging yourself than if you had lost a fast horse, and would be willing to subscribe to the immoral axiom of Talleyrand, "a crime is worse than a blunder."

CURIOUS EXCLUSIVENESS.—Two gentlemen of Paris, who are great bibliopoles, have agreed (in disgust at the plebeian universality of most books, at the present day,) to *print a book for themselves only*. Two volumes of it will be the whole edition. It is to be printed on vellum, with most costly engravings, type cast exclusively for it, splendidly bound, and all the materials afterwards destroyed—each biblioristocrat remaining in lordly possession of one.

"HONORS ARE EASY."—At the close of the reign of Napoleon I. the total number of members of the Legion of Honor was 9000. Great progress has been made since then. There are now 272,000 members. Their name is, indeed, "legion."

COMMON CENSURE.—All men who do anything must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.

SELF-EVIDENT.—When a butcher's cart is pilfered of its beef, the owner may be said to be "losing flesh."

### THE AIR WE BREATHE.

The use of air in the animal economy is a subject of very little consideration to the generality of people. They only seem to know that an involuntary action of the lungs draws in a certain quantity of air, and that when this action ceases for any length of time, death ensues. 'The nature of air itself, and its relative fitness for supporting life,' are considered very slightly by the world in general, and carefully studied by comparatively few persons. Hence we find that a very great indifference prevails as to the importance of ventilation, and that even those who have some definite idea of that importance, are often quite ignorant of the true theory for securing an effectual ventilation. The air we breathe, if not accidentally charged with impurities arising from local causes, is perfectly uniform in its constitution, all the world over, and at any habitable height above the surface of the earth. It is composed mainly of three constituents, one of them carbonic acid, which is positively fatal to animal life, another, nitrogen, which is incapable of supporting that life, and the third, oxygen, which promotes and stimulates it to excess. By a due blending of these three elements in certain definite proportions, the atmosphere we breathe is produced; whereas by a mixture in any other proportions the result would be an atmosphere unfit to breathe. The oxygen is the stimulating property of the air, and the nitrogen serves to dilute it to the proper degree for the purposes of supporting animal existence. Air is also necessary for the growth of plants, and to support combustion. But plants take from the air a different element to nourish them from what animals do, they using the carbonic acid, while we appropriate the oxygen. Fire also appropriates the oxygen for its support, rejecting the nitrogen and carbonic acid. It will thus be seen that air is vitiated for man's use, both by being breathed and by combustion, and if not renewed by fresh supplies containing oxygen, it becomes unfit to support animal life.

The proportion of carbonic acid contained in a given quantity of pure air is only one-two-thousandth of the whole volume. There is also about one per cent. of watery vapor, and the remainder is nitrogen and oxygen, in the proportion of seventy-eight of the former to twenty-one of the latter. Atmospheric air can be made artificially, by mixing the gases in these proportions. The union of these gases in the atmosphere is not a chemical combination, but a simple mixture of the elements, as is abundantly proved by the experiments of chemists, in easily separating the component parts from each other.

This facility of separation it is, which so admirably adapts the air to the purposes for which it is destined. No one gas can interfere with or retard the other's action; there are no affinities to be overcome, or existing combinations to be broken up, before the agencies of the watery vapor, carbonic acid, and oxygen, can be exerted in their important functions for the support of animal and vegetable life, the painting of the earth with beauty, the clothing of it with verdure, and the gradual dissolution of its rocky surface into the materials for a fruitful soil. Each substance takes freely what it needs from the atmosphere, and imparts what it would get rid of, while this universal servant of nature fetches and carries for all, with the utmost readiness and untiring assiduity.

Respiration and combustion, which are ever active upon the surface of the earth, remove the oxygen from the atmosphere and substitute carbonic acid in its place. The latter is a deadly poison, and by its undue presence the air becomes unfit to support animal life, even before one half of the oxygen it contains is consumed. A man in full health by the absorption of oxygen and giving forth carbonic acid, in breathing, spoils in twenty-four hours, 720 cubic feet of air, or the full contents of a room ten feet by nine, and eight feet high. The combustion of three ounces of charcoal produces the same effect. It is estimated that a factory which consumes ten tons of coal daily, renders unfit for respiration over three million cubic yards of air, which would cover a space of a quarter of a mile square to the height of six feet. But alarming as this consumption of vital air appears, with reference to the support of animal life, the means of renewal and supply are so abundant that there is no perceptible waste in the life-sustaining elements of the earth's atmosphere. Prevost has calculated that the loss of all the oxygen employed in respiration and combustion, upon the whole surface of the globe, for one hundred years, could not diminish the whole quantity by one seventy-two-hundredth part, a proportion too small to admit of observation.

But the waste of oxygen and accretion of carbonic acid which respiration and combustion cause, is compensated by the vegetable kingdom, which gives out oxygen for the most part, and absorbs the poisonous gas. A healthy growing plant, exposed to the sunlight, is found to absorb carbonic acid, and to emit oxygen from its green leaves. In the dark the reverse of this action takes place, oxygen being taken up and carbonic acid emitted. Hence the noxious effect of sleeping at night in a close room with plants in it.



The colored parts of plants, such as flowers and fruits, also take up oxygen and put forth carbonic acid. But as the action of light upon the surface of the globe is predominant throughout the greater portion of the twenty-four hours, and the green surfaces greatly preponderate throughout the vegetable world, the ultimate effect is, that an action contrary to that which animals produce upon the atmosphere, is caused by plants, and the beautiful compensation of nature is kept up. There are many other admirable phenomena in reference to air, which we should be glad to notice, such as its elasticity, its weight, extent, and adaptation to barometrical measurements; but our space will not allow, and we must break off here, after exhorting our readers to get as much fresh air as they can, if they would have vigor in the frame, health on the cheek, and fire in the eye.

#### A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

M. Flourent, who has for fifty years presided over the Natural History Museum of Paris, and has, like the ancient Roman Augurs, examined the entrails and stomachs of fowls with scientific curiosity, now propounds the results of his long experience. He avers that birds, of whatever sort, are an unmitigated blessing to the farmer, and that the detritus and organic particles found by inspection in hecatombs of volatiles, which, by the assistance of Royal Forest Rangers, he has sacrificed on the altar of utility, show an immense predominance of insect "corpuscula" in their digestive organs, the traces of cereal or other valuable products being infinitesimal in comparison.

**COPYRIGHT.**—In the United States, copyright lasts for twenty-eight years, and an extension is granted to the author, if he lives, or to his widow, children and grandchildren. In England, the copyright lasts forty-two years absolutely, for the author's life, and seven years after his death.

**BANK-NOTE CIRCULATION.**—It is estimated that the bank note circulation of the banks throughout the United States, on the first of July, was \$150,000,000, resting on a specie basis of \$100,000,000.

**MORTALITY.**—The average number of daily deaths in Boston is twelve; but, during the present year, two days passed without the occurrence of a single death.

**CELESTIAL ANOMALY.**—Punch says: "The comet rejoices in a tail, which, strangely enough, has been denied to the dog-star."

#### CALIFORNIA WOOL.

The raising of wool in California bids fair to be a most important source of wealth to the new Pacific State. The quantity is steadily and rapidly increasing, and wool is destined, ere long, to be the most valuable article of export which she sends to the East. Very early after the settlement of the country by our people, some attention was given to this branch of agricultural pursuits, and small quantities of wool were from time to time received from San Francisco. But the material was very badly sorted—the coarser and finer qualities being mixed together indiscriminately—so that it could not be used by our manufacturers without great trouble and loss. For the manufacture of the finer kinds of cloths, it was necessary to cull the wool and reject a large portion, which was then sold at a great loss to the makers of the coarser kinds of carpeting. But a thorough system of sorting and grading is now practised by the California growers—the article being divided into twelve grades, and packed separately. In this way, the manufacturer is enabled to purchase an entire lot of the quality he desires, without being subjected to the inconvenience and loss of culling out what is useless to him, and disposing of it below cost. In a few years, the finer wools of California will equal the best of the Australia product, which is so highly esteemed in European markets, and the coarser qualities will be raised in great abundance. The product of the present year is estimated by intelligent Californians to amount to a million and a quarter of pounds, worth at least four hundred thousand dollars.

**A SHORT SERMON.**—We have often thought that short sermons were more impressive than long ones. Here is a thrilling one on the vanity of human riches—"Shrouds have no pockets."

**FROM OUR NEW DICTIONARY.**—Dog stealing "in the second degree"—hooking sausages. An acute angle—any angle that enables you to cross a street so as not to run against a bore.

**ABSD.**—An English Justice Shallow has laid it down as a principle of law, that a physician is not entitled to payment if the patient dies under his treatment.

**DOES YOUR NOSE BLEED?**—Then hold up your arm; the flow of blood will cease directly. So says Brown Dupin, a French surgeon.

**MILITARY PARADOX.**—A disorderly orderly sergeant.

## ARTESIAN WELLS.

The Artesian well is a vertical perforation of the outer crusts of the earth, of a small diameter, and frequently of great depth, through which subterranean water forces itself to the surface, and often to a considerable height above. This mode of procuring water is not one of modern invention, though it has been greatly improved in our day by the application of machinery to the work of boring, and by using cast-iron pipes to shield the hole from sand or other loose material that may be encountered. The name Artesian is derived from the French Province of Artois, the ancient Artesium, where for hundreds of years great attention has been paid to this method of procuring fresh water. At the convent of Chartreux, at Lillers in Artois, there is a well of this kind which was bored in the year 1126. They are also found of great antiquity in Stuttgart in Germany. This mode of obtaining water was also practised in Egypt a thousand years ago, or more; and the Chinese claim to have known the art and used it for thousands of years. Among the philosophers of antiquity, the phenomenon of such vast quantities of water spouting up from such great depths, was explained upon the hypothesis that this subterranean water was the product of aqueous vapors ascending from the interior parts of the earth, in consequence of the central heat, and that the generating force was sufficiently powerful to condense the water to such a degree, that its own elasticity would drive it up whenever an aperture was made.

But modern science, in its geological investigations, has furnished a far more rational and consistent solution than this which makes central heat reduce vapor to water, and then condense it to a degree beyond the power of atmospheric pressure. Geology teaches us that there are various crusts enwrapping the earth, which are superimposed one upon another; that some of these are loose and porous like sand or pumice-stone, and that others are close and impenetrable to water like clay and limestone. It also shows us that these various strata have been pressed out of their horizontal position and elevated at certain points, forming hills and mountains, while at others they have been bent down, forming valleys, and at others still they preserve their horizontal position, forming plains. Now where one of these porous or water-bearing strata is exposed upon the sides or tops of mountains, it becomes denuded, or uncovered, and is cut off, so that the rain and melted snow enter this stratum at the exposed sections, and the water makes its way by gravity through its length,

under the bottom of valleys or the level of plains, forming vast reservoirs, and sustaining a hydrostatic pressure equal to the height of the section where the water enters. Then, when the crusts of earth and rock above the water-bearing stratum are penetrated by an Artesian well, the water is forced up through the aperture by the pressure of the column extending from the top of the mountain, down through the length of this stratum to the bottom of the well. In this way it is, that the water from these wells is often forced to a considerable height above the level of the earth where they are bored, though the well itself be thousands of feet in depth. The supply of rain falling upon hills and mountains is found by observation to be sufficiently great to keep such strata fully saturated with water, and consequently to furnish an unfailing supply to the wells. It is also found by observation that the discharges of these wells is much more copious in rainy seasons than when the weather is dry. Thus the wonderful fountain of Vaucluse, celebrated by Petrarch, which is a natural Artesian well, discharges 4780 cubic feet of water per minute in dry seasons, but after great rains the quantity is three times as great. The average discharge is about 9000 cubic feet per minute, a quantity amply sufficient to supply a sizable river.

The condition of country necessary to make Artesian wells effective to procure water, must therefore be that of a plain or valley bordered by high hills or mountains. But these mountains need not necessarily be near the locality, but may be fifty or even several hundred miles distant. For the water-bearing strata beneath a level country are continuous for hundreds of miles, and the impermeable strata which preserve the subterranean water in its place, are continuous also. These alternating strata operate, in fact, like vast water pipes beneath the surface of the earth, and man's hydraulic works, costing millions of dollars for a few miles of pipe to supply a single city with water, are but a feeble imitation of them. The Artesian well at Lillers, of whose antiquity we have spoken above, is situated in the midst of an immense plain, where not the least appearance of hill or mountain is to be seen on either side. But though the sources are beyond the view, they are not too distant for nature's laws to operate; and the same heights that supply the rivers Lys and Cauche, the one flowing into the North Sea and the other into the English Channel, doubtless contain the outcropping stratum which conveys the water to the ancient well of the nuns of Chartreux.

In various parts of the United States, Artesian wells have been bored with great success. There is one at St. Louis, Mo., which is 2199 feet in depth, or five-twelfths of a mile. There is one at Louisville, Ky., nearly as deep, which was bored by Messrs. Dupont, paper manufacturers of that city. The water rises in a beautiful jet from a depth of 2086 feet, but from the account contained in the *Courier* of that city, it would appear that the proprietors purpose to penetrate to a still greater depth, in order to procure a quality suitable for use in their paper works. The water now obtained is however found, upon analysis, to contain medicinal properties similar to those of the famous well of Kissingen in Bavaria, the curative virtues of which are quite famous; and it is supposed that they may be applied with equal benefit to the purpose of restoring the sick to health. In boring thus far, some twenty different strata of limestone rock have been penetrated, which are separated by intervening layers of softer material, usually shale or sand, and various jets of water of different qualities presented themselves successively. At the depth mentioned above, the present stream appeared, which rises considerably above the surface, and discharges three hundred and twenty-five gallons of water per minute, or over a million gallons in three days. The well at St. Louis is the deepest that has yet been bored in this country or in Europe; and that at Louisville is the next in depth. The third is the medicinal well at Kissingen, which is 1878 feet deep, and the fourth is the well at Grenelle near Paris, which raises hot water from a depth of 1806 feet.

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**A GOOD SIGN.**—The taste for slang written by women with alliterative titles, once so popular, is dying out. Women who write in this style are now consigned to Coventry by public opinion, just as women caught in pantaloons are conveyed to the station house by the city police.

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**AUTHORSHIP AND OLD AGE.**—Paulding is eighty-one, and Irving seventy-eight years of age, yet both of these men have led laborious literary lives. Many of the best productions of genius have been the creations of late manhood or of old age.

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**DISCONTENT.**—Nothing casts a denser cloud over the mind than discontent, rendering it more occupied about the evil that disquiets it than the means of removing it.

## CALIFORNIA TREES.

There is a grove of mammoth trees in Calaveras county, California, which attracts much attention from visitors to that section of the country. To accommodate visitors there is a public house at the grove, and a newspaper is printed at the place, which rejoices in the name of the "Big Tree Bulletin and Murphy's Advertiser." Not having the "Big Tree" on our exchange list, we are unable to give our readers any very definite idea of the character of the paper; but as it is edited and printed upon the stump of one of the monster trees which has been cut down, we presume it must be, from its *stumping* propensities, a political concern. Bishop Scott visited the great trees during a recent tour in California, and says the grove which is about a mile in circuit, contains ninety-six of them. The grove stands in the midst of a forest of large pine and cedar trees, but overtops them all, making them look like saplings. Some of the great trees are over one hundred feet in circumference, and from four to five hundred feet in height. They have all been named for States of the Union, distinguished men, classical characters, or some peculiarity of their appearance; and among them may be seen "Winfield Scott," "Hercules," "The Two Guards," "The Three Graces," etc., etc. The "Father of the Forest," the largest one of all, lays prostrate upon the ground, having been blown down by some mighty wind. This tree measures one hundred and twelve feet in circumference, and its present length is three hundred feet. But the top has been broken off, and as the diameter at the place of fracture is eight feet, it is estimated that the part which is gone measured one hundred and fifty feet, making the whole length four hundred and fifty feet.

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**LEGAL CAPITAL.**—It was the remark of an eminent English barrister that the greatest element of success at the bar was commencing without a shilling. Many of our practitioners begin and end with that capital.

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**A SMART MAN.**—A man dropped a letter into the post-office, the other day, with the following memorandum on its corner for the benefit of all indolent postmasters into whose hands it might fall: "Please hasten the delay of this!"

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**GETTING HIGH.**—One glass of brandy set a young man, the other day, to dancing on the top of a house in New York. Half a dozen glasses would have set him pirouetting on the top of Trinity Church steeple, we suppose.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The Duke of Wellington's coffin has been placed in a sarcophagus in St. Paul's, London.

Queen Victoria is the possessor of the only genuine and authentic portrait of Oliver Cromwell.

There are 150 foundling hospitals in France. One in Paris receives 6000 children a year.

In 1856 upwards of 11,000 males and 600 females were imprisoned for debt in England.

A society has been started in London for procuring play-grounds for poor children.

The use of chloroform in cases of spasmodic diarrhoea is recommended by Dr. Wolsey, of Edinburgh.

The Medical Times says there are 134,000 bachelors in Australia, who would be glad to take and maintain wives.

One hundred thousand deaths occur in England, annually, from consumption; 26,000 from cholera, diarrhoea and dysentery; and 17,000 from the various forms of typhus fever.

The Olympian games, after being discontinued for fifteen hundred years, are re-established at Athens, in the ancient Stadium, by a decree of the Queen Regent of France.

The poorest church living in London is that of Woburn Church, Tavistock place, St. Pancras. It has decreased so as to amount to only between £5 and £6.

The statue to be erected at Prague to the late Marshal Radetzky will be supported on shields upheld by eight colossal figures, made of the metal of the Sardinian cannon.

In Dover Castle, England, there is a collection of the pikes or lances of the renowned "Six Hundred," who, in the charge across the plains of Balaklava, immortalized themselves.

Borneo, next to Australia, is the largest island in the world, its length being 800 miles and its breadth 700. It contains a population of three millions of people, all capable of civilization.

A correspondent of the London Times says a friend of his who stood twice for a seat in Parliament, spent more than £12,000 or \$60,000 to carry on the campaigns.

When a Russian soldier is drawn for the conscription, in five years he is considered legally dead; and if a wife does not see her husband for five years, she may marry again.

An American has just purchased for 75,000*fr.* the famous chateau of Monte Christo, near Saint-Germain, which was built by M. Alexander Dumas at an expense of more than 400,000*fr.*

While excavating a grave in the jail grounds at Dorchester, England, for the convict Seal, a piece of tessellated Roman pavement was found, the pattern very distinct, and the colors rich in variety.

It is stated in a letter from Rome that damp and the smoke of wax candles have done considerable injury to the famous fresco of the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel.

The duchess of Malakoff, Pelissier's bride, is much petted and admired in London society.

Some of the wealthiest and noblest ladies of Paris have commenced a crusade against hoops.

Hein-Fung, Emperor of China, was born in August, 1831, and ascended the throne in 1850.

Paris papers announce the "emigration" into Guadaloupe and Martinique of 1500 negroes in good condition.

Prussian monetary arrangements give the prince regent an income of £360,000, and leave £240,000 to the crazy king.

Experiments with a safety raft of American invention have been lately made on the Seine, in France, with great success.

Twenty-five lunatics in the Zurich asylum, Switzerland, are the victims of table-turning and spirit rapping.

Mr. Layard has another good enterprise on hand. He has left England for Italy, where he is to explore for lost treasures of art.

Lord Derby is laboring under an organic disease—Punch says he has been so long in the stable his heart has become ossified.

The widow of the sculptor Crawford has gone to Italy to superintend in person the completion of her late husband's commission.

The number of French troops in Rome is to be increased by the addition of seven companies of the 20th battalion of the famous Chasseurs a-pied.

Theodore S. Fay, Esq., was recently married at Berne, to an interesting young Swiss lady. Dr. Abbott, with his wife (Mr. Fay's only daughter), is now in this country.

The specie in the banks of Europe exceeds £160,000,000 sterling, more than one-fourth of which is held by the Bank of France and the Bank of England.

Vice-Admiral Mainwaring recently died at Bath, England. He was Lieutenant of the Naiad, and served under Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805.

By an examination of the British Home Office returns, it seems that one in twenty of the population of Barkenhead appear for some criminal offence before the magistrates of that town.

The Prussian historian, Ranke, is now at Venice, engaged in collecting, in the archives of the republic, materials relating to the history of England during the last three centuries.

A marriage between a Frenchman and an English girl, duly solemnised in England, both parties being of full age, has been declared void in France for want of the consent of the husband's father.

A London jeweller has designed and mounted a magnificent diadem for the Princess Worozoff, of Russia. It is made of nine brilliants of enormous size, surmounted by smaller stones—the whole costing £20,000.

The musical joke against the Mayor of Leeds will not soon be forgotten. His worship, it seems, whilst the unrivalled festival orchestra were performing one of Mendelssohn's sublime symphonies, expressed a desire that the fiddling should cease and the concert begin.

## Record of the Times.

The Great Western Railway of Canada will have in future solid iron bridges.

There are 468,000 slaves at the South who are church members.

The total number of churches of every description in Philadelphia is three hundred and seven.

A glass of water obtained from the spring of the year, is said to be delicious.

Punch says that the inventor of the steam-engine was a man of great engine-uity.

Why is four-cent sugar like a man that never surrenders? Because it is clear grit, and nothing else.

The oldest organized fire company in the United States, is said to be the Naumkeag, No. 5, of Salem, Mass., which was organized in March, 1788.

According to a late estimate, there are in the State of New York 100,000 voters who never visit the polls, and 200,000 who only do so occasionally.

Just think of it! A little rising two hundred and thirty years ago, twenty four dollars purchased the entire city and county of New York. Wonder what it can be bought for now?

A fellow entered the basement of a church one Sunday afternoon during service, and walked off with the priest's coat, which was hanging on a hook. We suppose the fellow thought he had a right to the garment, as the priest had hooked it.

During the seventeenth century, the patents granted for inventions in England were 250; in the next hundred years they amounted to 2500, and in the first fifty years of the present century, they had exceeded 250,000.

The Guards' Memorial is to be erected in Waterloo Place, on the north side of Pall-mall. The monument itself will consist of four large figures, to be cast out of Russian guns taken at Sebastopol, and the pedestal is to be of granite. Mr. John Bell is the sculptor.

Cincinnati has 1656 public lamps, which cost the city \$33,251 annually, or \$20.50 each; and light the streets for a distance of 352,138 feet or sixty-six and sixty-nine one-hundredths of a mile. Davenport, Iowa, has 200 public lamps at an annual expense of \$7200, or \$36 each.

The mummy of an Egyptian Princess, from Egypt, was a short time ago landed in England. It is intended for exhibition. An embalmed cat was found in the same case with the lady, which fact is considered sufficient evidence that the lady was never married.

The New York hackmen are now licensed, and wear badges, and are obliged to carry cards, which they must present to each "fare," giving their number, address, and a reference to the mayor's office, so that persons aggrieved may know where to apply for redress.

The Supreme Court of New York have decided that all the charitable legacies of the late Anson G. Phelps are valid, except the conditional one of \$50,000 for a college in Liberia, which is void from uncertainty.

Miss Lizzie Petit is reading "Shakspeare" at the South.

A vein of valuable red chalk has been found in Gold Canon, Sierra county, California.

Ladies' Clubs are the latest subject of conversation in upper-ten-dom, New York city.

Hon. Mrs. White, the reputed author of "John Halifax," is married to a Southern planter.

The law in Washington against carrying concealed weapons is said to have had a most salutary effect.

The New York Journal of Commerce says the city milk is becoming bluer and bluer every day.

The Methodists of Alabama have raised \$300 000 as a beginning for an endowment fund for a university at Greensborough.

Longfellow's poem of "Daybreak" (one of the pieces in his volume of "Miles Standish") has been set to music by Balfe.

The Boston authorities have made a contract with a Philadelphia firm, to furnish 6000 tons of cast iron pipe for their water works, at \$20 a ton. This is a low figure.

In Auburn, Alabama, general wonder has been excited by an attachment formed between a dog and a calf, the two sleeping together, and fighting for each other if necessary.

A new steam canal boat, called the Samuel B. Burgess, has been placed on the Erie Canal, drawing when laden with five thousand bushels of corn, only four feet ten inches of water.

Mr. and Mrs. Weldon recovered damages to the amount of \$1500 from the Harlem, N. Y., Railroad Company, for being knocked down by the company's horses.

John Riley, Jr., of West Troy, N. Y., after dancing at a ball, ate heartily, went to bed and died of indigestion before morning. Moral—don't take late suppers.

In Cincinnati a servant girl of somnambulant habits, after leisurely promenading the roof of a high building, fell into the street and fatally injured herself.

The Secretary of War is said to have concluded a contract for Burnside's breach-loading carbine to the amount of \$25,000, this arm having been recommended by the Board of Examiners at West Point in July last.

A man named Thomas Grafton, living in New Bedford, has recently deserted two of his children under such singular circumstances that he is judged to have become partially insane, on account of the death of his wife.

The Newburyport Herald reports the shipyards busy; there are half a dozen vessels, from 400 to 1100 tons burthen, now on the stocks in that city, and three or four hundred carpenters find constant work.

A new iron region has been discovered in Missouri, about thirty miles from the celebrated iron mountain. It is located upon a tract of 12,000 acres, entered at the government price within three years by Napoleon Aubachon. The ore lies in hills, easily accessible, and is of the purest quality.

## Merry-Making.

A certain aristocratic lady wont take a newspaper because it's made of rags.

To cure the toothache—let an omnibus run over your foot.

The man who lately received a lock of hair, is on the look out for a key to it.

Old maids are fond of pairs, but cannot endure any reference to dates.

What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause? A pair of snuffers.

When may two persons be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier? One tars his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

"I am told, miss, that your lover plays and drinks?" "O, yes, sir! he plays the flute divinely, and drinks continually at the spring of Helicon."

A punster observing a gentleman folding some bank bills, remarked: "You must be in excellent business, as I see you *double* your money very easily."

What is the difference between the man that keeps watch on board a ship and a phrenologist? One looks out ahead, and the other looks in a head.

"What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. "O, I'll sell it very cheap! I wont higggle about the price at all."

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *hands* wounded in the *nose*.

"We wont indulge in such horrid anticipations," as the hen pecked husband said, when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never to separate.

An English paper states: "Yankee steamers are so light in the Western rivers, that they can jump over a mud bar, float easily on wet grass, and are obliged to lie at anchor when there is a heavy dew."

It is an actual fact that a man who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman named Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. He is altogether unreasonable. Why should he squeeze a lemon unless he wants a punch?

"Can you tell me," asked a pandit, "why a conundrum that nobody can guess, is like a ghost? Shall I tell you now or next month?" "Now, if you please." "Well, sir, sooner or later everybody must give it up."

"Cesar, what's become ob dat darkey who stole de taller?" "He has been taken up on affadavy, and carried up to de sperm court to hab it tried." "On an affadavy, Cesar?" "Yes, I seed the handle ob it."

An ignorant minister having remarked in the presence of Dr. South, that the "Lord had no need of man's learning," that witty divine replied, "still less has he need of man's ignorance."

A doctor lately performed an extraordinary operation—the patient died, the doctor lived.

There is no difference, sometimes, between the leg of a calf and the calf of a leg.

It is extraordinary how many defects we discover in a friend after quarrelling with him.

Uneasy is the head that wears a wig in a gale of wind.

"Yours is a very hard case," said the fox to the oyster.

The man who was always splitting with laughter, has been recommended to try an axe.

It has been suggested that the tail of the comet is caused by the dust it kicks up in travelling.

All railroads running to fashionable watering-places in summer season are *trunk* lines.

A coquette is a female general who builds her fame on her advances.

"Mr. Conductor," asked a railroad passenger, "are we running on time to-day?" "No, sir, we are running for cash."

"I've risen from the bar to the bench." That's what a lawyer said on quitting the profession and taking up shoe-making.

The times are said to be so hard in Halifax, that the two editors of the newspaper published there smoke the same cigar—taking it by turns.

Aunt Betsey has said many good things; among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

*Colorable Logic.*—How would you prove that black was white? By seizing hold of an Ethiopian serenader, and giving his face a good washing.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vel, dis is a ting I seldom don't likes to talks abouts, but ven I dus, it seems to me about so long as it never vas."

We hear now and then of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise, when it is remembered that it is a regular business of those fellows to make tracks.

A friend inquires whether a man cannot vote by telegraph. This is a question for political wire workers to solve. Our own opinion is, that it depends entirely upon the regulation of the *poles*.

In order to see the comet in its full glory, take a good glass. If this fails, take two glasses. Should this prove insufficient, take more glasses, and you will in time be able to see not only one, but two comets—perhaps more.

Not long since, there might have been seen on the window of a dirty little shop in an obscure part of London, this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beat, and poetry composed on any subject."

An editor of Indiana was attacked by a man for some personal grievance. The editor says: "To avoid injuring him, and prevent his injuring us, we got out of the way." Sensible man!

A young man in Cincinnati, named Pike, having grown rich in the whiskey trade, has just erected a magnificent opera house, the finest in all the West, and a wag wants him to call it "Pike's Alco-Hall."

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 50.

## CITY STREET CHARACTERS.



THE NEWS BOY.

Our present article will deal with the out-door life of American cities, and we shall not go farther than Boston for characters to illustrate our pen and pencil sketches. The drawings for our engravings were made for us by Mr. Charles A. Barry of this city, an artist who has achieved an enviable reputation by his vivid and exquisitely finished crayon portraits, and who sketches

with rare rapidity and spirit. The phases of city life we propose to illustrate, are not those presented by the more fortunate classes of society. We shall purposely avoid the court end of the city with its lines of palatial residences, its rows of draped windows like plate-glass mirrors, its well-washed sidewalks, its glittering equipages, its daintily dressed promenades, its rustle of



THE LOZENGE BOY.

silks, its atmosphere of Frangipani. City life has its shady and its sunny side. The latter is the candle that attracts the fluttering moths from every direction; the former is the limbo of the unhappy adventurers who have been scorched in the flame, and flutter where they fall, unable to escape. All great cities present violent contrasts of virtue and vice, wealth and penury, happiness and misery, learning and ignorance; and the utmost energies of legislators and philanthropists are taxed to combat pauperism, crime and misery within their limits. In many of our small New England villages, destitution is utterly unknown; while none of our large cities are exempt from a great amount of extreme poverty. A large city attracts more adventurers than can possibly succeed within its limits, while many of its inhabitants are born to an hereditary misery, from which there is no escape. City life, therefore, presents a large variety of social problems, which it is deeply interesting and important to study and to solve.

We purpose to glance at some of the prominent out-door characters we encounter in our daily walks. There is an outdoor life in the city, quite as interesting to the student of human nature as its indoor life. There are certain characters that seem to exist entirely in the streets. You meet them at early morning, at noontide, and late at night, seemingly heedless of wind and weather, sunshine and storms. To be sure they

must lay their heads somewhere—but it is difficult to ascertain where. They are like the cabman's horse in Pickwick, that lived at Pentonville when he was at home which was "wery seldom."

The first figure we encounter is that of the "news boy." We are aware of his proximity long before we see him; for to be gifted with a voice like chanticleer is one of the indispensable requisites of the business, and no one adopts it who is not possessed of a good pair of lungs. From early morn till an hour or two after nightfall, the voice of the news boy is heard proclaiming the names of his papers, and the heads of the news they contain. He lets out just enough to whet the curiosity, and no more. He is rather an amateur of the gloomy and terrible. A shocking murder, a frightful accident, such as a railroad collision or a shipwreck, a sanguinary battle or a prize fight, are insisted upon with great vehemence, because they are wares on which he is rarely "stuck," to use the language of the guild. The news boy is an early riser, for he must visit the offices and get his papers in the morning, or even, perhaps, before the gas is shut off. In the early morning his voice is as vigorous as chanticleer's; but towards nightfall it gets husky from excessive vocalism. Very diminutive and very juvenile are some of these poor boys—poor little fellows driven into the streets by orphanage, or the idleness and intemperance of parents. Little bare feet they have, sometimes



plashing through rain and slush, and ragged garments that illy fence them from the winter's storm. Some of them prosper well, lay up money little by little, and gradually emerge into higher spheres, in a country where the field is open to all, and golden prizes await the grasp of the resolute and persevering.

The news boy is a great amateur of theatricals and sable melodists; but he patronizes the "horse opera" in preference to the legitimate drama, both from the cheapness of the former, and the "highfalutin'" character of the latter, which he cannot appreciate. The "National Theatre" is his favorite resort when he can save pennies enough to procure admission. He applauds especially those "robustious, periwig-pated fellows" who can make "Rome howl." A play to please him must contain a vast number of terrific combats, and a great quantity of blue and red fire. He is very partial to the American flag, and likes patriotic melodramas in which the stars and stripes triumph over incredible impossibilities, and the curtain falls in a blaze of glory. "Wake us up when Kirby dies," was the charge of the news boy in the Chatham pit to his comrade, as he folded his arms preparatory to a nap. "Ah, it does my 'art good to see him—he does it so good and strong. He wrops himself up in the 'Merrikin flag, fires two hoss pistols, and dies on the pit like a son of a gun!"

The critical opinions of these juveniles have some weight in newspaperdom; and they can tell at a glance whether a paper will sell, or whether they shall "get stuck" on it. If we wanted to catch the popular ear, we should con-

vene a congress of news boys and submit our forthcoming novel to their judgment. We would give more for their *imprimatur* than for the decision of a coterie of critics with spectacles on nose. The news boys of Boston are comparatively few in number, but those of New York are legion; and the philanthropists of the Empire City have done much for the amelioration of their condition. They have established a lodging home for them, evening schools, and encouraged them to deposit money in the Five Cents' Savings Bank.

The "Lozenge Boy" is another well-known street character. You may see him any night at the door of the Museum, offering his "lozenges" with eager hand. There is a prodigious consumption of lozenges at the Museum, but no one can deny that they are a decided improvement on legislative peanuts.

Next comes the "Wood-Sawyer," the representative of a business that may be said about to have "cut its stick," since the almost universal adoption of coal as fuel. It has also been cut into by machinery, circular saws driven by horse or steam power being used by those corporations which consume a considerable quantity of wood. In the good old times, the knights of the horse were very numerous in Boston, when open fire-places yawned in every house, when kitchens were insatiable, and long rows of ox-teams, with corded hickory, oak and walnut, stood along the Granary burying-ground, and at the foot of the Common, and in Haymarket Square. Say what you will, there never was anything so cheerful as an old-fashioned wood fire. It required a great



THE WOOD-SAWYER.



THE RAG-PICKER.

hanging up the stocking by the fire-place. The little girl then came, and took her sewing, for she was never idle, to the bedside of the child, and sang to him, till his thin eyelids drooped over his eyes, and he fell into a peaceful slumber. At a late hour, the girl, having placed the lady's gift in the stocking, kissed her mother, and said her prayers, laid down beside the sick boy, and was soon slumbering too. The mother went softly to the couch, and bending over the sleeping pair, bedewed their pillow with her tears. She was aroused from her position by a heavy step upon the stair—and an expression of indescribable anxiety passed over her face, as the door opened, and a shabbily dressed man stalked heavily into the room.

"Thank God! my husband is sober!" was the mental exclamation of the wife and mother.

"The man threw himself into a seat.

"I'm as hungry as a wolf," said he, roughly. "Come here and get my supper—if you've got anything fit for a man to eat."

"I've got a nice supper for you," said the woman, cheerfully. "Mary sold all her apples to-day—and I've kept it warm for your return."

"And the poor woman hastened to place before her husband a nice loaf of bread, a plate of butter, and some beef steak, for, to minister to his appetite, even when pinched for food herself, was her pleasure and delight, too happy if she could win but one kind word from him whose habits had brought the once happy family almost to the verge of the extremest destitution.

"Here's beef and bread, to be sure," muttered the man:—"plenty to eat—but nothing to drink."

"I have some nice tea for you," faltered the wife.

"Tea be hanged! I must have something stronger. You must have a drop of spirit for me."

"I have not."

"Then give me some money to buy some—quick too—before the groggery shuts up. It's almost twelve."

"For heaven's sake, dear husband," said the wife, clinging to his arm, "let the old year end, and the new one begin, without a drop. It is not too late."

"Curses on you!" growled the man, pushing her rudely away from him; "stop your preaching, and give me the money."

"Alas! I have not a cent."

"And you've gone and wasted it all away on beef and bread—when you knew I couldn't do without my grog."

"No—dear husband—I parted with my last cent to get some medicine for the child."

"You're dosing him to death," said the selfish father. "Let him alone, and he'll get well fast enough. What trumpery is this?" he added, catching sight of the child's stocking. "Ha! ha! don't the fool know his father's broke—cleaned out—and ruined? He expects a New Year's present! I wish he may get it."

"Your wish is already fulfilled," said the wife, and she took the glittering toy from the stocking.

"The man seized it—his eyes sparkled. 'I can make a raise,' said he.

"What are you thinking of?" said the woman.

"Grog!" said the man, savagely, as he seized his hat and dashed from the room.

"Who can paint the agony of the abandoned wife? We must draw a veil over her distress.

"The clock struck twelve. At length a heavy step was again heard upon the stair. With an

inflamed and excited countenance, the wretched drunkard burst into the room, bottle in hand.

"A Happy New Year to you!" he cried. "Ha! ha! I've got the start of you. A Happy New Year!" he added, as he sat down to the table and uncorked his bottle. "Come—wont you have some?" he added.

"The hapless woman shook her head.

"No matter—there's more for them that likes it," said the drunkard—and again and again he drained the cup till he fell upon the floor—and sunk into a drunken sleep.

"With the first peep of day—the little girl opened her eyes, and the little sick boy crawled from his bed to the mantel-piece. He brought back his empty stocking to his sister who, old in sad experience, saw from a glance what had happened.

"Sis," said the little boy, sadly, "I knew I should get nothing—at least I thought I shouldn't—but it was kind of you to humor me—and I'm sure, dear sister, that I wish you a HAPPY NEW YEAR!" And the child threw himself into the arms of his sister, and strove to kiss away her tears."

Our next picture represents a group of dock loafers, not inappropriately designated "wharf rats," neither of them exactly the "glass of fashion, or the mould of form."—The city "dust-man" will be readily recognized by those familiar with the type; a useful, if a humble member of society. Our series close with a group of emigrants just landed from the vessel which has

brought them from Galway to our shores. What a contrast everything around them must present to the wild hills of Connemara, and how dreary the first days of exile, if there be no friends to welcome them.

But before taking leave of our subject, we must invite our readers to peruse what the Rev. Mr. Chapin has written on a topic that has engaged our attention—the "Children of the Poor." It does equal honor to his head and heart.

"The children of the poor," says he, "form a large proportion of those groups known in every city as 'The Dangerous Classes.' For they will be developed somehow. If they receive not that attention which is demanded by their position; if they are left to darkness and neglect, still, it is no mere mass of negative existence that they constitute. There is vitality there and positive strength, in those lanes and cellars, put forth for evil if not drawn towards the good. We must not confound ignorance with torpor of spirit or bluntness of understanding. One of the most remarkable characteristics of vagrant children is a keen, precocious intellect. A boy of seven in the streets of a city is more developed in this respect than one of fourteen in the country—a development, of course, which is easily accounted for by the antagonisms with which the child has had to contend, and the devices which have been inspired by the sheer pressure of want. He has been pitched into the sea of events to sink or swim, and those sharpened faculties are the tentacles put forth by an effort of nature in



THE CANDY-WOMAN.



THE APPLE-GIRL.

order to secure a hold of life. And there is something very sad and very fearful in this precocity. The vagrant boy has known nothing of the stages of childhood, conducting with beautiful

simplicity from one timid step to another, and gradually forming it for the realities of the world. But the neglected infant has wilted into the premature man, with his old cunning look, blending



so fantastically, so mournfully, with the unformed features of youth. Knowing the world on its worst side—knowing its hostility, its knavery, its foulness, its heartless materialism—knowing it as the man does not know it who has only breathed the country air, and looked upon the open face of nature. Is it not very sad, my friends, that the vagrant boy *should* know so much; and, without one hour of romance, one step of childish innocence and imagination, should have gone clear through “the world” which so many boast they understand—the knave’s world, the libertine’s world, the world of the skeptical, scoffing, Ishmaelish spirit? And yet he has so little *real* knowledge—there is such a cloud of ignorance and moral stupor resting upon his brain and heart! So much of him is merely animal, foxy, wolfish, and this sharpened intellect only a faculty, an instinct, a preternat-

to enjoy the fun very much; but why don’t you lay down your load of sticks?’ .... ‘I wan’t thinking about the burden—I wan’t thinking about the sticks, sir.’ ‘And may I ask what you were thinking about?’ ‘O, I was just thinking about what the good missionary said the other day. You know, sir, I don’t go to church, for I have no clothes; but one of the missionaries comes every week to our stairs, and holds a meeting. He was preaching to us last week, and among other things he said—“Although there are rich folks and poor folks in this world, yet we are all brothers.” Now, sir, just look at these lads—every one of them has fine jackets, fine caps, with warm shoes and stockings, but I have none; so I was just thinking if those were my brothers, it doesn’t look like it, sir—it doesn’t look like it. See, sir, they are all flying kites, while I am flying in rags—they are all running



THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

ural organ pushed out to gain subsistence with. It is a terrible anomaly, and yet, I say, it is none the less an active power, and shows us that, however neglected, the child of the abject poor is not dormant or undeveloped. In the first place, very likely, it has developed itself into a dogged atheism—a sulky unbelief. The brain of the vagrant boy is active with speculation as well as with practice—he has some theory of this life in which he lives, and, as might be expected, a theory woven with the tissues of his own experience; woven with the shadows and the lurid lights of his lot. A gentleman passing one day through the streets of Edinboro', saw a boy who lived by selling fire-wood, standing with a heavy load upon his back, looking at a number of boys amusing themselves in a play-ground. “Sometimes,” says the writer, “he laughed aloud, at other times he looked sad and sorrowful. Stepping up to him I said—‘Well, my boy, you seem

about at kick-ball and cricket; but I must climb the long, long stairs, with a heavy load, and an empty stomach, whilst my back is like to break. It doesn’t look like it, sir—it doesn’t look like it.” Or, take the following instance, which I extract from the records of one of the benevolent societies of our own city: “Can you read or write? said the visitor to a poor boy. Marty hung his head. I repeated the question two or three times before he answered, and the tears dropped on his hands, as he said, despairingly, and I thought defiantly—‘No, sir, I can’t read nor write neither. God don’t want me to read, sir. Indeed, so it looks likely. Didn’t he take away my father since before I can remember him? And haven’t I been working all the time to fetch in something to eat, and for the fire, and for clothes? I went out to pick coal when I could take a basket in my arms—and I have had no chance for school since.” Now this is fal-



THE DOCK LOAFER.

lacious and dangerous reasoning, my friends; nevertheless, it is reasoning, and shows that the mind of the poor boy is not inactive as to the problems of life. And the intellect which is so acute in theory will soon drive to practice. Stimulated by that selfish instinct which, as I have shown, will under pressure absorb every other consideration, he speedily commences the career of *crime*. And have you ever looked into this matter of crime? Or do you know it only as a monstrous fact in the social mechanism, and in the records of human nature? If so, it would be well for us to consider the way in which it appears to the violator of right—the way in which things look to him who works *inside* the web of guilt. And we may be sure that it does not look to him as it does to us from the midst of respectabilities and comforts, or from a high intellectual and moral stand-point. Now I am not going to justify crime, or to indulge any sentiment upon the subject. But, really, one of the most practical questions that can be asked is—“*Why* is this one, or that one, a criminal?” Do I say that the guilt should be imputed to the condition—that it is all owing to circumstances. No: but I do say that, in nine cases out of ten, crime is no proof of *special* depravity apart from *general* depravity, and that the circumstances have just so much weight as this—that put you or me in these same circumstances, in nine cases out of ten, we should be criminals too. In the same circumstances, my friends; and this involves a great deal. It involves an hereditary taint stamped in the very mould of birth; it involves physical misery; it involves intellectual and moral destitution; it involves the worst kind of social influence; it involves the pressure of all the natural appetites, rioting in this need of the body and this darkness of the soul. And it implies no suspicion of a man's moral standard—it is no insult

to his self-respect—to tell him that, under similar conditions, it is extremely probable he would have been a criminal too. Reasoning in an arm-chair is very proper, and often very accurate, but the logic of starvation is too peremptory for syllogisms. There is a sort of compound made up of frost, damp, dirt and rags, which works double magic: it sometimes converts a thief into a philosopher, and sometimes a philosopher into a thief. I am not speaking, however, of the mere impulse of animal want, but of this condition where the counter-acting forces are dormant. And for this reason you and I can draw no immoral conclusion from the doctrine of circumstances. We could not be like the moral leper who infests the dark regions of the city, we could not be like the child of sin and shame who broods there, without losing our identity. In contemplating this matter, the feeling for ourselves should be simply one of humility and thankfulness. We have grown up in pure light and air, appeased with the comforts, and braced by at least the current morality of society. But, concerning those degraded ones, what some call “charity” is no more than “justice.” It is no more than justice to say—all the conditions being considered—that as to a vast majority of them, crime is no proof of *special* depravity. It is the genuine humanity that is there—no base metal. It came from the moral mint—somewhere you will find upon it a faint scar of the divine image, but the coin was pitched into this bonfire of appetite and blasphemy, and it has come out a cinder. Thus, proud and happy mother, might *your* boy have been a defaced and distorted being, kicked, cuffed, knotted with frost, blackened with bruises, a pick-pocket, a wharf-rat, a panel-thief; with his intellect sharpened to an intense and impish cunning—only knowing that it is a hard world, and he must get out of it what he



can. Thus, fond father, might *your* daughter, whom the very winds must salute with courtesy, have gone through the streets at night, a painted desolation, a reeling shame. Do you think these were made of better texture than those who blacken and fester yonder? Do you think that when these came into the world there was no milk in mothers' breasts for them—no divine solicitude about them, no tenderness in the heart of Christ; but that they were the refuse, whirled into existence as the great wheel of Life shaped the finer mould of the respectable and the happy? I tell you that God made them complete souls, and stamped his image upon them—but they have fallen into the dark and dreary ways; the fierce flames have hardened them; the foul air has tainted them; and their special depravity, is the infection of circumstances. The young boy, the young girl, driven by necessity and sharpened with cunning, run into crime. They are *educated*; for circumstances—not merely books—are education; but this is their seminary, and the alphabet is spontaneous, and the science of quick growth. And with the consequences of all this exposure and temptation we are all

mixed up; and, if the claim of the child in its intrinsic position does not move us, *prudential* considerations should—the consideration of what society does suffer, and must suffer, if these conditions are not changed.

"It is a fact, then, that there are among us a vast number of children in the most miserable and perilous condition. In the year 1849, the Chief of Police reported the destitution and vice among this class of vagrants as almost incredible. In that report he says, 'The offspring of always careless, generally intemperate, and oftentimes dishonest parents, they never see the inside of a school-room, and so far as our excellent system of public education is concerned, it is to them a nullity.' It appears that, at that time, in 12 wards of the city, there were 2995 of these children, of whom two-thirds were females between the ages of 8 and 16. I am informed, also, by the Chief of Police, that 100 per cent. should now be added to this estimate; not all attributable, of course, to growth in depravity, but to the increase of population, especially by immigration. I understand, moreover, that within the past year there have been ten thousand

## THE DUSTMAN.



arrests, and five thousand commitments of boys alone between the ages of 5 and 15.

"But *remedies* there appear to be, my friends. For, while I say there is no condition in the city more sad and momentous than that of these children of the poor, I say, likewise, that there is none more *hopeful*. The essential and comprehensive remedy of all such misery, is the practical operation of Christianity—first of all in our own hearts, and then flowing out in action. I mean especially the *method* of Jesus, which consisted not of mere teaching but of *help*—which touched not only the issues of the sin-sick soul,

those wretched and foul *conditions* upon which I have laid so much stress, and to lead them to a higher culture by extending, first, the hand of temporal relief. They aim to break up the sockets of custom, and to introduce the degraded child to fresh motives of action and fields of endeavor; to throw around him the atmosphere of a true home, and to blend intellectual, and moral, and religious training with that true charity which teaches one how to assert his own manliness, and support himself by the honest labor of his own hands. Now I do not wish to be invidious, I am glad that such a constellation of



but the weakness and want of the body. To the demoniac, to the leper, to the impotent man by the pool, he brought not abstract truths, but words of healing and works of practical deliverance. How striking is the fact that the freshest and noblest charities of this nineteenth century are only developments of the manner in which the Redeemer soothed the sorrows and vanquished the evils of the world! For those institutions which especially excite the public interest at the present day, are those whose first plan it is first to remove the children of the poor from

philanthropic promise has risen upon the dark places of the abject poor. I point with pleasure to what has been accomplished in the Sahara of the Five Points, and in what still remains to be done I discern a field broad enough to prevent collision and dispute—broad enough to employ the means and the energies of thousands."

We make men outcasts, wretches; and then punish, in their wickedness, our own selfishness, our own neglect. We cry, "God help the babes," and hang the men.—*Jerrold*.



## THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.

BY EMILY A. DENNETT.

"AND she was blind! That beautiful girl! I could not realize it. I studied that pure face, the eyes that,—as is often the case with those who are born without sight,—large, bright and liquid, seemed endowed with rarer powers of perception than is usual—the polished brow over which auburn tresses were folded—the oval face, so spiritual in its outlines and coloring, the sensitive lips, scarlet as berries, and I could not believe for the moment that she did not see me watching her so curiously. She must reprove me, I thought, by a look—but no. The eyes took the direction of the many voices about her, wandering now here, now there, but never rested on me. I had not spoken."

The speaker paused. He was a man of middle age, plainly dressed, a man of elegant tastes—keen, quick, observant of men and matters. One who was with me had been bantering him about his single state, and had thoughtlessly wounded him.

It is not safe to jest upon such matters. The lip may not tremble, the eye grow less steady, or the color flutter back from the cheeks, but sometimes our words press upon a buried thorn, and the heart is probed and bleeds anew. The story might have been told for our instruction. I give it in his words:—

"I was a young man then, fresh from the suburbs of New York. I had become a clerk in one of the first firms of the great commercial city, and consequently felt myself able to board in what seemed to me good style. My friend Frank Appleby, who had been my companion at school and my chum in college, met me almost upon the moment of my landing from the cars with the exclamation—'I've got a capital boarding house, the best in the city—only been there a week, but its a great place I tell you!'

So I went with him deposited my trunk in his room, a handsome, spacious chamber, and that night as I returned and sat down to supper after an introduction to my fellow-boarders, I first saw Emily Houston. There were two daughters, the house was kept by a pale widow who had all her life been accustomed to the refinements and elegancies of wealth, until the death of her husband five years before. Since that time she had supported herself by taking in boarders.

Emily was the youngest. I have described her. Charlotte the elder was far less lovely, though some would have called her beauty more striking. I did not. As I said before, my

glances towards Emily were so frequent as to call forth remark from Frank Appleby.

"I never saw so sweet a creature," I said with fervor.

"She is a dear little thing;" was his careless reply, "and between you and me," he added more earnestly, "I think she likes me a little too well."

I never shall forget how I felt as he said this. A flush of mingled resentment and contempt flew to my cheeks; it seemed sacrilege to speak so lightly of so beautiful a creature. Besides, I found that she had made a deep impression on my own imagination, and I remembered how that her eyes had turned more quickly at the sound of Frank's voice than at any other—that even, when he passed her—she seemed to know it—to look more eager—to listen more intently. Every day I became more enamored of this lovely girl, and it pained me inexpressibly to see Frank, as I thought, trifle with her. He paid real court to the more regal Charlotte, but his vanity could not withstand the mute homage of the blind girl. I often watched them together—watched till it almost maddened me, for I would have given worlds for one of the peculiar smiles she always bestowed on him.

One day I saw him standing at the back entrance of the hall which led out upon a small plat of garden ground, now regal with full crimson, and the deep hues of the trees whose branches leaned over the wall. One arm was placed around her waist, with the other hand he was pressing back the brown, wavy hair.

"You have a remarkably beautiful forehead, Emily," he said.

"Have I? do you think so? O, I am so glad!" she said, artlessly.

"What makes you glad, Emily?" he asked, in the softest of tones.

"Because, whatever you like in me always makes me glad;" was the innocent reply. "That beautiful song, 'A ring of gold she gave me,' do you know I have learned that because you liked it so well? I can sing every word of it."

"Can you? Thank you for learning it for me. I will hear you sing it this evening. Yes," he continued, still musingly, "you have a remarkably intellectual brow; I think you could write poetry, little one."

"Ah, if I could but see you, I might;" was the low, sweet reply.

"Well, well, there's a confession;" said Frank, laughing lightly, yet from where I stood I saw his cheek flush with pleasure. "Now, how do you suppose I look?"

"O, I have heard, often," said the innocent creature. "Sister Lottie has told me that you

have black curling hair and black eyes. I know you have a moustache and whiskers, and I think, as Lottie says, you must be very handsome."

"O, yes, I'm a prodigiously handsome fellow," said Frank, conceitedly, laughing as he spoke. "Do you think, little one, that sister Lottie likes me pretty well?" he queried.

"How can she help it?" asked the blind girl, lifting her glowing but sightless eyes towards him.

If ever my blood boiled, it did then, as I saw him lean over and kiss her—if ever I wanted to give that arrant knave and puppy a shaking, I did then. A blush mantled her pure cheeks, a smile deepened the dimples round her lips.

"Frank," I exclaimed indignantly, a few moments afterward—"you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking somewhat guilty as he spoke.

"You are doing harm, Frank," I said with a serious manner; "leading that poor blind girl to love you. It is a cruel thing to encourage—you will pay dearly for it sometime, mark my words."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, half angrily, "how the deuce am I to help the girl's liking me? If she will be such a fool, why let her."

"You encourage it, Frank, you know you do, both by words and actions."

"Pooh! jealous!" he sneered.

"No, Frank, not jealous, for I have no claims upon her. Would to heaven I had!" I exclaimed, with such vehemence that he gazed at me, quite silenced and subdued. "Remember," I said, solemnly, "she is different from other women. Her great calamity has made her a pet in the household; she has been treated always like a tender little child, and she looks for caresses and love from everybody. Unstudied in the ways of the world, unspoiled by the arts of society; she has not the cunning to hide her attachments, but confers favors upon those she loves with a child's artless, confiding readiness. Be careful, Frank, be careful how you trifle with a human heart, especially with hers, for she is more than woman and but little less than angel."

Frank Appleby laughed a little, but I could see that he was touched, as he turned upon his heel, saying, "well, I will leave her to you—unmask my treachery if you will, but I tell you I meant no harm."

If he had left her to me, as he said, if his infernal vanity had not prevailed over his better judgment, all might have been well, as it was—but I will not anticipate.

That evening she sang the sweet song "A ring of gold," and all applauded. But she looked

round in vain for a word of praise from Frank. I never shall forget that touching, eager glance, asking so mutely, so mournfully for the one beloved voice. For a few days Frank was very distant, seldom speaking to her, and I endeavored to fill his place. At all practicable times I sang to her, read to her, walked with her, and after some little while had elapsed, she lost the look of painful reverie that had for a time become habitual with her, and learned to watch for me. O, those precious hours when she seemed all my own! can I ever forget them? She was so innocent, and yet so wise, so confiding, so graceful!

I think she was beginning to transfer the affection she had felt for Frank Appleby to me. For me the eye grew luminous, now, for me the little, silvery laugh of welcome sounded.

Meanwhile Frank was wooing the really elegant Charlotte Houston. She was a worthy girl, and loved her blind sister almost idolatrously. I wondered she had not noticed poor little Emily's infatuation, but she was so accustomed to seeing her loved and petted that it seemed as a matter of course. She was a belle, and a multiplicity of suitors contended for her hand, so that Frank who enjoyed a monopoly of her smiles and good graces was esteemed a fortunate fellow.

One evening I came home and found my little rose-bud, as I called her, unusually oppressed. I thought she had been weeping. In vain I exerted all my powers to please her—she smiled, but the smile was followed by a sigh. Finding an opportunity, I inquired of Charlotte what could be the matter with her sister.

"Really I cannot tell," was her reply; "she seemed to be very happy when she came home this afternoon."

"Came home this afternoon!" I ejaculated; "pray where did she go?"

"Driving with Frank," was her reply.

There was a pang at my heart. I saw through the sadness, the tears. Old impressions had been revived, old tenderness renewed. The sound of his voice, even if he had not spoken lovingly (and I knew the man too well to suppose that he had not), had awakened the slumbering emotions of the past. My fairy temple was dashed to the earth, I feared, hopelessly. I determined at once, as soon as opportunity occurred, to tell her of his then existing relations with her sister. I had wished to spare her the knowledge until I was sure she had forgotten—but now it seemed a thing inevitable.

That night we all went to the opera. Emily was passionately fond of music, and enjoyed perhaps the more from the sense of her isolation in

the midst of crowds. We tried to get a box together, but could not, and I did not know exactly where Frank and Charlotte Houston sat, though I had the impression that they were quite near. Two strangers sat behind us, who in the pauses of the music talked almost incessantly. Emily heard with preternatural quickness, sounds which I could not distinguish, and noticing suddenly her singular pallor, I found that she appeared to be listening to the speakers in our rear. I caught the words.

"O, yes, engaged to be married. He has been waiting on her for sometime. I shouldn't be surprised if they were married in the fall."

I knew not to whom they referred, but was instantly impressed that it was to Frank Appleby and Charlotte Houston. Looking around I saw them, nearly opposite. Frank never looked more brilliant. There was an exultant smile on his face, a vivid light in his eye as it caught mine.

Poor Emily! By accident her hand came in contact with my own. Death could not have been colder. Over her beautiful eyes a mist seemed drawn. She shuddered, and no longer listened with rapt attention or a gentle serenity, to the music. On the contrary, her movements were hurried, agitated. Wholly unaccustomed to conceal her feelings, she knew not what to do. Her cheeks were white and her lips had a blanched appearance. I trembled as I watched her. At last I whispered:

"Emily, shall we go home?"

"O, if you please," she said, rising hastily and turning, thereby drawing the eyes of many upon us, for ours was a conspicuous seat.

"Sit still a moment, dear;" I said gently, for I saw that her strange gestures attracted attention. "In a moment, when I touch your arm, I will take you out."

At the first favorable opportunity we withdrew as quickly as possible, and were soon seated in the carriage. I knew that poor Emily was weeping, and tried to comfort her. At last I ventured to say, "did you never suspect it before? Has no one told you, nor even Lottie?"

"O, no, no," she sobbed. "I did not think it. He was so kind, so gentle to me. O, how could he tell me what he did! It was very cruel! Is it wrong in me to tell you this? Is it wicked, is it foolish in me?"

"No, darling!" I said softly; though an arrow had gone to my heart, "tell me all you will—let me be to you as a brother, since I can be nothing more. If it had been my lot to be favored with your love, believe me, your path would have been flower-strewn."

She was silent after this, till we arrived home,

then she instantly retired. The next morning she was not at the breakfast table at her usual time.

"What made Emily act so strangely last night?" asked Charlotte. "The child must have been ill."

"Yes, I was half angry at her for standing up in that conspicuous place;" said Frank. "If she were my sister I should talk to her."

I flashed an indignant look at him. He winced under it.

"What was it, Mr. Hayden?" asked Lottie; "don't you know?"

"She heard some unpleasant information, I believe," I replied.

"For pity's sake! who from?" queried Miss Houston.

"From a couple of gentlemen who sat near us."

"What was it, my dear?" asked her mother, who had just set down the massive silver urn.

"Why Emily acted so strangely last night!" said Charlotte, looking curiously at me. "She sprang up suddenly, and I didn't know but she was going to jump over. Her face was as white as a sheet."

This conversation was carried on near the head of the table; the other boarders were talking amongst themselves.

The mother also looked over towards me. At that moment Emily entered. She could not have slept all the long night through. Her young face wore a haggard look, and her always slow, gracefully uncertain steps, seemed languid now. She took her accustomed place beside her mother who spoke to her tenderly, but when she answered her lip quivered. Frank Appleby saw it, and made a hasty breakfast, excusing himself sooner than was his wont. I, too, went, but not before I saw Lottie, with a look of great concern on her features, go up to her sister and whisper to her.

After that, O, the heart-aches I had to gaze upon that marble-face, so colorless! so wan with the beautiful hope-light blotted out! She seemed now, uneasy and unhappy if she knew Frank was near, and equally unhappy if he was absent.

At last she did not leave the parlor to come down to her meals. Her strength seemed to desert her, and mutely, uncomplainingly and sightless, she was going down to the tomb. Every day she grew more saintly, every day more inexpressibly dear to me who knew the cause of her malady.

One evening, I noticed a peculiar expression on the countenance of Charlotte Houston. Her face was very stern, and I surmised that there

had been trouble between Frank Appleby and herself. I was right.

During Emily's childhood she had learned to write, and wrote with astonishing accuracy, guided of course by some implement to which the blind have recourse. It seems that Emily had asked her to bring her a certain little box from her private drawer. Charlotte complied, but finding some papers which had been left, and also scraps of poetry of a peculiar character, which had been read to her sister, Charlotte felt herself justified in opening the box, and there she learned the secret of Emily's sorrow.

At first resentment filled her soul, then came anguish. Had the man whom she had loved and honored with her confidence, done this thing? Would any man possessing a spark of principle deliberately win the affections of a helpless blind girl?

Days and weeks passed agonizingly slow. Frank and I scarcely spoke together; I could not act the hypocrite. They told me Emily was growing worse, that there was no hope of her recovery. I saw the doctor's chaise stand there early in the morning. Frank Appleby ceased to take his meals with us.

One beautiful summer's day I was called from my store. Emily was dying, the messenger said, and had requested to see me. I entered the sacred chamber. She lay like a fair marble image, colorless, yet serenely beautiful. They stood around her, mother, sister, two or three friends and her kind physician. They told her I had come and she held out her hand. O, that moment! I threw myself by the bedside of the dear angel—the only woman I had ever loved. She whispered a few sweet words, very faintly:

*"If I could live, I would live for you!"*

Then a sudden light like a glory played round her pale features.

"I see—I see!" she cried.

Wonderful! she turned to each of us with dying recognition. In that last hour God had opened her eyes!

Well, there is a grave I visit sometimes—she sleeps there. Charlotte never married Frank Appleby. He is now a loafer about town. You know now, why I live in a state of single blessedness as you are pleased to call it. Ay, I am blessed in being single, but I am also wedded to her memory."

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#### MORNING.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,  
Saluted in her song the morning gray,  
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,  
That all th' horizon laughed to see the joyous sight;  
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,  
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews.  
[DARTER.]

#### ELECTRICAL FISHES.

The torpedo possesses such an amount of electrical power that it cannot only frighten but paralyze and even destroy its fellow inhabitants of the ocean. The torpedo conceals himself in the mud, and through the medium of a shock can destroy any creature that may be so unfortunate as to pass over him. This power in the torpedo appears to extend on both sides, from the head to the tail, and consists of longitudinal bands of fibres, containing membranous elongations forming hollow tubes, some of which are quadrangular, others hexagonal, pentagonal, and polygonal, each of which are divided by a membrane into dissepiments, connected together by blood vessels. In each organ, there are about one thousand tubes, which probably form the electric power; these tubes are all closed by coming in contact with the skin, and are all filled with a species of jelly. The back of the torpedo is convex when lying in a natural position, but the moment he strikes it becomes concave. Immediate contact with the object struck is not necessary, as he can destroy at a distance, and always emits a spark of electricity.

The electric eel possesses a battery twelve times more powerful than the torpedo, and is as much feared by man as by the inhabitants of its native waters. Mules, horses and other animals have been frequently destroyed by passing through creeks infested by them. They may be found in every pond and stream of water, from the tenth degree of north latitude to the equator. Its organs of electricity, four in number, are situated directly under the tail, occupying nearly a third part of the fish, and forming a battery equal to twelve hundred square feet. By placing both feet upon an ordinary sized eel, fresh from the water, a shock will be experienced far more violent than that produced by a Leyden phial, or the pile of Volta. The same shock received in the vicinity of the heart would cause instant death. If but one hand be laid on the eel, a moderate shock will be felt, but if both hands are so placed they will be paralyzed for years. After the eel has discharged an accumulation of electricity, his courage leaves him, and he becomes perfectly harmless for a time, and flees from the animal with dread that he had just before pursued with fury. Quite an abundance of food is required before he can again accumulate galvanic power. He can emit sparks of electricity that will kill an object fifteen feet from him and may immediately be deprived of electric power by contact with loadstone.—*Scien. Am.*

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#### SECRET RELIGION.

Cecil says, God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. "Enter into thy chamber," said he, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee" means much; it means—shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or he will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.

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It is never more difficult to speak well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

BRIGHT OCEAN.

BY EDWIN LISCOMB.

To sail on noble vessels  
When the moonbeams kiss the sea,  
And the waves are gently tossing,  
And the gentle wind is free;  
To watch each star that brightens  
As evening wanders on—  
Ah, glorious thus is life to me,  
Nor fear of wreck or storm!

My love is with the billow  
That sports with glimmering light;  
That seeks not for a pillow,  
But dances through the night.  
And as the fluttering boom  
Of each white sail distends,  
My heart in turn is fluttering,  
And grateful homage lends.

Those wandering on the gloomy main  
No joys of life may know,  
Compared to what those hearts have reaped,  
Tinged with bright ocean's glow.  
Fair are the fields and blossoms sweet  
That grace the landward scene;  
But fairer still are all the gems  
That on the ocean gleam.

MY LADY'S DREAM.

BY KATE KEITH.

"GO AWAY, Hortense. There is no use in the world in your strewing feathers, flowers and frippery on the couch, for I tell you once for all, that I will not go to Lady Mary's soiree to-night."

"But, my lady, here is the dress, the very dress you ordered of Maradon; only see how lovely it is, and such blonde. I am sure no one ever saw such blonde!"

"Do you really mean so?" asked the young lady, turning her eyes languidly upon the tempting and elegant finery. "But no matter, I am ill, out of spirits, out of humor, and will not go. So, put everything away, and bring me the 'Dream of Sorrow.' No—that's too melancholy; the Magazine—no, that's too political, prosing as Lord John—that odious Lord John! I never saw a man in my life waltz so ungracefully. I wish some of the book-selling people would publish a new something, for lately new books, with one or two exceptions, have had nothing new in them. I suppose you have not got any books, Hortense?"

"O, no, madam, none that you would read, I am sure," replied the discontented damsel, displacing rather than arranging the assemblage she had laid out with no little pride on the satin

couch in Lady Emily Stanley's dressing-room.

"How do you know whether I would read them or not? What are they?" demanded her young mistress.

Hortense stopped, and holding up her pretty fingers, that seemed formed expressly for the duties of a lady's toilet, counted, "'The Bible,' 'Gregory's Legacy,' two volumes of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The House-keeper's Assistant,' 'The Universal Washball,' 'Shakspeare's Plays,' a dream book and a few songs. That's all I can remember, my lady."

"A pretty mixture, to be sure; only, Hortense, it astonishes me that a girl of your sense should have such a silly thing as a dream book in your collection. It is not only silly but wicked to be superstitious, and you must not give way to such follies."

"No, my lady."

"It is so absurd to place any faith in dreams."

"Yes, my lady."

"Now, don't you think so, Hortense?"

"O, I suppose your ladyship knows."

"But what do you think?"

"Why, indeed, my lady, I think, if I may take the liberty, that they are divine inspirations, that is, sometimes. And I've known many dreams that have come out as clear as the stars in the heaven, all of themselves."

"Silly girl! But I should like to see your book, just to point out how ridiculous it is."

"I'll fetch it directly, my lady," said the sapient waiting-woman, muttering to herself when fairly in the ante-room, "Ridiculous indeed! She had a dream last night, and wants to find out its meaning, for all she said about superstition. I never knew a young lady yet, that wasn't curious after prophecies, fortune-telling, and the like. But never mind, it's possible that I can read her dream as well as the book."

Outwardly the Lady Emily was as like the thousand and one young ladies, who, to use a popular phrase, "shed lustre upon the recent drawing-room," as it was possible for any young lady to be. She was pretty, accomplished, generally good-natured, seldom capricious, animated, and more gentle and affable than most earls' daughters, doomed to the inheritance of eleven thousand per annum.

She was, moreover, romantic, and let this be noted as extraordinary, astonishing; for romance is not the order of the day in fashionable circles; it belonged to the point lace and ruffle school, and has been consigned, with the other cast-off habits of our ancestors, to oblivion.

Amongst our moderns, nothing is so much the mode, as a spirit of inquiry. Our young ladies

must investigate everything, from the anatomical formation of a midge's wing, to the last discovery of science. Self-knowledge is the only study deemed imprudent by chaperons; and it happened to be the only one that poor Emily was mistress of. Alas! she had never written verses, even in an album, nor studied any portion or branch of mathematics, so as to make her like her governess, learned in name, if not in reality. If ever she thought of making a sensation, she called in the aid of her incomparable French milliner, and consigned her pretty foot to the mysteries of the no less celebrated Millnotte. She did not seek to dazzle by her wit, or instruct by her wisdom. She was even once or twice suspected of wishing that she had been born in an humbler sphere of life, and talked, poor girl, of disinterested affection.

Her father, a clever and accomplished statesman, possessing a due veneration for Prince Metternich, and whatever ministry was in power, kindly overlooked these little mental aberrations, and at the same time resolved, that while she thought, he would act, and thus maintain his authority.

It is not to be supposed that Emily could have been so *outré* in her sentiments, if she had been brought up like the present young ladies of rank and talent, who commence by acquiring a knowledge of the world under the care of a pretty intriguante, denominated nursery-maid. No such thing. She was educated in the country by the widowed and aged parent of her deceased mother, a stately and dignified gentlewoman, as old-fashioned as if she had lived in the days of Queen Anne, and full of what are now termed "strange notions."

She would persist, for instance, in using the night for sleeping, and the day for occupation; called even parish paupers fellow-creatures, and could never be persuaded to admit a divorcee into her house, no matter whether she were rich or powerful. Strange to say, she remembered to keep the Sabbath day holy, and discharged an agent from her employ, a man of considerable talent, because he refused to marry a young girl, the daughter of a Welch clergyman, whose reputation had suffered but too justly from his acquaintance. This antediluvian lady had educated her fair charge pretty much with the same ideas; and as this was the young lady's first season in London, she still retained many ancient peculiarities. I had almost forgotten to state, that a residence in a baronial castle is somewhat apt to make a young lady romantic, if not superstitious. The Lady Emily had lived, and loved also, when there was no visible eye to

watch over her wanderings at her grandmother's castle. And who had she loved? Some gentle shepherd, or pastoral squire with hound and horn, boisterous as the north wind, yet insipid as the south? No such thing. Amongst the visitors, and they were not numerous, who assembled occasionally at Hallydyon—such was the designation of the castle—the younger son of a certain house that had long been noble, but was now poor, was a decided favorite with young and old—one of those illustrious branches of trees rooted with the Norman Conquest, and still flourishing, though not amongst the wealthy of the land.

Young Havereld was more distinguished at college for a bold and enterprising spirit than for that persevering attention which leads to academic distinction; but his honorable and frank demeanor, his manly bearing, so much beyond his years, and so different from the maudlin, unintellectual deportment of modern youths, ensured him the good will of his instructors, and the respect of his associates.

The timid naturally love the brave; the more they feel their own weakness, the more closely they cling to the free and fearless. This is a principle in nature; how forcibly then must it operate in nature's citadel—a woman's heart. Lady Emily saw much in Edward Havereld to admire, and still more to love.

"You go," he said, as they walked together the evening before her departure from Hallydyon Castle—"you go to a world that will, to all appearance, worship a being so fair, so rich, as the Lady Emily."

"Why do you talk of my riches, and why do you call me *Lady Emily*?" interrupted the sweet girl, looking timidly into his face as she clung to his arm with the confiding affection of seventeen. "My grandmother, I am sure, knows how dearly—" She paused, and her face flushed the hue of a damask rose.

"Your grandmother knows what, dearest?" inquired the proud lover, as his eye rested fondly on the trembling girl—"what does your grandmother know?"

"How dearly *you* love me, Edward," she replied, woman's ready wit coming to her assistance, "and she has never prevented our being together. I remember long ago, when we used to play in this very avenue—"

"And when I used to call you my little wife, and you called me by as dear a name."

"Fie, fie, Edward!"

"O, Emily, those happy days are past; your father will never sanction the addresses of a younger brother, and when I do meet you in

London you will be surrounded by a bevy of Sir Fuplings and Sir Fools, just as pleased, I dare say, with their attentions, as others of your inconstant sex."

To this ill-tempered sarcasm poor Emily made no reply; but Edward's heart smote him when a silent tear, so sadly, mutely eloquent, sparkled for a moment on her cheek, and then disappeared—one of the many, but generally unrecorded tokens of woman's suffering and of woman's love.

"Forgive me, darling; my very inability to distinguish myself makes me dread the efforts of successful rivals—this universal peace is a sad thing for us well-born but most beggarly cavaliers. We cannot win our way to glory and to riches."

"Riches again, Edward—you are grown quite mercenary."

"For your sake, dearest."

"You do not know me then, Edward. I would not barter an iota of your noble qualities for the mines of Golconda."

"Your father would."

"But I am not my father, and I believe you do him injustice. I am sure he is generous, or my mother could never have loved him."

"Women do not always marry where they love," replied the youth.

"That is the second unjust observation you have uttered during the last five minutes," retorted the lady. "I think you cannot feel this separation, Edward, or you would not be so bitter."

"Rather, Lady Emily, you do not feel it, for I heard you laughing quite merrily after dinner, when you were in the music room listening to some folly of your cousin's."

"The lip may laugh when the heart is heavy, Mr. Havereld, but my cousin, Lord Henry, does not talk foolishly."

"Perhaps you think him wise—wiser than I, Lady Emily."

"He is not so irritable, and would not so willingly wound my feelings."

This reply was sufficient to rouse the more than half jealous lover, and a stormy scene ensued, which ended in a more stormy separation.

As the old Lady of Hallydon Castle kissed the hot and fevered brow of her beloved and beautiful grandchild, the next morning, the morning of her departure from the scenes of her happiest years, she earnestly and fervently blessed her:

"May the blight and the pestilence of fashionable vice and folly pass harmlessly over you, my sweet child; and never forget morning and eve-

ning to seek your Maker in prayer and thanksgiving; and remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, for the day is the Lord's, and its hours are only given to be used in his service. And, Emily, do not turn away from the remembrance of the affections of your early days. But why those tears, my child and where is Edward Havereld? He is a worthy young man, and you ought not to be wayward, when parting for a short time even, with so old a friend."

"I have parted forever with Edward, grand-mama," murmured Emily.

"A maiden's *ever*, dearest, in such cases is not everlasting. There, God's blessing and mine rest with you. Write often, for your letters will cheer the lonely old woman in the dreary evenings of winter, when your eye and smile were the brightness, and your voice and step the music of her castle, which, like herself, is yielding to decay."

And Emily did write often, and at first, her letters told of regrets for the quiet she had left, and then came accounts of operas, Almacks and presentations; but soon the spirit flagged again, and weariness and vexations were recorded; and though her grandmother knew that she frequently met Edward Havereld in society, yet there was no mention of his name.

Presently rumors that the earl intended sacrificing his daughter to wealthy or political considerations, smote upon the old lady's ear, and she wrote requesting, that as she wished most particularly to see him, he would without delay, make his appearance at Hallydon Castle. It was during her father's absence from town, that Lady Emily, as Hortense shrewdly suspected, "dreamt a dream," which now we consider it quite time to return to.

When the waiting-maid returned to her lady's chamber, she carried a blue-covered and most unseemly looking book between her fingers, and apologized for its untidy appearance:

"I don't think your ladyship can touch it," she said, cunningly; "but if you will tell me just what you want to find out, whether it concerns air, or hail, or colors, or anything of that sort, I have only to turn to the book, and it will come out clear and pure as crystal."

"What would my dear grandmother think if she heard you say that, Hortense?"

"O, bless her ladyship! she knows how much wiser the world grows."

"Which makes us consult dream books, ay? Well, sit down, child, and as I do not wish to soil my fingers, tell me how your wise book interprets dreaming of the sky being streaked with crimson?"

Hortense's mother had nursed Lady Emily, consequently she was treated with more familiarity than an ordinary waiting-woman, and her mistress did not regard the freedom she used in sitting, or rather crouching upon a divan that stood beside the lounge upon which the young lady reclined, as an unwarrantable liberty. She turned over the sybilline leaves, and at last read :

"To dream that the sky is streaked with red, denotes that in love you will be successful ; in business—"

"Stop," exclaimed Lady Emily. "Why, Hortense, should that prove success in love?"

"Indeed, my lady, I don't know, except that red is a lucky color."

"And what says it to a flock of crows?"

"O, crows are lawyers ; I don't like crows, my lady."

"Well, Hortense, we will leave them. And now tell me why death is dreamed of?"

"To dream you are dead," commenced Hortense, "denotes a speedy marriage, and that you will be successful in— But bless me, my lady, that's my lord's carriage at the door. I didn't think he'd return from Hallydon till to-morrow."

"O, put away that dirty book," exclaimed the young lady, "papa will certainly come here, and I long to hear from grandmama."

But almost before the servant had time to obey her lady's commands, the most noble peer himself stalked into the lady's tasteful dressing-room.

"I have seen your grandmother, Emily, and she has informed me of a circumstance which from my daughter, Lady Emily Stanley, I ought to have heard before."

The earl paused, but there was no reply, and he resumed :

"I heard from your grandmother that you have formed an attachment for a young man of the house of Havereld—a right good house, a noble family, quite as ancient and respectable as our own. I understand also that some childish quarrel occurred between you, before you came to town ; so I have asked him to dinner to-day, and desire that you will receive him as — as an old friend."

"Papa!"

"And as to your cousin — we are not committed, so I shall speak with him on the subject to-night."

"Dear papa!"

"It will be easy to get this young man into parliament, and then with my interest, he will make a very good husband, I dare say."

"O, papa!"

"We can all go to Lady Mary's fate this evening."

"Yes, dear papa."

"Young ladies are very obedient," replied the nobleman, relaxing his iron features into something resembling a smile, "when they are desired to do what pleases them."

Edward easily convinced his fair one that he had been absolutely broken-hearted ever since "the eventful evening" (that is the most approved phrase, we believe), on which they parted ; but they were both astonished at the ready consent given by the earl to their union. This mystery was soon solved, however, when the old Lady of Hallydon received her niece, who was to go forth a bride from the scene of her youthful happiness. "My estates, as you know, love, are tolerably extensive by flood and field," said the lady, "and I told your father I had determined on making Edward Havereld my heir. Will you forgive me, my dear, for disinheriting you?"

"I wish, my lady," said Hortense, "that it was the fashion for brides to wear red."

"Why so?"

"Because I am sure your ladyship will now believe that it is a lucky color."

"Silly girl! But did I not hear horses' feet in the court-yard?"

"It's only the crows, my lady."

"Crows, Hortense?"

"Lawyers, my lady, and crows are all one in the dream book."

"You are very provoking," said the lady.

"O, madam, if I only had the good fortune to be dead in my dream, I should know what to expect, unless—"

"Unless what, foolish girl?"

"Unless truth is confined to ladies' dreams," replied the waiting maid, with a gentle sigh.

We are happy to inform our readers that the enterprising waiting maid did dream she was dead, and her expectations in consequence thereof were realized.

#### UNITING METALS.

As an improvement upon the existing mode of joining metals, Mr. A. Parkes, of Birmingham, proposes that zinc or zinc and mercury should be used, instead of the ordinary solders. The zinc may be used in strips, with a flux placed between the edges or surfaces of the metal to be joined, or the zinc or zinc and mercury may be used in a granular state with a flux. The surfaces are heated with gas or otherwise until the zinc or zinc amalgam flows, when the surfaces are subjected to a higher heat for a short time, by which process the joining will then be accomplished.—*Scientific American*.



## ANNIE FAY.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

On the borders of the forest  
 Stood the home of Annie Fay;  
 Like a sunbeam shone the maiden  
 O'er her happy parents' way.  
 Sixteen summers shed their glory  
 Since sweet Annie blest their sight:  
 As an angel dwelling with them,  
 Gave she ever new delight.

Till a stranger, wandering thither,  
 Marked the beauty of her face—  
 Like a lily of the valley  
 Bloomed unseen her wondrous grace.  
 Tall and stately was his bearing,  
 Flashed his eyes like stars of night:  
 Soon sweet Annie felt their power  
 With a vague and new delight.

Flushed the April buds to blooming  
 Ere young Bertrand did depart,  
 But he left behind a shadow  
 On a young and loving heart.  
 Sped the summer, came the winter,  
 As it never did before;  
 Sweetly smiling spring, returning,  
 Brought no joy to them once more.

On the borders of the forest,  
 In the lovely month of May,  
 Stood Lord Bertrand, bowed with sorrow,  
 O'er the grave of Annie Fay.  
 Came he back his bride to make her,  
 Love had conquered pride of birth,  
 And he found his wildwood flower  
 Lying low within the earth.  
 Rose he up all broken-hearted,  
 Went alone upon his way;  
 But an angel watches o'er him,  
 Though unseen is Annie Fay.

## THE OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN:

—OR,—

## THE WAIF OF THE STORM.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCORN.

"WHAT under the sun did Harding & Hinckley ship that man for?" demanded Captain Harry Alden, of the ship Cohasset, coming to a dead halt, as an old, white-haired, weather-beaten seaman passed him on the quarter deck, on his way aft to relieve the wheel at four bells in the dog-watch, the first day out of port, Boston light being still in full view astern, and the ledge of rocks, after which the ship was named, bearing about two points on the starboard bow. "Here we are, with a new ship just out of the riggers' hands, and but a scant complement of men at that; I told them I wanted an able crew, every man to be A. I. No. 1., and there's a sample for you! How

many old men and boys have we got on board, anyhow, Mr. H.?" And the speaker turned to his first officer awaiting his answer.

"Boys, or ordinary seamen, we have none, sir, and the old man just gone aft, is the only one of the crew who can be so termed. We've got a good crew, sir, at least so far as I am able to judge. They all know the ropes, and their duty, so far as making sail is concerned; and as for handling the ground tackle, I am sure I never had anchor stowed so quickly, or with less than twice the amount of ordering in my life before. I'd trust any of them to get the anchor on the bows. Why, I had no occasion to issue an order after the anchors were catted. They were fished, tripped and brought inboard without a word. I'll risk the crew, old man and all, sir!" And the mate assumed a decided expression of countenance, equivalent to saying, "If I'm suited with the men, I'm sure you may be;" while the captain, interpreting his glance aright, resumed:

"O, if they suit you, I have no more to say. But the idea of sending an old man like that one on board where all should be young and able. Tut, it's absurd! They'll never ship another crew for me!"

"But they were not all to blame, captain. In fact, not at all. They refused the old man twice, and then sent him to me. You were absent at the time, and as a matter of course, I acted as your representative in the affair. I had seen all the crew then shipped, and believing them to be good men, gave the old man an order to sign the articles."

"Then you are the culprit, Ben?" said Alden, his features relaxing into a smile.

"Yes, sir, if 'tis a crime to provide for the aged, suffering them to retain their self-respect at the same time, then 'tis one of which I must plead guilty!" And the noble-hearted mate drew up his commanding figure proudly, conscious of having done nothing worthy of censure.

"How? I don't understand you, Ben," said the superior.

"If you will excuse me for the present, sir, I will explain all to your satisfaction. But in the meantime rest assured that in shipping yonder old man, Ben Huntley has done nothing which (and he lowered his voice to a whisper as he spoke) his friend and long-tryed chum, Harry Alden, would have refused to do under the same circumstances." And Ben Huntley repaired forward to attend to his evening duties, leaving his commander exclaiming, half aloud:

"That I can well believe. No, no, I never knew Ben Huntley to do an act since the hour we first met, that I could not endorse, heart and

soul. But what can be the circumstances which interest him so deeply in the fate of yonder old man?" And turning towards the last-mentioned personage, Captain Alden walked slowly aft, and taking a stand beside the wheel, a little in the rear of the aged helmsman, he subjected him to an earnest regard.

His steadfast scrutiny resulted in nothing save an augmentation of the surprise which the interest evinced by the mate had awakened, when desisting therein, he resumed his promenade, which the old man's advent on the quarter-deck had interrupted. Leaving Captain Alden to pass away in this manner the time which must intervene ere the mate's release from duty would enable him to gratify the curiosity his words had awakened, we will carry our readers back over the dark vista of the past, a period of some thirty-six years, to a time when both Captain Alden and his mate were children—mere babes as it were—scarce able to articulate the one sweetest word on childhood's lips, "Mama."

'Twas a dark, drear and stormy autumnal evening, nearly at the close of the season; and gathered round the sitting-room fire, in the home of Captain Isaiah Huntley, in the town of Hingham, were his family, consisting of his wife, a fine buxom matron; his mother, a hale, hearty woman, but little beyond middle age, and his children, four in number, two of each sex, of the respective ages of nine, seven, three and one, the latter being seated in his mother's lap, while the next in age half lay, half leaned on her knee, gazing wistfully at the bright, roaring, crackling fire, and doubtless wondering in her childish simplicity whether it was really endowed with all the attributes said to belong thereto by her wise "g'an'ma, who know'd everything."

The two elder children, a boy and girl, were seated one on each side of their grand-parent, who plying her quick, flashing, snapping needles all the while, was attending to the repetition by the elder, Mehitabel, of the Bible lesson she had conned over, until learned by rote, for next day. Twice the bright little Hetty had failed in her attempts to repeat the hard lesson, but cheered by the quiet and confident "Try again, Hetty dear," of her grandmother, had returned to her task, resolved to win the kind smile which she well knew would reward her success.

Outside the happy home of the absent captain—he was, and had been absent since the birth of his youngest boy—the storm raged and roared, beating with relentless fury against casement and shingle, and howling round the chimney top, dashed down the soot in large clods, which had

hitherto rested in peace, in the nooks and crannies where they had been accumulating for years. For a moment the gale was hushed, and during that brief period the wailing cry of an infant was wafted to the ears of those within. All heard it, and so distinctly that even little Lelia started from her mother's knee, and gazing inquiringly into her face, demanded, "O-o! hear dat, mama; where dat baby cry?"

"Hist, child!" was her mother's only answer, as she rose, and placing young Benjamin on his grandmother's knee, moved to the door with a lighted taper, when she paused to listen; but the renewed howling of the gale drowned all further outcry, if any was made. Opening the inner door, she passed into the hall, and moving the handle of the lock, placed the outer door ajar; when shading the taper with her apron, she opened the door, essaying to peer out into the darkness, hoping to discover the origin of the cry which had reached her. But she was met by a gust of mingled wind and rain which nearly upset her, extinguishing her taper, and despite her efforts to prevent it, blew the door wide open, exposing her to the full fury of the storm.

For nearly a minute she stood, hoping the cry might be repeated, but in vain, when being unable to distinguish anything strange in the immediate vicinity of the doorway, and convinced of the folly of attempting a search in her present garb, she shut the door and re-entered the sitting-room for the purpose of making some additions to her clothing, to enable her to prosecute the search outside.

That she had heard an infant's wail she was certain, and nerved to the task of discovering and rescuing, if necessary, from peril, the being who had given it utterance, she hurried her preparations, and was placing a candle in the lantern to aid her in her search, when a loud tap at the outside door called her parent to attend to their visitor. Ere she could reach it, it was thrown open, and a stranger clad in sou'wester and oil clothing, stepped into the hall carrying in his hand a huge basket.

"Why, the land's sake! if 'taint Isaiah!" exclaimed the old lady, rushing to embrace him, followed by the two elder children, crying "Dad, father! O, mother, here's father!" while with a joy-beaming smile the matron advanced to meet her husband as he struggled into the apartment, and was clasped to his bosom, his lips pressed to hers, while for nearly a minute he stood holding her to his heart, all storm-drenched as he was.

"Once more I'm home, my Ruth, my wife!" And again the lips of the long-separate pair met in a long and fervent kiss, when the hardy

tar released her, to caress his children, who clung to his knees, shouting for joy that "Father is home again!"

"But you're rigged for a cruise, Ruth; whither away in this brush?" demanded Capt. Huntley, as his gaze rested on his wife's strange garb.

"I thought I heard an infant's wail, outside, a few minutes ago; and I was just going to search for't when you came."

"Are you sure, Ruth?"

"Certain, Isaiah; I could not be mistaken."

"Ha, as I live it must be in the basket!" exclaimed the seaman, replacing Ben in his grandmother's arms, and taking up the basket, which had stood unheeded on the chair on which he had dropped it on his entrance.

"In the basket!" ejaculated both wife and mother, in a breath.

"Must be," resumed the husband and son, as he tore off the cover with nervous haste, and turning back fold after fold of fine woolen blanket, exposed to view the chubby face of a male infant, about the age of Ben.

"Whose is it—who are its parents? What inhuman wretches to abandon such a sweet babe!" with many other demands and exclamations passed from lip to lip, but failed to elicit any information regarding the little stranger.

"Ha, what's this?" demanded Captain Huntley, holding up to view a paper he had found while searching the basket after resigning its late occupant to his wife's care. "Here's something that may furnish us some clue to that chap's parents, or owners, whoever they are." And setting the basket on the floor he opened the paper and read as follows:

"The finder of this child is welcome to him, basket and all, and may rest assured he will never be reclaimed. (Signed) HENRY ALDEN."

"Humph! that's plain and to the point, I'm sure; and the production of some— No, I won't swear, wife, so you may drop that warning finger; but I vow, such rascality's enough to make a saint swear, and deserves condign punishment!"

"Come, Isaiah, git off them wet things, or you'll be sure to git your deth a cold. Here's a light; you'll find your dry clo'es in your chamber, jest where you left 'em. Ruth an' I put 'em all back t'other day, though we didn't expect you home quite so soon. Come, go 'long, I tell ye; never mind the baby now, you'll have time enough bimeby to play with him." And the old lady fairly shoved her son away from his infant's cradle, and out of the room, adding, as the door closed behind his retreating figure, "Law-sakes

alive, Ruth, there won't be any peace round the house now Isaiah's got home, an's so tuck up with this little scamp." And returning to her grandson's crib, the old lady stood up for nearly a minute, bending over, regarding tenderly, and fondling its inmate.

"Dear, dear, I'd like to forgot Isaiah's had no sapper yet!" And the delighted dame bustled out of the room and into the kitchen to prepare refreshments for her dearly loved boy, leaving his wife, with the little stranger pressed closely to her breast, and surrounded by the elder children, who regarded it with the mingled wonder and delight that babyhood ever excites in the mind of childhood.

Without tiring our readers with further details of the adoption and subsequent education of the little stranger by the worthy captain and his wife, or exhaust their patience with an account of the growth of that friendship which—cemented by many ties, of which not the least was that of marriage—existed between Ben Huntley and his adopted brother, we will at once state what the reader may have easily guessed are now, viz., that the Captain Harry Alden of our story and the little foundling were one and the same.

We left Captain Alden awaiting the return of his friend and mate, that he might learn from him the cause of the strange interest he had manifested in the old man, who, despite his years, the captain was forced to confess was a superior helmsman. Mr. Huntley having joined his superior, the latter demanded the promised explanation, which the former gave as follows:

"When the old man came to me, requesting a berth, I told him, as you would probably, that the ship was new, our crew limited in number, and for that reason should be all young and able men, therefore I would not grant his request. He begged an interview with you, and upon being informed that you were absent, seemed to despair. Pitying the old man's grief, I requested him to follow me to the cabin, where I offered him some grog, which he refused, assigning as his reason, the fact that he never indulged in the beverage. His refusal to drink raised him at once in my esteem, when I questioned him concerning his motive for seeking a berth with us, such a long voyage, when plenty of coasting voyages might be had, which would suit his age much better.

"In reply, he informed me that he had followed coasting for some years, but that recently, he had encountered much difficulty in obtaining employment, owing to his aged appearance, and had been compelled to spend the savings of sev-

eral years in the fruitless search, in which originated his desire to make long voyages, as then he would be less liable to be thrown out of employment. I demanded why he did not go home, or if he had no home to which he could retire in his old age, where friends or relations might minister to his wants. My queries touched a tender chord, and drew tears to his eyes, observing which, I expressed my regret for having caused him pain, and tendering him a small sum, bade him use it as he pleased. He declined to receive it, saying with some degree of hauteur, not unmingled with manly dignity, 'Your pardon, sir, but I cannot receive as charity that for which you deprive me of the honor of laboring!'

"More deeply interested than ever, I begged him to re-seat himself, and assured that he had not always been what he now is, requested him, if he had no objections, to relate a portion of his history. He complied, when I learned that early in life he was or had been promoted to the command of a ship, owned in and sailing out of New Orleans. He made two successful voyages, when he was united in marriage to the daughter of his principal owner, remaining home a year, at the close of which he returned to his profession, setting out on a voyage to Rio. He was absent six months, and on his return found himself the father of a beautiful boy, some two months old, at the same time learning from his wife that she had been subjected to some slight persecution by a former suitor for her hand, at present the junior partner in the house of which her father was principal.

"The old man was absent in Europe at the time, or his daughter had doubtless been spared such indignity. But be that as it may, Captain Lagrange called her unmanly persecutor to account, and wounded him severely in a duel, when the matter was dropped, his antagonist professing his sorrow for his conduct, and promising to be more circumspect in future. In the meantime the ship was refitted, reloading for Europe, for which Captain Lagrange sailed, not without evil forebodings, yet not sufficient to counterbalance the interests of his owners, and prevent him from proceeding on his destined voyage.

"He was absent ten months, during which he received frequent and cheering letters from home, but on his return was surprised to find the house bankrupt for an enormous sum, his father-in-law in a suicide's grave, and his wife and child missing. From the junior partner, the only information he could obtain was to the effect that Mrs. Lagrange, with her babe, had disappeared

most unaccountably on the evening succeeding her parent's suicidal act, while every subsequent effort he made to recover, or obtain a single trace of her, proved in vain. The extreme excitement attendant on his bereavement, with the ill-success of his search, threw him into a violent fever, in which his life was despaired of, and from which he recovered, a maniac. Then it was found necessary to confine him in an asylum for the insane, where he remained a period of twenty-five years, when he was pronounced cured, and discharged.

"None recognized in him the once brilliant Capt. Lagrange, indeed but few of the oldest recollected the wealthy house with which he had been connected, and finding himself among strangers, even in the city of his birth, he came north, seeking but failing to obtain employment. None could be found endowed with confidence sufficient to entrust a vessel in charge of a man who could only boast of a nautical reputation a quarter of a century old, so the old man, unwilling to accept less than a command in the merchant marine, entered the navy, in which he remained six years, filling various positions among the officers of petty rank. At the close of that period he received his final discharge, and after spending a year on shore, was obliged once more to have recourse to his profession, which he followed with such fortune as I have already mentioned, and which awakened my pity to that degree, that I resolved to give him the berth he sought, even at the risk of performing his duties myself."

"You've done well, Ben; the old man is to be pitied, for I'm blessed if he has not suffered about enough for one lifetime. He never obtained clue to his wife and child?"

"No, not the slightest, nor does he appear to have any conception of their fate."

"How old is he?"

"Sixty-two, he told me; but his appearance would indicate an additional fifteen or twenty years."

"Yes, indeed, I supposed him to be not less than eighty. However, Ben, your explanation has interested me deeply in him; so deeply that it pains me to contemplate the performance of his duties among our crew, who may grumble at his incapacity to execute each order that may be issued. -Relieve him from the watch at once, and I will endeavor to supply his place from some of those fishermen. High wages will certainly tempt some one to exchange a schooner's deck and codfishing for a berth on board a crack ship, and a voyage to India. There's one standing this way now. She's deep, with a full

fare, I'll warrant. Perhaps I can prevail on one of her crew to join us. Set the signal; I'll speak her!" And Captain Alden retired to the cabin, resolved if possible to carry his design into execution.

And he did. Several of the schooner's crew expressed their readiness to accept his offer, and the one chosen by him from their number was soon on board, when the ship was again filled away, and the old man relieved from the wheel, when the joyous mate informed him of his exemption by the captain from all the heavier duties of his profession, and appointed him a sort of supernumerary bo'sen under himself, resigning to his charge the keys of the various store-rooms, with their contents.

The noble ship *Cohasset* was homeward bound, crew all in good health and high spirits, and had run into the Gulf Stream in the latitude of the Capes of Delaware, holding a fair wind which she had taken off Bermuda; but which died away, leaving her about midway of the stream, slowly drifting away to the E. N. E., and out of her course. 'Twas the latter end of July, and Capt. Alden having been a year absent from home, was very anxious to arrive in port, that he might enjoy as much as possible the society of his family, to whom he was strongly attached, therefore he evinced a great degree of impatience as the day wore away without a breeze, exposing himself regardless of the danger of the beams of the noonday sun.

The result of his carelessness was a slight sunstroke, which confined him to his berth, where the old seaman claimed and was granted the task of attending to his wants. During their association a warm friendship had sprung up between the old man and his young commander, to whom he had repeated over and over again his history, graphically describing each incident in detail, until Capt. Alden had learned the whole by rote, giving in return a detail of those incidents in his early history, with which our readers are already acquainted, and which he had learned from the lips of his benefactor and adopted father, old Captain Huntley.

The friendship so born had ripened to a strong attachment between the pair, which resulted in a determination on the part of the captain to provide for the old man during the remainder of his life, which determination he manifested by the offer of a home, and a berth as overseer and manager of his little farm in Hingham; which the old man joyfully accepted, expressing his readiness to receive favors from his young friend, and his pleasure at the prospect of being able to

repay them, at least in part, by attending to such of his benefactor's affairs as might claim his attention during his almost continual absence from home.

This arrangement had been agreed upon some time previous to Capt. Alden's illness, which now filled the old seaman with apprehension for his life, and having increased his affection for the man who had treated him with so much veneration and respect, rendered him doubly anxious for his recovery. During the long weary days and nights of calm, stifling weather which ensued, Pierre Lagrange scarce left the berthside of his benefactor, but remained fanning him, cooling his parching lips with water, and soothing him to sleep when restless, as he would an infant, all the while experiencing a strange, sad pleasure in the task, for which he was at a loss to account at times, while at others he attributed it to the earnest desire which reigned within his breast to repay the kindness already by himself experienced.

'Twas the third day of the calm, and at an early hour old Pierre made preparations to bathe the sick man and change his clothes. Having prepared a bath of salt water in the captain's state-room, he repaired to the berth, and aiding the invalid from it, began to prepare him for the bath by removing his undershirt. While in the act a mark of peculiar shape on the captain's arm near the shoulder attracted his attention, forcing from him a half-smothered exclamation.

He had seen a mark like that before, and on the arm of his infant son. 'Twas a birth-mark, and of a shape easily recognized; although in the lapse of time it had increased in proportion, while its existence had even escaped his memory, until recalled by its presence. Spell bound he gazed—had Heaven such a blessing in store for him, as a son, on whom he might depend in the evening of his life? O, no, it could not be! Yet that mark, its peculiar shape and situation, precisely the same as he remembered them, on the arm of his long-lost infant. And then came the founding's history—they might be the same—'twas possible, even if improbable.

Such were the thoughts and conjectures which flashed like lightning through the brain of Pierre Lagrange, as he gazed spell-bound on the blood-red figure of a heart—the mark alluded to—until the invalid, wondering at the pause in his task, turned upon him an inquiring gaze. Ah, the identical expression of his long-lost wife's countenance. Yes, and he could now recognize many of her features. Why had these proofs escaped his observation till now? Why had he been blind so long? Yes, he was in the presence of

his long-lost son! So his heart whispered, and accepting the assurance, he clasped the invalid to his aged heart, exclaiming:

"Mon Dieu! my boy! my son!" More he could not add; but overpowered by the intensity of his emotions, fainted and fell, dragging with him to the deck the weak invalid. Ben Huntley was summoned, and with the aid of the steward soon restored the old man to consciousness, when he explained the cause of his agitation and words, removing every doubt from the mind of Captain Alden, of the relationship he claimed to exist between them.

The Cohasset reached port in a few days after the occurrence of the above incidents, when Captain Alden, still weak and ill, repaired to his home in Hingham, taking with him his parent. There he found a letter awaiting him, which served to substantiate the fact of the relationship already confirmed so far as to win his ready acknowledgement.

The letter purported to be written by a criminal in Sing Sing Prison, and was the confession of the crimes of abduction and murder, of which the writer went on to say he, Captain Alden, and his mother, had been the victims. Furthermore, that he, the writer, had with his own hands placed him, an infant little more than a year old, at the gate of a shipmaster's residence, where he was taken in and adopted, and that his mother had died of a broken heart, consequent on the bereavement. And in continuation stated that he, the writer, had made a will, bequeathing to the said Henry Alden all his property, amounting to nearly a million, believing it to be but a just reparation for the injuries inflicted by the writer. And closed by asserting his name to be Henrie Lagrange, with the additional statement that he could glean further particulars by calling on the writer, No. 180, at the State Prison, Sing Sing, New York, or on Messrs. —, City Hall, New York city.

This was indeed confirmation, involving matters which the worthy captain lost no time ere he attended to them, taking his father to Sing Sing for that purpose. They found No. 180, but almost in the jaws of death. Captain Lagrange identified him as the persecutor of his wife, but in view of his sincere repentance for his crimes, forgave him all. Captain Lagrange experienced no difficulty in realizing every dollar of the vast wealth thus left to him, and with his father returned to his home, where, having resigned to his friend and brother Ben his command, he settled in peace, and with his father, still lives, an evidence of the facts herein related.

All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.

### THE FIRST TABLE.

During the time of Governor Chittenden's administration in Vermont, the manners of the people were plain and simple; and very little time or expense was devoted to the mere forms of social intercourse. The governor was an extensive land-holder and cultivator of his own broad acres. He did not disdain to labor with his own hands, and to perform any office, however menial, which was either necessary or useful. On one occasion the governor's friends from Albany, where much of ancient and formal baronial dignity was still maintained, came to dine with him; and to their great amazement, and horror almost, the governor's lady, just before the dinner-hour, stepped to the door with a tin horn, or trumpet, and blew a blast which made the distant hills reverberate with repeated echoes. On a sudden appeared a considerable force of field-laborers, who, when cleanly washed and tidily clad, occupied one end of the same table at which the governor and his guests were entertained. After dinner, some of the lady-guests took it upon them, in a mild and courtly way, to admonish the hostess of the impropriety of such promiscuous intercourse with men of daily toil. The good lady was on the alert, and when inquired of by her more aristocratic guests if it was their general custom to dine with their laborers at the same table? "Yes," said she, "we always have; but I have told the governor that it wasn't right that we who sat in the house and did nothing, should eat at the first table with the hands who labored hard all day. And I feel that it was not right; but we always have." It is needless to add that the discourse was not pursued.—*Knickerbocker*.

### IMPORTANCE OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

A very large number of Americans who now reside in Florence and who are constantly found at the presentations and balls of the Grand Ducal Court, have inspired the members of Leopold's family with a great desire to understand English perfectly. The admirable and excellent grand duchess is regarded as the greatest proficient of the imperial family, and lately showed how completely she had mastered our difficult syllables, though not exactly our more easily acquired vowels. The wife of her son—the heir apparent to the grand ducal crown—has been lately blessed, it is known, by the birth of an infant—her first-born child. In good time the baptism came; an affair of great state, and to which all who had the entree at court—which in Florence includes all Americans who will ask for it—rendered themselves in form. After the archbishop had performed the ceremony, and the immediate members of the grand ducal family had kissed the little one, the grand duchess took her child up in her arms to "show" it. Whenever she came to an American, she smiled very graciously, and said, "This, I suppose, is what, in your country, you would call a very nice little booby, is it not?" Of course nobody was so ill-bred as to correct the errors of royalty.—*Horne Journal*.

Be discreet and patient; if thou canst not bear to live amongst fools and knaves, thou must seek for another kind of world than this.

## A LEGEND.

BY WHITE MOUNTAIN LILLIE.

Deep darkness reigned o'er Morville Tower,  
The bell had tolled the midnight hour;  
Round turret high, and courtyard lone,  
The darkest mantle of night was thrown.

No star gleamed out from the pall-draped sky;  
With a dirgelike wail the wind went by.  
'Twas a ghostly hour—a night of gloom:  
One well befitting the Red Earl's doom.

Within the grim old castle walls,  
Where mortal footstep never falls,  
And mortal lips may never dare  
To wake the echoes that slumber there;

When the gloom of night has settled down  
O'er the distant spires of Redcliffe town;  
For then, as ancient legends say,  
The Red Knight holds his revels gay.

A spectral light gleams from its halls,  
And shadows flit o'er the time-stained walls;  
Loud laughter rings on the midnight air,  
And knights and dames hold converse there.

Then the traveller, lone, on Redcliffe Moor,  
Hears the sound of mirth 'bove the tempest roar;  
And lists, in the chains of terror bound,  
To many a strange, uncanny sound.

And often, on such nights as these,  
A wild shriek blends with the passing breeze;  
And I draw my chair with a shudder near  
The fireside group, with a glance of fear;

And fancy I see, mid the darkness and gloom,  
Grim spectres come from their silent tomb;  
While Madge beguiles the evening hour,  
With many a tale of the Haunted Tower;

How, in the days now passed and gone,  
Earl Gilbert moved with the living throng;  
He was a stern, dark knight, I'm told,  
And won his bride for her father's gold.

Then bore her, with many an angry frown,  
From her pleasant home in the gay old town,  
To die, like a blighted, fading flower,  
Of grief and fear, in the grim old tower.

She had loved another, the legend said—  
With his blood her stern lord's hand was red;  
And never at wassail and hall, I ween,  
By his side was the Lady Edith seen.

But when the spirit had fled from earth,  
When the grim walls echoed the notes of mirth,  
The spectral form of his phantom bride  
Was ever seen by the Red Knight's side.

And when he died, 'twas his fearful doom  
That he ne'er might sleep in the silent tomb;  
But with spirits dark, at the midnight hour,  
Hold revels dread in the Haunted Tower.

## WHY I NEVER MARRIED.

BY LIZZIE CAMPELL.

"AUNT MARY, do tell me why you never married, and why, at the age of forty, with a skin that is smooth and soft, and cheeks as rosy as mine, and soft brown eyes, and a pretty little white hand, you are that horrible thing, called an old maid?"

"Yet you don't appear to think me so very horrible, Ella," I answered with a smile, as the gay, laughing young girl seated herself upon an ottoman at my feet, shook back her clustering curls from her bright happy face, and settling herself in a comfortable position, with her pretty head resting on my knee, prepared to listen to the expected story.

"No, no, Aunt Mary, of course I think you anything in all the world but horrible. I only meant old maids in general, who, for the most part, are hook-nosed, thin-lipped, wrinkle-faced, stiff, starch, prim, rigid old creatures."

"Upon my word, you have any quantity of adjectives at your command, Ella," I interrupted.

"Yes, but I haven't finished, aunty. You are nothing of all this. Indeed when you were a young girl, I dare say you were as pretty as I am." And my pretty little niece complacently surveyed a very pretty face, clustering ringlets falling over a white neck, and sloping shoulders, a graceful petite figure, and a dainty foot and taper ankle, coquettishly displayed beneath the somewhat short skirt of her white morning dress, reflected in an opposite mirror. Pleased with the reflection, she looked a few moments, and then resumed:

"Now, I want to know why, supposing this to have been the case, you are still in 'maiden meditation, fancy free?'"

"My dear Ella, it is a sad story, sad to me, but as I have often promised you a relation of it, I may as well give it now, as it must pain and sadden me at any time, no less than the present.

"I was eighteen years of age when I returned to this my native village, from a boarding-school, where I had been sent to obtain that finish which is considered necessary for every young lady before entering upon and taking a part in society, of which she is henceforth to be considered a member. I came home unexpectedly, two or three days before my friends looked for my arrival; consequently, when I was let down by the stage, for railroads were then not thought of, at the foot of the hill, there was no one to meet me. I was not sorry, as it would enable me to steal home unawares, and afford my pa-

rents and brother and sister a joyful surprise. With a fluttering heart, and feet that though almost running seemed to my impatient fancy to tread the earth with a snail's pace, I at length reached the little gate in front of the house.

"My hands trembled with joy, so that I could hardly unlatch the gate. I at length managed to do so, entered hastily, swung the gate to with noiseless haste, and hurrying to the front door softly opened it, and stood within the old familiar hall on the threshold of the old parlor. It was darkened by the blinds being drawn closely, and the house was very quiet. I began to think no one was at home, when my eyes becoming used to the partial darkness of the parlor, I saw stretched on the sofa and apparently asleep, my only brother, Will.

"With noiseless haste I approached, and fearing he should waken, without taking a second glance at the sleeping face, darkened and scarcely recognisable in the twilight darkness of the room, I stooped and saluted the gently closed lips, with a quick, warm, affectionate kiss. He started up, with wide open eyes, and a face expressive of the utmost astonishment, and exclaimed in a rich and musical voice:

"Does an angel, in very truth, stand before me, or am I still dreaming of those celestial beings?"

"It was a perfect stranger who spoke! Speechless with surprise, confusion and mortification, I could hardly find words to murmur:

"It—it was a mistake—I thought that—that—  
you were my brother. I beg your pardon, I am very sorry."

"And I am *not* very sorry," he answered, with a saucy laugh. "You may make the same mistake every day in the year, and every hour in the day, if it pleases you." But, seeing that I was in a stupor of amazement and confusion, he added, in good-natured, laughing tone, "you are not to blame for taking me for Will, as you of course had a right to expect to see him here, and never imagined that a stray fellow, like your most humble servant, Norman Peterson, would be stretched here asleep on the sofa. In fact, Will and I are so much the same height and figure, added to which, the darkness of the room rendered it impossible for you to see objects plainly, so that your to me, wondrously agreeable mistake, is easily accounted for."

"I had during this speech sufficiently recovered my equanimity to inquire, 'Are my parents not in—is every one from home?'"

"The house is wholly untenanted, save, as you perceive, by your most obedient. But be seated, Miss Chambers, for I presume I am ad-

ressing my host's daughter?"—in a half-interrogative tone this was added *par parenthesis*.

"Yes, I am Mr. Chambers's daughter, Mary," I replied.

"Then pray be seated," and he vacated the sofa for my accommodation—"and I will explain the present state of affairs."

"I sat down, thinking my companion in the room a very cool and easy fellow, and thinking so, I looked attentively at him. He must have divined my thoughts, for he said with saucy frankness and a merry laugh:

"O, yes, Miss Mary, I have no doubt you think me a very cool fellow, finding me here so much at my ease, and about to communicate to you in the most nonchalant manner imaginable, how and why you find me so?"

"To begin. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers have accepted an invitation to spend the afternoon at the squire's; I should have accompanied them, but I escaped the infliction by a most convenient head-ache, real or imagined, I do not pretend to say which—at all events it has taken flight now. You, of course, know that parchment piece of divinity, the squire's daughter, and can congratulate me, or, at least, understand my rapturous delight at escaping a *tete-a-tete*, and an exhibition of those cork-screw ringlets. Saints defend me, and grant me patience under every tribulation! The last time I was there, and had to play the gallant to Miss Marie—ye gods, what bliss!"

"A dubious shrug of the shoulders, and a mischievous twitching of the mouth, testified to the speaker's enjoyment of the said 'bliss,' and he resumed: 'But this is a digression. To proceed with the thread of my story, having accounted for the absence of your father and mother, your brother Will had some particular piece of business to attend to, and is now out in the field beyond the barn. Your sister, whom I have never yet seen, Will tells me, has gone to spend a few days with an aunt, at Appleton, and as for myself, I am the son of a very old friend of your father's, happening to pass through this pretty little village on my return to my native town, from a visit some hundreds of miles up west. Accidentally hearing your father's name mentioned, which struck me as being peculiar, I inquired him out, called, and discovered him to be the self-same person that I had so often heard my father speak of, and so became his guest. Such is the explanation of the state of affairs, as you found them, Miss Mary. But here comes Will,' he added, as a firm and manly step was heard in the passage, and the next instant my brother entered.



"I sprang up, and was greeted with an affectionate kiss and brotherly embrace. 'There is no mistake this time,' said the stranger, with a light laugh, while Will, holding me back from him with one hand, untied my bonnet with the other, and stroking my hair, exclaimed :

" 'Why child, how you have grown ! A head and shoulders taller than when you went away, by my word. Come now, do throw back one of those blinds, that we may have a little light. I want to see if this pretty little sister of mine has improved as much in looks as in height since she left us. Now, I declare,' as a stream of light gushed into the apartment — 'glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, dancing ringlets. Quite a picture, Polly. I always said you would be handsomer than Kate, only no one would listen to such a thing. But I'm right, am not I, Peterson ?'

" 'You forget, my good fellow, that I have never seen Miss Chambers, and can therefore form no comparison, but if she exceeds Miss Mary she must be divine indeed,' was the gallant reply, that covered my face with burning blushes.

" 'Ah, true, true, you have not seen Kate yet, but you have seen Mary. Permit me to introduce Mr. Norman Peterson, Mary. Norman, my most bewitching little sister, Miss Mary Chambers.'

"The gentleman rose and bowed with singular grace, saying : 'We have managed to become tolerably acquainted on the strength of a self-introduction.'

" 'Were you ? No doubt, and now will you be kind enough to explain that remark of yours — there is no mistake this time.'

" 'O, Mr. Peterson, please, please don't. Will, you mustn't ask. It is nothing indeed.'

" 'Then, in that case, being so trifling, I shall feel no compunctions in persuading my friend to give me an explanation in spite of your entreaties to the contrary, *ma belle sœur*. Come, Norman, let's have it,' and in the midst of my confusion and entreaties to desist, Will was made acquainted with my unlucky mistake.

"He listened to it, and when it was concluded, recommended me, amid a roar of laughter — 'To look before I leaped next time.'

"There was a world of questions to be asked and answered upon both sides, and when the evening was considerably advanced, my parents entered. Every one who has been away from home for a long period of time knows the delight of being again welcomed home to a parental embrace. Days passed on, and Norman Peterson watched his guest. I soon learned too well the fascination of his wondrously beautiful voice, the power of his eye, the irresistible fascination

of his frank, off-hand manner, and long before I knew or dreamed of what I was about, I was irretrievably in love. He attended me in long walks ; he sat beside me when I sewed, and read to me from the books I most loved to listen to ; he was my cavalier on all my horseback expeditions ; in short, he was my constant attendant and companion.

"One evening a little before sunset as I sat in the parlor, he came in, and saying — 'Come for a walk, Mary, wont you ?' (he had ceased to place the formal *miss* before my name by this time) threw himself down on the sofa beside me.

" 'Yes ; when I have finished winding this embroidery silk, I will. There, you rascally, boisterous fellow, can you never learn to enter a room and take a seat quietly ? My beautiful skein of embroidery silk that I had such trouble to get, all tangled, by your throwing yourself down in that way before me, and jostling my arm !'

" 'O, I'm sure I'm very sorry. Pretty Poll, let me help you wind it, and perhaps we can repair the mischief. There, place it on my hands, so ; now that will do, it isn't a bit tangled in the world, not in the very least. What are you going to do with this when you have it wound ?'

" 'I am going to put it carefully away in my work-box.'

" 'Pshaw, you provoking little tease ! I mean what purpose is it to serve ?'

" 'A very useful one, I can assure you.'

" 'Of that I have not the least doubt. But now, without any more evasion, tell me what you intend to do with it ?'

" 'I intend to finish a piece of embroidery began some time ago.'

" 'What piece — what do you intend to make of it when it is done ?'

" 'Perhaps you would like to ask a few dozen more questions, Mr. Inquisitiveness,' I said, as I wound up the last end of silk. 'If so, pray proceed. I shall be most happy to listen, but, really you must excuse me if I decline to answer them.'

" 'You know very well you can refuse me now with impunity, because you've got your silk all wound ; but if it was still on my hands, I would get the truth from you by threatening to tangle it all if you wouldn't tell. Never mind, I shall know how to serve you in future.'

" 'Take it, take it,' and I temptingly held out the little ball of glistening silk.

"He sprang forward to catch it, but I drew back my hand, and with a laugh of defiance ran out of the room, to which I returned in a few minutes equipped for a walk.

"The evening was the loveliest in the loveliest season of the year—autumn, or rather as I prefer to call it—*fall*. The red and yellow leaves were fluttering in the branches of the trees, uncertain whether to remain where they had all the rest of the year made their abode, or to fall down to the ground and seek a grave before the cold weather came to freeze their burying-ground. The sun, slowly declining behind the western trees, was gilding all the surrounding objects in the golden light of its departing glory, and the beautiful sky with its crimson and purple clouds, was reflected in miniature in the little stream that went gurgling through the orchard through which we passed. The ripe, ungathered fruit hung upon the trees, and as we passed along under the bending boughs, Norman pulled the finest fruit and gave it to me. Suddenly, for we had not noticed how near we were, till we were directly under it, we stood beneath the large branches of an apple tree, called so far back as I could remember the 'cluster apple-tree,' because the apples grew in clusters of three or four, sometimes more, together. Under this tree was a large moss-covered stone, just sufficient for a seat for two persons. Nature had hollowed it out, and fashioned it somewhat like a seat, so that it was the more readily adapted to our use. Upon the old moss-covered stone we sat down together, and Norman, drawing a knife from his pocket, said :

"Mary, let me peel your apple. I have often heard it is a very old saying, that if you pare an apple entire, without breaking the paring, and then throw it three times round your head, letting it fall on the ground the third time, that it will take the shape of the initial letter of the person's name who is to be your future husband or wife. Now, I am going to try it for you."

"Laughing at the quaint conceit that I had been familiar with from childhood, I selected from half a dozen that were lying in my lap, the largest and sweetest apple and handed it to him. Carefully he began the paring of it, gently passing the keen blade round and round the apple, separating the rind from its place, till a long paring uncut or unbroken rewarded his care.

"Now, you must take and swing it round your head, three times, and let it drop in the grass the third time," he said, with mock seriousness, tendering the paring to me.

"Half blushing, I scarcely knew why, I took it and did according to his directions, letting it fall on the smooth grass at my feet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Norman, stooping down to decipher the character. 'I can't pretend to say whether he touched it or not, but

when I stooped down, I saw a very plain and elegantly shaped 'N.'

"Blushing deeply, I caught up the paring, and was nearly hacking it to pieces in my confusion, when he stopped me with :

"Don't break it, don't break it, Polly. You have only found out the initial of the Christian name. Now for the surname. You must try it again."

"Accordingly I took the paring, and going through the same manoeuvre again, I let it drop in the same place. When we stooped again to see what the result was, a very, perfect and decidedly plain 'P.' met our view.

"N. P. So, so. Very well," laughed Norman. 'Now for my luck.' And, selecting the finest apple he could find, he pared it carefully, and twirling the paring round his head, dropped it on the ground.

"Most certainly 'M.' was the first initial, and as certainly 'C.' was the next.

"What do you think of our charm, Mary?"

"Nonsensical thing, like all its kind," I replied, laughing, and assaying to toss away the evidences of it with the toe of my boot.

"You shan't do it, Mary." And then adopting a sudden tone of seriousness, he went on. 'Listen, my Mary dear. It may be nonsense to adopt such a means of leading to a serious subject, but, darling, it is no nonsense that I love you dearly, sincerely. Do you—will you—can you return it, Mary? Not as I love you, that I believe is impossible, for gay, wild and thoughtless as I seem to be, dear girl, you occupy my every thought by day, and my dreams by night. But can you love me—can you return my great love for you, even in part?"

"He sat there awaiting a reply, anxiety looking out from his fearless eyes, lips half apart, and his hands twitching and pulling at the grass. At any other time I might have been confused, embarrassed; he always made me so, in talking upon such subjects, because he was so provokingly composed and unembarrassed himself, but now his very confusion served to give me courage and composure. I answered, looking straight back into his eyes :

"Norman, dear Norman, and it is no nonsense that I love you—how much, how truly, how devotedly, a whole life-time will scarcely show."

"My darling, my darling!"

"He gathered me in his arms, close to his wildly beating heart, and imprinted one long, warm kiss upon my lips, then, in pity to my burning blushes, he released me. All my composure was gone now, immediately that he re-

gained the gay, unembarrassed manner so natural and so characteristic. I trembled and blushed, and hiding my eyes under their lashes, for I dared not meet his triumphant look, I said :

" 'It grows late, Norman. We had better return to the house.'

" 'Yes, dearest.' And springing lightly up from his seat at my side, he assisted me to rise, drew my arm through his, and we proceeded in a strangely quiet manner, for he was generally very gay, and rattled on at an amazing rate.

" We parted at the gate, and entered the house by different doors. To this day I do not know what caused me to do so, but I know I did. I feared, as though I had been guilty of a crime, to enter by the front door with him, as usual and meet my father's good-humored, light laugh, and my mother's intelligent smile, which had never caused me a moment's thought or confusion before. I entered by the back-door, and immediately went to my own room. I was in a tumult of joy and delight. Young, unacquainted with the world, just returned from a school where I had been kept in strict seclusion, and feeling for the first time the delightful sensations of love's young dream, I was happier than I can attempt to paint. To love and to be loved as I loved and was loved, seemed the perfection of earth's bliss. A thought of change never entered my mind. I would have laughed to scorn the bare idea of my feelings towards Norman Peterson suffering any change or diminution, and to have imagined that he would change towards me, would, in my opinion, have been nothing else than a downright insult offered to him. And in such thoughts I was happy, O, how wildly, how strangely, how entirely happy. I have since thought that all the passionate joy of my life was compressed into that day, and the few, fleeting days that succeeded it.

" The consent of my parents was obtained, although reluctant to part with their youngest child, and consequently their pet ; but it was for my happiness, and so they did not demur long. But why do I linger ? Because I would remain among the memories of the halcyon days as long as may be, and keep far from the bitter time that followed. But it must come. Let me at once overstep the barrier that keeps me thus out, afraid to enter on the waters of Marah. Let me with one step, in one word plunge into the misery that followed.

" My sister came !

" Kate returned from her visit to her aunt—returned—O, God !—it was too soon to rob me of my treasure, the one jewel in my possession. O, how beautiful she was that autumn evening,

as she came out to meet Norman and I as we were returning from our favorite walk, to the 'cluster apple-tree' in the orchard. She had arrived in our absence, and immediately she had changed her travelling dress and came out to meet us, to give me, as she said, a pleasant surprise. O, how beautiful she looked as she came along towards us with the elegant grace of carriage that sat so well upon her queenly person. She was taller than I and very pale, without a trace of color in the beautiful oval face, with its classic, Grecian features. Her roseate lips were softly parted, showing the pearly teeth within, and the perfumed breath stole through them like the odor from a bed of roses. Her dark eyes with their long, pencilled lashes sweeping the rounded cheeks, and the curved eye-brows were in harmony with the perfect features, while the long, brown tresses swept back from the pure, white brow, and negligently gathered in a knot behind, without bow or ornament of any kind was in keeping with, and an admirable set-off to, the queenly beauty of her person and face, that seemed to disdain the aid of ornament. Her dress was a rose colored French merino, the soft folds falling round her, and descending with such easy negligence from the taper waist, which all pronounced 'peculiarly your own, Kate Chambers.'

" 'Have you no welcome for me, sister mine ?' she exclaimed, kissing me as she spoke.

" 'Kate, dear sister, how happy I am to see you,' I answered, awakened from my feelings of admiration that had prevented my being the first to speak, by her exclamation.

" 'This is Mr. Norman Peterson, Kate.' I hastened to add, 'Mr. Peterson, my sister, Kate.'

" She bowed with haughty indifference in return to his low salutation and glance of admiration, and I was provoked with the careless indifference she evinced for his presence, not even answering some commonplace remark he addressed to her, but, turning to me, she poured forth a volley of questions—of what I had been doing since she saw me so long ago ? Was I not delighted to be home again ? Why in the world had I not written immediately when I got home and found she was away ? She would have left Aunt Sarah's at once and come directly home to see me.

" By this time we had reached the house. Norman opened the gate and with a deferential bow let her pass in, then, as if forgetful of my presence, passed in after her, to pick up her hat, which she had been swinging on her arm suspended by the string, and which now yielding to the too great effort required of it, gave way, flying to some distance before her.

"'Thank you,' she said, as he returned it to her. And then, as if noticing for the first time that he was young, handsome and elegant in appearance, she opened the whole battery of her charms and fascinations upon him, and soon bound him a captive to her feet.

"My beautiful sister! She had little thought that the tortures of the inquisition were as nothing compared to the agony I endured, as link after link that had bound him to me was severed asunder by her fascinations. I would not believe it for the first day, nor yet for the second, but on the third I was forced to admit the overwhelming, agonizing truth; and with the conviction that he was forever lost to me, that he loved my sister, I determined to set him free, and if I had the power, make them both happy.

"One evening he was standing by the window, looking out after Kate's retreating form, who had just left the room. I entered the room unperceived, and saw the mingled agony and sadness blended on his countenance. He had not heard me enter, nor did he now know of my presence, till I went and stood beside him.

"'Norman.'

"He did not hear me.

"'Norman.' I laid my hand upon his arm, and with a start he turned round, and seeing me, exclaimed, with an attempt at gayety:

"'Ah, my pretty little Mary, is it you?' But the laugh was forced, and was soon succeeded by a long, deep-drawn sigh.

"'Norman.'" And I taught my lips to smile, and my voice to speak gaily while my heart was bursting with agony.

"'Norman, don't sigh and look so woe-begone. I know how it is. You love my beautiful sister. I don't well see how you could help it, and I willingly break the only chains that bind you to me—your word and honor. You are free, brother mine,' I continued, with a light laugh, 'free to woo and win your bonnie lady, that you look after so longingly.'

"'Nay, dear Mary, do not trifle with my feelings. Are you in earnest?'

"'I am, Norman,' I replied, quite seriously, 'quite in earnest.'

"'And have you really forgotten me so soon?'

"'I might have asked him the same question, in the same reproachful tone. I might have answered with passionate vehemence, as my heart dictated — 'No, no, no — I have not forgotten you. I always have, always, ever shall love you; but you, false, untrue, fickle, inconstant, you have forgotten me and wrung my heart with anguish,' — but I forbore. I only smiled in reply, and answered:

"'Never mind. You are now free to woo and win Kate; that is all that you need care about.'

"And that was all he did care about. Less than five minutes saw them together, deep in a brilliant flirtation, as Kate called love passages. Then by-and-by, when a week passed, they were engaged, and Norman, having explained everything to my father and mother, asked their blessing upon Kate's and his betrothal. Father looked stern and shook his head, saying:

"'I must look to this, young man. I fear very much you have trifled with my child's affections. Mary, come here.'

"I heard the call in the next room, where I sat, endeavoring to regain firmness and composure to sustain me under the scene which I imagined would be the consequence of Norman's confession and explanation. I entered quietly, my nerves set and braced for the effort, and all the firmness I could obtain supporting me.

"'How is this, Mary, and what means it?' demanded my father, sternly.

"'Just this, papa,' I replied. 'That Norman and I imagined ourselves in love with each other. He has discovered his mistake, and really loves Kate. As they love each other, please to make them happy, dear papa.'

"'Kate, come here.'

"Kate came.

"'Do you love this young rascal here, who, not content with asking for one of my daughters, now asks me for a second, and doesn't know his own mind from one day to another?'

"'Yes, papa, I do love Norman. But what do you mean by saying that he asked for both your daughters?'

"'Just this; that the fickle, young weathercock imagined himself in love with Mary, and about a week before your return obtained your mother's and my sanction to an engagement between them. No sooner do you appear, than he veers round and discovers he does not love my youngest, but my eldest daughter.'

"Kate drew herself up proudly, and turning to Norman said:

"'Mr. Peterson, I find I have been mistaken in you. I did you the honor to suppose you a gentleman and a man of honor. I find you are neither. For as such, I never can consider the man who, while engaged to my sister, pays me all a lover's attentions. I have loved you—'

"'Kate, Kate, stop!' I interrupted. 'You do Norman injustice. Since the time he paid you the attentions of a lover, he has been free in honor to do so. Our engagement has been for some time cancelled. Unless you would make

us both miserable, accept the husband destined for you.'

"And you, Mary?" said Kate, inquiringly.

"Me. What about me? Don't you see I am as gay and happy, and light-hearted, as any heart whole young lady can possibly be, which proves beyond a doubt that I have recovered from my malady, if indeed I was ever affected by it.' And humming a gay tune, I turned lightly away to conceal the feelings that I was fast losing control over.

"Escaping from the room, I sought my own chamber, and well was it that I did so, for a passionate fit of hysterical weeping that I could no longer repress, succeeded the violence I had done my overwrought feelings, and in a measure relieved my surcharged heart. But I had not long to indulge my grief. All traces of it must be obliterated and concealed; so, after a passionate and bitter fit of weeping, I bathed my eyes, and in as great a measure as I could, endeavored to conceal all traces of my grief from the rest of the family whom I would have to meet at the tea-table.

"So it was all arranged satisfactorily; brother Will — your father, Ella — saying, that for his part, he was delighted at the turn of affairs.

"I always grudged you my pet sister, Norman," said he, congratulating his future brother-in-law. 'I thought Kate more suited to you, because she is such a superbly beautiful, regal creature. Just suited to take the head of your establishment in town, while my pretty sister Polly is meant to be somebody's darling, and as I am never going to be married, you know, when I get to be a cosy old bachelor, she will come and keep house for me. Eh, Mary?'

"O yes, of course, Will."

"After a short engagement they were married — married in the parlor where I first saw Norman — and I was bridesmaid.

"Outwardly calm, with my brain on fire, and my heart seething and hissing under the consuming heat of my great love, I stood up there and heard with painful distinctness the love of my heart, him whom my very soul worshipped, pronouncing the vows that bound him to another — heard it all through, and then, as the last words of the benediction died away, I fell cold and lifeless at the minister's feet. I was soon restored to consciousness, and pleading the extreme heat of the crowded room, I went out into the air for a few moments, and then returned to enter into the festivities succeeding the ceremony with a zest and enjoyment so apparently real, that not one suspected how gladly I would have exchanged that festive scene for solitude in a

cave, ay, even the darkness of the tomb. None have ever suspected it since, Ella, and of all who wondered and surmised why Mary Chambers refused so many eligible offers, you alone know the secret that made your Aunt Mary an old maid."

"My dear, dear aunt, how I pity you," and the affectionate child was about to launch forth into invectives upon the inconstancy of man, when I stopped her, and leading the conversation into another channel, we both forgot for a time, by mutual consent, that the inmost recesses of my heart had been laid bare.

#### I'LL VOTE FOR THE OTHER MAN.

The following story is told of a Revolutionary soldier, who was running for Congress:

It appears that he was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the wont of "Revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he endured. Says he:

"Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped whip the British and Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every foot-step was marked with blood."

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns," who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the British and the *Injines*?"

"Yes," responded Revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir; I did."

"Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground till every foot-step was covered with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.

"Well, then," says the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sign of painful emotion, "I'll be blamed if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man!"—*Boston Journal*.

#### THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

Madame Letitia had the greatest power over Napoleon, who tenderly loved her. This superior woman devoted herself to the education of her children with a zeal as remarkable for its rare judiciousness as for its devotedness. To great good sense and an elevated mind, she united extraordinary energy of character. Resigned in misfortune, prosperity never dazzled her. In the midst of the triumphs of Napoleon, when her children were dividing amongst themselves the thrones of Europe, she let fall this characteristic expression: "Who knows but that one day I may be obliged to give bread to all these kings?"—*Abbott*.

The mind has more in it than most people think, if they would furnish the apartments.

## THE LOVED—THE LOST.

BY A. L. STANLEY.

Close the coffin lid above her,  
Place her in her damp, cold bed;  
And in silence let her slumber—  
The young, the beautiful, the dead.

She was lovely as the spring-time,  
Smiling in its new-born glee;  
Brimming full of life and gladness,  
As a prisoned bird let free.

She was gentle as the streamlet  
Murmuring through the grassy dell,  
O'er which wild flowers bending sweetly,  
Blushing, kiss each silvery swell.

But she's gone, with all her beauty—  
Gone, with all her noble truth;  
And her gentle, loving kindness:  
All have perished in her youth.

And now by the silvery fountain,  
With its waters bright and free,  
Calmly sleeps the loved, the lost one,  
'Neath the weeping willow tree.

And often when the twilight blushes  
All the glade in beauty lave,  
I steal to where she calmly slumbers,  
And scatter flowers o'er her grave.

O, why is earth so steeped with sorrow!  
Why on beauty must death feed!  
Why the loved so early perish!  
Why write on all earth's treasures—dead!

## MARY OF MONTGOMMERIE:

— OR, —

## THE KNIGHT'S REVENGE.

BY JACK BRACE.

In the year 14—, the English forces besieged a strong castle in Normandy which was defended by a brave and gallant band of knights, each of whom had sworn to perish rather than yield the maiden fortress; and such a vow in those days bound men to even more perilous adventures than the one to which D'Albret and his comrades were devoted. The obstinacy with which the castle held out exasperated the English commander, who being master of the surrounding country, ill-brooked that "a crazy tower," as he termed the good castle, should hold out against him; so collecting a formidable army, he pressed with increased vigor the siege; but still without any decided success. The fame of the defenders spread far and near, and many a bright eye grew brighter at the relation of their gallant deeds, for instances of personal prowess were frequent, and many a brave youth longed to win renown in so glorious a company. The recruits,

however, were few, for the desperate nature of the service, and the great difficulty or rather the almost entire impossibility of passing the English lines so as to enter the castle, were opposed to the ardor of the military aspirants, who would gladly have hazarded the enterprise.

Among these Raoul De Bruis, a brave youth, and a candidate for knighthood, determined at all risks to volunteer, so eager was he for the opportunity of winning his golden spurs in so renowned a company. It was not alone the hazard of the service that De Bruis was compelled to encounter, but also the bitter struggle of parting with Mary of\*Montgomerie, his betrothed, whom he dearly loved, and by whom he was as fondly beloved. It was not in those days, however, that the high-born damsel threw any impediment in her lover's path of glory, even though dangers bristled thick around him. Heroism, even according to the fantastic notions of the age, was deemed a virtue of the highest order, and its spirit imbued both sexes. Born of a brave and gentle race herself, Mary was not to hold her lover back from a service which promised so much honor, however the perils of the enterprise might terrify her softer nature.

"Go, Raoul," said she, "since honor and duty call you; and may God and our Lady prosper you! Happen what will, my heart is unchangeably yours. You will return covered with renown, to claim my hand, or you will fall gloriously, and my virgin tears shall bedew your tomb, until it pleases God that I join you in a better world."

What aspirant for the distinctions of chivalry ever went forth with brighter inspiration than such words lighted up in the heart of Raoul De Bruis.

With only two followers, both stout men at arms, who had served under his father in the wars of Palestine, De Bruis succeeded in gaining admission to the castle, and was enrolled among its defenders, with whom his frank and gallant disposition made him a general favorite. The siege was continued for two years without any decided success on either part, though instances of personal gallantry were frequent. Among the most distinguished for his conduct on these occasions, was De Bruis, who was knighted for the conspicuous bravery he exhibited in a sortie, wherein the advance guard of the enemy were driven back, and a quantity of provisions and munitions of war captured. It is true this distinction was not conferred in royal halls, amid festive crowds, and with the pomp and parade which his high birth would so well have justified. But to a true knight, like De

Bruis, it was not less prized from the hand of his beloved commander, surrounded by his comrades in danger, as the reward of brave deeds, than if an emperor had bestowed his knighthood.

Shortly after this event, as the young knight sat gazing one beautiful afternoon from an arched window, ruminating doubtless, on many a pleasant reverie, an old servant of the house of Montgomerie appeared before him. With great difficulty and at imminent hazard he had passed through the English guards to deliver De Bruis a letter from his betrothed. It ran thus :

"DEAR RAOUL:—The tidings of your gallant conduct have reached me, even through the report of your enemies ; but with what sad news must I greet my brave knight, in return for what shed the rays of joy even through the gloom that shadowed my heart. Know that William — Lord Powis—one of the English generals, has demanded me in marriage of my mother, whose lordships and lands are in possession of the conquerors, and who unwillingly has consented to the proposal. Unless you save me, in three days I must become his wife, or die to avoid the hated bonds. Wish you rests my only hope.

"MARY OF MONTGOMMERIE."

Who may describe the emotions with which the young knight wrestled as he perused this epistle ? In three days *she* would be the bride of another, and how could he save her ? Right gladly would he have devoted his life, limb and honor to her rescue. But alas ! the terms of his fatal vow never to leave the fortress until the siege was raised, imposed an insurmountable barrier to his personal efforts, and even if he could be absolved from that oath, what could his single arm effect ?—for he could not in honor weaken the garrison, even by the withdrawal of his two followers, much less could he expect to detach his comrades, bound by a similar vow. Other difficulties, too, scarcely less impracticable, presented themselves. Though the old servant of Montgomerie had passed the English guards safely, yet the country was in their possession, and even if De Bruis were freed from his vow, and could succeed in doing the same, and carrying off Mary, there was no friendly fortress to receive and shelter them. But in the first place there was little hope that he could be absolved from his vow, and though he would cheerfully have braved every peril, and defied all danger, yet to break his oath, or desert his post, as a Christian and a knight he dared not.

Racked with grief and perplexity, De Bruis determined, as a last resource, to address Lord Powis, and to appeal to that sense of chivalry which in those days influenced the conduct of men who otherwise set at defiance the laws of justice and the precepts of Christianity. Being

a better scholar than was usual for the rude warriors of his age, he indited the following epistle, which he despatched by his page to his rival.

"MY LORD POWIS :—Tidings have reached me that you wed Mary of Montgomerie, and taking advantage of her helpless situation, even against her inclinations. Such a deed could be accomplished by a base and perfidious knight, which I am unwilling to believe of you. Know that the maiden is betrothed to me, and in the name of Heaven, cease to importune her. Bound by my vow, I cannot desert my post, but it does not become a true knight to take by force the bride of another. I am ready to do battle for her when and where you will, and God defend the right.

RAOUL DE BRUIS."

The page was escorted to the tent of the English captain, to whom he delivered the letter while he was at table. When Lord Powis had read it, he laughed scornfully, and lifting a goblet, said to the page :

"I drink to your master's better wisdom. Tell him that in three days *his* betrothed shall be *my* bride, and as for his challenge, although I cannot defer my happiness while he continues mewed up in yon crazy tower, I accept it." And he threw down his glove. The page took up the gage of battle and returned to his master.

Let us now turn from scenes of war and pledges of combat, to the chamber of the meek, the quiet sufferer.

It was night—but what a bridal eve for poor Mary of Montgomerie ! Sad precursor of a day more sad and drear ! There was one comfort, however, she was alone, and could weep unrestrained without grieving her mother, to whom so mighty a sacrifice was to be made. Yet that mother was not, after all, so much to blame for the apparent coercion of her daughter. The times were lawless, the soldiery rude, and perhaps the only alternative for her child lay between the proposed marriage with a knight, and a forced union with some low-born and savage soldier. Such things occurred frequently ; and in those troublous times, noble family and high birth were not safeguards to ladies who might fall into the power of licentious captains, when infamy or death was often their only choice. Yet prudence and filial duty were ill-calculated to satisfy a heart like Mary's, when called on to sacrifice the cherished affections of her youth, and give her hand to one she detested. Dragged to the altar by the man she hated—loving another, but deeming herself deserted by him, her mind was filled with suspense and agony. Yet hope's beguiling star still glimmered above the dreary waste ! Did not her doubts wrong De Bruis ? Might he not come at last ? Her own messenger had not returned ; but then,

he might never have reached the castle; and then indeed all was lost. Thus, through the long and dreary night was Mary's mind tossed on the waves of alternate hope and despair, until morning dawned upon her desolation, and no ray to cheer her. Day broke, and no tidings! In four hours she would be the bride of Lord Powis! How those hours flew!—fast as the wasting wind of the desert, and death was on the dial that marked their progress!

The moment of fate has arrived, and bride and bridegroom are at the altar! How lovely, even in her mute agony, was the victim! Triumph and joy were in the bridegroom's eyes, as with a firm and assured voice, he pronounced the marriage vows. But no response came from Mary's lips to make them reciprocal. The effort was too much; she could not promise before her Maker to love the man she abhorred; and the weight of such a perjury was too heavy for her pure and guiltless spirit, whose every thought was another's. No; she could not consummate the unholy rite which would bind her in sacred, solemn vows to the loathsome "prostitution of a hand without a heart." With a cry for mercy on her lips she sank at Lord Powis's feet, and when he raised her from the earth her soul had fled! Yes, Mary of Montgomerie was dead, at an age when the affections are as pure as the spring flower's bloom, and as easily nipped by the chill frost as they.

The siege of the castle continued, and great efforts were made for its reduction without avail, so that the English commander finally determined to carry it by storm, and preparations for the assault were ordered.

The sun that rose with unusual splendor, had scarcely dissipated the mists from the valley, when the besieged saw the English forces, in mighty array, and furnished with powerful engines of war, advancing to the assault. The conflict soon commenced, and all that courage could dare on either side was attempted, until, at last overpowered by numbers, and with a vast extent of wall to protect, the besieged seemed likely to give way. Already the lion banner of England was planted on the walls of one of the towers; already the shouts of victory rung above the loud clash of arms, when suddenly a sally port was thrown open, and a small but closely serried band of Norman knights on horseback, armed at all points, dashed against the assailants, and a furious melee ensued.

As was customary in such conflicts, each knight singled out his adversary, and encountered him hand to hand. De Bruis everywhere sought Lord Powis, calling aloud his battle-cry, that

his adversary might find him and redeem his pledge; but a great number of combatants constantly intervened. Among these, was a stalwart English soldier of enormous stature, who, with a ponderous battle-axe was dealing death around at every blow, and who finally attacked De Bruis. The knight, furious at having his vengeance thus delayed, closed instantly with the soldier, and with his sword gave him a death wound. Lord Powis, not less anxious to redeem his gage of battle, was also impeded by a Norman knight, who charged him, exclaiming, with the customary courtesy of the age:

"Defend yourself, sir knight!"

The encounter between these two was so fierce, that both horses were thrown to the ground, and the riders, starting to their feet, fought sword in hand. In the mean time, De Bruis, having extricated himself from his adversary, discovered Lord Powis whom he recognized at once by his white crest and blazon of gold and gules. Dashing boldly forward, he exclaimed to the antagonist of his foe, who was his own brother in arms:

"Hold, De Fulke!—this man belongs to me. To my own lance is his blood due. Spare him, I beseech!"

But at this critical moment the sword of his companion was between the helmet and cuirass of his enemy. Deeming Lord Powis dead by the hand of another, and his own revenge baffled, De Bruis turned in his rage upon his comrade, threatening that "he should account to him for this;" but his anger was appeased, when signs of life were discovered in the vanquished man.

At this period of the day, the besiegers pressed on all sides regained their redoubt in precipitate flight. The wounded and the prisoners were conducted within the castle, and among the former, Lord Powis, who was taken by the orders of De Bruis to a separate apartment, and his injuries carefully treated. It was not long before hopes were entertained of his recovery; while every morning his sick bed was attended by a young monk, who applied the most efficacious remedies, presented the most wholesome and strengthening diet, and seemed to watch the English lord's recovery with unwonted interest. At the end of fifteen days the patient's health was re-established. But he was still a prisoner; and holding a command of much importance in the English army, he naturally feared that the ransom demanded for his release would be beyond his immediate means of payment. One day he confided his apprehensions to the monk, whose kindness had naturally won upon his heart.



"Get well," was the reply, "and leave the rest to God."

A few days after this conversation the siege was raised, and the English forces retired. On the same evening the monk entered the chamber of Lord Powis, and thus addressed him:

"You are free. Here is your sword; but for your ransom I require a return of no common kind."

"I can refuse you nothing," said the knight. "Whatever you request, I grant it."

"Sir," said the monk, "I am, as you perceive, but an humble priest, inexperienced in arms, and yet I have an injury to avenge—a mortal injury. I require you then, sir knight, to meet the person whom I wish you to encounter; spare him not, even if you see him at your feet; for by St. Michael, he will treat you in the same way if victory should be in his favor. You need not go far to find him—two days' journey from this, near the chapel of the Plaine Seuvre, near a bridge which crosses the Vire, you will find your antagonist on the 14th day of next month. You will know him by his black armor, and his shield blazoned gules, with a silver dagger."

"By St. George!" exclaimed the knight, "it would better become thee to wear a helmet than that ugly cowl, which is as little fit for thee as an ass's bell for my war-horse. Thou requirest a noble ransom, friend; it is worthy of a knight; there is as much romance and mystery in it as in the ballad of a minstrel. By the cross of my sword, I will fulfil my promise. Adieu. Monk, I will avenge thee!"

Just one month after the interview between the monk and his patient, two youthful knights rode slowly along the banks of the Vire, in sight of the chapel of the Plaine Seuvre. They were both arrayed in black armor, and one had a shield gules with a silver dagger; the other was De Fulke. Two pages followed them, carrying their masters' heavy lances. They continued their route until they arrived at an open heath near the bridge, where they perceived another horseman of knightly bearing approach. He was Lord Powis, followed by four pages, and a squire leading his superb war-horse. As he drew near, De Fulke, raising his vizor, rode forward, and inquired if he were prepared to meet his antagonist, pointing to the black knight.

Lord Powis, having replied in the affirmative, mounted his war-steed, and both combatants placing their lances in rest, charged furiously, at a signal given by De Fulke. The shock was fearful, and both lances shivered to the grasp, but the knights retained firmly their seats, Lord Powis only losing his stirrup. Then com-

menced one of those fierce and terrible encounters, with sword and battle axe, so common at that day—so wonderful to read of in our times. Lord Powis fought with bravery worthy of his fame in arms; but he fell before the irresistible blows of his adversary, who, dismounting, placed his foot upon his chest, and raising his vizor, disclosed the face of the monk of St. Michael!

"Remember me, and die!—thou who hast broken the heart of a maiden, who murdered Mary of Montgomerrie! It is De Bruis, her avenger, whom thou hast dared to scorn!" And he plunged his dagger into his enemy's throat.

Raoul De Bruis lived many years; but they were years spent in the retirement of the cloister, a mourner for the loss of her he loved—a penitent for the death of him he hated. He became a real monk.

#### A SAD LOSS.

An enterprising travelling agent from a well-known Cleveland tomb stone manufactory, lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him consolation—and a grave-stone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered, and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails "over in the pastur, about two miles." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the "pastur," and falling into all manner of mud-holes, scratching himself with briars and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man.

In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all, of both high and low degree. Informed the man that "what was his loss was her gain," and he would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was a little difficulty in the way. "Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave-stun aint necessary; for you see the critter aint dead. *She's scooted with another man!*" The agent retired.—*Ohio Herald.*

#### A RAINBOW.

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds  
In fair proportion, running from the red  
To where the violet fades into the sky.—*Thomson.*

Forgiveness, that noblest of all self-denial, is a virtue, which he alone who can practise in himself, can willingly believe in another.

## THE GIFT I ASK.

BY LUCY A. STEEDMAN.

The gift I ask is a priceless boon,  
And for it I'm wandering through  
The weary maze of a thoughtless world—  
It's a heart that's warm and true:  
A soul where purity ever dwells,  
Unsullied by one base thought—  
A heart that beats with love and truth,  
Is the prize I long have sought.

I scorn to ask for the wealth of earth—  
It would bind my spirit free;  
But the worshipped one of a faithful heart  
Is what I would like to be.  
A soul that is noble, kind and good,  
Is a gift I would value more  
Than sparkling gems from the diamond mine,  
Or the pearls of India's shore.

Beauty at best is a fading flower,  
And for it I would not care;  
But when I gaze in the soul-lit eye,  
I would find it beaming there.  
To the heaven-born gift of intellect  
Alone would my spirit bow;  
And ne'er would ask for clustering curls  
To shadow a noble brow.

With hope and faith for our beacon lights,  
While virtue guides our way,  
Secure we'd pass temptations by  
That our hearts would lead astray.  
And each to the other kind and true,  
While earth was our spirits' haven,  
Would pray that we ne'er might part on earth  
But to meet again in heaven.

## THE BLACKSMITH OF DOVER.

A STORY OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

## I. THE SURPRISE.

"HAVE I not forbidden you, girl, to waste your glances on this miserable fellow? Have I not told you already, that he came of ill blood? Who ever knew loyal or generous actions to come from booms of churlish breed? I charge you to have no more to do with this Harrison, or any of his kind. A low blacksmith!"

The girl for a moment seemed disposed to retort the angry command with a spirited defiance. Her eyes flashed, and her cheek kindled with other than that softer passion which had drawn upon her the stern command just uttered. A better feeling, however, quickly replaced her temporary indignation. She sprang impulsively toward her reprover, and bending her forehead on his stout arm, burst into tears.

"Go, simpleton, go!" exclaimed her severe

companion. "There is no knowing your humor from one instant to another. I wish I could understand the whims of your sex. But I confess they are beyond any comprehension. Sunshine, storm and sunshine again, following in inexplicable confusion. Methinks the very image, and ways, and mind of your mother are in you reproduced."

"Stop, uncle James," cried the niece, raising her head with a haughty air. "My mother's name is sacred. Beware how you reproach her memory with your sarcasms."

"The girl's bewitched!" answered the other, with a kindlier impulse of his usually rigid features. "I have said nothing against your mother, Jenny—or, at least, I have not intended to say aught against her. She was my favorite sister, and far indeed would I be from showing disrespect or want of affection to her memory. And concerning you, whom she so tenderly entrusted to my care, how shall I best prove the love transferred from her to you?—by weakly indulging each childish caprice of yours, or by strictly guarding and guiding for good your inexperience? So, foolish thing, no more tears now. A single shower I would not mind, but too much eye-drenching is not to my fancy. However, if you must give the vein free vent, why, even climb to your own chamber, niece, and then enjoy your woman's prerogative without let or hindrance."

"Poor girl!" he said, to himself, on being left alone. "I am sometimes obliged to cross her humor woefully. Yet, which confers best right to judge of life's affairs, sixteen years and a damask cheek, or half a century, joined to a weather-browed brow and iron-gray hair? Ah, Jenny, I were a woeful fool indeed, to yield the rein to your will. It would be like giving the bit to the teeth of the half-tamed colt flying along the mountain road, with the carriage rattling at his heels; unlearned self-will the guide to sure destruction. Yet I feel for you, my bright-spirited Jenny. I also, was once young; I also had illusions, faithless imaginations, fair, deceitful weeds sprinkled thick among the first growth of existence—how bitter were your after fruits! Yes, my Jenny, even my fond regard for you makes me stern and unyielding in ruling your caprices. Sought by brave, nobly born men, whose loyal hearts never knew a stain of treachery, can I see you, heiress of an ancient and honorable blood, borne from my arms by a traitor, a low-born rebel? Sooner would I see you in your coffin!"

Meanwhile Jenny, retired in her chamber, gave way to thoughts dissimilar in their content.

sion, though starting from the same point with those of her uncle.

"Dear uncle," she said, to herself, "you are stern and overbearing in your words, and yet, you have no unfeeling heart. You have set your heart on joining me to some of those British nobles. There is Colonel Montfort, for instance; O, how I hate the priggy fellow and his unmeaning face to which he endeavors to convey such a killing air! And that boyish Captain De Vere, too, in spite of his lordly title and the princely estate which he inherits. It is the man whom I would wed. And who, of all I have ever seen, will compare with Luke Harrison? Ah, my obstinate, good, old uncle, you may spurn him as a rebel, you may flout at him as the son of a low-born blacksmith, you may jeer at his name and his poor estate, but you cannot prevent me from loving him nevertheless. Ah, I think him a proper youth. And his name—'tis musical enough to me. I would not have it more so. Luke Harrison — Jenny Harrison! But hush, what said I? Of that last name I must not, dare not think at present. Tra la, tra la la! I will give way to no such foolish fancies. My good uncle is more than half right, methinks, in rating these incorrigible imaginations, which he says are without substance or foundation. Tra, la, la. I will throw off this fond mood, and trip to the garden below. Those spreading vines need training. Here is a bit of crimson string to offset their gay green. Down three steps at once I spring, then at the open door I'm seen. What a rhymester I have become, surely. I only wish that Luke were here to listen."

"You are answered," exclaimed a manly voice, and a youth darting forward, caught her in his arms, and before she could recover herself, there was an unmistakable sound of contact between cheek and lip.

"How dare you, sir?" exclaimed Jenny, freeing herself quickly.

Luke Harrison received the rebuke with much confusion of countenance.

"Pardon me," he said. "It was but the impulse of the moment. I came here, not to intrude on you, but to warn your uncle of danger. Bring me to him as quickly as possible, I pray you. He has no time to lose."

"What is the matter, Luke?" exclaimed the alarmed girl. "But come this way. I ought not to cause delay by my questions. We shall find him in the library."

She tapped hurriedly at the library door, and, at a summons from within, threw it open for the entrance of Luke. Her uncle, started from his usual equanimity by the unexpected visit, bent

on the young man a look of scanty courtesy.—

"Mr. Morton," said the youth, "I would inform you that a party of Cow Boys design attacking your house immediately. You and your niece must fly at once. I will guide your escape. Take only those valuables which are at hand, and depart instantly, or they will be upon you."

"I do not appreciate the nature of the danger, sir," replied Mr. Morton, with a suspicious glance from under his bushy eyebrows. "How happens it that I receive the news of peril at this late moment? And who are these Cow Boys whom you warn me to avoid?"

"Can it be possible," exclaimed Harrison, with an impatient air, "that you are uninformed of the bands of marauders who take that title? They are troops of unlicensed robbers, plundering all parties alike, and pretending to fight for king or for congress, according as occasion may prompt them. But once more I pray you, sir, to hasten."

"I know a way worth two of that, young man. Niece, go to the west window, and call Dick and John from the corn-house. Master Harrison, help me clap to and bolt doors and shutters. We'll try the value of this sudden news."

He was interrupted by a noise at the back entrance, and a party of armed men burst into the house, demanding with loud oaths that the tenants of the house should make themselves visible to them.

"Hilloa!" presently cried a red-faced ruffian. "We've unearthed the old fox and his brood, at last. Yield yourself, old cock."

"For what cause?" inquired Morton, calmly.

"That's a good one, indeed," exclaimed the leader of the gang. "As though the brave Cow Boys were to find a square-built reason for everything that they may choose to do. No, master, we're none of your prim sort. We come and go as plunder and the chances of fortune call us. But if you must have a regular drum-head warrant served on your precious body, we can, for a wonder, satisfy your lordship just this once. Tim Darkin, fetch out old Charley's order, and let the gentleman see it. Possibly he may know the hand-writing."

Morton took the slip of paper which was extended to him, and read the following, written in a bold, dashing hand:

"TO JACOB NEWTON, commonly known as Captain Jake, of the Cow Boys. You are hereby authorized to bring into my camp the person of Stanley Morton. On the fitting and successful completion of this mandate, will depend that overlooking of your past misdeeds for which you profess yourself and your men to be so penitently anxious. [Signed] CHARLES LEE."

"What do you say to that, Master Harrison?" exclaimed Morton, passing to him the document.

Harrison glanced at the paper with a troubled eye, and instantly tore it in fragments.

"It is a forgery!"

"Take that," exclaimed a bystander, levelling the young blacksmith with the butt of a horse pistol.

"Villain, you have murdered him!" cried Jenny Morton, turning deadly pale.

"Not so, my pretty one," said the leader. "His head is made of too good stuff for that. He'll be brighter than ever in a minute. I say, squire, the quicker you are jogging, the better, as I am thinking. As for that youngster, who I see is gathering his scattered wits together again, he deserves to be pummelled on his own anvil, for belying his own eyes. Nobody who has ever seen General Lee's fist on paper, could mistake that bit of writing."

"Let it be as you say, master captain. What then, I would ask, is the charge on which I am arrested?"

"Why, sir, I don't exactly know. But it's rather a serious affair, I reckon — something about playing the spy, I b'leeve, drawing plans of forts for the British, and the like. Sorry, squire, but must do my errand and fetch you to head quarters. And you, too, my nimble lad — and this pretty miss, also, now that she has got her color again, can't refuse us the pleasure of her company for a little distance."

Morton turned to the speaker with an air of dignity.

"Sir," he said, "I know not what has brought you to your present position. But I can see in your manners, at least, the remnant of gentlemanly breeding. Let me then request at your hands, a fitting conduct for myself and my companions."

"I can play the gentleman when I choose to do so," replied the leader, whose voice betrayed the skillfully touched passion. "Come, men, fall in without further delay. And, hark you, the first man who offers an insult to either of the prisoners, does it at the peril of his life!"

## II. THE SENTENCE.

"It is a pity that a man of your age and outward decorum should have been found engaged in the unworthy occupation of a spy. But since so it is, you must needs receive the fruit of your misdoing. Is there anything further which you can offer for yourself? If there is any point in the evidence which you may deem assailable, speak freely. Your mere assertion will be received, not without value."

"It is in vain to evade the matter, General Lee," replied Morton. "I avow myself the doer of acts proved against me. I do not regret the course which I have taken. Had I other lives to offer, they should be freely sacrificed in the king's lawful cause. And, sir, years hence, when this foul rebellion in which you are engaged shall be crushed by his majesty's power, the names of yourself and your fellows shall sink in ignominy; while the memory of Stanley Morton, the condemned spy, shall be gratefully cherished in the hearts of all true and loyal subjects. Sir, I have done."

"Very well. Your execution will take place at six to-morrow morn. Guard, remove the prisoner. Gentlemen, officers of the court, I need hardly remind you in your executive capacity, concerning the matters of discipline touched on by the general orders of the day. Notwithstanding our present great defects in martial drill, I hope to see the day when the troops of America shall rival even the veterans of Prussia in exactness of manœuvre."

"Always harping on his Prussians," muttered a colonel, in passing out. "Once on a time, our general, forsooth, held the office of a drill major in the Prussian service; and now, not a day will he let pass without giving us a dose of the pedantry acquired in that high vocation."

"The dence take that incorrigible Humphreys," said Lee, as he watched the retreating form of the dissatisfied colonel. "He has got the heart of a lion — never satisfied unless he is in the thickest of the fight. But he has no more taste for the niceties of discipline than a donkey. O, that my old master, Baron Hoffman, could have had the teaching of him and some other of our new-made commanders."

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of two figures at the door of his tent. One of these was Luke Harrison. The sentry who accompanied him retired at a wave of Lee's hand.

"This is rather sorry news that I hear of you, my young friend," said the general. "I am informed that you have attempted the escape of this plotting tory from the grasp of justice, and that you even tried to bribe certain of his captors to rescue him from the rest of the party. How is this, Luke? I had thought your patriotism to be of better stuff. What can you say for yourself?"

"Not much," was the reply. "Nevertheless, general, whatever I have done in this affair, I will make bold to say that there are few others of my age who have run the like risk with myself in serving their country. Have I not often, in

forwarding your plans, risked the halter by spyings very like those of this poor gentleman of whom you have just spoken? O, sir, if one as humble as myself can have any influence over you, and if my services, which you have hitherto but too much praised, should merit any reward at your hands, I would pray you to pardon this Mr. Morton, or, at least, substitute a milder sentence for that which you have just pronounced. Indeed, he deserves some forbearance. He did what he believed to be his honest duty."

"Which he would be ready to undertake again if let loose. No, no, such actions are set apart by martial law. Had you, when engaged in a like transaction, been captured by the enemy, you well know what would have been the consequence? No, no. Morton's fate is settled."

"General," exclaimed the youth, suddenly throwing back his coat sleeve, and pointing to a long scar which crossed his arm, "do you remember the time when this was got, and what you told me then?"

"Indeed I do, my lad. I have not forgotten Maxwell Plain. My good horse was down, and I with him, when that tall Hessian rushed on me with his sabre. I should not have lived to tell it now, had it not been for that arm of yours. Faith, the limb must be a stout one to have borne that downward blow. I remember having made you afterward such offers of reward as few in your place would have refrained from using at once."

"I will use them now, my good general."

Lee was silent for a moment or two. He was evidently a little discomposed. However, he soon answered this last appeal.

"Master Luke, you would scarce be so pertinacious were there not a pretty girl in the case. Nay, sir, don't stand there blushing like a simpleton, as you are. Did you suppose that my wits were not sharp enough to penetrate the secret of your conduct? But, master Luke, you push me rather hard in this matter. What would George Washington say, were he to hear that I had remitted such an offence merely to please a love-sick boy? Ugh! I cannot think of it. The sentence is passed—it cannot be revoked. Ask me anything that I can in honor grant, and I shall be yours."

"No, general," replied Harrison, sadly. "There is no other favor worth the asking, since this must be refused."

Lee glanced at the speaker with an affected anger.

"Sirrah!" he exclaimed, "is there no getting rid of your importunities? I have declared my

determination; urge me no more. But ~~hark ye~~ I am not so hard-hearted as to deny the wish of a friend to this unfortunate Morton. And as my permission will pass you without search, I should request—mind you—that you take particular care *not* to convey to the prisoner any saw, file, or other instrument that might aid his escape. We shall be obliged to confine him in an old, wooden tenement near the edge of yonder field; and if the guard be not unusually watchful, I fear the prisoner will give us the slip. And, speaking about the tools just mentioned, I believe that you generally go provided with them for your own especial use. Ahem! There, sir, don't bother me longer about this Morton. I shall not pardon him, positively."

Harrison, filled with a scarce concealed delight, bowed respectfully, and left the general's presence.

At midnight, while the sentry still paced his round about the rude prison wherein he deemed his charge safely confined, two horsemen halted on the brow of a wooded hill four or five miles distant from the American lines.

"Your way is now secure," said the younger of the two, pointing to the eastward. "Right down yonder, you will meet the first outposts of the British army. And now, before I bid you farewell, allow me to remark to you that low blood as you term it, and low deeds, are not necessarily found together. The poor and humbly born may be quite as capable of a generous action, as any of the wealthy and titled. For instance, I doubt whether the chivalrous Captain De Vere would, within twenty-four hours, have ventured more for even the father of his intended bride, than has the poor and despised Luke Harrison, the low-born blacksmith of Dover. Sir, I bid you adieu."

Morton essayed to speak, but the young smith was already retracing the route which they had passed. Morton gazed after him with a shadow of regretfulness. Then, giving rein to his horse, he gained in a few moments the protection of the British lines.

### III. THE COTTAGE NEAR THE SUSQUEHANNA.

"What are you reading there, uncle? Something, I fear, not very pleasant."

"You are right, Jenny," replied Mr. Morton. "Here is a Halifax newspaper of last month, which I got from one of the dragoon troop, just in from the seaboard. I do not like the tone of certain articles which I see in it; and from the measures which the writers propose, I fear that his majesty's government is too surely losing ground in these provinces. They talk of raising

all the savage tribes on the frontiers and pouring them in on the settlers indiscriminately, with full license to burn and massacre. Blockheads! Do they suppose that such a game would be played by one party alone? No, the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Ohio, from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, would be filled with bloodshed and cruelty such as these countries never before saw exemplified. Away with such counselors as these, they are a disgrace to any nation. But stay—what is this below?"

For a moment his eyes were intently fixed upon the spot; then, throwing the paper away, he exclaimed:

"So this gives a final confirmation of his meanness. Can it indeed be possible that one of so honored a family can possess a heart so hollow? Read, my girl, if you can believe your own eyes."

Grasping the paper again, he placed it in her hand, with his finger placed on the paragraph in question.

"By this," Jenny said, after a brief examination of the print, "I perceive that my old admirer, Captain De Vere, has married the daughter of Sir Henry Sinclair, noted as being quite an heiress. I dare say this is somewhat surprising to you, uncle, but it is really needless to expend any indignation on my account. Rather please to congratulate me on the occasion. But it would seem from your speaking, as though you had heard some rumor of the kind before."

"You are right. I have had reason for some time to suspect him as being by no means nice in regard to his obligations towards me and yourself. Just before leaving New York, I received from an officer of my acquaintance, a piece of information which I have heretofore thought best to keep to myself. My friend declared to me that Captain De Vere's attentions to Miss Sinclair were a matter of common talk at Halifax, at the time of his sailing from thence. My friend had even seen a letter written by De Vere to a mutual acquaintance, wherein the coxcomb took occasion to speak of his sometime since attachment to a pretty rustic who lived somewhere in the rebel provinces. He had got over that folly now, however, the more readily, as he learned that her property had all been lost in the troubles of the times. He would be grieved to disappoint any expectations which he might unthinkingly have raised; but really, a dowerless bride was not at all to his taste. He believed in substantial charms. It was very well to be gallant to an unportioned beauty, but he was not fool enough to enter the bondage of wedlock, without some pretty weighty consideration."

"Ah, my good uncle," exclaimed Jenny, whose countenance was lighted up with an unwonted animation, "I hope you will pardon me for laughing at this prudently passionate knight. Yet why should we be astonished at his conduct? Is it to be expected that he, the pink of modern chivalry, the very essence of fashion, should become the butt of his high and mighty peers, by throwing himself away on an unmoneyed rustic? Such a thing were inconceivable. When the gold is ours, he is to us, of course, the very soul of devotion. When that rich magnet passes away from us, it draws with itself the electric forces of his loves. So, farewell to De Vere, and glad am I that he has happily wooed and won. Here, on another page of the paper, is an account of the festivities which took place at the Government House on the king's birthday. I will read it aloud, if you desire. I, for my part, take great delight in these minute descriptions of dresses, and the like trifles; while you will be gratified by recognising certain old acquaintances among the list of guests."

Morton nodded his head in moody silence. Jenny commenced at once on the column which set forth the doings of the day, in paragraphs thick-studded with titles and staring capitals. As she continued to read, the interest of Morton was gradually withdrawn from the topic on which his mind had brooded. Here and there, a well-known name fell on his ear, awakening old memories, and calling to his tongue many an incident of past time. Morton had borne a prominent part in society during early life, and had mingled much with military men. He had even served during a portion of the French war; and by reason of this and just mentioned causes, was rich in anecdotes of civil and military worthies. Warming with such recollections, Morton discoursed to eager ears, while the night waned unnoticed. The thick darkness without the cottage walls, and the murmur of the rising wind, by contrast made doubly sweet the cosy room and its comfortable furnishings, over which the light of a hanging lamp poured a flood of softened splendor. It had got to be nearly midnight before they prepared to retire. For the first time Morton turned his attention out of doors. Rain was driving sharply against the windows, and a heavy storm was setting in. He opened the door, but the force of the tempest was so blinding that he was obliged partly to close it, in order to prevent the entrance of the flying drift. Jenny, entrenching herself behind him, peered into the thick night.

"How the storm roars in the distance," she

exclaimed, with a pleased excitement. "Does it not sound grand, uncle?"

"Yes, Jenny; but the sound is not so grateful to my ears. I must put on my dreadnought, and step out to reconnoitre."

Having put on the garment, he again turned to the door, and was about stepping over the threshold, when a fresh burst of the tempest drove him backward into the room. In that mere instant of duration, his eye had caught sight, near the horizon, of a faint line of white, wavering and scarce noticeable. The next moment all was pitchy darkness. Morton closed, and securely bolted the door, addressing his niece at the same time.

"Jenny," he said, with a tender composure, "it is now time to put what courage you possess in practice. The river has overflooded its banks, and the flood which is pouring down through the valley will soon surround us. Yet I think we shall be able to battle with it successfully, and in order to do this, we must proceed with self-possession. Help me to fasten the shutters of the lower windows and the doors, and then call Margery, as you mount the upper floor."

The avenues of the lower apartments were carefully secured, and fat Margery made her appearance with much grumbling and blinking of the eyes. Morton proceeded, with her assistance, to batten the crevices, which, by sash or door-sill, might yet afford advantage to the dreaded element. The most needful arrangements had barely been completed, when the waters struck the building, eddying and whirling with a sound which paled the cheeks of the young girl, notwithstanding her effort to appear courageously indifferent. Margery blubbered outright, bewailing her fate with doleful moans; and when a sudden shock and falling of timbers at the back of the dwelling arose to the ears of the family, she gave way to howls of affright.

"Hush, crazy woman!" exclaimed Morton, striving to make himself overheard amid her cries. "There is no harm done as yet. It is only the shed which has been swept away; it has long been scarcely able to bear its own weight. You are safe enough, so cease your uproar!"

"It is unlucky enough, after all," he said, to himself, "for all our tools were there, even to hatchet and nails. We may have occasion to repent their loss. Yet, were I able to patch up a raft, I scarce know how it could be launched and managed during the night, and in such a storm as this. Still, we must try to be prepared for the worst.—Margery," he continued, "blow up your fire quickly as possible, and get the poker red hot. Poor augers they will make,

yet better than none. Jenny, bustle up stairs and take the cords from the bedsteads. Meanwhile, I will unhang some of our inner doors. It will go hard, but we will furnish some craft of refuge against extreme emergency."

The women hastened to execute his commands, and Morton set to work upon the contemplated raft with such rapidity and adroitness as his rude instruments would allow. But the fury of the storm outstripped his skill. The dwelling shook on its foundations. The cold sweat started to his forehead, as he perceived his inability to resist the threatening peril.

"Courage, Jenny—courage, Margery!" he cried, dragging his half-finished raft toward a window—"courage, I say! Let me but get this float launched, and we shall be provided till morn, which cannot be far distant."

"A miserable refuge it is," he said, inwardly, as he anxiously noted the vibration of the building. "Could we be assured of a quarter of an hour's delay, we might have more hope of safety."

"Hilloa, the house!" sounded a voice without, swept to the ears of the inmates above the rushing of the blast. "Hilloa!"

The light of a torch or lantern gleamed through the crevices of the upper shutters, and made evident the approach of some person or persons on the leeward side of the building. Morton threw open the shutters of an upper window and raised the sash. A boat shot alongside, almost on a level with the sill, the boat's painter was thrown to Morton, and a lithe form sprang into the apartment.

"I will thank you to lift Miss Jenny into the boat," he said. "I will see to the other lady. Your house will not stand five minutes!"

His directions were obeyed, and the boat pushed off with head to the surge. They had not gained a dozen yards, when the building lurched to windward, and then, as if with an effort to recover itself, rolled heavily over in the opposite direction, a shapeless wreck. A thrill ran over Morton at the narrow escape of his companions and himself. But the incident caused no audible remark on either hand, since it was needful to concentrate attention on the dangers still threatening the party, in the trees and timber which floated around, and in shunning the hillocks which had now become sunken shallows in the neighborhood of their desired course. At length, however, "Here we are at last," shouted one of the boatmen, as, suddenly reaching still water, the keel shot upward on a grassy slope. "And glad am I, for our old lantern sputtered terribly. I thought it was out a dozen times, captain."

The other made no reply, but assisted the landing of those whom he had rescued. As he did so, Morton addressed him in a low voice :

"Master Harrison, for the second time we are in your debt."

"Which I hope you will never have occasion to return in kind," answered Harrison, with an affectation of gayety.

Morton was again silent, nor did he utter a single sentence beyond the moment's need, till near an hour after, when, entrenched before the hearth of a log house in the forest, he had exchanged his drenched garments for the uncouth habiliments of his host, who had been Harrison's assistant in the boat. The scanty wardrobe of the housewife had meanwhile supplied Jenny and Margery with sufficiently comfortable clothing. Seeing all around him properly established, Morton commenced an inquiry, the subject of which he had been for some score of minutes revolving in his mind.

"How happens it, Mr., or rather Captain Harrison, if I understand your present title correctly—that you have again, so very opportunely arrived to our aid?"

"And somewhat more effectually than on the first occasion," replied Harrison. "I caught a glance at the float to which you were preparing to trust yourself and your companions, and I will hazard the assertion that you would not have lived on it ten minutes, even had it held together. It was too small, and its shape would have offered such a surface of resistance to the water, that you would have been thrown completely over by the short surge."

"You are doubtless correct in your judgment," replied Mr. Morton. "I have had little experience in raft building, and further than that I had no materials but wood and rope to work with. But you will recollect that I just now proposed a question which remains unanswered."

"Pardon me, sir," said Harrison. "The thought of the dangers you and yours have experienced during the past night, has filled my mind so completely as to make me forgetful of my meeting you at this time, it will be necessary to attend to other matters. In order to explain the reason of my that I should give you a brief history of my adventures since I last saw you. I will say then that after having served for some time in an irregular fashion, I was rewarded with a subordinate commission in the line. Since then, fortunately for myself, though often unfortunately for others, the chances of war have pushed me on, till I have reached the rank of captain. I have now been about six months in charge of a small fort above this place, on the river. A fortnight

since, I became aware of your residence in this region. Yesterday eve, I came to this neighborhood on some special business, and was detained by the storm, which had not far advanced before I took alarm at your exposed situation, in case the river should flood the valley. The rest you know."

"And have good reason to bear in memory," replied Mr. Morton. "I wish I had the means wherewith to prove my gratitude. But you may not know, possibly, that my property has taken to itself wings in these latter days, although my friends, or (looking at his niece) I may rather say *our* friends, seem, by their neglect of us to be sufficiently aware of the fact."

Harrison appeared singularly pleased at this intelligence.

"Indeed, sir," he replied, "I am happy to assure you that I am not in want of money, if that be the means by use of which you would desire to favor me. A few thousands left me by my grandfather during the year past, though not in amount deserving the name of wealth, are still amply sufficient for my requirements. For *myself* the sum is *more than sufficient*."

The timid glance at Jenny, and the emphasis which pointed the last sentence, quite clearly indicated the thoughts which dwelt in his mind. Jenny's pulse throbbed, and her breath came quickly. Morton, showing no attention to this side play, turned with a gratified air to the young captain.

"Truly, sir, I am rejoiced at your fortune. But I fancy by your manner of speaking, you are troubled with the idea that though more than sufficient for yourself, yet these same thousands may not be sufficient for yourself and another, eh? Well, well, there's time enough to heap up a little more before you get married, which, I suppose you will do one of these days."

There must have been a vein of irritability in Harrison's temper (though generally so dormant as to be unsuspected), for he answered with an unwonted heat :

"Sir, you appear to be trifling with me. If such be the case, your own self-respect will reprove you better than I can do."

"Pho—nonsense, my dear sir! What have I said? Is it wonderful that I should speak of your marrying? Indeed, if it be any offence, I will apologize heartily."

Harrison regarded the speaker with a dubious air, but a glance at Jenny gave him courage to speak of what dwelt in his own mind. The moment was favorable, for at the instant, none were present in the apartment, save the three specially interested.



"Sir," said the young soldier, "it is said that not only in war, but in certain other matters, one must cast away a faint heart in order to propitiate fortune. I am, therefore, tempted to try my fate in your hands once more. You well know, that long since, when in a less favorable situation than now, I conceived an attachment towards your niece, which was not wholly disapproved by her. I am not ignorant of the sentiments which you entertained towards me at that time. But since then things have changed. In short, I have now become so bold as to hope that you will not continue to forbid my attentions to your niece."

"Do you build on my misfortunes, sir?" asked Morton, whose countenance betokened sudden displeasure. "You think, forsooth, that my pride is now humbled, and that I can but rejoice at the condescension of one whom I formerly regarded as my inferior. No, sir, no, James Morton is the same as ever. He holds his head as high in his poverty, as ever he did in the palmy days of his prosperity. You have missed your aim, young man."

"You are unjust, Mr. Morton," rejoined Harrison, with warmth. "I have not presumed on your misfortunes. Neither am I in the habit of thinking that a certain quantity of money will ennoble that belittling inferiority which you have imputed to me. It may be owing to my self-conceit that I had deemed myself, by nature, nearly equal with yourself. I see, however, that neither time nor fortune has impaired the bitterness of your prejudices; and were my temper more headlong than it is, I would this moment appeal from you to your niece. She, I might hope, would not be altogether controlled by your unreasonable notions. But I have said perhaps, more than I ought. I am conscious that the present temper of my mind is not just as it should be, and I will therefore take my leave."

"Stay, Captain Harrison," said Jenny, intercepting him. "I shall forbid your leaving us thus. My good uncle has some obstinate prejudices, certainly, but he is not quite so bigoted in reality as he would have you think. At least, I will not believe him to be so. And he knows that I have too much spirit to yield my own will entirely subject to his caprice."

"Bravely delivered, by my faith, Miss Jenny!" said Morton, throwing himself back in his chair with a supercilious expression of face. "If you are not altogether revolted from a state of obedience to your old guardian, I would humbly request you to procure the attendance of our good friends of the house, who have absented themselves in the other part of the dwelling."

"With pleasure, sir," replied Jenny, with a glowing countenance. "All reasonable commands of yours, I would gladly obey."

Their host and hostess presently appeared, in company with Margery, who had entertained herself with a course of inquiry into various household matters.

"My good people," said Morton, addressing the rustic couple, "I wish to have your opinion on a certain case with which I happen to be acquainted. The discussion will, at least, amuse us for a few minutes. I will put the case as follows. A friend of mine, possessed of a very fair fortune, becomes guardian to a young lady, his niece. He intends making her heiress to his property, since he has no children of his own. A young laborer, a fine fellow, though altogether dependent on his daily earnings, wishes to court the girl; but the guardian warns him off the premises, saying that he is no match for her, and that he has a more suitable lover in view. So he sends the young fellow away with a flea in his ear. But, after some two or three years, the guardian loses his property, and this youngster getting to be well off, becomes quite a man in society. The person to whom the uncle was about to marry his ward, being a mean-spirited fellow, and finding that the girl was not likely to have near so much property as he had expected, flies off the bargain and marries a rich widow with a nice bit of dollars. The uncle, finding at last that he can do no better, thinks he will take up with the young fellow whom he was once so hard upon, provided he can get him to take the girl, after all that has passed. Now, Mr. Woodman, I want to know what your opinion is, concerning this old fellow's conduct?"

"I should say," replied the blunt forester, "that the tarnal old fool ought to be disappointed in his contrivances, and have a good kicking into the bargain, the old 'ristocrat!"

Morton shrugged his shoulders, as though this sally was not altogether pleasing.

"I do not think, Woodman," interrupted Harrison, glancing significantly at the rustic referee, "that this case has been properly stated. If the guardian ought to be disappointed, the question still remains whether the young folks should be also. Now, if I have the right idea of the affair, this young man and the niece were all the while of one mind, and would have had each other at any moment, had it not been for the guardian's standing in the way. I ask then, should they be prevented from marrying at last?"

"Sartinly not," answered Woodman, with a sudden intelligence sparkling in his eye. "Sartinly not, captain. If I war judge how it should

be done, I'd have the youngsters married off-hand, as they ought to have been long before. But if it could be managed convenient, I'd like to give the rascally old uncle a nice coat of tar and feathers, by way of honoring the occasion."

"Upon my honor," exclaimed Morton, "I seem to incur some slight risk myself, judging from the opinion just delivered. Captain Harrison, if I may ask so great a favor, will you be kind enough to take this young lady off my hands at once, before I have involved myself still more deeply in difficulty?"

"With the greatest pleasure imaginable," cried Harrison, seizing the hand of Jenny.

"You conspiring young rogues!" exclaimed Morton. "But I would inform you, sir captain, that you need not cheat yourself with the idea that the money is all on your side, in this affair. I would have you know that Jenny has a nice little estate of her own. Moreover, when I die, the books may possibly show a small balance in my favor, notwithstanding the buffets which fortune has given me. For the loss of what is gone, I cannot be sufficiently thankful, since it has rid my Jenny of a worthless suitor, and given her in his place, the honest young BLACKSMITH OF DOVER!"

#### LEARNING AND APPETITE.

It has been well known, at least since the days of Dr. Johnson, that nature often furnishes the men of large brains with a good digestive apparatus. But this truth has seldom been more strikingly expressed than it was lately by a celebrated colored caterer, who practises his useful profession in one of our sister cities, which is renowned for its excellent school of learning. A lady was about to make a party, and invite among others the Faculty of the college. She, therefore, held a consultation with the caterer about the preparations which were necessary. She was somewhat surprised at the estimates he presented, and ventured to remonstrate with him a little. "Them college folks is comin'?" inquired he. "Yes," she replied. "Well, then, depend on't I'm right," he said, with much emphasis, "for, marm, them larned 'ligious people eat awful!"—*Providence Journal*.

#### CONFIDENCE IN THE BIBLE.

An apparent discrepancy in the Bible goes a great ways with some people towards destroying their confidence in the book of books, when frequently, a little inquiry or reflection would remove the difficulty. Here is an instance, sometimes used by skeptics: In Genesis 22: 1, we read, "God tempted Abraham;" and in James 1: 13, we are told, "God tempteth no man." Here is an apparent contradiction, and yet it all vanishes, when we ascertain that the word rendered tempted in Genesis, should be translated tried; God tried or disciplined Abraham. In the strict sense of the word, God tempts no man, and yet, in manifold ways he tries us all.—*Christian Reflector*.

## THE MISER'S STORY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"By the grace of God, I am what I am!"—I was born in England. I remember nothing but poverty—stalking crime and absolute want. The houses where I lived were all in various stages of filth and decay. Whether the old bleary-eyed man who kicked and commanded me was my father, I never knew. Whether the woman who sometimes fed and oftener beat me, was my mother, I cannot say. All I know is that I had a miserable drag-about life of it, going round after cold victuals—knocking smaller boys down to get the contents of their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in the gutter.

I suppose I was rather a good looking boy; they call me good-looking now, for an old man. I know I was smart, comparing myself with children as I see them. Of course I was like the rest of my class. I could fight a little and swear a little, steal a little and eat a good deal—that is, when I got the chance, which was seldom.

I was ignorant; didn't know one letter from another, and didn't want to. What did I care about education? I who never saw a book from one year's end to another? And love—gratitude—hope—I could of course understand neither. Nobody loved me, therefore I loved nobody. Nobody had ever made me grateful—had ever held out hope to me.

Some strange impulse was given me one day. I waked up, sprang from my bundle of straw, and involuntarily the words came from my lips—I'm going to do something to-day. What that something was, I had not the remotest idea, but I put on my apologies for clothes and sallied out in my vagabond way, whistling, caring for nobody.

It was about noon, and I had not yet tasted a mouthful of food. I was hungry, and skulked about the grocery shops, hoping I could get an opportunity to take an apple, or something that would stay my appetite till I felt in the humor for begging. Passing around the corner of a public street, I saw a genteel-looking man standing at his horse's head gazing about him somewhat perplexed.

"Boy," he cried out, "wont you take care of my horse half an hour?"

"Yes, sir," said I. I think it was the first time I ever put on the sir.

"There's a man!" he exclaimed—"I've got considerable fruit here, and you must guard it well. Here's a couple of peaches for you, just stand here, quietly—I guess nobody'll disturb you."

He went away and I stood for awhile till I was tired. Then, think's I, I'll get a hatful of that fruit and run. But for the first time I felt an instinct of shame at the suggestion. "He trusted me—he saw I was a mean-looking fellow, too, but he trusted me, and I wont abuse his kindness."

Something like this reasoning ran in my head, and I squatted down on the curb-stone, feeling the importance of an honorable trust as I had never felt such a thing before. Presently some of my fellows came along and hailed me. I told them to go on. They peered about the cart, and saw the sunny faces of the peaches.

"We'll have some of them," they said.

"No you wont," says I. "I'm put in charge here, and I wont see the first thing stole."

With that they began a rumpus. They reached over the cart. I struck them, and used such efforts that they all came pell-mell upon me, and we fought till the blood came—but I vanquished them. Just then out came the proprietor.

"What's the matter?" says he.

"O, nothing, only I had to fight for your stuff there," says I.

"You did, hey? You've got a black eye for it."

"No matter," says I. "I meant them boys shouldn't steal a cursed peach, and they didn't neither."

"Well, you've got good pluck, my boy; here's a dollar for you—but don't swear."

My eyes stood out.

"A whole dollar?" says I.

"Yes, do what you please with it, but I'd advise you to buy a pair of shoes."

"Thank you," says I, with a beating heart—"it pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile—asked me several questions, and ended by taking me home with him in his wagon.

Home! I thought I was in heaven, albeit, I had seldom heard of such a place. My heart beat heavily every time I dared to put my feet upon those rich carpets. The mirrors were something new to me.

The next day came the man to me—I was washed clean and had on a good suit of clothes. Says he, "youngster, I'm going in where you live, and probably I shall make a bargain with your people. I want a boy, just such a spunky, clever boy as you are, and if you behave yourself, I promise you you shall have as pleasant a home as you desire."

Well, that was good. I hardly dared to speak, to breathe, for fear of breaking the illusion. I never was so happy clear through as I was that

day. They gave me some light tasks to do—I wished they were more important.

From that day I was treated as one of the household. The man was a widower, and had no children, consequently I became to him as a son. He educated me handsomely, and when I was twenty-one, he died and left me seventeen thousand dollars.

Well, I considered myself a rich man. I gloated over my wealth; it became as an idol to me. How to increase it was now my first desire. I consulted competent men, and under their counsel I put my money out at interest—bought stocks and mortgages. I grew wealthier—my business (my benefactor had stocked me a fancy store)—prospered, and I was in a fair way, I thought, to marry Lucy Manning.

Sweet Lucy Manning! the most artless, winning maiden in all the world to me. I loved her deeply, dearly. She was blue-eyed, auburn-haired—her disposition was that of an angel, and I had plighted my vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house of a prosperous merchant, and there I met a siren in the person of his niece, a black-eyed girl whose charms and whose fortune were equally splendid! She was an heiress in her own right—she was beautiful and accomplished. Heavens! what a voice was hers—pure, clear, sweet, ravishing. I was charmed, and she was pleased with me. Alas! I met her too often. In her presence I forgot my gentle Lucy, she magnetized, thrallied me. It was a triumph to feel that so beautiful, gifted and wealthy a woman loved me—me who had been brought up in the purlieus of a city—who had known misery and corruption all the first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with Lucy. I received no token from her—she was too proud. But that cheek grew pale—that heavenly eye languid, and though I seldom met her, I knew in my heart that she was suffering, and branded myself a villain.

At last she knew with certainty that I was to marry Miss Bellair. She sent me a letter, a touching letter, not one word of upbraiding, not one regret! O, what a noble soul I had wounded! And she could calmly wish me joy, though the effort made her heart bleed—I knew it did.

I tried, however, to forget her, but I could not. Even at the time of my magnificent wedding, when my bride stood before me radiant in rich fabrics and glistening diamonds, the white face of poor Lucy glided in between, and made my heart throb guiltily.

O, how rich I grew! year after year, I added to my gold. My miserly disposition began to

manifest itself soon after my marriage. I carried my gold first to banks, and then to my own safes. I put constraint on my wife, for very generously she had made over nearly her whole fortune to me—and began to grumble at expenses. I made our living so frugal that she remonstrated, and finally run up large bills where and when she pleased. Against this I protested, and we had open quarrels more than once. My clothes grew shabby, I could not afford to buy new ones, although the interest on my investments was more than I could possibly spend for rational living.

I grew finally dissatisfied with everything but my money. I neglected my wife, and grew careless of her society. Several gentlemen came to my house, among them a would-be author and celebrity. He came I thought too often for my good name, and I ordered my wife to discontinue his company. She refused, and I locked her up in her room. How she managed to set herself free I never knew, but in the evening when I returned, she was gone from the house. That caused me some uneasiness, not much, for I was soon absorbed in taking account of my gains. It was perhaps nine in the evening. I had just managed to take up a paper for a moment to read out its business details, when the door opened and in came my wife dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by that mustachied celebrity.

"Good evening, my dear," she said, in the coolest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend.

"Stop," I cried, my jealousy roused, "that man sits not down in my house."

"That man—a gentleman, and my friend, shall sit here if I please," said my wife, firmly.

My passion was excited then as it never was before, and I collared the scoundrel. He was my match—but, God of heaven, my wife coolly put a dirk-knife that she drew from a cane into his hand, and he stabbed me. I fainted, and remembered nothing more till I found myself on a bed in my own chamber, watched over by my housekeeper.

"Where—are—they?" I gasped.

"Gone," was all she said.

It occurred to me then like a flash of lightning, that nobody was near me at the time I was wounded, that my keys were about my person, and that I had been robbed perhaps of all my available property. The thought threw me into an agony of fear. I ordered my clothes to be brought to me. The keys were there. Taking one of them out, I told Mrs. Hale, my housekeeper, to go to my safe and bring me the papers that were there. She returned, her face white with terror,

to say that there was nothing there, and all the little doors were open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled, with curses and imprecations, and again my senses deserted me.

Brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay deprived of reason, literally treading the verge of the grave. One morning I was conscious only of a sinking, deathly feeling as I feebly opened my eyes. Was it an angel I saw, standing beside me, her soft eyes veiled with pity, looking down upon me with the most commiserating gentleness? For a moment I thought I might be in heaven—but no—I reasoned with myself, I loved money too well. My treasure was all of the earth, earthy. Again I opened my dim eyes. The vision seemed wavering now, but O, did it not wear the sainted beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A quiet, unutterable peace took possession of my entire being. I forgot wealth, health, everything. My past life seemed blotted out and I was once again innocent, untouched by the griping hand of avarice, true, loving and loved—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last, as my strength surely returned, I missed her. As soon as she saw I could be left with safety, she had left me, and O, the blank! the dreadful blank!

I wandered around my rooms now so desolate, and saw the many evidences of my miserly habits. I know not why, but towards my wife my feelings seemed to have undergone a revolution. I fear I hated her. She had nearly beggared me, had deceived me, shattered my health, destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to estimate the damage that had been done me. Every means that could be put forth were used for the recovery of my money, but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless, disappointed and lonely man. I had been thinking thoughts that only burned my brain, but did not purify my heart. "If I had only married sweet Lucy, I said again and again—all this had not been so."

My housekeeper came in with a letter—an unusually large package it was—and as it bore a foreign postmark, I opened it with a trembling hand. What was that? A rustling, crumpled bank-note! Another and another came forth, until there laid upon my knees twenty bills of the largest denomination. A few trembling lines accompanied them:

"MY HUSBAND,—I am dying; my disease—there is no need of telling you. Forgive me, and accept this enclosed as a faint effort towards restitution. It is not much over half that we took

from the safe. The rest is—I know not where. I am deserted. Farewell, forever!"

An icy chill thrilled me. It seemed as if her spectral presence was near me. I shuddered, as I rolled the bills together and threw them across the room.

"Lie there, curse of my soul!" I cried. "Lie there till I have conquered myself—ay, if the victory is not won till you are rotten."

I shut that room up and sealed it, and for six months I toiled like a penniless man, till I partially redeemed myself. By managing cautiously, I placed my business on a successful footing, and began life again, a new man. It took many a year to wear off my old habits of parsimony, but every effort gave me a new and agreeable pleasure.

Meantime, Lucy Manning became dearer to me than she had ever been in the flush of youth. I entreated her forgiveness, humbled myself to a confession, tested myself in all ways, and convinced her at last that I was as worthy now as once I was only in seeming. On the day of my wedding, I opened the sealed door. The bank-notes lay where I had flung them. I took them up with the pride of a conqueror, and placing them in her hands, exclaimed—"they are no longer my masters; use them as you will."

Now I am a man!—redeemed from the thralldom of covetousness. I have three blooming children, Lucy is an angel of goodness, and I write myself as I did at the beginning—"By the grace of God, I am what I am."

#### THE BROWN FAMILY.

Widow Smith, desirous of seeing a certain lady acquaintance, Mrs. Brown, who was living on Reservoir Avenue, called at her residence, a short time ago, inquired of the servant who came to the door in answer to her summons, for Mrs. Brown.

"There are three Mrs. Browns here," was the reply of the servant.

Mrs. Smith explained that the Mrs. Brown whom she was seeking, came from Wethersfield. "So did they all," replied the servant.

But the husband of the lady Mrs. Smith wanted to see, was a machinist.

"The Messrs. Brown," answered the servant, "are all machinists."

Mrs. Smith persisted, by going on to hint that the Mrs. Brown was the mother of three children.

It appeared from the lady's reply, however, that each Mrs. Brown was equally blessed in that direction.

The investigation is still in progress.—*New York Picayune.*

#### SEEMING PROSPERITY.

Daily and hourly proof  
Tells us prosperity's at the highest degree,  
The fount and handle of calamity.—CHAPMAN.

#### A SHADOW.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

What lack the valleys and mountains  
That once were green and gay?  
What lack the babbling fountains?  
Their voice is sad to-day.  
Only the sound of a voice,  
Tender, and sweet, and low,  
That made the earth rejoice  
A year ago!

What lack the tender flowers?  
A shadow is on the sun;  
What lack the merry hours,  
That I long that they were done?  
Only two smiling eyes,  
That told of joy and mirth;  
They are shining in the skies:  
I mourn on earth!

What lacks my heart, that makes it  
So weary and full of pain?—  
That trembling hope forsakes it,  
Never to come again?  
Only another heart,  
Tender, and all my own;  
In the still grave it lies:  
I weep alone!

#### THE PEASANT OF BUFFIERE.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

In 1794, the overthrow of all the institutions connected with public instruction in France, threw many of the students into great distress, from not being able to prosecute their studies in any other way than as beneficiaries. That portion of them who needed help most, were probably they whom the world would need most—they whose genius was superior to their conditions.

Among the latter class, and pre-eminent over all the rest, was William Dupuytren, a native of Buffiere. When only twelve years old, he was placed under the protection of the principal in the College de la Marche, as a student; and his high talent, his great industry, and his unblemished character, were themes on which his patron never ceased to dwell.

From the breaking up of the college, however, the worthy man lost sight of his favorite pupil; although often wondering what could become of one so well fitted to perform his part in the world, and whose manhood, he was assured, would carry out the rich promise of his youth. The truth was, that Dupuytren was almost starving; and not knowing where to find his old friend, he dared not search for him lest he should betray his poverty to others. Relatives he had none. His old father had been a parliamentary

advocate, but had lost his place, and was reduced to absolute penury before he died; and the boy had nothing to rely upon but his indomitable energy, genius and perseverance. But even these will sometimes succumb before cold and hunger; and William would often wonder if his hopes would hold out under the discouragements and privations of his present life.

He rented the poorest and meanest little room, in a shabby quarter of Paris, and here he applied himself diligently to a course of study that would have not shamed a man of thirty. Often, with only a little coarse bread and a glass of water—scanty food indeed for a growing boy—he mastered difficult and exhausting studies, and would fain have carried his labor far into the night, had not his inability to procure light prevented. To earn even the lowest sum by which he could sustain life, he was obliged to devote a part of his time to the performance of labor in carrying parcels, or other similar employments.

Under the same roof with him, lived another boy, nearly of the same age—a light hearted, cheerful lad, who followed the occupation of a water carrier. An acquaintance between the two was soon formed, and the pleasure it afforded them was mutual. William Dupuytren gave lessons in reading and writing to Chassagne, who had had no opportunity of learning; and as he was an apt scholar, he soon learned many other things.

To him, in lieu of any other companion, and indeed because he liked him, the young student confided all his hopes of future distinction; and the water carrier became as interested in his friend's prospects as if they were his own. For himself, he had no greater ambition than one day to be the owner of a water-cask. Now, he was obliged to devote a portion of his earnings to pay for the use of one.

Dupuytren smiled, good humoredly, at his companion's standard. His own was to be head surgeon at the Hotel Dieu. All his hopes and wishes pointed to this; he had set this up as his goal, and he intended to reach it. But meantime his growing frame required support. His mind went far beyond the slender *physique*, and left the latter pining for food, while the mind was receiving too much stimulus.

Chassagne was a lad of real common sense, although lacking in education. He saw how it was with his new friend, and he insisted, on pain of removing away from him, upon his receiving a portion of the coarse but wholesome provision with which he supplied his own homely board.

"How can I pay you for it, dear Chassagne?" said William, ingenuously.

"Pay me when you are head surgeon!" answered his friend; and the student submitted to his kindness.

After this, the generous water carrier often became responsible for the student's little comforts, always referring to the head surgeon's salary as his recompense; and it was remarkable that no shadow of distrust of this event ever seemed to come over them. Both were equally sanguine as to the future; and, poor as was the present state of their finances and circumstances, there was a golden light in the future that streamed all along the path between youth and manhood, and lightened the burdens which each bore. Blessed quality of youth, which looks to the west in the darkest hour, and which, if it cannot see the sun itself, can behold the radiance that gathers where it has gone down!

"If I had but ten louis!" said the student to his friend, one night, when the latter had returned from his toil, and they sat down to a supper which William had joyfully prepared with his last handful of coal.

"And what would you do with it?" asked Chassagne, to whom the sound of ten louis seemed an enormous sum.

"I would attend some good medical school at once. That would pay all my expenses for four months; and by that time, I should be able to do something for myself."

"And have you no friend of whom you can borrow this amount?"

The student bethought himself of his whole class at school. One boy, whose father, the Duc de —, was immensely rich, and allowed his son a large sum for his incidental wants, was the only one from whom he could expect such a favor. To him he went in all the flush of youthful confidence, never doubting, judging him by himself, that he would generously advance him the money.

He was received at the great man's house with that pompous scorn which his shabby clothing inspired. His classmate had not penetration enough to see that, beyond this poor exterior, was something which would one day throw his wealth and titles into the shade. His superficial mind could not take in the fact that this boy might become greater by his talents, by the wealth which God had bestowed upon the inward, than the Duc de —'s son could ever hope to be.

He laughed at the idea of being asked to lend his allowance, and jeered at the sensitive boy who had made the request. He was in the midst of preparations for a party, and had but little time to talk with him; and remarking on

the appearance of his clothes, he seemed anxious to get rid of a visitor so likely to awaken the scorn of those more noble ones whom he was momentarily expecting.

"Another time, William, when I have no company, you may come and see me."

"Never!" answered the young student. "The paltry sum I have wished to borrow would have supplied me with food and opportunity to study for four months; but I do not wish for it now. Farewell, Leon, I shall never trouble you again until you need me."

The money came from another and a humbler source; but it was more grateful to the student than if it came from the house of the Duc de —. It brought a blessing, too; for it enabled him to fit himself so well for his future profession, that when the school of medicine was established in 1799, Dupuytren was chosen as assistant, and afterwards, in 1801, as head of one of the departments. In 1811, he was chosen professor, succeeding to Sabatier; and, in 1813, was elected second surgeon to the Hotel Dieu. In 1815, the destiny he had marked out for himself was accomplished—he became head surgeon! One year afterwards, he was created baron and knight of St. Michel.

During all this prosperity and success, he had never forgotten his humble friend, the water carrier. Steadily, as he increased, he repaid his obligations to him, and delicately showered favors upon him as upon a brother. A brother, indeed, he considered him; and Chassagne loved and revered the man who had thus risen to the position of one of the greatest men, not only in Paris, but of the world. All Europe was ringing with the skill of Baron Dupuytren.

He was about thirty-five years old, and in the full height of his fame, when one day a carriage stopped at his gate, and the servant announced that his master, the Duc de —, wished to see the baron immediately. This was the young duc, the Leon of other days, who had succeeded to his father.

The baron's servant opened the door of an ante-room, saying that his master was engaged with a patient, but would see the duc in his turn. A poor old woman seemed waiting there; and when the baron came out, they both rose to speak to him. Motioning to the woman, he was turning towards the door, when the duc interposed and begged to be heard.

"Not until your turn comes," said the baron. And the nobleman had to give place to a poor old woman.

Stifling his anger, when the baron re-appeared, he besought him to go to his son, who he feared

was dying. He knew the great man did not visit patients, but three thousand francs—four—nay, five should be his, if he would go to his only son, his heir, the future Duc de —.

"Six thousand," said the baron, coolly; and the duc agreed even to that.

At the gate, they encountered a water carrier, in the greatest apparent grief. The baron went to him instantly.

"What is it, Chassagne?" he asked.

"O, Monsieur Baron, you—"

"Call me William! say *thee* and *thou* to me, or I will not hear you," answered the doctor, earnestly.

"My little daughter is dying and I want you," said Chassagne, weeping.

"But my son, M. Baron! One moment may be too late."

"After I have seen this man's child, I will attend to you. Chassagne, come into my carriage!"

"M. Baron, I will give you six thousand francs, if you will come with me *now*; if not instantly, then—"

"Be content," said the baron, looking at him with contempt. "You need not threaten." And pushing him aside, he directed the driver to the house of Chassagne.

Little Marie did not die; and after everything had been done for her recovery, the baron went to see the other patient. The heir had just expired. It was the first time he had entered that dwelling since he was treated with such bitter contempt, when he was a poor and friendless boy, seeking for the knowledge which had now raised him so high above the other, even in point of wealth, and immensely above him in honors and position. He had told him then that he would enter it no more *until he needed him*—and the time had come!

The time had come—and a poor, feeble old woman, and a water carrier's child had been preferred before the aristocratic patient, who died without the help so freely given to them. Did he remember the evening on which he laughed at the thought of his ever *needing* "the son of a peasant of the Limousin—a Dupuytren?"

Truly, there is a law of compensation, even in this world; and he who now stands, clothed in rags, at the gate of the scornful, may one day be *needed* there; and come all too late.

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#### COMPENSATIONS.

Forever, from the hand that takes  
One blessing from us, others fall,  
And soon or late our Father makes  
His perfect recompense to all.—WHITTIER.

## JERUSALEM.

[Written for a Lady's Album, on the page facing an engraved view of the city of Jerusalem.]

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

Jerusalem, the city of the East—  
The city of the gorgeous temple reared  
By Solomon the King—the city leased,  
So speaking, for a thousand years, declared  
The city of the Lord—by art increased  
To splendid fame few other cities shared:  
Jerusalem, the mighty, fell!—and why?  
Because divided—it lacked unity!

Titus, the Roman, with his veteran force  
Besieged long the city, and would ne'er  
Have triumphed had defending Hebrew's course  
Been what it ought—it was not weakness, fear,  
But something just as baneful, if not worse,  
That closed with blood their national career.  
It was—let nations read the lesson well—  
Intestine feuds destroyed them, and they fell!

Jerusalem, the great, is gone forever!  
It has not, cannot, will not be restored;  
Vain every wish, moneyed or armed endeavor,  
The Moslem has it, and will be its lord.  
The Jews are scattered widely, and may never  
Have aught for country, save a heartfelt word.  
His land has passed away, but still the Jew  
Himself remains the Israelite and true.

Of kingdoms, empires, since the world began,  
How many have been swallowed up and lost;  
Their people merged in others to a man,  
All their descendants stranger tribe to boast.  
The Jews alone, superior to the ban  
That would annihilate, stand up a host:  
A race distinct, themselves they proudly show  
The same they were some thousand years ago.

## OLIVE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE last touches had been given to the new church in the large manufacturing town of Lonsdale. The fine-toned bell had pealed its first notes upon the air, and the music-teacher had tried the new organ, and found it perfect. The ladies had put on the finishing of those little decorations, which they know so well how to manage, and the church stood out in all its glory of tall steeple, Gothic windows, and an iron fence, that shut in the small strip of ground, which is all that the modern utilitarians of newly founded cities can spare, even around the churches.

It was on a September evening that it was to be dedicated; the same monopolizing spirit of gain forbidding the old fashioned custom of taking a whole day; and long before the time for services commenced, a crowd of young girls

had flocked in, to wonder and admire the largest and handsomest church which had ever been built in Lonsdale.

But as yet, it was only a *building*—the solemn act of dedication having not been performed, making it seem no holier than any other; and the gay young creatures ran hither and thither, through the long aisles, mounted the stairs to the galleries, and called sportively to each other from the very pulpit. Again, they descended, and each chose her own pew, and sat in it awhile with mock gravity.

Only one or two of them walked with a more sober step, and seemed to realize that there was any thing serious connected with the use to which the edifice was to be appropriated. One of these was a young girl who had recently come to Lonsdale—a mere child in appearance, but a woman in all the practical realities of life.

Olive Bruce was the daughter of parents who seemed born to poverty, yet had little of the true love which makes poverty light. When past middle age, Mr. Bruce, a widower, and the father of several children, had married a young girl. The family had increased by three sons and two daughters, of which Olive was the eldest; and in the gloom and desolation which poverty was shedding over the large household, the painful sight of half-fed and poorly clad children, the fretful repinings of the mother, and the ill-concealed intemperance that was wasting the strength, and sapping the small gains, of the father, this young girl seemed alone to be capable of judging or acting; and she announced her intention of leaving home, in order to earn something for the little brothers and sisters, who she foresaw would be poorer and more wretched by her stay.

Mrs. Bruce, grown callous and indifferent by the cruel disappointment of her prospects in life, passively consented, without feeling, as most mothers do, how difficult it may be for a young and inexperienced girl to step out into the wide evil world. But, at all events, there was no very pure or sacred atmosphere for her to step out from at home; and as God "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," so did he watch over the innocent child who, with a woman's heart, and a man's strength of purpose, devoted herself to her work.

She had heard of the prosperity of the new city which had sprung up by magic as it were, and was rearing its tall factories, and bringing in thousands to work in its mills. She shrunk from becoming an operative there, but she felt that there was another field in which she could better preserve her independence, and perhaps



gain more, than by mill labor. Where there were so many female purchasers there must surely be a good opportunity for supplying them with goods that female taste could select; and before many weeks, Olive Bruce was at the head of a well-appointed establishment, with a set of good and promptly paying customers, enabling her to keep several assistants.

Returning from tea, to her store, she had fallen in with a friend, and they had joined the troop who were entering the new church. In the playful selection of pews, Olive had followed the example of her friend, and chosen one for herself. It was about midway between the pulpit and door; and the plain drab cushions contrasted with the rich crimson carpet, differing from all the rest, caught her eye, and she seated herself within it. It was already completely furnished with hymn-books, a Bible and several small copies of the New Testament. She opened one, and it bore on the fly-leaf, the name of "Lyman Cleveland."

"Look, Miss Bruce!" said a gay, girlish voice, in the next pew, "there is Deacon Cleveland coming up the aisle, and seeing you on his own premises." Olive looked involuntarily towards the door, blushing crimson at the girl's loud speech, which he must have heard.

Walking slowly up the aisle, was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with a grave, yet pleasant and serene aspect. It seemed simply ludicrous to Olive to call a man evidently not more than thirty or thirty-five years old, "*deacon*;" for in her old-fashioned country town, the office was only appropriated by the oldest members of the church—men of gray heads and wrinkled faces and trembling hands. She could not believe that this man held a similar position, and supposed the title must have been given for his grave and somewhat precise look and manner. As he reached his own pew, Olive's mischievous neighbor called him, and formally introduced him to its occupant. A few words of common courtesy passed between them, and Olive joined her friend, and passed out just as the bell began to ring for services.

Mr. Cleveland followed her to the door. "Will you not stay, and witness the service?" he asked. "Pray return, and accept the same seat which you left so hastily."

The mild, sweet and persuasive tone had yet something of authority with it, that struck pleasantly on the ear of Olive, who had never heard such sounds at her own home; and she followed him back to the vacated seat. She looked round for the wife whom she fully expected to see enter the pew, but no one appeared, and she sat

there through the whole service, wondering at the power of a voice over her, and scarcely hearing a word of the long and somewhat tedious sermon. Mr. Cleveland opened the little door for her to pass out, but he did not offer to attend her. He was to meet the ministers, and arrange something in connection with the dedication, he told her, as if in excuse, although Olive certainly did not expect it from a stranger, an elderly man too, as she thought him.

No store in the new city was half so popular as that of Miss Bruce. There were portions of the day, when it was literally crowded, mostly with people belonging to the mills. Olive's excellent taste wrought silently a better taste with many who had hitherto bought only showy and ill-chosen fabrics; but now, the tawdry finery gave place to neat, delicate designs, and goods that would bear inspection in their quality.

Her own little figure was always prettily dressed. She had the rare art of making a simple chints look as graceful and pretty as the silks and costly garments of others, and her plain cottage bonnet of white straw looked positively elegant in its simplicity.

She was thus arrayed, one evening, and about to leave the store for the others to close, when a gentleman entered, inquiring for gloves. The voice was Mr. Cleveland's she knew. It was different from any other which she had heard in this hurrying, bustling town, where people would hardly spend time to articulate their words, and where the sweetness of tone was spoiled by the quick slurring of letters and syllables. She waited on him herself, remembering his politeness to her, on the one occasion of their meeting; and when he was suited in his purchases, to her surprise, he asked her if he should go home with her.

Until then, she had imagined him already married; and she could hardly now believe that he was not. A few whispered words from her favorite assistant, told her that there would be nothing wrong in allowing him to walk with her, and they went away together. There is little of romance in such a wooing, where the disparity of age makes a man seem more like father than husband; but if there was less of romance, there was more of truth and nobleness, and real, heartfelt affection in the marriage which soon after took place between these two, than often falls to the lot of mortals.

Lyman Cleveland had lived thirty-five years, and this was his first love! He treated his child-wife with the grave tenderness that became him so well; and she, her young heart untouched before, reposed in a sweet reliance upon that ten-

derness. Hers had been a worse than orphaned state; for she had never experienced the love which is so sweet in other homes. Now, she had "father, brother, husband, all in one.

A dwelling where all the comforts of life were freely bestowed received them; and Cleveland's thoughtful tenderness suggested a thousand ways to gratify the exquisite taste which he so much admired in Olive. Then his best kindness was that, although he would not permit her attendance at the store, he still allowed her to carry it on in the name of her assistant, and to devote the entire proceeds to her father's family; thus effectually saving all anxiety on her part, either that they would suffer loss by her marriage, or that they would become a burden in any way upon her husband.

His own business lay in connection with the railroads which were intersecting the city; and it took him away from the pleasant home which he had embellished, more than he wished. But it was pleasant to the hitherto lonely man, to find it in such exquisite order when he did return, and his little Olive, in her freshest of dresses awaited him.

Pleasanter, too, when a cradle was added to the sitting-room attractions, and a child's sweet face looked out from its depths of snowy drapery. Then came another child; and with a boy and girl in his arms, Cleveland's happiness seemed complete. Thoughtful and pious as he was, he referred all his blessings to a divine source, and inwardly gave thanks that he was so blessed beyond others; but not even his piety could make it seem real to him that his happiness, so long delayed, and so thoroughly enjoyed, was not to be lasting. He could not, would not look at the reverse of the picture. Ah! when we are happy, how secure our paradise seems to us.

Cleveland went out one morning with more than usual reluctance. He lingered long—went out and returned twice, without any apparent reason for so doing, and seemed so different from his usual calm and serene demeanor, that Olive felt uneasy, until he assured her that nothing had happened to disturb him.

"A little nervous, Ola," he said, as he turned away from the door. "This fresh, bracing air will soon make me forget it. I shall go out a little way in the cars, to make me feel better. Good-by, love, take care of yourself. I will come home early."

His last sentence was a prophecy. Two or three hours only had elapsed, when Lyman Cleveland was brought home, mortally injured by a collision on the road.

"Look upward, my Olive! God will not for-

sake you; and if it is permitted that spirits may watch around their own, I will come to you, my heart's best beloved!"

The sun set that night upon a desolate dwelling. Olive was a widow, and her children orphans. There was a universal expression of sorrow, for Lyman Cleveland was a good man; but all know how soon, in the bustling cares of a crowded city, the vacant places are filled, and the memory of the dead is perpetuated only on the tombstone and in the hearts of the bereaved.

Two or three months afterwards, another infant lay in Olive's arms. No father's welcome greeted it; but to the mother, it came like an angel sent from heaven. It was a wee, tiny baby, with a look of age upon its little face, that told of sorrow before it was born; but she could see that it resembled Lyman, and she called it by his name.

When she became a little strong, she endeavored to look into her affairs. She shrunk painfully from the revelation they afforded her. What little had been left to her, was swallowed up in the expenses of her household while ill, with the exception of some notes which she looked at in blank despair. Two of them were from a company that failed just after Lyman's death, and the third was from his old father, who would never be able to cancel it. There was the store—but she hesitated long, whether she had a right to appropriate its proceeds to herself. It had seemed a sacred gift laid aside for her parents. But her children? that thought prevailed, and she now gave all the personal attention to its business, which she could spare from her little family.

Her time was now so much occupied with her children, however, that she could not attend fully to the concerns as she wished; and since Lyman's supervision was wanting, there was an evident falling off in the profits. Finally, it failed to bring her any return whatever, and in a few months, the whole stock was sold as bankrupt.

Three little children looking up to her for support, the eldest scarcely more than an infant, and the youngest a feeble, pale babe, nursed in sorrow, and with the mother's tears dropping on his white cheeks, and the look of premature intelligence in the preternaturally large eyes, and no one to help her bear the burden; and worst of all, her own health failing, from the manifold troubles, anxieties and labors which her situation imposed, formed a hard lot for a woman whose years numbered but twenty-five.

How she lived through that dreary year, no one knew. *She* did not know. It seemed all

one dark, miserable succession of griefs and cares and despondency, uncheered, save by the unconscious smiles of her children. In the spring, she took the scanty remnant of her furniture, and went out into the adjoining village, a mere country place, with only a few farm-houses. A little hut that had been built for storing seeds and garden tools, but now disused for that purpose, stood near one of these farm-houses, and she begged the farmer to let her live in it, and take the rent in her work.

Mr. Bradford was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, and he said kindly, that she was welcome to the poor shelter, if indeed she could live there at all. Before her things arrived, he had converted it into a good room and bed-room, and by the aid of a little paper, paint and whitewash, had made it look clean and even pretty, with the great apple tree shading it in front.

Olive disposed her little furniture, put up her spotlessly white curtains, arranged her neat bed and the cribs for the two eldest children; and then, in the still quiet of the morning hour, with only nature around her, and no factory bells disturbing the sweet silence, and no bustling crowd hurrying along, she sent her children into the open air, and sat down at her window to inhale the fragrance of the apple blossoms, and to think what she was to do. She had not been so happy since Lyman died. There was no struggle to be maintained in this quiet spot, merely to keep up appearances. Here, her children would be gaining health and strength, and she could surely pay for their coarse bread and milk, by labor of some kind. So, for the first time in a year, she put away care, and began to trust more fully in the future.

A summer in the country! Who has not felt its charm? Surely no one ever felt it more deeply than our poor Olive. Living as she did, almost entirely in the open air—for in watching her children at play, she would take her sewing out under the apple tree—she lost the fragility and paleness which her sorrow and the effect of her mourning dress had heightened, and she became strong and well. Here, she felt that Lyman's promise to come to her, would be fulfilled; nay, she sometimes believed that his visible presence was near her. She grew peaceful, resigned, almost happy.

There was an arrival at the farm-house, one day, that seemed to cause an unusual sensation. Olive was interested, in spite of herself, for her quiet life had so few interruptions! and the Bradfords lived as retired as she did. Little Philip, her eldest child, came running in from the farm yard, and told her that Mr. Arthur

Bradford had come. She had heard the old farmer speak of his son, Arthur, and she rejoiced in his return for his parents' sake. She pictured her own delight at some future day, when Philip or Lyman might come home to her in this way, unexpectedly, to surprise her. While she was thinking of this, Mr. Bradford passed the window, with his son's arm affectionately twined within his own. He stopped to bid her good morning, and to introduce his son, in the gladness of his heart, to the lady-like neighbor of whom he thought so highly, for Olive had become greatly endeared to the good farmer and his wife.

Arthur Bradford was one of those men who wear their good heart upon their face. He greeted Olive as respectfully and cordially as he would the occupant of a palace; admired the taste with which her little cottage had been made a pleasant addition to the scenery around the farm; and said feelingly, that, although he had travelled far and wide, there was nothing so beautiful to him as his home and its surroundings.

"And the best of it all is, that he is never going away any more," said his father. "Arthur has decided to take my farm, and I am going to live easy the rest of my life."

Olive expressed her pleasure that he could now rest from his labors, and they passed on. Since she came here, no day had gone by, without some token of love from the Bradfords. Her wood pile was kept replenished, and everything which grew on the farm was so bountifully bestowed on her, that she had no anxiety, save that of discovering how best she might repay them for their benevolence. Mrs. Bradford's failing eyes suggested to Olive's mind that her skilful sewing would be the most acceptable way, and her offer was accepted with a warmth of manner, that showed how much it was prized. This, of course, made it more necessary that she should be often at the farm-house, and Arthur Bradford, already dressed in his suit of farming apparel, met her every day, with a frank, hearty good will, that was worthy the son of his parents. He soon made himself fast friends of the little Clevelands, who followed him about constantly, as he went over the farm to inspect his workmen.

When the day was over, both families sat out under the trees together, to enjoy the summer evening, until the children grew sleepy. To Arthur's mind, nothing was ever half so beautiful as Mrs. Cleveland, sitting by his mother's side with little Lyman in her arms, and the two others lying on the grass at her feet.

She was startled, surprised, almost shocked when, one evening, after the old people and the

children had retired, Arthur Bradford came into her room, lighted only by the August moon, and asked her to be his wife. Her heart had been so wedded to Lyman's memory, that the bare possibility of a second marriage seemed profanation to her. She answered him only with tears.

Distressed at this, he implored her to forgive his abruptness. He was a rough man, he said, unused to the set forms of speech, necessary perhaps to the occasion. He could bring her only a true heart, which had never been shared by any woman until now. His parents loved her dearly, and approved his choice. It would be their happiness to call her daughter.

"But there are still others to be thought of," answered Olive.

"Your children? Do you think, for a moment, that I forgot them? God helping me, I will be a father to them as long as I live, if you will but permit me to be. Have no anxiety about that. Remember, I am no boy, seeking only the whim of the moment; but an earnest, thinking man—as old as yourself in years, and loving you all the better for the baptism of sorrow that has been yours. And, as I keep my promise to you and to your children, may God do so to me."

Olive's heart was touched by his earnestness. It was no light thing that, in her friendliness and desolation, this family should have been raised up as friends to her. It was still more to have won the heart of a noble man like Arthur Bradford. There was a sense of protection in his very presence. As he stood there in the bright moonlight, for he had gradually drawn her out of the house, for a walk, she thought he looked so good and noble, and the words he was uttering were so free from any flattery or boyish affectation, that it seemed as if any woman might be proud and joyful to live in the sunshine of his smile always.

"Would Lyman approve this?" She asked it now, as she habitually had asked the question after his death; and the response to her soul was one which she had always trusted in. It bade her come into the light which was shedding its rays upon her darkness, and that one brief moment of sincere communion with the dead decided her. She was above the affectation of asking him to wait longer for her answer; but freely as he had asked her love—almost as abruptly—she told him that she would be his wife.

The morning sun shone brightly above the pleasant farm-house and its surroundings. Happiness shone on every face, for it was known to all the household that Arthur Bradford was to bring no gay and giddy girl home to take his

mother's honored place, but a meek, serene, sorrow-tried, but good and noble woman.

Olive's sweet face looked as lovely as in her girlhood, when she was married in Lonesdale church to Lyman Cleveland. That day was not forgotten in her new joy, and the quiet of her second marriage day accorded well with the softened remembrances of another.

No home can be sweeter than that of Olive Bradford. The little cot where she first heard Arthur's spoken love, is unaltered within and without. Its small yard is a bower of roses, planted by her own hand, while she lived there, and their growth, for they have climbed to the roof, is the only change. Her children are as happy as Arthur Bradford's love and care can make them. I am writing in their pleasant home; and as the hastily filled sheets fall upon the floor, Olive, taking them up, says:

"Why, Mary! you are writing our own history! Let me call Arthur to read it."

"No, indeed, Olive! not until Ballou's clear, unsullied type shall take the place of these blotched, unsteady lines."

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#### SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

An elderly London lady and a Staffordshire "old fogey," while waiting before the fire in a railway station, were overheard, says the Birmingham Daily Post, in the following scientific dialogue: What do you think is the origin of coal? Old gentleman—O, the flood, the flood, ma'am. It threw all things into chaos, into confusion, ma'am (throwing his arms all about to suit the action to the word), and they all got mixed up together, you see; and then they settled down again in strata and layers like, and then they ignited from time to time and became coal. Lady (apparently greatly astonished, pleased and satisfied in her mind)—Indeed! Old gentleman continuing—Then there's fossils, too; and there's trees down in the pits, only they've got no leaves hardly. Lady—O, geology is a lovely science. Old gentleman—It is, it is, ma'am. Lady—Only it is not studied as it ought to be, is it, sir? Old gentleman—No ma'am; but it's more studied than it has been.

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**MATRIMONIAL.**—It is no use to reason with girls—they will do strange things sometimes. With the respectable Mr. Peachem:

"We wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter,  
For when she's dressed with care and cord, all tempt-  
ing, fine and gay,  
As men should serve a cucumber she flings herself  
away."

The above profound reflections were suggested by reading that a couple were recently married at Ayr, Scotland, and the bridegroom had reached the interesting age of 77, the bride but 22. They went to Edinburgh to spend the honeymoon.

THE  
STOLEN DAUGHTER OF SAN MARCO.

BY MARY W. JANVREIN.

IN the heart of a dense, flowering garden, close bordering on one of those deep lagoons which intersect the sea-born city of Venice like threads of silver, rose a magnificent palace, with white marble walls almost hidden by their thick veil of luxuriant vines—latticed balconies, half screened by fragrant limes and acacias—tessellated marble floors, and ceilings emblazoned with magnificent frescoes.

Out on the rippling water which formed a part of the embayed garden of this princely estate, and unto whose very edge the rich tropic flowers trailed in wildest growth, floated white aquatic lilies—beautiful “Venus Aphrodites, censers of purest fragrance, swung by the water-nymphs under the waves;” but fairer than the lilies, purer than the fragrant shrubs, and richer in grace and bloom than any tropic blossom of the south-land, was the only daughter of this noble house, Lenora Ferrai, the star of queenly Venice; dark and rich as the hue of the purple Tuscan grape was her lustrous hair, her eyes were soft as the liquid diamond, and a cleft pomegranate blossom would have been shamed by her lips.

It was in the midnight stillness of a southern night, and the maiden stole from her own apartment opening upon the balcony; while almost simultaneously the sound of muffled oars fell on her ears as a light gondola shot from out the waters of a dark lagoon towards the palace. Leaning anxiously over the latticed railing, Lenora took a white scarf from her shoulders and fluttered it towards the rower.

Again the muffled oars, almost noiselessly, but swiftly, dipped the water; like a swift-spiced arrow the boat clove the tide, then shot under the balcony; and in another minute a handsome young man in the garb of a Florentine, seizing by one of the stone balustrades, had cleared the balcony and was at the maiden’s side.

“*Bel idol mio!* Star of my life!” was his first words, in soft, sweet Tuscan, as he clasped her to his heart, while the girl blushed, but did not withdraw from his encircling arm, “for in the Circean draught of Love’s first kiss she forgot her fears and ceased to tremble.”

“O, Rafaele, thou art here at last,” she murmured.

“Ay, at last, *carina*,” returned the lover, “yet even this stay must prove brief, since a message hath summoned me to Florence on the

morrow’s dawn. But I bear away precious memories of blissful hours—and a hope to speedily return again, Leonora,” he added, tenderly.

There was a slight pause, during which the girl’s brow clouded and she trembled.

“Do you know that I have had boding fears of late? We may not meet again. O, go not hence, Rafaele.”

“Yonder crescent moon hanging over the Adriatic shall not wane ere thou art beside me in my native Florence, my bride. Thy fears are idle, *carissima*. Thou art but a very coward to night, little one,” said the young man.

“Nay, not for myself, but for thee. The dagger, the inquisition, the anger of San Marco’s nobles—you do not know how much cause there is for fear of these, Rafaele,” and she clung to him tremblingly.

“Nay, by Diana, it was not the blood of the Ferrais spoke then; for thou wert not wont to harbor vulgar fears,” laughed the Florentine.

“Call them a woman’s whims, so thou wilt, Rafaele; but only listen,” pleaded Leonora. “Thou knowest not the Jesuits, the Council of Ten, and our proud Venitian nobles. The spies of the Inquisition are everywhere; mayhap even now some one looketh on our stolen meeting, for the daughters of San Marco are watched and guarded closely. Hark, was not that a step?” and with a frightened air she listened intently.

“Tush, sweet, thou art a little raven, busy with croaking evil. ’Twas but thy birds stirring in their cage, or the night wind rustling a curtain on the hangings of thy chamber wall. Surely no one knoweth of our midnight meeting. There is but one whom I bethink me thou hast cause to shun, and he the Father Ignatius. Leonore, I like him not; cometh he here often of late?”

“He is much here of late,” answered the maiden. “Even now he watcheth beside the bedside of my father. But he speaketh little to me; why fearest thou him, Rafaele? For long months the *padre* hath been my father’s confessor and mine—he surely would not harm us.”

“I cannot express this dislike by words, for you would not understand me; and, in good sooth, I may mistake after all. But he hath a face no man can read, therefore cannot trust. I would he were not your confessor, *cara*; but since it is so, tell him what spiritual exercises thou likest, but beware how thou openest to him thy full heart. Thou fearest for me; but guard well for thyself, Leonora. Promise me this, and I must away. When again we meet, I come to claim you for my bride. Now *addio, carissima!*” And with a lingering embrace the Florentine sprang adown the balcony and was gone.

A few minutes after the Florentine's graceful gondola shot out from beneath the overhanging balcony like a swift-winged arrow into the waters of the lagoon, Leonora Ferrai turned from her station where she had watched the departure of her lover, and entered her room. As she stepped through the low casement, a tall muffled figure glided from behind the velvet window hangings and suddenly confronted her.

"Holy Mary preserve us!" she exclaimed with a slight scream, crossing herself, then sank into a seat, half fainting.

"Zitto, zitto! hush, hush!" came in a low, deep, yet musical voice, as the figure glided nearer. "Peace be with thee, my daughter. Why fearest thou the holy *padre*?"

Leonora still shuddered violently; but meekly bowing her head and rapidly making the sign of the cross, said:

"Pardon, I knew thee not; but—but wherefore here?" And a faint flush rose to her cheek, for they stood alone in her private dressing-room.

"Thou wert not where I sought thee, daughter, therefore came I hither. Let us to thine oratory, I would talk with thee," replied the Jesuit.

Leonora led the way to a small apartment where pictures of the virgin looked down from the walls, and where, each morning, mid-day and vesper hour she entered to bow before the silver crucifix upon the little marble altar, and murmur an "Ave Maria." Save the pictures of the meek-eyed Madonna, the altar of Carrara marble, and the richly chased silver cross, there were no other adornments to this little prayer-room, except a small hanging Greek lamp suspended over the altar whose soft rays now feebly illumined the darkness.

"Wilt thou sit, *Padre* Ignatius?" asked Leonora, pointing to the one couch covered with India stuff against the wall.

"Nay, daughter," replied the priest, throwing back his cowl, and revealing the bold, handsome Roman profile of a face over which scarce thirty-five years could have passed—a face upon whose fully revealed features the girl looked for the first time, and with a dim gaze of bewilderment, as though she had met him somewhere before, perhaps in her dreams. "Nay, daughter, Father Ignatius hath no care for repose when the welfare of the Holy Mother Church claims his services. My daughter, I have just come from beside the bed of thy sire; we have been talking there of thee."

Leonora again scanned his face; and the spirit of inquiry was strong in her beautiful eyes. Again, looking upon the priest, that gleam

of bewildered recognition broke over her features, and an ejaculation almost fell from her lips; but, repressing it, she dropped her eyes to the floor, subdued by his powerful gaze bent full upon her—a gaze whose expression of blended passion, sternness and exultation she could not then fathom, but which sank into her heart with a thrill of terror.

"Ay, daughter, beside thy dying sire's bed, and holding converse of thee," replied the Jesuit, as if comprehending a query in her questioning glance.

"Dying! My father dying, and I here? Let me go to him." And with a white face the girl started up.

"Nay, daughter Leonora," said the priest, detaining her, "nay, I did exceed my warrant, and thou art needlessly alarmed. Thy sire falls rapidly, thus have I called him a dying man; but there is no immediate danger."

"But I pray thee let me go to him," she pleaded.

"Stay, at this hour thou must listen unto me. Thy father is in the hands of a skilful leech; thou canst do nothing."

"But no hireling can perform the affectionate offices of a child. Thou sayest his days are few, yet hinderest me from his bedside," urged Leonora, for already had a dread of that bold-eyed Jesuit seized upon her.

"Daughter," and Father Ignatius's voice grew stern, and he laid his hand upon her arm, "but now, thou didst waste a full hour in bandying love words and wasting kisses upon a smooth-faced lover on yonder balcony, and now pratest of duty to thy sick sire. Is this well of Ferrai's daughter?"

With a faint cry of affright, the girl sank back on the couch.

"Lost, lost, O, Rafaelo!" For it was the priest's step she had heard on the balcony, and not a fancy, as her lover would have persuaded her.

"Listen," said the priest softly, after the sound of her faint sobs had died away, "listen and fear not. Nay, weep not thus, my daughter. 'Tis true, by chance I overheard all to-night; but, bethink thee, in whose bosom will this secret rest more secure than thy father confessor's?"

Lulled by his specious sophistry and kindly tone, Leonora exclaimed eagerly, "O, *padre*, thou wilt not betray us?"

The Jesuit's voice grew wondrous sweet, and trembled with dissembled sadness.

"Leonora Ferrai, daughter of San Marco and of our Holy Church, in that thou hast concealed aught at the confessional thou hast griev-

only sinned, thou hast given much sorrow to him who has ever been thy best friend, *Padre Ignatius*."

The girl did not reply; but a blush burned on her forehead, and she bowed her head in shame; for the Catholic faith in which she had been born and nurtured was still strong in her heart, and she knew that according to its teachings, she had greatly erred.

"If the dove leaves her nest, sooner or later the storm will overtake her, till, weary and wounded, she finds no rest for her broken wing. My daughter, wilt thou confess all, and again come back into the bosom of the true church? It was for this I sought thee to-night, to win thee back to peace and trust again." And the Jesuit laid his hand on the kneeler's head, who had sunk down at his feet.

The struggle was over in the Venitian's heart. In that hour, lulled by the honeyed sophisms of the artful priest—forgetting *Rafaelo's* warnings—and, above all, fearing longer to violate her Catholic creed, she bent herself upon the marble flags; and, alternately kissing the beads of her rosary and grasping the priest's robe of coarse, black serge, she breathed forth her confession.

Amid tears and sobs she told all—how, a few weeks ago, she had first met the beautiful young Florentine, *Rafaelo Vasi*, who had come hither to the grand Venitian Court—how at one glance his passionate eyes had shone into her heart, till, from loving in secret, she came to acknowledge her love when they met at a brilliant *festa*—how, night after night he had come thither to meet her on the balcony—then, suddenly reproaching herself that she had betrayed her lover, she meekly bowed her head, waiting *Father Ignatius's* words.

While this recital was going on, it was terrible to behold the agitation imprinted on that face of late so impassive; but when she looked up again the lids drooped over his luminous eyes, hiding their fire—and she saw only the immobile face of her confessor. Again he laid his hand on her heavy hraids; and again that voice, so fascinatingly sweet, like a serpent gliding through flowers, stole from his lips.

"Daughter, I have listened; but bethink thee, is nothing kept back, even now? Fear not, thy father confessor will prove no tyrant to thee."

"I have promised the Florentine to become his bride," she said, blushing. "But not now, not now," she added, rapidly. "I will never go to his arms so long as my sire liveth. It never shall be said that a Ferrai deserted her sire. O, I was mad to steal forth to meet him, while he who loved and watched over my life lies feeble and stricken in his old age."

"Girl, thou wilt never become his wife. The church claims thee; if not the church, then—"

But the priest did not finish his sentence save, by that long, lingering gaze with which his eyes met *Leonora's*—a gaze so intense, so passionate, so almost fiendish, that involuntarily she shuddered, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Nay, look up, look up now, *Ferrai's* daughter," exclaimed the monk in low, concentrated accents, and he forced her hands from her eyes, and lifted her face to his own. "*Leonora*, daughter, the priest of the Holy Cross—the *Padre Ignatius*, the member of the order of *Loyola*—hath heard thy confession, and waits but to absolve."

But the uttered words were strangely at variance with the light burning in those passionate orbs looking deep into her own; and when *Leonora Ferrai* again lifted her eyes it was but to read a revelation in the bold, startlingly handsome Roman face bent above her—but to find herself caught madly to the priest's wildly panting breast, while a shower of hot kisses fell like molten lava on her lips, cheek, forehead—till, breaking free from his clasp, she sank before the crucifix, and, in a sudden passion of tears, with much of terror, but more of loathing in her voice, she whispered the single word:

"*Dragoni!*"

And so the night waned away; and when morning lifted her head from the orient waves, a messenger found her still kneeling before the altar and the cross, to turn and pray again when she listened to the words:

"Thy sire, the Count *Bartholemew*, is dead!"

It was evening in Florence. The gorgeous Italian sunset had melted—the sun, all day circling above the vineyard, had sunk into the tideless Mediterranean—and the deep blue veil that shrouded the heavens was all ablaze with stars.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, *Francesco de Medici*, and his mistress, the beautiful *Bianca Capello*, sat in their princely dwelling, the *Villa Strozzi*. His residence was a perfect fairy land of luxury; and with its tessellated marble floors, its walls hung with silken arras and velvet draperies, its fountains of perfumed water, its statues, pictures, vines and roses, and its gardens delightful as the vales of *Vallambrosa*, "had become the rendezvous of all that was brilliant in wit, distinguished in talent, profound in science, pre-eminent in art, or attractive in beauty."

The apartment in which the grand duke and the beautiful *Capello* sat was hung with azure silken arras embroidered heavily with gold; on the ceiling was a fresco of *Aurora* drawn by the

hours, and met by the morning sun ; in a niche stood a statue of Narcissus, with a tuft of pure white flowers sculptured from the marble at his feet ; while the chairs were of ivory and gold, and in the centre of the room a table of lapis lazuli was strewn with costly bijoux and vases of rare flowers.

Innumerable couches and velvet cushions were scattered about the apartment, and on one of these sat, or rather reclined, Francesco de Medici at Bianca's feet. Poor grand duke ! elsewhere in all Tuscany he was sovereign ; here, he was only a slave.

"*Carissima*," said the duke fondly, idly toying with one white hand which hung over his shoulder, "I feel to-night that, if thou wert to ask aught of me, like Herod of old I would grant to thee, even unto the half of my kingdom. What hast thou to proffer, *mia colomba*, my dove?"

"Nay, my lord," laughed Bianca, lightly stroking his hair, "I cry your mercy, but I think no single wish, so royally has thy bounty supplied all."

"Prythee, sweet, is it so? Then, like the great Alexander, I'll soon have thee sobbing about mine ears, because, having subdued me and mine, thou hast no more worlds of love to conquer— Now get thee hence, Ghurizzo, for a forward imp!" the duke added impatiently to the little dwarf page who that moment appeared in the doorway.

"*Illustrissima*, a cavalier at the gate craves admittance," said the dwarf, with a bow.

"Did he give name or errand?" asked Bianca.

"Nay, signorina, he did but ask if the grand duke were here."

"Be gone," exclaimed the duke. "We will admit no cavaliers to-night."

"Nay, by the Madonna, mine own prince," said Bianca, laughingly, "I see the shadow of the black eagle's wing upon thy brow. But now thou mad'st offer to grant any favor of my asking; and, prythee, I have a fancy to know this cavalier's errand."

"Let him enter," said the duke to the page.

The page threw wide the door, admitting the cavalier, richly attired and holding his velvet cap with white drooping plumes in his hand. A smile of recognition lighted the faces of Bianca and her lover. Francesco started up.

"I' faith, Vasi, is it thou? Well, thou must thank Bianca for thine audience, for I had well-nigh denied the admittance. A scurvy trick, to be served upon my bravest and handsomest noble. But what news bringest thou from the Venitian court?"

"News, your excellenza? I beg pardon—but—but—I was not at court of late," stammered the young noble.

"Not at court—in Venice a full month, and not present thyself? On the word of a Medici, but that is strange enough." And the duke's brow darkened.

"No greater enigma than I can solve, my lord," laughed the fair Bianca.

"Then, my *aquilli d'oro*, my golden eagle, take flight, and pierce the clouds of this mystery!" replied Francesco, playfully.

"'Tis only that the noble Rafaello Vasi hath found some rare Venitian damsel, in whose society he hath forgotten that of courtly dames or princes. Ha! am I not right?" she queried, with a smile, as the young man's cheek crimsoned, and he played with the folds of his doublet in confusion.

"Your excellenza is always right," he said at length, with a bow.

"By Venus, but if I did not think thou wert in love the moment thou didst enter here, so shy and embarrassed thine air," exclaimed the duke. "Come, unfold all, man, and if thine errand thither relates to this affair, count upon our aid to speed the wooing and the winning. And the damsel is a Venitian, then? Ha, ha, 'tis but little love that some grim San Marco owes us, eh, Bianca? Thou canst extend a congratulatory hand to thy fair country-woman, canst thou not?"

"Ay, the noble Rafaello Vasi may count me as his future bride's friend," said Bianca, in a hollow, almost mechanical voice, with a forced smile.

For while, that night, in her apartment, the eager, hopeful young noble unfolded the story of his love to his sovereign, Francesco of Tuscany, poor Bianca Capello, recalling that period of her own eventful career, when she, the titled daughter of the noblest Venitian senator, and of San Marco, stooped to listen to the love-words of a low-born Florentine adventurer, Pietro Bonaventuri, and then, in turn, became his despised castaway till she sank into that degraded thing, the mistress of a foreign prince, poor Bianca lived an hour of terrible agony and remorse.

Again Leonora Ferrai was in her oratory. The muffled tones of the great bell of San Marc's cathedral had died away; the Count Ferrai slept among his fathers; days had passed, during which, in her great sorrow, Leonora had looked upon no faces save her attendant's; and now she knelt where these days had been passed, before the cross upon the marble altar.



The heavy arras which hung over the door was swept aside by a white, patrician hand, footsteps glided over the polished marble flags, and, no longer in the dress of a monkish apparel, but in the full dress of a Venitian noble—a black velvet doublet, ruffs of *point d'Alençon* lace, trunk hose of scarlet, and cap of Moorish velvet with snowy plumes—the Jesuit stood beside her. And upon his features no longer lay the calm repose of the priest; but an exulting smile.

"Leonora!"—The girl did not look up.

"Leonora!" again he repeated, laying his hand on her shoulder.

The spell was broken. She sprang to her feet, a glow of indignation chasing the deadly pallor from her face.

"Touch me not, vile priest, Emanuel Dragoni, whichever thou art—I know thee."

"Nay, girl," said the Jesuit, with darkening brow, for that gesture of loathing with which she recoiled escaped him not. "This is useless. Thou art mine, and canst not escape me—mine, and the bride of the cloister, too. Thy smooth-faced Florentine lover can never come to thine aid, for the convent's walls are high and strong."

Leonora did not reply, nor apparently hear this threat, but stood white as marble. Then, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, she burst into tears. For a moment the Jesuit's eyes grew strangely tender, then stern again.

"Proud girl, it is fitting thee now to weep. Once, I grovelled at thy feet—I, a Venitian noble and senator, pleading for the love-words and kisses for which I would have perilled my soul's salvation; but these were scornfully refused me, but to be poured out like water on a beardless Florentine boy. Ay, take thy fill of tears, since my hour of revenge has come."

"Mercy!" broke from the girl's white lips; and she who had never before sued to mortal, now knelt before that fearful man and grasped his hands. "Mercy! Take my gold for the church, but spare me!"

The Jesuit spoke. "It is useless. Thy gold is but dross; thou art the boon I ask, Leonora Ferrai. Mine thou must and shalt be; and yet, not by force would I win thee, for that is the resort of vulgar men, but by the mighty power of that love, which, spite of thy scorn, I still bear thee. Leonora, bright and beautiful, the one beloved of my life!"—and his eyes and voice grew positively winning in their tenderness—"thou hast power to make me brute or man, demon or angel. Angel, if thou wilt love me; fiend, if thou scornest. My heart is burning; like *Ætna's* snows, it covers fire, and, by the gods, it were not well for thee to call its lava-side forth!" And he strode the floor.

Again he pleaded. "But bless me with thy love, and henceforth I am thy slave. Proud arbitress of my fate, I who never knelt before to mortal woman save thee, once again plead for thy love. What knoweth this Florentine youth who scarce hath numbered twenty summers of a passion like mine? O, Leonora, but smile upon me, and henceforth I am your slave forever."

Perhaps at that moment, when all that was good and noble in his nature was imprinted upon this man's face, it was with a feeling akin to pity that Leonora Ferrai looked upon him; for her answer came in softened tones:

"Emanuel Dragoni, it is in vain. I cannot love thee; yet I wish thee well. Yet be a noble, generous man—go, forget me!"

"Never! Thou hast chosen for thyself. As thou hast sown, so shalt thou reap. When next we meet, 'twill be thy marriage night—a bridal without witnesses, for the convent's walls are thick, and none shall overhear thy calls for succor. Now *felice notte*, my Leonora!"

"When next thou interest here, vile priest, 'twill be to find the cage empty, and the bird flown!" came in smothered accents from the lips of *Rafaele Vasi*, as he glided forth from behind the voluminous silken hangings, to clasp the fainting Leonora in his arms.

And that night, while a wild storm besieged the sea-girt city of Venice, and terrible was the combat of rain, wind and thunder, the blue lightning flashes lighted the path of a gondola adown the narrow inlet out into the Grand Canal; and three days after, in the fair Florentine city of her husband's birth, Leonora Vasi smiled at the dreadful fears that fell upon her heart when she listened last to the futile threats of the revengeful Father Ignatius.

And in distant Venice, when the news of Leonora's elopement fell upon the public ears, few imagined what a history of baffled revenge and passion was smothered in the heart that lay beneath the calm, saint-like exterior of the Jesuit.

"I' faith, my Bianca," laughed the Grand Duke of Tuscany, as, a few months after, he sat with the fair Venitian, now his lawful wife and duchess, by the marriage which succeeded the death of Joan of Austria, "our young Count Vasi hath gained a rare bride in the beautiful Ferrai; and the Venitian court hath lost two of its brightest jewels, her and thee. 'Twas a bold stroke by which *Rafaele* won her from the very grasp of the priest Ignatius! Now that her period of mourning for her sire is over, give thou a *festa* to welcome her to our Tuscan court, and I, myself, will dance the first *volta* with this STOLEN DAUGHTER OF SAN MARCO."

## THE STAGE-STRUCK WAITER.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

"ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" but they don't think so, and study on and act out their lives, till the green curtain of the grave falls, in ignorance of the truth that from the cradle to the tomb they have "cast" themselves, or been "cast," in numberless assumed characters, controlled by that great manager, circumstance; seeming to be the things they are not, and only appearing in their real character when they lie down to die.

In this regard all are actors; but many wish to be the "wheel within a wheel," the actor on the mimic stage of the drama, where fame and excitement allure too many from their true callings, to find by sad experience, how hard it is to be a shining histrion.

"*Stage-struck!*" What an ominous sound that phrase has. Two many images of those we have known it calls up. The few successful and the many defeated; ambitious youth elate with the hope of dramatic distinction, resisting all the counsels of wiser friends, and plunging into the vortex where all their buoyancy sinks unavailing; of families whom the mania has deprived of their most beloved; who have seen the dazzle of the stage and become enamored of its applause, and foolishly abandoned the regular, calm, substantial pursuits for which they were fitted, to become the slaves of endless rehearsals, tedious study, the vicissitudes of theatrical "seasons," the praise or hiss of a capricious audience, whose purchase of a ticket gives them a despot's right; these troubles all too commonly ending in the dissipation of disappointment, and the unregarded death of the broken-down actor. But we will not sermonize.

Hamilar Spring when I first knew him, was an attendant in an eating-house—his choice of a waiter's life having been a forced one. He came to the city without relative in the world, so he said; a young man of eighteen, and casting about for employment of some kind, he fished up that of a waiter.

He was a good-looking, keen-eyed, self-possessed, off hand sort of a fellow, with a fair common school education, very observing, quick to learn and desirous to please. At a glance you would say there was spirit in him; mother wit and good-nature giving grace to his address; and if you had gone to the eating-house of Mr. Plato Carver, in Crook Lane, you would have been struck with the peculiarity of his tones as

he echoed your call. His manner of delivery was very different from that of his fellows.

When they called out their orders for fish, flesh and fowl, though the cry was satisfactory to a hungry ear, it lacked originality. It was but a simple statement in a common-place way. It conveyed only the animal idea that somebody was hungry and chose such and such a dish.

But Hamilar was more demonstrative, intellectual and expressive. It was evident he had an elocutionary taste. His voice was voluminous and musical. There was a smack of tragedy in it. The enunciation was singularly distinct. The dish he demanded he seemed to dignify. Or rather he seemed to think there was dignity in the dish. He appeared to be impressed with the importance of the calls of hunger, and every item was announced in a varied tone; so that his requisition for half-a-dozen articles, simply made it assume the character of a call for a bouquet.

High over the calls of the other waiters were heard and remarked those of Hamilar Spring. Customers dropped knife and fork to listen to his sententious declamation; and when he delivered the dishes to them, he did so with an attitude, and a flourish of the arm and hand, that made all stare and some smile. In a word, he was, as I saw from the first, antical and eccentric—for he was *stage-struck*.

As soon as his employer ascertained this fact, he remonstrated with him upon his tendency and his extraordinary conduct. Hamilar, like his Carthaginian namesake, was inveterate; and not diminishing in his peculiarities was discharged.

The next day he called on me.

"You have lost a good place," said I.

"Othello's occupation's gone!" said he. "But I hope to get a better."

"The stage!" I suggested.

"Yes, sir. You must have noticed my bent, when I was about my business as a waiter. An actor is in me, and he must come out! I told old Carver so. He said I must not be so theatrical in my style; but I was so purposely, to see what impression I was likely to make on an audience. What do you think?"

"It will be an odd change," I replied, "from the plates to the boards; but perhaps you are born for it."

"I know I am," said Spring, firmly. "Do you think I look—do you think I was born to hand soup and roast beef to people all my life! My voice, what do you think of that? What do you think of my figure? (And he straightened up and swelled his chest,) How could I dese-

crate my abilities by singing out 'mince meat! one coffee, strong! two boiled dishes! baked Indian! hot biscuit! beans!' and so forth, year after year, when I feel that I have gifts that God gives! I want to be an actor—to be somebody. You must see I have a taste that way. All my friends tell me so. 'Can you give me an introduction to some manager?'

I replied in the affirmative, but told him he must not be surprised if he met with rebuffs, and perhaps utter disappointment; and that sometimes a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

"I know it; but old Carver is such an ignominious," he said, disdainfully. "Who wants to be under his inferiors? What does he know about the classics? I suppose he thinks that turkeys first came from Turkey and grease from Greece. Sir," he added, his voice husky with emotion, and his eyes even suffused with tears, "I don't want to appeal to the stomach, but the mind. Will you assist me on the road?"

"Why, yes, if you insist. But you should consider that many who devote themselves to appeals to the mind, often find they have been too unmindful of the appeals of the stomach. What would you do now, a young man, never yet, on the stage, should you find in a short time that you had not sufficient talent to earn sufficient funds to buy even your meals at old Carver's? Such mistakes often happen; and there is many a clever young fellow and clever young lady, who, though they have managed, by hook and by crook, to get an engagement among what are called the 'little people' on the stage, find after the season's experience, that they are doing a much 'smaller business' there, than they could in any other sphere."

"O, but I shall never be one of those 'muffs,' one of those 'sticks,' that you mean."

"So they all say, at first, and few are ever reasoned or tortured out of their original opinion. Nearly all attribute their ill-luck to the partiality of managers or the press, or the detraction of rivals in the profession. And so, the constant excitement of the stage keeping them from too serious reflection, they still persist, in spite of hard study, petty salary, and the cold shoulder or derision of the public, till they die like moths in the flame; or fade out—like the mist—in the sun which it magnified."

Having been delivered safely of this, I handed Mr. Spring an introductory note to two or three managers, commending him to their most merciful graces, and hoping that if they could find a little opening for a young man, they would shove him in.

It touched him—the aspiring young man—and he touched his hat as he went.

"You will see me a star, yet!" said he. "Adieu, for a season."

"A Spring season is always hopeless," I mused—"and always green."

And I sat down and noted down, from recollection, fifty-two "first appearances" of "a young gentleman," half of which had been both first and last; and two-thirds of the remainder only the beginnings of a moping, melancholy, mediocre theatrical career.

"Farewell to Hamilar Spring," thought I. "I shall see him no more, probably. Or, should his rushlight ever flicker into transient notice, it will be under an assumed name, and flicker out, as feebly as it flickered in. Better have stuck to the eating house."

Some months elapsed, and thoughts of Spring had wholly vanished, when one evening, entering a theatre, I found that one of those resolute timidities, "a young gentleman" was going to dare to "make his first appearance;" was going to try to dare to see if he could be born to the stage! The part chosen was Shylock.

The first thing noticeable in the character of the audience—which was large—was that it was particularly hilarious. A great many young men were there—(the young men always patronize first appearances, not knowing when they may have a chance of the kind, and improve it—nearly all young men have been stage-struck, more or less)—and another observable circumstance was, that, in various parts of the auditory, half-hidden from the view, sundry persons held smiling charge of suspicious-looking bundles, suggesting thoughts of flour; while others kept watch over vegetative garlands, singularly ample.

Much mirthful excitement was up, before the curtain rose upon the Merchant of Venice; and everybody seemed to be in a high state of inquisitive expectation.

As is usual upon such occasions, the scenes preceding that which was to introduce the hero of the hour, passed tamely by, all thoughts concentrating upon the novelty to come; and finally, amid loud murmurs of satisfaction, shouts and tittering, the vindictive Jew came tottering on.

A thrilling burst of applause shook the house from every side, at his entrance; and when he had advanced to the centre of the stage and made his bow initiative, the stormy reception had swelled into a whirlwind of miscellaneous greeting—such as cheers, claps, jeers, raps, stamps, hisses, cat-calls, shrill whistles and indistinguishable cries from pit to gallery; and, as a crown-

ing emphasis, there came a windfall of the vegetable wreaths and grocers' packages, which fell and burst in thunder at his feet; amid the screams of the audience, who had thus signified the character of their vehement approbation.

Some of the flour had nigh fallen upon the velvet gaberdine of the aged Judean, but with an alacrity surprising in a man of his years, he adroitly dodged it, and stood motionless till the tumult had subsided. And then, with surprising self-possession, calmly, and in clear, deep, melodious tones, he commenced his part:

"Three thousand ducats, for three months," etc. This delivery was really unexceptionable, and the audience might have observed a dead and decent silence for the remainder of the scene, had not some malicious young fellow sung out:

"Roast beef—well done—dish gravy—sweet potato!" a call, which nearly all understood, and which, not being sufficiently Shakspearian, entirely upset the gravity of the audience, and set them into a roar of laughter.

The success of this first fling at the former employment of the debutant, who proved to be no other than Hamilcar Spring, tempted others to follow it up; and as the representation proceeded, similar sallies were indulged in, at the expense of poor Shylock, maugre his very creditable efforts.

"And Antonio bound," said Shylock.

"Baked beans!" said the gallery.

"Antonio is a good man?"

"Ham Spring is some punkins, too!" exclaimed a boy. "One plate of ham and eggs!"

"Three thousand ducats—I think I may take his bond," continued Shylock.

"Good as wheat!" vociferated a shrill voice.

"One plate of buckwheat cakes!"

Convulsions of mirth followed each one of these ludicrous sallies, and Shylock would have been forced to give way to the force of fun, had he not resolved to have fair play; to play the play out, not to be played out himself.

Advancing to the footlights, calmly and steadily, he thus addressed the unruly audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen:—As an amateur, I came here to-night to speak in the language of Shakspeare; but I find that you have determined to have me speak my own. Let me then say, ladies and gentlemen, that if it should prove your wish that I shall not represent the Jew, or your belief that I cannot—it is mine that I cannot act the part of a Judy. To those whose wit seems to delight in reminding you and me of my former occupation, I can say, ladies and gentlemen, that while I was acting in the capacity of a waiter, I acted that part to the satisfaction of my

audience; and while I was a waiter, I made no others wait! It is my habit to believe, my friends, that the humbleness of a useful office makes it no less honorable; the great bard himself was but a link-boy, once, and from throwing that light around the doorways of the drama, he rose, till he threw light and glory upon the drama itself; and then let me hope, if I have elsewhere been a faithful servant, though then in an uncongenial sphere, I too, by your admission, can prove a faithful servant here! You have observed how I can conduct in a 'trial-scene,' having introduced one yourselves, at this moment. Let me hope that I shall be permitted to go on until I shall hear, in my final scene, the to me familiar cry, 'Well done?'"

The good humor of this off-hand speech and its pertinence, under such an ordeal, thrilled the house, and a proposal for "three cheers for Shylock!" was answered with such a hearty good will as silenced all further opposition, and guaranteed him a fair hearing.

The new-born actor went on from scene to scene, with increasing approbation, and in the trial-scene he finished in triumph an impersonation which proved him, what he had thought himself to be, born for the stage. He retired from the theatre that night, a double actor, and with far other feelings than are often vouchsafed to young pretenders to the stage. It is to be hoped that some of our managers will enter into an engagement with him forthwith.

#### AN ARREST.

Some years ago, a small sized man went to the plantation of a gentleman not far from Louisville, who was light in wit, but rather heavy in flesh, with a piece of paper in his hand, folded in a form, and known by the abbreviation of *ca. sa.* Having found the owner of the plantation in the field, he explained his business, when he was requested to read his *capias*, which commenced as usual—"You are hereby commanded without delay to take the body of," etc.

"Humph," says the prisoner, stretching himself on his back, "I'm ready."

"O, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms?"

"Certainly; you must take my body, you know, I do not resist the process of the law, but submit with cheerfulness."

"Will you wait until I can bring a cart?"

"Can't promise. I may recover from fatigue in the meantime."

"Well, what must I do?"

"You must do your duty."

And there he lay immovable until the sheriff left, when he left also.—*Kentucky Examiner.*

The happiness and misery of men depend no less on their temper than their fortune.

## I DREAM OF THEE.

BY ANNA M. RATES.

I dream of thee—be it when morn is waking,  
And birds pipe faintly from each sheltering tree,  
Or when the solemn light of eve is breaking  
Over the lonely sea:

In listening to the melancholy night-wind  
That stirs the masses of the ripened corn,  
Or the soft whisper of the breeze at daybreak,  
That murmurs and is gone.

Whether I watch the white-waved billows fretting,  
Or see them peaceful in the sunlight roll,  
Still, still one star of radiance, never setting,  
Shines o'er my soul.

I dream of thee as through the woods I wander,  
My footsteps rustling on the yellow leaves,  
Where once we roved together—thought doth ponder,  
And fond affection grieves.

I watch the coming of the queen of evening,  
As fair as in the years that used to be,  
Ere thou didst rove, and I, mid fancy's weaving,  
Didst picture thee.

I dream of thee—be it by field or highland,  
Or the lone lakelet, with its sparkling flow,  
Where oft we sought, 'neath the gay light of summer,  
Spots where the lilies blow.

Yet by the hands of youth and pleasure gathered,  
Alas, dear friend, they are not mine nor thine!  
Thou art afar—within the world's great tumult,  
And I at memory's shrine:

I dream of thee, though every tie is broken  
That bound our spirits in the days of yore;  
Round each familiar spot is twined some token  
Of that which is no more.

Alas, dear love, that I so sad am keeping  
Such vain memorials of what used to be;  
Parted on earth, I only amid weeping  
May dream of thee!

## THE YOUNG MUTINEER:

— OR, —

## THE CONSPIRATOR'S VICTIM.

## A TALE OF OUR NAVY.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCORN.

"I TELL you, messmates, we must devise some method by which we can lower the pride of that confounded egotist, Wharton. It grows daily more unbearable. Don't you think he had the cheek to assert in the presence of the first luff, to-day, that he could work his day's work in less time than any of us? I had a hard tussle with my temper; but I conquered—and well for him, for I never wanted to duck anybody so much as I did him, at the moment."

And the speaker—a tall, red-haired, pock-

marked youth, wearing the undress of a midshipman in Uncle Sam's service, and seated cross-legged on the mess-table, in the midshipman's berth on board the sloop-of-war *Preble*, then cruising on the Gold Coast on the alert for slaves—paused, evidently soliciting the assent of his messmates then present, four in number, two of whom were supernumeraries.

"That mid's a little too large for his uniform!" rejoined one of the party addressed. "He has assumed all sorts of airs ever since he joined. I'd have given him a sound thrashing, long ago, if the old man had not proved such a dire enemy to quarrelling in the midshipmen's berth, for I hate the very plank he walks on!"

"And I!" chimed in a second; while a third echoed the words, and the fourth nodded his head in assent to the general declaration.

The object of their hatred at this instant entered, when the subject just introduced was instantly changed for another, and an animated discussion thereon ensued, in which he took part, but which, having no connection whatever with our sketch, we refrain from recording, substituting a brief history of our hero in lieu thereof.

Lucien Wharton—the name by which our real hero will be designated in the present sketch—was the only son of a brave man who fell in the service of his country, by the hands of the aboriginal foes. Dying, as he did, in the service of his country, he left to her as a sacred trust his beloved wife and an only child, Lucien, then a bright little boy in his seventh year—too young to appreciate his loss, or sympathize with the dire agony which wrung his mother's heart, upon learning her sad bereavement.

Prior to that event, young Lucien had bowed in meek submission to his parent's will; but now he was her all, and she was no longer a proud, happy, self-reliant wife, but a poor, weak, dependent widow, shorn of her strength and firmness, and manifesting her all-absorbing affection for her orphan boy by a neglect to enforce, as formerly, her wishes, or exact a tithe of that obedience which was not only her due, but absolutely necessary to his future success.

Nor did he remain long ignorant of the change; while, as a natural consequence of her forbearance, she soon lost all control over him, gradually changing positions with him until he attained his twelfth year, at which period he was not only his own, but her master! Then came a period of separation, which might have exercised a sanitary influence over him, had not his overfond parent destroyed the effects by unadvisedly rendering it too brief, to be of any avail.

His country had claimed him as her pupil, to prepare him for her naval service; and his mother, unable to bear the pangs of separation, removed to Annapolis, in order to enjoy as much of his society as was possible under the rigid rules of the academy, thereby creating a sphere of enjoyment for her wilful boy, in which he might continue to play the tyrant at will.

In the academy, his progress was unusually rapid; so that ere his time had expired, he was pronounced perfect in every branch of naval theory, and was appointed to the Preble—then recommissioned and fitted for foreign service—being by that event removed beyond the reach of his mother's ruinous love for the first time.

During his academic career, he had formed but few attachments, and made but few friends—his studies engrossing his attention, and a craving desire to excel therein, being apparently his sole aim. At sea, it was otherwise. But those of his shipmates whose friendship he sought, seldom responded to his advances; and of the few who did, none remained his friends for any time, but turned from him disgusted by that extreme egotism which was no more the result of his success, than of his mother's over-fond indulgence.

Neither was this dislike confined to those of his own grade. His superiors shared therein, to a certain degree; and, at the period indicated in the commencement of our narrative, treated him with a marked coolness, requiring the most faithful performance of his allotted duties, and punishing with rigor the slightest dereliction thereof, which latter they enjoyed an opportunity to do but seldom, as he was seldom remiss therein.

We left him taking part in a conversation with his messmates, during which he made such proud display of his offensive superior attainments, that the red-haired individual above-mentioned applied to him the term "conceited puppy," requesting him to make his exit in all haste, if he desired to escape with a whole skin. A sudden and well-aimed blow in the face, was young Wharton's prompt and only rejoinder; whereupon the berth was instantly cleared for a regular set-to, which was in full progress when the master-at-arms, with a corporal and file of marines, entered and placed the belligerents under arrest.

On the report of the day, young Wharton's name appeared as that of the aggressor, and when arraigned with his antagonist before the captain, the fact of the assault was unanimously attested by his messmates, when he received a severe reprimand and an order to remove his

effects from the cockpit, at once, and do duty in the foretop, until he had learned to control his temper. 'Twas the first serious punishment inflicted upon him, and he felt it severely, as the sequel will show; while he attributed the severity of his sentence to any but the true cause.

Among the men, he was hailed as a martyr to their cause, which fact was speedily manifested by their kindness towards him, which he was by no means slow to appreciate, removing, as it did, the keenness of his punishment, and soothing his deeply wounded sensibility.

"Wharton enjoys himself highly among the men," remarked Fred Howard, the red-haired individual above-mentioned. "Would to heaven we could keep him there! I dread his return to the cockpit. By the time his sentence has expired, he will have acquired so much additional knowledge, that the most competent of our number must needs succumb to him. I'd give one year's pay to see that fellow cashiered from the service."

"And I!" "and I!" responded a brace of his auditors.

"If you'll only join me in an effort to that end, I think we can succeed!" said Howard.

"How?" demanded two or three, eagerly.

"You are aware how much interest he excites among the men? They have apparently espoused his cause, to a man. Now we all possess a greater or less power over them, by a judicious use of which, we may cause him to arraign himself on their side after his reinstatement, when our task will be more than half accomplished. Hereafter, we have but to feed the flame of discontent already kindled in the bosoms of a portion of our crew, and my word for it, insubordination will be the result, in which he will be so deeply entangled, ere he is aware, that disgraceful discharge from the service, at least, must ensue."

"We're with you!" was the unanimous response of the auditors; and thus the conspiracy was formed.

Three months elapsed. Lucien Wharton had been reinstated, if not in favor, at least in his proper station, to which he bore with him the hearty good-will of a large number of the men, and that number those who had most frequently fallen under the ban of their superior's displeasure during the cruise. Fred Howard had donned the epaulette, with the rank of lieutenant, to which he was promoted by an acting order on the death of his predecessor, and carrying into his new station his hatred towards our hero, suffered no opportunity to escape for its gratification; while so well had he and his fellow-con-

spirators carried their design into execution, that the ship's company were ripe for revolt—a fact which had not escaped the observation of Captain —, who, however, was ignorant to what cause to attribute it.

The sloop was cruising off the mouth of the Congo River, the captain having received intelligence of a slaver therein, which he desired to capture, and which ventured to sea ignorant of the fact of his vicinage, when running in for the land one morning, as she stood out to sea, he descried her and made all sail in chase—the slaver's captain putting about, and standing in shore with flowing sheets, as soon as the sloop was discovered in chase. And he succeeded in making good his escape for the time, making a harbor, into which the sloop dare not follow him, had her officers been even certain of her precise location, of which they were ignorant, owing to the slaver's superior speed, which had wafted her from view ere they raised the land.

Under these circumstances, the sloop's prow was pointed to the northward, to which she stood during the night under easy sail, double watches being set, and extra lookouts stationed at each portion of the vessel from which observation was possible.

That night, Fred Howard, as second officer of the larboard watch, had the deck from eight P. M. till midnight, our hero being junior midshipman of the watch off duty, and consequently enjoying a sound repose after the fatigue incident upon the recent chase.

Soon after four bells, Lieutenant Howard and the midshipman of his watch—a fellow conspirator—met, when the former said:

"I've work for you, Myers."

"What is it, sir?"

"O., something that will seal the fate of that jackanapes Wharton, if properly executed. The purser's steward lost the key of the spirit room to-night, as you are aware?"

"Yes."

"Well, I found it; and deeming the opportunity to fasten a condemning stain on the reputation of yon messmate too good to be lost, I forbore to return it. If we can only manage to get the men afoul of the liquor, we shall have him."

"How?"

"His sympathy with their grievances is already well known to the captain; and should they obtain access to the spirit room, and the key be found in his possession, you can guess the result. You can take the key, open the spirit room, and then place it somewhere among his clothing, where it may be found and serve as

evidence of his complicity with the men. Will you do it?"

"Of course; anything to pull him down a peg. But when shall I open the spirit room?"

"As soon as you can reach it. The men will be all more or less intoxicated, ere morning; and such an event, taking place when their services are liable to be called for at any moment, if traced to his agency, will seal his doom at once."

"You may consider the task accomplished," said Howard's companion, as he received the fatal key and went off to execute his new-born intent, in which he succeeded but too well, ere the watch was out, by which time more than one skin of the captain's liquor had found its way to the hammocks of the men, while the key had reached its destination and was safely concealed.

But ere three hours had elapsed, an event occurred which threatened this scheme with annihilation. A sail was descried, close aboard of the sloop, which manœuvred so suspiciously, on discovering the character of the latter, that Captain —, who was on deck at that instant, immediately bore down for her, and boarding her without delay, found in her hold the evidence of her intended traffic, when he took instant possession, and removing her officers and crew, placed her in charge of Lieutenant Howard, as prize master, and our hero as mate, with ten of a crew—directing him to shape a course for Norfolk, with the prize.

At noon, that same day, the signal was made to part company, when the prize hauled her wind on one tack for America, and the sloop on the other for the cruising ground off the Congo, in search of the vessel which escaped her the previous day.

"You will keep a bright lookout, Mr. Wharton, and recollect I won't stand any dodging your watch, where I'm master," said the master of the prize, as he was about to retire that evening.

"If you please, Mr. Howard, I never dodge my watch."

"No replies, youngster! You aint aboard the sloop now."

"O, it's immaterial where I am, sir. Thank heaven, I know my duty, and will do it anywhere, while—"

"Silence, I say! Don't you think I know you? But I've a large account to settle with you; so you must make up your mind for squalls ere we reach port!" And the would-be martinet retired from the quarter-deck, leaving the youth to muse upon the implied threat.

"Look out for squalls, is it?" muttered one.

of the men, who was engaged in some necessary duty near by. "I've a notion your own craft will suffer most, if we're to have squalls aboard this craft!" And the speaker, having completed his task, moved forward to communicate to his shipmates the threat uttered by the lieutenant.

Unfortunately for our hero, the prize crew had obtained a liberal supply of the liquor stolen from the spirit room on the previous evening, and it was now circulating quite freely amongst them, and combined with the threat against their favorite to render them ripe for a rupture with their commander on the spot; while, as they continued to ply the bottle freely, they became, to a certain degree, uproarious, defying loudly the power of their commander, and indulging in the most voluminous tirade against him, in the midst of which he regained the deck, and proceeding to the forecabin, entered, demanding the cause of the tumult.

His intrusion on the scene was the signal for a general rush, when he was bundled out of the forecabin without ceremony, and subjected to various indignities at their hands, ere he could assume an attitude of defiance; while the arrival of his subordinate was hailed with a loud cheer by the intoxicated crew, who, to a man, expressed their determination to stick by him to the last.

"So this is your work, is it?" hissed the maddened lieutenant, as he hurried aft, followed by the jeers of his crew. "By heaven, young man, you shall rue this outbreak, attributable only to you."

"To me, Mr. Howard?"

"Yes, to you! Did not they claim you as their leader, and in my presence avow their determination to stick by you to a man? By heaven, young man, you shall rue this! How is it that I find all hands intoxicated? You must have known they possessed the means, since you are so deep in their confidence."

"You wrong me, Mr. Howard."

"Wrong you, do I? Well, go to your room, sir, and remain there until you are righted. This affair smacks of rank mutiny, and shall be laid before the commodore. To your room, I say!"

And Lieutenant Howard grasped the young man's shoulder roughly, intending to force him into the cabin, when a blow from a handspike in the hands of one of the intoxicated crew, stretched him bleeding and senseless on deck.

Six weeks later, the frigate *St. Lawrence*, along with *Preble*, and brig *Perry*, lay in the harbor of

*St. Helena*, and in the cabin of the *Preble* were assembled the officers of all three vessels, constituting a court-martial for the trial of Lucien Wharton for mutiny on the high seas, when second in command of the prize schooner *Entaw*, which vessel now lay anchored under the guns of the frigate, which had fallen in with and taken possession of her, on the representation of her prize master, who was confined to his berth from the effects of the blow before-mentioned.

At his instance, Wharton had been placed under arrest, and he was now to appear against him as principal evidence of the alleged crime. Nor was his the only evidence brought to bear against the unfortunate youth. Among his effects had been found the lost key of the spirit room, which was a decisive evidence of his complicity with the crew, since to his use thereof did the judges attribute the scene of insubordination which had ensued on board of both the *Preble* and her prize.

The evidence was received as conclusive of his guilt by the court, who formed their verdict accordingly, when he was sentenced to die at the yard arm. It is almost needless to add that the conspirators were horror-struck, when the sentence of the court was promulgated; but it was too late to retrieve their error then. So young Wharton was resigned by them to his fate, which he met with a degree of cool courage amazing to all, and shaken only by the anticipation of the anguish which would rend his mother's heart, when made acquainted with his fate.

The anniversary of our independence was the day set apart for his execution, which took place at the hour of noon, and was witnessed by thousands in whose hearts the predominating emotion was pity for the youth, whom they deemed less guilty than was reported, but with whom died the secret of his innocence for a time.

During the present season, a friend of mine lost a mate in New Orleans, by yellow fever, who was known to have served as an officer in our navy, in the war with Mexico, but was cashiered on its close for repeated and gross neglect of duty. When dying, he confessed to the principal facts contained herein, establishing as a fact the assertion contained in the youth's last letter to his mother, viz., that he was the victim of a conspiracy. Such was the fact, though few believed it then. But hereafter, we trust, hundreds of those who deemed him guilty will join with us in regretting his fate, and, as they refer to the execution of the mutinous midshipman, ignore all belief in his guilt, mentioning him only as **THE CONSPIRATOR'S VICTIM**.



## THE CHOICE.

BY CERONELLA.

A maiden, whom I fondly love,  
 And claim my truest friend,  
 With whom kind words are lavished gifts,  
 And smiles and sunshine blend,  
 Now lingers near me with a smile,  
 And breathes kind words as well.  
 And then I love dear Lizzie more  
 Than haughty Isabel.

There seems to be a winning grace  
 Attracting all around,  
 And flashes from her bright dark eyes  
 Of merriment abound;  
 And as her graces I admire:  
 Her heart is pure as well—  
 And then I love dear Lizzie more  
 Than haughty Isabel.

But when my cold and haughty friend  
 Unbends from all her pride,  
 And smiles with sweetness seldom seen,  
 And lingers by my side!  
 As words of soul-inspiring worth  
 Her heart's great depth can tell,  
 Sweet Lizzie's face—and in my heart  
 Reigns queenly Isabel.

## APP'S VALLEY.

## A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

APP's, or Absalom's Valley, so called after Absalom Looney, the first white man who gazed upon its sylvan beauty, lies upon the waters of the Blue Stone River, in Virginia, at the southwestern part of that State. Under the shadow of mighty hills, with a climate as warm and genial as the Bermudas, a soil rich and yielding, and an expanse of scenery, almost unrivalled in its immediate neighborhood, it was no wonder that this valley presented the strongest inducements to a few of the struggling and hard-working settlers who had landed on less inviting soil.

Among these were two families, named Moore and Ivins, who removed to this beautiful valley in 1775, each having large families of children to support, and finding it difficult and almost impossible to raise for them the ordinary means of subsistence. Here, however, the difficulties seemed to vanish at once; and the rude log cabins, inhabited by the two friendly families, were the abodes of more real happiness than is often found in the palaces of the great.

Here, in a short space, they became the owners of many horses and cattle; and the abundant fields of the delicate Virginia white corn, the extensive tobacco patches, and the abundant pasture

lands, attested to their growing prosperity. For miles along the half-made and irregular roads, extended thick shrubberies of the fragrant peavine and sweet myrrh, and wild roses and the white flowers of the elder perfumed the air with their sweet odors.

James Moore was a true, good, Christian man. Every day on his bended knees, he blessed God for letting his lines fall in this goodly place; and the aspirations of his heart were, that his children might live out their lives here, in undisturbed serenity, far from the snare and temptations of the busy world.

John Ivins counted eight children, and James Moore ten, when they had lived nine years in App's Valley, and happier and better children the sun never shone on. Sometimes, it is true, they would shudder and cower at the thought of the bands of savages which were said to infest the borders of the State; and the gentle mothers would turn away their own pale faces, when they were spoken of, lest the little ones should gather new terrors from their looks.

Still they had been here so long, and no intrusion having never been made on their premises, that they naturally gathered courage with each passing year, and when Mary Moore was sixteen years old—a fair, gentle little maiden as ever graced such a sylvan abode—and baby Margaret was just beginning to walk alone, the family had attained almost complete security.

The boys of the Moore family were strong, hardy, brave and courageous; giving good and efficient help to their father, and emulating the young sons of John Ivins in every enterprise of athletic labor or sport. Circumscribed as they must necessarily be, in the means of education, and the enjoyment of society, they were, nevertheless, neither ignorant nor lonely in their seclusion. To Mary Moore, especially, knowledge came apparently by intuition, and she imparted it to all around her.

Her days were devoted to the work of the household in which she assisted her mother; but the long evenings saw her teaching her brothers and those of Martha Ivins, who was her friend, and almost constant companion. Of these brothers of Mary, James, the next to her in age was the most dearly loved. For him and baby Margaret, Mary could have given up her life, if required, without a murmur; and although kind and good to all, the choicest of her gifts—the finest fruits, the most delicate stockings which she spun and knit, and the whitest of her cloth, when it came from the bleaching ground—were always for these two.

She had given the last polish one morning in

ironing a blue and white striped linen suit which she had woven expressly for James, had carefully turned over the broad white shirt collar, and daintily wound his shining curls over her finger, preparatory to his setting off for the mill, with a great sack of corn, on the back of Brown Peggy, who was thus named out of compliment to the baby. She looked at the handsome lad with an expression of love and pride; and a feeling as if he particularly belonged to her, came up in her heart more distinctly than ever, on that morning. She lingered at the door, until she saw him ride down the hill, turning round to bid good-by in his own free and affectionate way. Nor did she quit gazing after him until a clump of trees quite hid him from her sight; and even then she was only recalled by a laugh from Martha Ivins, who had been watching her.

"Nay, now, Mary dear," said the good-humored girl, "one would think that Jemmy was departing to a far off country, instead of simply riding over to the mill. Why, you are as thoughtful and silent as my mother is to-day. Pray what has come over you all?"

Mary looked up to Mrs. Ivins, who stood at the window of the log house opposite, and saw that she had a sad look, such as she never saw her wear before. Almost mechanically, she followed Martha in, saying, as she did so:

"I cannot tell, Martha, but I felt a terrible sinking of the heart this morning—I think father calls it a presentiment—that I cannot account for. I could not bear to see James go away this morning; for, although Peggy is so sure-footed, still I could not help feeling that an accident might happen, even to her. But don't tell mother that I feel so, Mrs. Ivins," she continued, "for I dare say it is all a mere notion."

Mrs. Ivins could not reply. She too had had the same presentiment of coming evil, all that morning; and she longed to see the families together, the day's work over, and all in safety. Mary returned to her ironing table, but there was no bright polish on the clothes, no strength in the hand that held the iron; and two or three times she sat down and turned so pale that her mother bade her leave the board, and lie down on the old high backed settee. Mr. Moore came into dinner, and the boys came with him. They sat down at the table, but one seat was empty.

"Where is James?" he asked. "Surely he must have come from the mill. Go and look for him, William."

"He has not come home yet," said Mrs. Moore. "Sit still, Willy, you need not go. He will come soon, and we shall keep the dinner hot for him."

"Very strange," said Mr. Moore; but apparently he forgot all about it, for he was soon engaged in discussing a new-fashioned plough with Bob, who had been reading of the novel invention, and wished his father to send to Jamestown to get it.

Dinner was finished, and the afternoon wore slowly on. The father and sons had returned to the field, and Mrs. Moore, busy, at first, in mixing corncakes for supper, did not seem to think more of the absent one than once in a while to look out of the window and wonder that he was detained so long. Mary, usually so active and industrious, lay all the afternoon upon the settee, with her hand over her eyes, as if suffering from headache, but in reality weeping. The sun was almost down when she sprang from her hard couch, and ran out to the field.

"Father," she said, trembling all over with excitement and terror, "father, do for the love of Heaven, go and see what has become of poor James. Perhaps he is drowned in the river; perhaps, O, father, the Indians—" She dropped lifeless to the ground as she spoke.

Mr. Moore, now thoroughly alarmed, told the youngest boy to call his mother, then shouting to Ivins and his boys to join him, they all mounted on horseback and made their way to the mill. The miller said he had delivered the meal to the boy almost immediately. He had not waited longer than to receive it, place it upon the horse, and was off.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Moore, I remember now that my little boy came in at the same moment that James left, and began telling me that he saw an Indian coming up the river in a canoe. I was busy and thought he was mistaken, as I knew he never saw one in his life."

Mr. Moore shook his head mournfully. How could he go home and bear this news to his wife and Mary? How could he return at all, without his son? He motioned to John Ivins to go down the valley and search for him, and John understood him, though he heard no sound from his lips. The search was in vain, but an empty canoe lay on the bank of the river, and a horse's footsteps were plainly seen embedded in the soft earth, quite into the forest; and the night shadows were falling too deep for any further examination, until they could go home, procure lights and reinforce their party. Every man and boy in App's Valley turned out, with torches made of pine knots, and scoured the wood wherever there was a bridle path; but without effect, and thenceforth fear and insecurity were their companions day and night.

James Moore did not return, and the absence

of the horse precluded the idea of an accident, since the animal would have found his way home. There was only one conjecture, and that pointed to the Indians. How strangely had that sad event changed the whole aspect of the valley! Mrs. Moore and Mary were worn to shadows, with anxiety; and the little children of both families, who had roved at will through the fields, were now shut up in the close houses, and soon began to pine for the fresh, sweet air. No one had any heart to work. The fields exhibited traces of careless tending; and, in doors, the wheel and the loom were silent from sheer inability and want of strength to guide them.

There were two or three months of this terrible oppression and lassitude; and the heats of summer increasing in unusual intensity, subdued all who attempted to work, to a state of utter weakness. The 4th of July—it was then in 1786—opened upon them with a glowing heat, stronger than any preceding morning. The broad, red sun hung in the heavens like a ball of fire. The fields were dry and parched, and the cattle stood in the muddy brooks, and seemed piteously to ask for water. One by one, the boys, Willy, Robert and John Moore, came up from the field, and threw themselves under the shade of a large tree, upon the grass. Their father soon followed, and then Mr. Ivins and his sons; and before long, every member of the two families was out upon the green, vainly trying to get air, except Martha Ivins and Mary Moore, and baby Margaret.

Suddenly a wild shout was heard, and Mary peeping through a crevice in the wall, for she dared not go to the window, saw a party of Indians surrounding the group upon the green. Shaking in every limb, she lifted a board from the floor, under which was a hollow cavity that served them for a cellar; and with Martha and the little one, she sought its shelter, and replaced the board as well as she was able. She heard moans and shrieks, and knew that the savages were doing their terrible work; and after a long time, in which she had succeeded in hushing Margaret to sleep, she heard the Indians enter.

They passed round through all the rooms, and at last they seemed to be all marching out again, with a slow, heavy tread that shook the floor, although, with the exception of the board above her, it was composed of timbers. Their weighty tread awoke the baby, and finding herself in the dark, she began to cry, even though Mary put her hand on her little lips to arrest her cries, and tried to hush her in her arms. It was too late. The Indians had heard that first wild cry, and had turned back; and when the board was lifted,

a group of frightful looking objects stood above their hiding place, and dragged them rudely from it, and out upon the green. Mrs. Moore and four of the children were tied to the tree; three others, with their father, lay dead upon the grass. Of the Ivins family, none had escaped death, except Martha.

It was well perhaps for the poor girls, that they passed into temporary insensibility, otherwise insanity must have succeeded this terrible sight. When they revived, each was in the arms of a stout savage, and others were driving Mrs. Moore and the children along before them, while baby Margaret was slung rudely across the shoulder of one of the tallest of the tribe, the child lying, or rather hanging like one dead. The horrors of that day were sufficient to quell the stoutest heart, yet the poor children endured it with a fortitude that man might equal, but never surpass. John, the strongest, apparently, of the four who were tied with the mother, gave out first, and he was left dead by the wayside.

They had now entered the forest, and the cool shade revived them. Margaret held out her little arms to Mary, to be taken, and the Indian who carried the child, interpreting her look of fear and disgust at himself, held her out to Mary, with the expression of a demon upon his face. She took her in her arms, and at that moment she saw the infant's head droop, and a terrible shadow crossed her little brow. A cunning blow had attended the placing of the child in Mary's arms, and only the beautiful image of what Mary had loved so well, was there. Baby Margaret had gone where her eyes would "continually behold the Father who is in heaven;" and the bereaved sister was compelled to be thankful that the little innocent was at rest; saved from a more terrible fate.

Jane, a child of four years, clung as closely to her mother as the savages would allow her, her white lips quivering with fear, and her eyes turned away from the frightful sights around her. Mother and child dragged feebly after their captors, and when nature could bear no further exertion, they were both despatched.

"My God, Mary!" shrieked poor Martha Ivins, as she watched the savages making a large fire of dried leaves and branches, "what can they be going to do?"

Mary turned shudderingly away, for she had heard of the horrible sacrifices of the Indians, and trembled lest the living, as well as the dead, were to feed the flames. But, one by one, the captives were all disposed of, excepting the two young girls. They held out until they reached the camp of the savages, part of the way being

by water. Their captors had come up Sandy River, and their canoes were ready on the banks,

The few thin garments worn by the maidens, were tattered by their long walk through the woods, and their feet were torn by the sharp rocks. Never surely were there two so sorely to be pitied. They who had died were safe and at rest; but what horrors might await these helpless maidens! When they arrived, they were put under the care of the squaws, who immediately separated them, thus cutting off their last gleam of comfort or consolation.

Both were set to the lowest and hardest tasks, and as they were darkened by the sun, in their long journey, and were now obliged to wear the Indian costume, because their own clothes had literally dropped to pieces, they were hardly distinguishable from the young females of the tribe. Certainly no one would have recognized sweet Mary Moore in the bronzed maiden who waited upon her lords like a slave.

Here she spent several years, each of which was harder than the last. A morbid indifference to life, a mechanical performance of her tasks, a recklessness of offending her masters, probably hoping that they would be tempted to end her miseries by death, denoted her state at this time. She had lost the feeling of terror in the supreme sensation of utter weariness, that weighed heavily upon her soul as well as frame.

A morning came that reminded Mary of the one on which she was captured. A fierce heat burned the grass around the tents, and the breeze came scorchingly to the parched skin, like the breath of fiery furnaces. The Indians succumbed before it, and stretched themselves lazily about, at a distance, under what slight shade they might find. Even the squaws rested from their almost interminable pounding of corn and cooking of venison, and lulled into security about the captive of so many years, they seemed not to think of Mary, who, when all were asleep, wandered off among the shrubbery that grew not far from the clearing.

Suddenly she saw a face peeping through the laurel hedge. It was no Indian, of that she felt secure. Four years ago, Mary would have uttered a joyful shriek, and perilled herself and others. Now she was subdued to calmness by the length of her captivity and the hardening process she had undergone; and she waited quietly for the event. A young-looking man, in the garb of civilized life, passed round the hedge and silently beckoned her away. She mechanically obeyed the motion of his hand, and with soundless steps, she followed where he led.

On the banks of the Big Sandy River, a light

canoe lay, fastened to a rock. He drew her into it, and giving her an oar, he rowed rapidly out into the broad river, landing at the spot where the town of Louisa, in Kentucky, now lies. Not until they were safe, and under the roof of friendly white people did her deliverer make himself known; but when she had rested from the excitement of her escape, she was restored to new life and happiness by finding that she owed all to her long-lost brother James!

Escaping himself, after years of terrible captivity, and learning the desolation of his home and the fate of his sister, from a friendly Indian who had assisted his own flight, he had gone to reconnoitre the place, without a hope of rescuing her, until he should form some mature plan from his secret observation. Fortunately he was not obliged to return.

Should our readers wish to know what afterwards became of sweet Mary Moore, they are told that she became the happy wife of a clergyman (Rev. S. Brown), and that in the society of her husband and brother, she was consoled for the memories of the beloved APP'S VALLEY.

#### A MODERN HAROUN ALRASCHID.

A man wearing the costume of a cophte (Arab Christian), went to the shop of an Arab butcher in Cairo, who is noted for his antipathy to the Franks, and ordered some meat. When it was supplied the cophte objected that the weight was not exact, and the butcher in a rage began abusing him, after which he heaped curses on Christians in general. The cophte told him that he would complain to the zabet (police magistrate), and ordered the butcher to accompany him to the tribunal of that functionary. The butcher, thinking that the zabet would be sure to be on his side, readily consented, but on arriving at the tribunal, he found to his vexation that the zabet was no other than his customer. The butcher immediately received 500 blows on the soles of his feet, and was then dismissed with a recommendation to be more respectful for the future to Christians.—*Letter from Cairo.*

#### WOODEN CANNON BALLS.

A Russian correspondent of the Rochester Union relates the following anecdote of the Russian Czar, which shows that not even emperors are exempt from the operations of sharpers: The Emperor Alexander gave a large order for the manufacture of cannon balls to some concern at Helsingfors, a port in the Gulf. They completed the order, stacked up and delivered the balls, received their pay, and put the money in their pockets. The emperor being there one day upon a visit, took it into his head to inspect the balls. Taking one up, he discovered that it was exceedingly light for iron, and taking out his knife, scraped it and behold it was a wooden ball painted black, as was the entire lot. He caused the arrest of the swindlers, and they were transported for life to Siberia.

## WOODEN LEGS:

—OR,—

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

BY NED ANDERTON.

It was not many months after the battle of Waterloo, where I came off minus a leg, that, one morning as I loitered over my breakfast at the club, my eye was struck by the advertisement of an ingenious artist who offered to such as had need of them, new constructed, new invented, patent wooden and cork legs, so admirably made and fitted for use, that of the two, they seemed rather to have the advantage over a man's natural legs of flesh, bone, nerves and muscles.

I was pondering over the advantage thus proffered by the advertiser, when I heard on the stairs the "tomp, tomp, tomp!" of my fellow-lodger and old friend, Colonel W——, who had left one of his legs somewhere in the neighborhood of the Pyramids of Egypt, about seventeen years before, and a minute after the old colonel entered my room, with a loud sounding dead on his wooden leg, which always reminded me of the stone footsteps of the statue of the Commandant in Don Giovanni, for my friend had grown very corpulent and heavy, since he had relinquished active service.

"Colonel W——," cried I, my head being still full of the advertisement, "here's good news, great news!"

"Ah, indeed!" said the colonel, who was rather laconic, and who looked at the newspaper I held.

"Capital, capital!" I continued, laying down the paper, and rubbing my hands together.

"What, have you got your majority? well, I think it is time, after so many years' hard service, and when a fellow has got not merely *one foot*, but a *whole leg* in the grave," rejoined the colonel, who was not often addicted to joking; but who laughed heartily at the witticism which gave me a shooting pain all along the right side of my body. (*Mem.*—it was the right leg the French had shot off at Waterloo.)

"No, my friend, it isn't that yet;" said I, recovering from my twinge, and rubbing my hands gaily as before.

"No, ah then, I understand—your old uncle down in Yorkshire, is gone to heaven at last."

"No, you are wrong again, colonel."

"Well, you have won a prize in the lottery."

"No, still wrong."

"Why then, I suppose your former fair one, who cut you with your half-pay and wooden leg, for the rich old East India general, has run away with her husband's black footman."

"Still wide of the mark," said I; "though to be sure it is something about wooden legs; here's a clever fellow, more mindful of us than they at the Horse Guards, who offers us such excellent stumpers as were never before known, triple joints, springs that never go wrong, improved straps, greatest comfort to the wearer—horseback—not to be distinguished in a fashionable quadrille. Only look here, colonel;" and I handed him the paper with my finger on the paragraph.

"Pshaw, all puff and humbug," cried he, throwing down the paper contemptuously. "One may see with half an eye, that you and wooden legs have not been long acquainted. Why, man, after every affair, in which a few legs have been lopped off, some impudent fellow like this, has advertised such double-improved wooden legs as would tempt one to part with the natural one, only to have the advantage of its substitute."

"But, colonel," said I, "here are certificates from those who've tried this man's wooden legs."

"Hang his wooden legs," replied Colonel W——, "and hang his certificates; do you think they had no certificates in former times? Wasn't I once taken in myself, and didn't the advertiser give a certificate that a wooden—no, a cork leg of his manufacturing, worn by a general officer, had been taken by the Prince Regent for his real leg, and his real leg that was rather rheumatic, for his cork leg; and didn't the leg I bought from the scoundrel founder with me the first time I sported it, between this very house and the next street."

"But, my old friend," said I, unwilling to relinquish my hopes in the new invention; "you know the mechanical sciences have been much improved of late years, and—"

"I tell you what I know," said the colonel, who was no perfectibilian, but rather a statu quoite, I know a wooden leg will always be a wooden leg, and there's an end of it. By the time you have worn yours as long as I have mine, you will think no more about it, or feel loth to change it for a new-fangled one. In the meanwhile, instead of fooling away your money, take my advice, which will save it, and do as I do. Whenever I am travelling, and sleep upon the road, I give boots a sixpence instead of a shilling, as he has only half the trouble with me that he has with a man of two shoes or boots. This, and an economy in shoe leather, are the only advantages I have been able to find out in a wooden leg; and I think people in our circumstances have a right to make the most of them."

Having thus said, and stamped his timber toe on the floor, as people at public dinners strike their hands on the table to clench the argument,

Colonel W—sat down, and peured himself out a cup of coffee. I again took up the paper. Laudatory paragraphs and puffs were not so numerous in those days as they have since become. The publishers had not yet improved the tactics of book-selling by cramming the columns of the daily and weekly press with accounts of fashionable novels, with the assurances that such a forthcoming work was already exciting the greatest sensation in the beau-monde, the secret having got abroad that the fair authoress of it, was, if not a princess of the blood, at the very least, the wife of a peer of the realm, and with criticisms paid, like "accidents and offences," at so much a line.

No! puffs were then generally confined to those to whom they seemed legitimately to belong—to quack doctors, to Macassar oils, patent blackings, and now and then to a more circumscribed speculator, like my friend of the patent wooden legs. It therefore naturally happened that my eye was soon again caught by "Miraculous invention, invaluable to all those brave heroes who have fought their country's battle, and have enwreathed their brows with laurels, by losing their legs, etc."

"Well," thought I, knowing it would be vain to attempt to make my obstinate companion Colonel W—go with me, "I will go at all events, and see what these new wooden legs are like. I am not forced to buy, because I go to the fellow's shop—and there can be no harm in that."

So I took down the advertiser's address, for which I was quizzed by the colonel, who observed what I was doing, and shortly after stumped out of my lodgings into Bond Street, on my way to the Strand. As I passed the door of—Library, I saw in the mysterious twilight that reigns in that sanctuary of light literature and pleasant gossip, my particular chum, Major MacKim, seated in a corner, motionless as a Chinese joss in a pagoda, and holding in his hands the "Times," whose double sheet fell over his outstretched wooden leg; for, like myself, poor MacKim was minus a real leg. So absorbed was he, that my ingress was unobserved. When I looked over his shoulder on the paper, I understood at once what had so fascinated him, for there was "Miraculous invention," and the rest of the wooden leg maker's advertisement.

"There's good news for us, Mac," said I, stepping forward and putting my finger on the paragraph, "if it isn't too good to be true."

"Ah, Charles—glad to see you—glad to see you indeed!" said the major, who, turning at once to the subject which occupied his mind, added, "but what do you think of these stump-

ers? The fellow promises great things, don't he?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mac, I have also been reading his promises, and was on the way to see what his legs were like, when I saw you here."

"I suppose the advertisement is as full of lies as those of Dr. Solomon's 'Balm of Gilead,' all a hum," said the major.

"Hem! hem!—very likely," said I, "but still there can be no harm in going to see."

"No, certainly—none in the least—we needn't buy, you know."

"Pon my soul, I don't care if I go with you," said MacKim, rising.

This was just what I wanted, and after gossiping half an hour with some droppers-in, I continued my journey with Mac.

"If this fellow could really set me on my pins, so that I could get through a quadrille, as he promises, I should not begrudge a few guineas," said Mac, as we were making the pleasant descent of the Haymarket, arm in arm and wooden leg to wooden leg—for he had lost his left—I my right limb.

"If he could so joint his timber as to make riding more comfortable, I would willingly pay his price," said I. "I don't care about dancing."

"Nor I, for dancing's sake," replied Mac, "but only as it would enable me to escape from the scandals and borings of antiquated maids and chaperoning mothers, and all the treble distilled stupidity that flows from the 'wall-fruit' of a London ball-room."

"I get over that, at least in good part," said I, "for I never go to a ball until supper-time, and then it is astonishing how bore-proof a few glasses of champagne render a man."

"That may do pretty well," said Mac; "but did it never strike you that we non-dancers are looked upon like non-voters at an election—as if we had no right to be there—as if we were in the way. But stop! here's Jermyn Street—let's call on Tebbets, who not only wants a leg himself, but being an engineer officer, and mechanical, and mathematical, and all that sort of thing, may go with us, and tell us whether this fellow's wooden legs are built on a right principle."

The thought was a good one, and we stopped in Jermyn Street. Tebbets was an excellent fellow, but like most of the mathematical men I have known, rather slow and prosy. He had not seen the advertisement, but when we told him of it, he began to explain the thousand and one reasons why the advertiser should not be able to make such a wooden leg as he boasted he had made, and mathematized Mac and myself, who had never got over the '*pons asinorum*,' until our patience was exhausted, our ideas con-

fused, and we almost anathematized him and his science. Tebbets, however, agreed to accompany us, and give us the benefit of a lecture (from which we prayed heaven to deliver us), when he should have the patent invention itself before him.

The address I had in my waistcoat pocket, led us to one of those dingy streets a little beyond Temple Bar, and as we got there, and to the door of the wooden leg maker, the wonderful friends of our childhood, the now inactive and almost forgotten wooden-men of St. Dunstan's struck three on the sonorous bell. We entered the shop. The advertisement had had its effect, for there were three other half-pay, and half-legged men already there trying on the patent stumpers, and we had scarcely time to look around us when two more individuals in the same predicament arrived, and asked for a sight at the new wooden legs.

While Mac and I smiled at this curious and increasing congregation, our scientific friend, Tebbets, took up a specimen of the invention, and examined its principles and its construction in detail. As we were doing this, in stumped our general friend, Captain Osborne, of the — frigate, who had been sent sailing east of the Temple Bar by the advertisement.

"Ah, Mac, are you here—and you, Charley—and you, Tebbets?" said the captain. "Come, Tebbets, as you are overhauling the timber-toe, and know what's what, tell us what you think?"

"It's no go," seriously said our mathematical friend, "and I'll tell you on what principle of mechanics."

As Mac and I shrunk from a second scientific lecture, who should put his wooden leg out of a hackney coach at the shop door, but my brave comrade, Captain Singleton, whom I had not seen since the battle of Vittoria, where for some time we lay side by side, he with a shot in his leg, and I with a contusion which ended in nothing serious. I had not offered my hand to him, ere another wooden leg, the owner of which I knew not, issued from some vehicle.

"Ah, Charley, my boy!" exclaimed Singleton, warmly shaking hands as he recognized me. "Well met—well met under any circumstances! But tell me what these wooden legs are like?"

"There's our scientific friend, Tebbets, within," said I, "deciding *secundem artem*, on the merits of the invention, and a choice collection of one-legged heroes besides."

I went with the new comers into the interior of the shop. Captain Singleton, who knew most of them there, and was as merry a dog as ever shook hands, laughed immoderately, and

counted heads. We were already eleven! But scarcely were we counted, when another walked in, and then, in the course of a few minutes, another, and another, and another, until we were fifteen! Meanwhile, Tebbets was going on with his lecture on the patent wooden leg, showing, to the no small annoyance of the patentee, who evidently wished him further for thus criticising his invention before so many who might have been customers, all the false principles included in its construction. I really believe the artist would have given him a leg gratis, to get him out of his shop. But Captain Singleton, who was impatient, and as generous as impatient, interrupted the lecturer by saying, that after all the proper way of judging of the new article was to buy one and try it. Tebbets looked at him with astonishment, which did not prevent Singleton from paying the price demanded, and putting on the leg instantan. The second step he took with it nearly brought his nose in contact with the counter—a *false step*, which the inventor attributed entirely to want of practice and attention to his rules in the wearer. No one else was at all disposed to purchase, and a general move from the shop was contemplated, when Singleton proposed that as we had all met there so curiously, we should not part so soon, but go and dine all together at some coffee-house, and make a day (night?) of it.

"Well," said Captain Osborne of the — frigate, "it is not often that fifteen timber-toes join sail. I, for one, put myself under the convoy. Captain Singleton's new craft may be no clipper, but we'll launch it gaily, nevertheless."

Major MacKim spoke in the same sense, and so did Tebbets, who was particularly anxious to see how Captain Singleton's leg would bear him, and, in short, the whole company agreed to adjourn to the Piazza Coffee-house and order dinner. Our march to Covent Garden, as we stumped along two by two, with Singleton learning to use his new leg bringing up the rear at a distance, was not unobserved by some cockney wits.

But never shall I forget the faces of the waiters at the Piazza, as we filed sonorously into the coffee-room, making the wooden floor creak with our timber toes. In somewhat more than an hour, dinner was served up in a private room. I do not remember that the dinner was very good, or the wine either, but we had good appetites, and good company made the wine excellent. The bottle circulated freely, and having soon got to that happy point, when men never think how much more they can prudently drink, we continued until prudence was out of the question.

I am no toper. I should be sorry to obtain the reputation of one, and must here say in excuse, that not only were several of the party thus accidentally collected old friends, but most of us had at some time or other, been on the same foreign service, or had visited or been quartered in the same places in different parts of the world. There was, therefore, most ample subject for conversation, and generally of an exciting kind. One "I remember" produced another, and one story followed another all around the table. We "fought our battles o'er again," we drank toasts to each of them, we huzzaed at the battle of Trafalgar, but by the time we got down to Waterloo, our enthusiasm and the effect of the wine was such, that Captain Singleton took off his new wooden leg, waved it in triumph in the air, and we followed his example with our old ones.

After this ebullition, according to the best of my recollection, we sat down, and then that merry fellow, Captain Singleton, proposed in a set speech, that we should form ourselves into a club, which should meet at dinner once a fortnight during the London season, and be called the "Wooden Leg Club." Major MacKim seconded the motion. Captain Osborne mentioned several names that would be ornaments to our society; but against one or two of these the mathematical Tebbets objected, as they had two wooden legs, and none of the original members more than one. It was therefore decided that we should erect a one-wooden-leg club, which might be imitated by the gentlemen with two, and that we should occasionally unite our forces and dine together. This was all settled with the happy facility of ebriety, as well as my amendment, that we should be waited upon by none but wooden legged waiters. I may mention here that this plan so warmly proposed and adopted was never carried into effect, for some of the "fifteen" betook themselves to the continent to drink their claret cheap. Two or three who were young enough went to college, and changing the red coat for the black, became parsons. Three or four more who were rich or rash enough, married, and became staid family men. We were all scattered, and never brought together again by an advertisement of wooden legs, or by any other circumstance. From the length of time we sat together when we did meet, it might be deemed that we had a presentiment of this. The watchman had cried one, and had cried two—it must have been near three when we rose to go.

And now comes the terrible part of the story! On sitting down, after hip, hip, and huzzaing

to the toast of Waterloo, hardly one of us had had the precaution to secure his own wooden leg in its own proper place, and these indispensable succedaneums now lay mixed under the table in a state of confusion that might have bothered a sober man. We pulled at the miscellaneous heap, as though we had been plucking straws from a stack, and hardly one of us got his own stumper. Captain Osborne, of the — frigate, who was a very tall man, caught at, and buckled on the leg of Major MacKim, who was a very short and stout man. Lieutenant Hendly, who had lost his right leg, secured Captain Parkyn's, which was made for a left leg. Even the mathematical Tebbets laced on a timber-toe which had never been made for him. But worst of all, I possessed myself of Singleton's new patent leg, and before I discovered my mistake, the rogue, its master, who had found it a great deal too difficult to manage, even when sober, decamped with my comfortable, easy-going wooden limb. In one or two cases the mistakes were rectified, but as for the rest of the company, they thought the wine they had drunk was sufficient to account for any unsteadiness on their timber-toes or irregularity in their movements, and away they all went.

Rather wroth at the trick put upon me by Captain Singleton, I made after him with all my speed, and reached the head of Southampton street, just in time to see him throw himself into a hackney coach, and to be thrown myself by his cranked, crabbed patent into the kennel. There was nothing left for it, but to do as he had done, and secure a cab. I awoke the next morning with a terrible headache, and was reminded of all that had happened by the sad sight of my new blue frock coat, covered with mud from collar to skirt. In a moment after, I heard the well-known, heavy "tomp, tomp, tomp," in the passage, and then saw my sarcastic friend, old Colonel W—, enter the room.

"So, ho!" cried he, as soon as he perceived the state of my garments, "you have been such an ass as to have been taken in, after all, by those patent wooden legs—have even bought one—thrown away your money—got a fall, and spoil your Stults into the bargain!"

"Colonel W—," I replied, in a melancholy tone of voice, "I will tell you all about it—but pray ring the bell first, for a bottle of soda water!"

My friend complied with my request, and I then stated the facts of the case. But although the colonel admitted I was not so much of a fool as he had at first supposed, he still persisted in his former declaration, which I heartily agreed with, "that after all, a wooden leg can never be more than a wooden leg!"



## THE SONG OF SANTA CLAUS.

BY PAUL WARDSWORTH.

I'm Santa Claus, the Christmas king,  
From Germany I come;  
Amid its fairy-haunted mounts  
You'll find my famous home.

'Tis like a saintly hermitage,  
From men's abodes aloof;  
Its sides of rock, hung o'er with moss,  
And branches for a roof.

A brooklet ripples by its front,  
Broad firs conceal its form;  
Tall pines and cliffs, like guards around,  
Protect it from the storm.

And there alone through all the year,  
I ply my busy hands,  
Devising presents for the young  
Of different tongues and lands.

'Tis merry work—'tis happy toll,  
And swiftly speeds the year;  
Till packing up my gathered stores,  
I call my willing deer.

Then when the sun forsakes the world,  
I leap into my sleigh;  
I whip my team—they shake their bells,  
Then speed along their way.

We fly across the mountain-top,  
And sweep along the vale;  
We skim the lakes and rivers wide,  
And through the cities sail.

Outstrip the winds that rage around,  
Their keenest blasts defy;  
We leap the caverns dark and deep,  
Then touch the clouds on high.

O, fast as flying birds we glide  
Along the frozen snow;  
With cracking whip and jingling bells,  
Thus merrily we go.

But while we speed our rapid flight,  
At every house we stop;  
Where, be it palace, cot or hut,  
Some Christmas gift I drop.

And now a "Merry Christmas" all,  
A happy, merry morn;  
I'll make another visit when  
Another year rolls on.

## WILLIAM JOHNSON'S BRIDE.

BY ROBERT L. HARRIS.

THE little brown Gothic church lay in the broad light of the moon, with its thick clusters of ivy and woodbine mantling the diamond paned windows. The soft autumnal haze, so often an accompaniment of the Indian summer, as it is called in America, rose thin and sparkling in the moonbeams, and seemed like a silver veil which Nature had coquettishly thrown over the charms

that she had not hidden from the garish light of day. In every green lane, there was a soft, cooing sound from the wood pigeons, not yet wholly at rest, and on the downs, a thousand sheep, as yet not folded, gave forth their gentle breathing, quiet and tranquil as their keeper, who had wrapt his blanket around him and lay on the hillside, with a young lamb close to his heart, and ready to start at the first sound of his dog.

Close to the gateway of the church stood two persons, and in the hushed silence one could have distinguished a faint sound of weeping. Whatever it was, it proceeded not from the smallest of the two; but from the tall and strong man who stood beside her. The white, floating robe showed one to be a woman; and the moonbeams resting on her face, told that she was beautiful, in the best style of English beauty. Perhaps she looked paler than was her wont, by moonlight; but there was scarcely any other trace of emotion in her countenance. Pride might have looked forth from those large blue eyes; but that was natural, and not called out by any new circumstances. Her soft flaxen hair lay unstirred by even a breath over her fair white forehead, and hung down in long, heavy curls over a neck which, though closely covered, showed its perfect shape, and betrayed, at the throat, its whiteness and purity. Apparently the young man had made some passionate appeal to her, which had failed to subdue some resolution she had declared, for she paused in her walk as if to collect all her firmness, and answered proudly:

"It is impossible; I have given my word—my word which I have never yet broken—I can never be your wife."

There was a sob that seemed to come like that which parts soul and body, from the breast of the young man. The tall form bent and swayed as if falling to the ground; but he supported himself against the gateway of the church.

"Farewell, then, Margaret Seaton; farewell forever! I shall not remain here to witness your scorn or trouble your peace. Life in England would be to me a living death. To-morrow, I sail for America. If winds and waves prove as treacherous as woman's love, I shall probably find peace beneath the waves. If so, I do not ask the tears which you refuse to my deep misery in life. Once more, farewell!"

He turned away from her, as he spoke, and took another path than that which led to her home. Had he heard the passionate cry which burst from her lips a moment after, he might have retraced his steps; but he was deaf and blind in his agony. "William! William!"

sounded on the air, and reached the ear of the sleeping shepherd on the hillside, but not that of him who had left her. The next day Margaret Seaton saw the announcement of the sailing of a ship to America, and among the passengers, was the name of "William Johnson, the nephew of Sir Peter Warren."

In one of the most beautiful spots in the delightful valley of the Mohawk, Johnson castle reared its head. Surrounded by tall groves, and rich shrubberies, almost oriental in their profusion, and kept by its owner, a young man of free and frank deportment, as a place of almost feudal magnificence, it was no wonder that its popularity was beyond that of any other mansion in America. To this house, not only the great and learned among the American residents and European tourists alike resorted, but it was equally open to the crowds of Indians, who, attracted by the hearty cordiality of its master, laid aside their usual reserve, and flocked to the hospitable board of William Johnson.

From afar, Margaret Seaton heard of this sylvan abode, and wondered if its occupant ever thought of her whose coldness had driven him to its deep shades. Drawn from him for a while by the prospect of a more intellectual lover than the boy of nineteen, as William Johnson was when she parted from him, she too had experienced a disappointment as keen and severe as a lover's revenge could wish to inflict. Retribution for her broken faith to William Johnson had overtaken her, and now, disgusted with the vain show in which she had lived, and the heartless desertion of the lover for whom she had sacrificed a true and faithful heart, she formed the mad project of going to America, and witnessing the new life which her former lover was said to lead.

Circumstances were favorable to this idea. Her parents were no more, and the wealth they had left was at her disposal alone. She knew that, since the night on which the two stood at the little Gothic church, a boy and girl in the first flush of youth, that she, at least must have altered. The soft curls hung as lovingly around the neck, but the fair brow had a shade of care, and the blue eyes were faded from their first brilliance. Night and day, she had mourned over the decision of that night, and it had left a shadow upon her beauty like a blight upon the lily. She embarked for America, under an assumed name, arriving at the very height of the luxuriant American summer.

Johnson Castle was deserted when the unknown lady arrived in its neighborhood; and

another residence on the banks of the river, where a most singularly beautiful location had attracted the notice of the munificent owner of the land, had risen in a beauty that threw the castle into comparative homeliness of aspect. Outside of the ample and beautiful domain surrounding this favored spot, was an English settlement, composed mainly of architects or workmen whom the master's liberality had induced to remain. In one of these habitations the proud English maiden found a home; and ventured to ramble over the very grounds of her old lover, trusting to her altered looks, to conceal her identity with the Margaret of his early dream.

Wandering over the magnificent grounds belonging to Johnson Hall, she encountered an elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, accompanied by two beautiful girls, in whose sweet young faces Margaret read their relation to William Johnson. These then were his children, and although she had heard with a strange joy, for which she despised herself, of the death of his wife, she could not retain such feelings, when she thought of these lovely girls, left without a mother, as she herself had been—perhaps, some day drifting like herself upon the outer circle of a happiness which she could never hope to know. Then came the remembrance that had it not been for her folly, she might have been a wife and mother; the wife of him she indeed worshipped, and the mother to his children.

Determined to have a single look, if no more, of that face so beloved, Margaret walked on. Past the fertile fields, past the smiling river, through the groves of chestnut and maple, and to the very borders of the beautiful garden. What was it that caught her eye within its bounds? A miniature temple, the very representation of the little church at whose low gateway William Johnson had said farewell. He had not forgotten, then. But in the very doorway of that temple stood a figure whose appearance there startled and troubled her. It was that of a young and beautiful woman, whose dark skin, long, straight black hair and flashing eyes told her Indian origin. While she stood there, her strong, active frame, her dark, but bewitching beauty, and the involuntary grace of her unstudied attitude, struck Margaret with a jealous envy for which she could not account. She had little time for indulgence or self-blame for this feeling; for passing swiftly up the steps that led to the little mimic church, was a man, whose tall figure and graceful motions could not be mistaken.

It was William Johnson. Her heart told her so before she saw his face; and now it was turned

towards her. He had thrown his arm around the Indian, and through the dark color of her cheek, Margaret saw the deep flush of pleasure struggle into new beauty. Her hand lay lovingly in his, and her head was bent towards him, its long and superb hair resting on his bosom, and covering her own figure like a veil. One of the little English girls at the settlement, impelled by curiosity in the lady who had come from her father land, as her mother had told her, had followed her footsteps. By a sudden and strong control, Margaret exerted herself to ask :

"Who is that woman yonder, Maud?"

And the child, delighted to give the good lady the information, said, "It is Mary Brant."

"And who or what is she?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked little Maud. "She is sister to the Mohawk warrior, and is Mr. Johnson's wife. There is her husband, standing beside her. They are very kind to me. Shall I go and ask if you can see Johnson Hall? It is a grand place, and every stranger visits it."

Margaret stopped the fleet feet that would have run to obtain admittance for her to the home of William Johnson and his Indian wife. She had heard enough, and her own eyes corroborated the child's story. She thought of the beautiful girls whom she had met in her way, and wondered if the Mohawk step-mother would meet their ideas of refinement. She was growing bitter and sarcastic every moment. Had she yielded to tenderness, she was sure to faint, and then the child's officious sympathy would betray her, by calling the attention of him whom she would now avoid.

One bound down the road, and she was out of sight, the child with difficulty keeping pace with her. It was Margaret's last look of her old lover. With the next ship, she sailed for England, and left him unconscious that her presence had ever been about him. Deeds of bravery reached her ears from time to time, of which William Johnson was the hero. After the memorable expedition of Crown Point, she learned that the king had bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and she wondered if the queenly Mohawk would adorn her station as Lady Johnson.

In a pleasant country home, surrounded by the children of a very dear friend, whose husband Margaret Seaton was at last induced to marry, she found some consolation for her early disappointment. The romance of life had faded away. Her early dream, though remembered, had put on more subdued coloring; and she learned to hear the name of Sir William Johnson, with scarce a perceptible fluttering of the heart. Her husband, a good, quiet, easy country

gentleman, who valued her mainly for the qualities which made her a good mother to his children, never knew that beneath the calm surface she exhibited, lay a world of extinguished sentiment which he had no power to rouse, and which time only had been able to subdue.

#### THE STOMACH. -

The stomach is a collection of muscles; and these are called to work at each meal—and to dispose of that meal is a work of four or five hours. The more that is eaten, the more work has to be performed. Any one can see, then, the striking absurdity of giving an already weak stomach four or five hours' work to do at the close of the day—of giving rest to the body by sleep, and yet keeping the stomach hard at work until nearly daylight. More than this, if a large meal be taken at the close of the day, when the body is wearied, tired out, the stomach not only requires an extra amount of nervous power, which must be supplied at the expense of the other parts of the system, but it requires, also, an extra supply of heat, which must be supplied in the same way—and the stomach will have it, whatever mischief may result to other parts of the body, leaving the body chilly; which, in its severest forms, is called in the South a congestive chill, where the engorgement of blood is so great as to oppress the powers of life, and a stupor pervades the whole frame, out of which it never fully wakes up again, except, perhaps, for a single gleam at a time of partial consciousness.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

#### CORRECT SPEAKING.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears—to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country—to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision which shows rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.—*Home Journal.*

#### SWEETNESS.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live or die;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

## BLIND BENTIE.

BY MRS. ADA PRESCOTT.

"Just hear, mother! just hear! Isn't it pretty? The prettiest tane! It makes the old fiddle sound almost like a fine new one, don't it?"

"It's beautiful, darling," said the mother, who had suspended her work that she might listen, and who gazed with pride upon her handsome boy.

He sat in the red sunlight, his back towards it and a crimson flood streamed over him until he seemed almost glorified in her sight, that diminutive child of only ten years.

It's the prettiest tune I've heard you play yet, lad. Get it perfect against thy father comes. He will think he has heard nothing like it."

"And do you believe in the least, mother, do you believe he will buy me a new bow? This poor old thing! Look how the hairs are broken, and it's so heavy it tires my arm dreadfully."

The way the boy took up the bow, held it, and looked towards his mother, gave evidence of a painful fact. The bonny boy, the bright little musician sitting there in the window, beyond which the green summer-fields, and the holy blue sky, the shining grain, the beautiful flowers spread and bloomed all unseen by him, the dear, golden haired child was blind.

His parents loved him so well that the fact had lost its painfulness. If he was sightless, he was endowed with almost supernatural loveliness. His skin was like polished alabaster, for he cared little about out-door sports; loving above all things the little violin which a neighbor had given him, and from which he drew rare and sweet sounds.

Little Bentie's father was a pedler. He had been married seven years, and had always been esteemed an honest man and a good neighbor. It was very evident that he was one of the kindest of husbands and fathers, providing well for his household, and bearing a love that was almost worship for his dear, blind boy.

"Will father be home to-night, mother?"

"No, boy, don't expect thy present, till after the sun rises again," said his mother. "Tomorrow he will come, and I will have some cakes baked for him."

Meanwhile there was often passing at the cottage door, until the dame came to wonder what could call so many people out on that particular day.

"There's the Widow Green again," she said, as a sombre looking villager with a deep black hood upon her head, passed. "That makes the

third time. Why don't she come in, I wonder?" and going to the door she cried, "widow—widow!" but the old lady only shook her head.

It was getting to be supper-time, so the milk and bread were served. Then the long, shining curls of the boy were carefully combed out, but owing to his earnest entreaties he was allowed to sit up somewhat later than usual.

It was past eight and a full moon laid glorious light over all the village roads. Chatting in low tones, groups might be seen here and there with anxious faces standing by the roadside. Ever and anon those who were nearest turned an anxious look towards Baptiste's pretty cottage.

"She is sitting there by the window in the midst of the vines," said an old man. "Her little boy is with her; I saw them both as I came by."

"Poor thing!" So said one and another, with sighs.

"Doesn't she know?" asked a new-comer, joining the group.

"How should she? she takes no paper. No, it is plain that some of us had better acquaint her with it—who shall it be?"

"Not I—not I," and they all shrank back as if from some dreaded task.

"It is a sorrow that she must know," said Widow Green, appearing with her black hood a little awry. "I tried to gather courage to go in there three times, but it was enough to make one's heart fail to see her happy face, and hear the little one playing so beautifully on his violin."

"You could do it the best," said two or three voices.

So she might best have uttered an ordinary scandal, but this was weighty and horrible news. The minister was gone from the village, the lawyer objected being the bearer, and the doctor was attending a dying patient.

An old man shook his white, white locks, as he said slowly, "I should ne'er ha' thought Baptiste capable of doing such a deed." Meanwhile, the Widow Green was walking slowly towards the little cottage.

The mother was singing now. The golden locks of her little boy floated over her bosom, he was fast asleep. Just as she was preparing to carry him into his own little room, the Widow Green came in.

"It's a fine night," she said, moving the flickering candle farther back on the rude pine table, that it might not shine directly in her face.

"It's a beautiful night," replied the dame, softly.

"Are you going to lay your boy down?" inquired the widow.

"I was, but now I will let him stay. When I hold him thus, I think of the time he was a babe, before we knew—" there was a long pause. She meant before they knew that he was blind.

"He's a sweet child!" said the widow.

"He's a great comfort," murmured the mother, touching her lips lightly to his white brow.

"What a greater comfort he would be— if—if, for instance, Baptiste should be aken away."

"O, yes! but I never think of that," said the mother, hastily. "I love my boy, but I love my husband better."

"Yes, but we must all die," sighed the widow. "And our time for death and trouble may be nearer than we think."

"Widow," the voice sounded soft, low, yet ominous—"have you brought me any bad news?"

For a moment the garrulous woman was silent, completely overcome by the suddenness of the question.

"Because you had better tell me in direct words—and let me know quickly."

"Put your boy in his bed then."

"No—no, I will keep him by me; I shall be calmer. "O, God, bless me! what woe is in store for me?"

"It may be all false," said the widow.

"It, what—O, what can they say against Baptiste?"

"It said—the paper said that they slept in a room in Balisle."

"They—who—who?"

"Baptiste, your husband, and—he—the man—who was—played foul with."

"O, my God! O, my God!" exclaimed the poor woman, overcome with a momentary faintness.

"Now they will blame me," exclaimed the widow, starting up. "I wish it had pleased Providence to send some one else."

"Tell me—tell me," implored the haggard wife, pressing her child to her bosom as she arose—"they do not think, they cannot think that—that—"

"The paper said that Baptiste was arrested—but it has got to be proved, you know—there! she will kill herself and the child, too!"

The mother on hearing this had fallen insensible, her sleeping child still clutched to her bosom. The boy awoke crying for his mother. By this time others had gathered to learn the result, and the cottage was full. For a long while the poor wife and mother laid insensible.

The next morning she was calm, tearless and very pale. To all offers of assistance she replied

that she could do for herself, except one, and that concerned her child.

"Little Bentie, thou must go and stay with the Widow Green," she said, and her voice quivered.

"I would rather stay with you, mother."

"No, my child; I am going away for a few days, and I must be obeyed, thou must stay with the widow."

"And may I take my violin?"

"Yes, and she will let you play all day, till I come back."

"Will you bring my father back?"

He did not see that fearful spasm that passed over the poor mother's face, the uplifting of tearless eyes—the wild gesture of her arms. He only heard a low, almost sweet reply:

"Perhaps I will, Bentie."

"What makes your voice change, mother?"

O, how every question cut that woman to the heart! thrusting it through and through, and twisting like the twisting of cold steel, till nature was almost dissolved! She could scarcely bear it. To his last query she returned an almost inarticulate answer—and forbade his speaking further.

The poor little blind boy was taken over to Widow Green's, and the disconsolate wife of Baptiste, with a small bundle in her hand, was lifted into the rude cart in which she was to journey part of the way. It was night before she reached the town of Balisle, and she could not gain admittance to her husband till the following morning.

Baptiste was walking his cell when they announced that his wife wanted to see him. He braced himself against the wall. She had resolved to be firm, but at sight of the man she loved, the father of her child, her resolution gave way and she fell within his clasping arms only sobbing, "O, Baptiste, O, Baptiste!"

His reply, strong man though he was, was made with sobbing and with tears.

"How did they dare to put you here? You, an innocent man? How did they dare accuse my husband of such a deed? O, Baptiste, it is cruel! it is cruel."

"They found me alone with him—my knife near him, and my clothes bloody. What else could they do but suspect me? If it had been our holy man at home, and I had seen him in such circumstances, I should have said, 'he is guilty.' But I knew nothing about it. The deed must have been done at midnight; the man had been dead hours. As for me I waked out of a sound sleep, and on getting up observed myself covered with red stains. I followed the

tracks till I went to the body, and stood horror-struck at the fearful sight. At that moment some one came in, cried murder, and I was arrested. I fear it will go hard with me. Do they believe it at home?"

The wife shook her head sadly. "I cannot tell what they may believe," she said—"but those who know you swear you are innocent."

"And my boy! O, I was coming home to him so happy! I bought him a bow—a beautiful bow. Does he know it?"

The mother shook her head. She could not speak.

Meanwhile the trial came on rapidly. The wife and mother remained in Balisle; her child was safe, and happy with his violin, did not perhaps regret her absence very much; so, at least, she hoped. It was an exciting case. People from all parts of the country flocked to Balisle and its court-house. The evidence for the prisoner was satisfactory—no one could bring aught against his fair fame, so far as he was known. It was declared that the two men were heavily disputing before they slept. Baptiste explained that they were talking politics, and both were very vehement, but wished each other good night pleasantly. One ill-favored man gave evidence that he had heard the murdered man say he regretted he was not armed, and that he was going to sleep in the same room with Baptiste. On the whole, circumstances were against the prisoner. It was enough that his shirt and hands were bloody, and that the knife which had lodged in the heart of a fellow-man was his, and bore his initials. These things he could not himself deny. He only declared that he was the victim of some foul conspiracy.

"Don't you see the little brat is blind? Play for us again, and then we'll show you where the court-house is."

This some coarse men said jeeringly to a child who stood foot-sore, travel-stained and weary against the fence that surrounded the premises where the court was in session.

The tired little fingers grasped the bow, and though the white chin quivered and the tiny hands trembled, yet the child played steadily an inspiring air.

"Now give us another, little one, and here's a penny."

"Shame!—let him go, don't you see how tired he is?" cried one of the throng.

"I want to see my father," murmured the boy, while two big tears stole down his cheeks.

"You shall, sonny, you shall. Here, just come along of me, and I'll put you right into

the very place, then you can set your fiddle agoing, and your daddy'll hear you. There, now we're going up the steps—and now you're inside. Here's a place for you to stand."

At that moment there happened to be a profound silence. The lawyer for the defence had just closed a most moving plea, and many a tear was silently coursing its way down bronzed cheeks. Softly, sweetly, there came in the lull, a wild, plaintive cry for mercy, so it seemed.

The woman who sat near the prisoner, sprang to her feet with the loud cry of—"Bentie—little Bentie—he's dead, dead—and the angels are telling me," while the prisoner also started to his feet, held out his arms and sobbed:

"My poor blind boy!"

They were pushing the child forward, his hat had fallen off, and his beautiful, sightless eyes were raised, as if imploring some kind spirit to aid him. It was a most touching scene. As soon as the woman caught sight of him, she rushed from her seat, and catching the child in her arms she turned round again, and coming forward, threw herself on her knees at the feet of the judge, and there made one of the most heart-stirring, solemn appeals that was ever heard outside of the bar. The judge and the lawyers were moved to tears. The blind child put up his little clasped hands, and mutely joined. The father, whose serene countenance had been clouded for a moment, gazed about with almost a smile of triumph, and the consequence was, the verdict was postponed, and the prisoner recommended to mercy.

The result proved the wisdom of this decision. Just three months afterward to a day, a man who was dangerously wounded in a serious affray expired, and with his dying breath confessed that he had committed the murder of which the pedlar was accused. Then there were great rejoicings, bonfires and illuminations. The prisoner was led forth in triumph, completely acquitted of all intention of guilt. If he had been condemned on the day that little Bentie so moved the hearts of the people, he would in all likelihood have met an ignominious fate—and unavailing sorrow could not have brought him from the grave. A gentleman hearing of little Bentie's exploit (for the child had overheard all while stopping at the Widow Green's), hearing how he had begged his way from town to town, by playing sweet airs on his little violin, begged the privilege of presenting him with a valuable instrument, and defraying all expenses for a thorough musical education, so that eventually Bentie became one of the greatest violinists of the age in which he lived.

## The Florist.

Bring me flowers—they're not voiceless,  
For a loving whisper dwells  
In the glory of their brightness,  
In the sweetness of their bells—  
Telling of a higher sphere,  
And a purer atmosphere.—*DR. LORRA.*

### Japan Lilies.

Few plants are more useful than the different species of Japan lilies. They come into bloom when an actual paucity of flowering plants exists wherewith to decorate the conservatory and greenhouse—and what can be more suitable? They produce a gorgeous display, either in doors or out; and as they are quite hardy, may be liberally planted in open borders. They thus constitute one of our best autumnal flower-garden plants. Their propagation is simple and certain. The bulbs may be separated, and each scale will eventually form a new bulb. This separation should be effected when the flower-stems are withered. The scales should be stuck into pans of silver-sand, and placed in a cold frame or pit. After remaining one season in this position, they should be planted in a prepared bed of peat-soil, and a little silver-sand intermixed with it; thus treated, the bulbs will grow large enough to flower. Their cultivation in pots is not difficult. When the bulbs go to rest in autumn is the proper time to re-pot them. Be careful not to destroy the old roots.

### Winter Care of Plants.

With the plants all housed, or protected in frames out of danger of frosts, care should be directed to their winter arrangement. This is too often neglected, and for a month or two everything is confusion and disorder. There is no need of this delay, and a little care and attention will now add greatly to the enjoyment of a good collection. A fine show of flowers may be kept up till the camellias and other plants begin to bloom.

### Vallota Purpurea.

There are few plants so showy as this which are suitable for amateurs, or persons possessing but limited accommodation for plant-growing. It is more beautiful than many varieties of amaryllis, while it is not nearly so troublesome to manage; and its fine umbels of bright-colored flowers last in perfection for weeks, in a moderately warm room.

### Double Primulas.

These are among the most useful subjects for winter decoration which we possess, and should be extensively cultivated wherever winter plants are in request. With proper management they grow freely enough, and produce a profusion of their pretty blossoms from November till March, and even longer.

### Insects.

Look after insects. Clean all plants thoroughly, and spare no pains to prevent their increase. Whale-oil soap is the best remedy; wash and syringe the plants with it from time to time.

### Monthly Carnations.

Monthly carnations will bloom all winter, if the plants are strong and well established. Keep the flowering stems tied up neatly to stakes.

### The Origin of the Violet.

Some florists trace the name and origin of this flower to Io, daughter of Midas, who, as the early poets say, was changed by Diana to a violet, to hide her from Apollo, who had become enamored of this earth-born beauty. It is a pleasant and harmless allegory—for this modest blossom, after many centuries have passed away, still retains the bashful timidity of the nymph, partially concealing itself in its own foliage, and that of other neighboring shrubs and plants. In the poetry of the Greeks, and in all their works of taste, upon natural scenery, they embroider their productions with some allusion to this lovely flower. In the floral games, also, of the Romans, the violet was the beau-ideal of Flora, as the prize consisted of a golden violet.

### Annual Flowers.

Annuals are most appropriate for those who are changing their abode from year to year, as from these alone a fine display may be kept up the whole season, with the exception of the vernal months—and this deficiency may be supplied by having a choice collection of perennials, grown in pots, which can be plunged in the ground, and thus removed at any time when it is necessary to change one's residence. No collection of plants can be perfect without an abundance of annuals, as they can be disposed of in such a way as to succeed the perennials, and keep up a continuous bloom in all parts of the garden through the season.

### A splendid Rose-Show.

It is a very splendid sight, in a green-house or conservatory, to have either the blush or yellow tea-rose budded on any of the strong growing sorts, with a stem perfectly straight, three or four feet in height, ramifying with four or five lateral growths. Where the blush, white and yellow varieties could be, if so desired, inserted upon one stalk, the whole, when in flower, would have an elegant effect, as the weight of the flowers would naturally give the whole plant a pendulous habit.

### Trailing Pot-Plants.

Many a room may be rendered cheerful and bright, without the trouble and care of a flower-stand, by a few tasteful, graceful plants drooping from hanging vases, suspended in front of a window. Care should be taken to select flowers with reference to the beauty of foliage, as well as flower. The Tradescantia and the Colosseum Vine are very suitable for this purpose.

### Anomatheca.

These are very beautiful Cape bulbs, with rich red flowers and curious capsules, which look as if covered with frost. They will flower in glasses, like the hyacinth bulbs, and possess over them the advantage of ornamental seed vessels.

### Clematis.

The clematis will form masses of foliage five or six feet in diameter, and four feet high; when in bloom, the whole top is covered with dense panicles of white blossoms, the panicles often a foot in length.

### Caucasian Poppy.

The Caucasian poppy is remarkable for the very showy character of its single flowers; the color is deep crimson, and the flowers on well-established, thrifty roots often measure nine inches in diameter.

## Curious Matters.

### Death of an aged Dwarf.

A dwarf named Richbourg, who was only sixty centimetres (23 1/2 inches) high, has just died in the Rue du Four, St. Germain, Paris, aged 90. He was, when young, in the service of the Duchess d'Orleans, mother of King Louis Philippe. After the first revolution broke out he was employed to convey despatches abroad, and, for that purpose, was dressed as a baby, the despatches being concealed in his cap, and a nurse being made to carry him. For the last twenty-five years he has lived in the Rue du Four, and during all that time never went out. He had a great repugnance to strangers, and was alarmed when he heard the voice of one; but in his own family he was very lively and cheerful. The Orleans family allowed him a pension of 8000 francs.

### Singular Instance of Feline Attachment.

Recently in North Fairhaven, Massachusetts, a cat which from time to time had been accustomed to return from her rambles in the neighboring fields with some unfortunate bird or squirrel that had been the victim of her rapacity, one day returned from her wonted excursion, holding in her mouth a young rabbit. The occurrence attracted no observation, and it was supposed that the rabbit had furnished a delicate morsel to the carnivorous appetite of Miss Puss. To the surprise of the family, however, on the next day, pussy again appeared with the rabbit in her mouth, which proved to be entirely unharmed, and has since been carefully petted as an adopted protegee.

### A French Centenarian.

An interesting ceremony took place a few days ago at the church at Versailles, where Mme. Goujon celebrated by a mass the 100th anniversary of her birthday. She was led to the church by her son, who is librarian and treasurer of the Mazarine Library, a post which he has filled since 1813, he being now in his 75th year. A great number of the inhabitants of the town, headed by the mayor, were present, and Gen. d'Allouville allowed the band of one of the cavalry regiments to attend. The old lady has never had any serious illness, and retains the full possession of her faculties.

### Charmed Lives.

There are, apparently, some people whom snakes do not bite, or who, when bitten, experience no ill effects. Some negroes in Kentucky, and other Southern States, handle venomous snakes with impunity. A medical gentleman, who spent many years in Surinam, informs us that the negroes there inoculate themselves with the ashes of the burned fangs of a certain species of venomous snake. They then have a charmed life, which snakes do not injure. The subjects of snake-charming and inoculation are interesting, and worthy of a scientific observation.

### A Doctor in a Drum.

At the Liverpool Police Court, a short time since, Dr. DeWolfe was brought up, charged with having on the previous night entered the Albert Rooms, and created a "row," during which he knocked down the drummer (there being a band of music in the room at the time), and jumped into the drum. The magistrate fined him 10s. 6d., the cost of the damage done to the drum, and 40s. and costs for the assault on the police officers.

### A Ghost Story.

Beneath Fort Emperor Francis, near the Cologne road, is the monument of the French republican general, Marceau, who fell at Altenkirchen, and was buried at Coblenz, on Mount St. Peter, where the greater part of the fort is situated. The general's monument, which is a truncated pyramid, was raised at a later date, when the fortifications of Coblenz were commenced. M. de Stramberg states that several persons affirmed that after the general's death, he appeared more than once in the night-time, mounted on a white horse, and wrapped in a cloak of the same color (that of the French chasseurs), riding towards Mount St. Peter. Very lately, a soldier, mounting guard at midnight on the mount, saw a white spectre coming towards him mounted on a gray horse. Having received no reply to his challenge, the soldier fired three times. The discharges called up the patrol, who found the soldier lying on the ground almost senseless, and in a frightful paroxysm of fever. He was carried to the hospital, where he fell dangerously sick, and, in the midst of his delirium, spoke of nothing else but the spectre we have described.

### A Strange Fish.

A singular looking monster of the deep was caught at the foot of Christopher Street, North River, New York, recently. It was about four feet in length, and weighed twenty-five pounds. The head was similar in shape to the rim of a man's hat, the body resembling the body of a codfish. On the top of the head, about six inches from the snout, were two eyes as large as a cent, while just beyond were two small horns, surrounded at the base by long hair. The mouth of the monster, set around with sharp teeth, was of sufficient capacity to take in the head of a child six or eight years old, and its great tongue seemed to be covered with prickles. It had no gills, and the only breathing apertures were two holes in the snout. On each side were two great fins, while protruding from its belly were two hands, with five fingers, and almost as perfect as a human hand. In its mouth were found six or eight small fish.

### Vocal Machinery of Birds.

It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery shows that in birds the lungs have several openings, communicating with corresponding air-bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downward, and into which the air passes and re-passes in the progress of breathing. This is not all. The very bones are hollow, from which air-pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. The air being rarified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of their body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once resolves the mystery into a natural ordering of parts.

### Dutch Lightning.

A German paper says the quickest rate of locomotion, after the electric spark, light, sound and cannon balls, is ascertained to be the flight of the swallow. One of these birds, liberated at Ghent, made its way to its nest at Antwerp in 12 1/2 minutes, going at the rate of four and a half miles per minute.



### A Tradition of the Walnut.

The walnut was, on its introduction in England, called the *Gaînut*, having been brought from France in the thirteenth century. It was formerly by herbalists and physicians, esteemed exceedingly efficacious in diseases of the head, because it bore what they called the *signature* of the head (i. e. a fancied resemblance); the outer green skin representing the pericranium; the shell within the skull; and the kernel the brain. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, walnuts were found more effective than cannon balls in the city of Amiens, which was besieged by the Spaniards, then in arms to oppose the accession of Henri Quatre to the throne of France. A small number of Spanish soldiers disguised as French peasants, with a cart laden with sacks of walnuts, came to the gate and asked admittance to sell their walnuts. On the gate being opened for them, one of the sacks, which was purposely left untied, fell, as designed, from the cart. The French guard, busying themselves in picking up the scattered walnuts, were attacked by the disguised soldiers; then a party of Spaniards who had been in ambush near at hand, rushed forward, surprised and took the town.

### Quaint and Curious.

Some plodding genius has discovered, while spending his own time, that the word time itself, when artistically transposed, or metagrammatised, will form the following words, met, emit, item. And if the aforementioned and its anagrams be placed in the following quadratic position, they will form what may be termed, an anagrammatic palindrome:

TIME,  
ITEM,  
METI,  
EMIT.

This word, time, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged, and the different transpositions thereof are all at the same time Latin words. These words in English, as well as in Latin, may be read either upwards or downwards. The English words time, item, met and emit (to send forth), are mentioned above, and of the Latin ones, 1. Time, signifies fear thou; 2. Item, likewise; 3. Meti, to be measured; 4. Emit, he buys.

### Singular Accident.

At Detroit, while a man employed by the American Express Company was sweeping out, a keg of yeast intended for a Dutch brewer, went off with an explosion that startled the sleepers in the Michigan Exchange, and nearly drove the sweeper out of his senses. The keg stood upon, and near the front window, and when it burst, the bottom flew out and away sped the keg up to the ceiling like a rocket. Striking against a beam, it tore off quite a strip of plastering, and then diverged in the direction of the terrified sweeper, who beat a hasty retreat. It ended its flight by bringing up against the opposite wall, and was then secured without doing any further damage.

### Extraordinary Family.

In Madison county, Kentucky, a large family has lived, some of them to extreme old age, without a death among them. Stephen Sallee is 93 years old, and is yet pert and active—his wife is 92 years old. They have been married 72 years, and have raised nine children, who have had many children and other descendants, and there has never, as we are informed, been a death in the whole circle of that large family.

### Ice in Red-Hot Metal.

The most wonderful fact connected with ice making is the remarkable experiment by which water was frozen in a capsule of platinum at a white heat. This wonderful achievement proceeds upon the theory that water will not touch a body of metal heated beyond a certain degree. A most important fact it is for all connected with steam producing, that it will assume in such a case a spheroidal shape, and resist the glowing metal, owing, doubtless, to the repulsive effect of great heat in all cases whatever. Professor Faraday has carried this marvel even a step further, and actually frozen a ball of mercury in the midst of a glowing furnace, by the judicious admixture of carbonic and other acids, so as to give great vigor to the evaporating process. Such are the achievements of modern chemical science.

### A Mystery.

In the environs of a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a family of peasants who behave in a very strange manner. If you require any refreshment, they will give you milk or beer, and receive pay in silence. If you ask your way, they will point it out, or even guide you; but if you question them too closely, they will beat you. It appears that this tenacity of silence was imposed upon them by a secret vow made in a moment of exaggerated devotion; still nothing is certain about it, and the most accredited opinion among the people is, that this family has made a compact with some Mephistopheles, who has promised them a treasure at the end of a certain period. It will be seen by this that Germany will always be the and of the *Fausts* and *Lenors*.

### Strange Occurrence.

During a performance at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a young man suddenly sprang up from his seat, and exclaimed that he was about to die, and staggering up the aisle towards the door, called on "the blessed Saviour" to help him, and begged to be taken home before he ceased to breathe. The doorkeeper ran to his assistance, and helped him out of the door, where he seemed to recover from his apparent aberration, and in a few moments was quite restored. He returned to the audience, but had scarcely taken his seat before he again rushed out, but without speaking, and left the building. The incident struck a thrill of amazement amidst the audience, from which even the humorous closing could but partially recall them.

### An Elevated Railroad.

In Chili, a branch of the Copiapo Railroad, between Pabellon and Chanacille, passes over the Atacama mountains, at an elevation higher than any other railroad in the world. On the second of August, part of this railroad was opened, and a locomotive ascended to the terminus at an elevation of 4400 hundred feet above the level of the sea. This altitude is about 1000 feet greater than the highest point of the Vienna and Trieste Railroad, in the Austrian Alps. The highest elevation of the railroad which passes through the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, is 2700 feet, 1740 feet less than the highest point on the Copiapo Railroad.

### Lusus Nature.

The New York Evening Post mentions a child with two bodies and three arms, which died in that city at the age of five months. The bodies were united in a manner similar to the union of the Siamese twins, at the waist. They are equal in size, and each performed the natural functions in life.

## The Housewife.

### Seed Cake.

Sift two and a half pounds of flour, with half a pound of good white or loaf sugar, pounded into a pan or bowl; make a cavity in the centre, and pour in half a pint of lukewarm milk, and a tablespoonful of thick yeast; mix the milk and yeast with enough flour to make it as thick as cream (this is called setting a sponge); set it by in a warm place for one hour; in the meantime, melt to an oil half a pound of fresh butter, and add to it the other ingredients, with one ounce of caraway-seed, and enough of milk to make it of a middling stiffness; line a hoop with paper, well rubbed over with butter; put in the mixture; set it some time to prove in a stove, or before a fire, and bake it on a plate about an hour, in rather a hot oven; when done, rub the top over with a paste-brush dipped in milk.

### To Fill a decayed Tooth.

When a tooth is too much decayed to be filled by a dentist, or the person is at a distance from one, gutta serena will be found an useful expedient. Drop a small piece of this substance in boiling water; then taking off as much as will probably fill the tooth nearly level, press it while soft into the cavity. Then hold cold water in the mouth on that side, to harden it. It has been known to preserve a tooth two years at least, and keeps it free from cold.

### Scalloped Oysters.

Wash clean some bottom shells of the oysters; if you have not silver shells or scallop-shells, butter and bread-crumb them; blanch your oysters; either do them whole or cut them; make a thick sauce with the liquor, adding a good teaspoonful of white sauce; season with cayenne pepper and salt; fill in the shells and bread-crumbs on the top, and sprinkle clarified butter on the tops; brown them in the oven; dish them upon a napkin.

### Superior Paste.

Mix flour and water, with a little brown sugar, and a very small quantity of corrosive sublimate in powder, and boil it until sufficiently thick and smooth. The sugar will keep the paste flexible, and prevent it scaling off from smooth surfaces, and the corrosive sublimate will check its fermentation; a drop or two of oil of aniseed, lavender, or bergamot, will prevent the paste turning mouldy.

### Boiled Rabbits.

A rabbit should boil only twenty minutes, and boil slowly; if larger than common, an extra ten minutes may be allowed. It should be sent to table smothered in onion sauce; the water should be kept free from scum. It is trussed for boiling differently from what it is for roasting.

### Roast Oysters.

Large oysters, not opened; a few minutes before they are wanted, put them on a gridiron over a moderate fire; when done, they will open; do not lose the liquor that is in the shell with the oysters; send them hot upon a napkin.

### Cold Pudding.

Make a thick custard; line a mould with raisins, marmalade, and Savoy biscuits, cut into shreds; pour the custard into the mould, let it boil an hour, and when cold, turn it out, and serve it up with wine-sauce.

### Orange Pudding.

Grate three stale sponge biscuits, and with them half the peel of a lemon, and all the juice. Mix them in cold milk until they are quite soft; beat three eggs together, and stir them by degrees into the biscuits; mix with them a small teaspoonful of orange juice and a little sugar; then a thick slice of butter, well melted. Mix all the ingredients together, and put them in a dish with paste round the edges; then bake it an hour in a slow oven.

### An Oyster-Pie, with Sweetbreads.

Blanch them, and take off the beards; separate them from the liquor; blanch some throat sweetbreads, and, when cold, cut them in slices; then lay them and the oysters in layers in your dish; season with salt, pepper, a few grains of mace, and nutmeg; add some thick sauce, a little cream, and the oyster liquor, and some good veal stock; bake in a slow oven.

### Sir A. Cooper's Chilblain Liniment.

One ounce of camphorated spirits of wine, half an ounce of liquid subacetate of lead; mix, and apply in the usual way, three or four times a day. Some persons use vinegar as a preventive; its efficacy might be increased by the addition to the vinegar of one fourth of its quantity of camphorated spirit.

### Gingerbread Nuts.

One pound of flour; rub into it quarter pound of butter, quarter pound of white powdered sugar, one ounce of grated ginger, and the peel of a lemon. Bake in a slow oven.

### For a sudden Hoarseness.

Mix one teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre in a wine-glassful of water. This may be taken two or three times a day.

### Curling Fluid.

The following is recommended:—Melt a little white bees' wax, about the size of a filbert-kernel, in an ounce of olive oil; add to this two or three drops of otto of roses.

### Oysters.

If eaten immediately upon being opened, neither vinegar nor pepper should be taken with them, or the flavor will disappear in the taste of the vinegar.

### To bleach Ivory.

Bone and Ivory may be bleached by immersion in water, in which a little sulphurous acid, or chloride of lime, has been dissolved.

### Calligraphy.

A solution of oxalic acid will extract ink spots from paper or linen.

### Dentifrice.

Charcoal and honey, formed into a paste, forms a very excellent preparation for cleaning the teeth with.

### Oyster Fritters.

Beard, dip them into an omelet, sprinkle well with crumbs of bread; fry them brown.

### To darken Mahogany.

Drop a nucleus of lime in a basin of water, and wash the mahogany with it.

**Cold Slaw.**

Take a nice fresh head of cabbage and lay it in cold water for one hour, then cut off all the stalk; shave down the head into very small slips with a cabbage-cutter, or very sharp knife; it should be done evenly and nicely; then put in a saucepan one teaspoonful of vinegar and let it give a boil up, then add a teaspoon nearly full of cream, with the yolks of two eggs, well beaten; let these also give one boil, and then pour it immediately over the cabbage, which must be seasoned as soon as cut with a salt-spoonful of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and some black pepper also.

**Hashed Venison.**

Cut and trim some nice thin slices of venison, fat and lean; have a nice brown sauce made from the bones in scrag of the venison: put the meat you have cut into this sauce with the gravy that has run from the venison, and a glass of port wine; cut up some of the fat into pieces an inch thick; put the fat in a stewpan, and some hot stock upon them; when you have dished up your hash, which should be in a hot-water dish with a holey spoon, take out the fat, and sprinkle it all over the hash; send up currant-jelly.

**A delicate Pudding.**

Put into a clean saucepan one quart of new milk; when boiling, stir in slowly one quarter of a pound of rice flour, one quarter of a pound of good brown sugar, and a large spoonful of butter: beat these well together; add some grated nutmeg, and a wine-glass of wine; stir them well; when cold, beat three eggs and stir them in; then pour it into a dish, and bake half an hour a light brown.

**Invisible Ink.**

A sympathetic or invisible ink may easily be made. Take equal parts of sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac, and dissolve in water; writes colorless, but turns yellow when the paper is heated. Or common salt dissolved in water will turn brown when heated. Still better is a solution of chloride, which turns green when heated, and disappears again in cooling; or a weak solution of the mixed chlorides of cobalt and nickel.

**Hair-curling Liquid for Ladies.**

Take borax, two ounces; gum Senegal in powder, one drachm; add hot water (not boiling), one quart. Stir, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add two ounces of spirits of wine strongly impregnated with camphor. On retiring to rest, wet the locks with the above liquid, and roll them on twists of paper as usual. Leave them till morning, when they may be unwrapped and formed into ringlets.

**Artificial Oysters.**

Take young green corn, grate it in a dish; to one pint of this add one egg well beaten, a small teaspoon of flour, half a cup of butter, some salt and pepper, and mix them well together. A tablespoonful of the batter will make the size of an oyster. Fry them a light brown, and when done, butter them. Cream, if it can be procured, is better than butter.

**Sage Cheese.**

Sage, or green cheese, is made from milk mixed with the juice, or an infusion or decoction of sage leaves, to which marigold flowers and parsley are frequently added. Derbyshire cheese is a small, white, rich variety.

**To make fine Black Writing Ink.**

Take two gallons of a strong decoction of logwood, well strained, and then add one and a half pounds blue galls in coarse powder; six ounces sulphate of iron; one ounce acetate of copper; six ounces well ground sugar; and twelve ounces gum arabic. Set the above on the fire until it begins to boil, then set it away until it has acquired the desired black.

**Ginger Beer.**

One pint of molasses and two spoonful of ginger put into a pail to be half filled with boiling water; when well stirred together, fill the pail with cold water, leaving room for one pint of yeast, which must not be put in until lukewarm. Place it on a warm hearth for the night, and bottle it in the morning.

**Varnish.**

A good lasting varnish for common work is easily made: three pounds of clear rosin, half a gallon of drying oil; melt, and thin with two quarts of oil of turpentine. As for glue, you can purchase it cheaper than you can manufacture it. The best pale glue would answer your purpose admirably.

**Apple-Water Ice.**

Pare and core some fine apples, cut them in pieces into a preserving pan with sufficient water for them to float, boil until they are reduced to a marmalade, then strain; to a pint of apple-water add half a pint of syrup, the juice of a lemon, and a little water; when cold, freeze. Pear-Water Ice is also prepared in the same way.

**Scalloped Oysters.**

Beard the oysters, wash in their own liquor, steep bread-crumbs in the latter; put them, with the oysters, into scalloped shells, with a bit of butter and seasoning of salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg; make a paste with bread-crumbs and butter; cover, and roast them before the fire, or in an oven.

**Cabbage.**

Carefully remove the waste leaves, and divide the stump and as far as the centre of the cabbage. It is good boiled with salt meat; but if cooked by itself, a little salt should be added to the water. Cabbage should be put into boiling water, should be carefully skimmed, and boil an hour.

**Nice Buns.**

Take three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour, two large spoonful of good brown sugar, two large spoonful of good yeast, add a little salt, stir this well together, and when risen, work in two large spoonful of butter, make into buns, set it to rise again, and bake on tins.

**Cosmetics.**

The morning dew and the clear spring-water form the best cosmetic. But lest we should be thought uncourteous, we will tell a simple one:—Take a quart of rose-water and half an ounce of tincture of benzoin. Add the rose-water very gradually to the tincture.

**For Toothache.**

Horseradish, bruised and applied to the wrist as a kind of poultice, we understand, is said to give immediate relief in cases of toothache or neuralgia. It should be applied to the wrist on that side of the body which is affected by the disease or pain.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## HOSPITALS IN LONDON.

The London people are proud, and justly so, of the extensive provision which is made in that city for the care of the sick and destitute. There are, in the different parts of London, no less than eleven large hospitals, containing from one hundred and fifty to six hundred beds each, besides many smaller ones of a more private character. The total number of beds in these eleven public institutions is upwards of 3200, and they afford relief yearly to nearly 400,000 sufferers. One of these establishments, the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, is designed expressly for the relief of seamen, laborers, etc., from the Docks; and another, the Middlesex, contains a ward devoted exclusively to the treatment of cancer. This ward is supported by a foundation given by Samuel Whitbread, and persons afflicted with cancer can remain here all their lives. There are, besides the above benevolent institutions, many devoted to especial classes of diseases, such as those of the eye and ear; and among them, the Ophthalmic Hospital, at Charing Cross, founded expressly for the relief of indigent persons afflicted with diseases of the eye. This was established in 1817, and during the forty years of its existence, more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons have availed themselves of this charity. Many of these have been restored to sight, and many more greatly benefited by increase of comfort. On the whole, London presents the noblest evidences of the benevolence and humanity of its people, and any city in the world might be proud to emulate it in these respects.

**MUSIC IN PARIS.**—At the Grand Opera, Paris, a new work by Felicien David is in preparation. Meyerbeer has sent a new opera to the Theatre Comique, and it will be produced this winter.

**A QUERY.**—Did the ancients use "the weed?" We are inclined to think they did, for the followers of the god of wine used to shout "Evoe Bacche ('backy)!"

**SPORTING PLUCK.**—Ten Broeck is going back to England in the spring with some fresh American horses to try on the English turf.

## THE AMERICAN TEA PLANT.

The Paraguayans have a shrub among them called *matte*, from the leaves of which tea is made, which possesses much the same properties as the China tea. There is also a shrub in North Carolina, abounding along the coast, which is manufactured into tea, and the appearance and flavor of this tea is similar to if not identical with that of Paraguay. The mode of preparation is also similar, the smaller branches of the plant being gathered and put into large kettles, over a slow fire, until the leaves and stems are thoroughly dried, when they are chopped up and packed away for use. This shrub grows spontaneously, and the tea is very much in use there. Like the *matte*, if taken in large quantities it will intoxicate, and its moderate use produces an invigorating yet soothing effect. It is known in North Carolina by the name of *yopen*, which is probably an Indian word. Large quantities of it are sold in the eastern part of the State, and in Virginia, and the roughly-prepared article sells at the very moderate rate of fifty or seventy-five cents per basket. It is thought that increased attention will be paid to the culture of this American tea, and that it will yet become a production of much importance.

**THE TEST OF COURAGE.**—"Ten thousand men," says Isaac Taylor, in his "Wesley and Methodism," "might more easily be found who would confront a battery, than two who, with the sensiveness of education about them, could mount a table by the roadside, give out a psalm, and gather a crowd."

**FEMALE EDUCATION.**—At the Elmira (N. Y.) Female College there is a cooking department in which the young ladies are taught the culinary art, so that in literature as well as housekeeping, they will be made acquainted with Lamb, Bacon, Hogg and Crabbe.

**STREET SCENE.**—"Fine complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Bristles, the artist. "I know it," replied Bristles, "she and I buy our colors at the same shop."

**GAS.**—It is proposed to explore the interior of Australia by means of balloons.

## A WORTHY BOSTON NOTION.

The Boston Dispensary is a benevolent institution, whose office it is to furnish the sick poor of Boston with medicine and medical attendance free of charge. It has been in operation for sixty-two years, and during that long period, has done a vast amount of good in a quiet and unobtrusive way. It is still doing good to the full extent of the means at its command, and would do yet more, if those means could be increased. Of late, the annual subscriptions of the charitable have fallen off, partly owing to the financial troubles which have depressed the community, and partly from an erroneous impression that the Dispensary is richly endowed with funds, and has no need of extraneous assistance. The income of its available funds is by no means equal to the increasing demands upon its aid, which a constantly increasing population involves; and the institution must stay its hand in the midst of its usefulness, if the benevolent do not provide adequate means to enable it to help all the sick and needy who look to it for relief. The directors say, in their last report, that the Dispensary will indeed have an addition to its funds many years hence, as a residuary legatee, but those funds, by the will of the testator, are applicable to a particular purpose. They are, however, in need of present aid, to make their present organization fully available for the care of the sick poor, in a city population of 160,000 people. They have already been compelled to discontinue the dispensing of medicines in the outer sections of the city, owing to the smallness of their means, and thus to oblige patients to travel long distances to the central office in Bennet Street. The city is divided into eight districts, in each one of which the society employs a district physician for gratuitous attendance upon the sick; and were the means ample, it would have a dispensary of medicine in each, for the better accommodation of the poor. The directors very properly suggest that the city government might, in its capacity of guardian for the poor, afford to the Dispensary the needed means for the full performance of its duty to all the sick poor within its reach. New York city aids its five Dispensaries, and why should not Boston aid hers? Certain it is that every dollar, judiciously expended in this manner, is a dollar saved to the public, in the cost of supporting poor-houses and alms-houses.

**LORD BROUGHAM AND COBBETT.**—"I hope to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Bacon." "Wouldn't it be better that they had a little *bacon* first?" inquired Cobbett.

## A LARGE GRAIN MARKET.

The city of Chicago, Illinois, situated on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan, is the greatest grain depot in the world. Its admirable situation at the point of junction between the waters of the Mississippi valley and the great lakes, and at the focus of the western system of railroads, gives to it unequalled facilities for the grain trade of the West. It is also favorably located above the waters of the lake, so that vessels can be laden from the storehouses by means of spouts extending from the grain bins down to the hold, and others unloaded by machinery that pumps out the cargo, as it were. The present weekly receipts of flour and grain amount to 775,000 bushels, and the aggregate for the season thus far, is over twenty millions of bushels. The weekly shipments are about as large as the receipts, and the total for the season is over eighteen million bushels, including flour, wheat, corn, oats and barley. This wonderful business has grown up entirely within the last twenty-five years. In 1832 the town contained only five small stores and two hundred and fifty inhabitants. At that time only four vessels had arrived there within the year. The future growth of the place is destined to be as rapid as that of the past; for its situation at the half-way station between the East and the West will cause it to grow with the country's growth and strengthen with its strength.

**A STAGE APOLOGY.**—The following apology was lately made by the manager of a travelling theatrical company in Connecticut: "Ladies and gentlemen,—I hope you will excuse our performance, but our violinist is in a state of beastly intoxication; the pianist is doing his best, but fourteen or sixteen strings of the piano are broken."

**RATHER COSTLY.**—A million of dollars will be required to pay for the volunteers engaged against the Indians in Florida during the recent troubles, and for losses and depredations. Each Indian will cost Uncle Sam, on an average, \$100,000.

**RATHER GOOD.**—"Miss Morant is at the Broadway," said one. "Ah, indeed," said "some one," "I didn't know they wanted any *more rant* than they have there now!"

**JUDGING PROVIDENCE.**—To judge of the designs of Providence, is like pronouncing the sun variable, when we see its reflection trembling in the water.

## THE OPENING OF JAPAN.

Events of national moment crowd upon each other with wonderful celerity, at the present day. No sooner is the hermetical exclusiveness of China broken through, than Christian-hating Japan yields to the irresistible influence of national communion, and opens her ports to the civilized world. America performs an important and honorable part in this great work of establishing international intercourse with the Pagan countries of Asia. Her rule of action in foreign intercourse, as laid down by Jefferson, and acknowledged by all her great statesmen—"peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none"—peculiarly fits her to take the lead in winning over to the community of civilization those peoples that have hitherto held themselves aloof from the rest of the world, in jealous apprehension lest their nationality might be destroyed. Nothing could be better calculated to quiet this apprehension, and thus remove the barriers to peaceful and beneficial relations, than the absolute negation of foreign conquest, the honorable regard for nationality, the love of national independence for itself and all others, and the enlightened purpose to establish and extend commerce, which characterize the United States of America among all the nations of the earth. This laudable disposition to ask nothing but what is right, accompanied by a determined spirit to submit to nothing that is wrong, has commended our country to the good will and confidence of the timid Asiatics, and disposed them to abandon their long-cherished policy of non-intercourse.

Various efforts have been made by the United States, as well as by England, France and Russia, to establish friendly relations with Japan, but, until very recently, entirely without success. In the year 1846, our government sent Commodore Biddle, with the U. S. ship-of-the-line Columbus, and frigate Vincennes, upon an expedition to Japan, for the purpose of opening negotiations with the government of that country. Commodore Biddle bore a letter from President Polk to the Emperor or Ziogun, stating the object of the embassy to be, the founding of a friendly commercial intercourse, and nothing more. The two war vessels made their way to the Bay of Jeddo, and the letter was transmitted to the capital. The answer thereto was short and crusty—"no trade can be allowed with any foreign nation, except Holland." Upon receiving this reply, Commodore Biddle weighed anchor and left, considering the attempt hopeless. In 1853-'4, the celebrated Japan Expedition,

under Commodore Perry, was despatched for the same purpose; and this was successful in the accomplishment of that purpose. The imposing squadron, sent out with Perry, commanded the respect of the Japanese government; and the abundant evidences of good will and peaceful intention which our government manifested, in the presents which it forwarded, and the requests which it preferred, won the favorable consideration of that jealous people. A treaty of friendship and commerce was passed between this country and Japan, and the barriers, which had so long prevented the intercourse of all civilized States with that empire, were thus broken down. This achievement was highly honorable to our government, and an event of the utmost importance in the history of the human family.

The existence of the Japanese nation was first made known to the European world by that famous Italian traveller, Marco Paulo, who penetrated far into the interior of Chinese Tartary in the year 1275, and there obtained intelligence of this hitherto unknown people, which he communicated to the civilized world upon his return. The marvellous accounts of Paulo were generally discredited in that age, and it was not until nearly three hundred years later, that his narrative was confirmed by European discovery. In the year 1542, a Portuguese ship bound to Macao, in China, was driven off her course by adverse winds, and put in at one of the islands of Japan. The ship's company were treated kindly by the government, and allowed to trade with the natives. This led to a commercial intercourse between the Portuguese and that people, and eventually to the introduction of the Catholic religion into the country. In the year 1550, Father Francisco Xavier, one of the founders of the order of Jesuits, made his way there from the Portuguese settlement of Goa, on the Malabar Coast, in India, and met with great success in converting the natives. He was accompanied by other fathers of the Jesuit order, and they went wherever they pleased, by land or by sea, throughout the Island Empire.

They found three or four different systems of religion prevailing in Japan; all respected and all tolerated. In fact, religion seemed to sit very lightly upon the people, and they were perfectly ready to permit the introduction of Christianity—the more readily, perhaps, because of its remarkable resemblance in some respects to the Buddhist system, which was one of their prevalent forms of worship. Many of the people, including some princes and others of high degree, became converts to Catholicism. The

Jesuits admitted a goodly number of young men to their society, and after a while the Japanese Christians sent an embassy to Rome, to present gifts to Pope Gregory XIII. and acknowledge his supremacy. Had the Jesuits been left to themselves in Japan, matters might have gone on smoothly for a good while; but hosts of friars of other orders, such as Franciscans, Dominicans and Augustines, rushed in, eager to grasp their share of the fruits of success. This led to dissensions, divisions and plots, which ultimately drove the Japanese government to the extreme measure of proscribing Christianity in all its forms, and driving the priests from the empire. In 1637, a proclamation was issued, forbidding all intercourse between Japanese and foreigners, under pain of death, and setting a price upon the head of every Christian priest and native convert. The moving cause to these severe measures was the discovery of a conspiracy, which had been entered into by some of the Christian converts, to deliver the empire to the King of Portugal. Thus was it that the strict non-intercourse was established, which our nation has just succeeded in breaking down, after an existence of over two hundred years.

The Empire of Japan comprises a very large number of islands, the principal of which is Nippon. This island is about 1000 miles in length, and averages 100 in width, making the total number of square miles 100,000, or considerably more than Great Britain. Jeddo, the capital of the empire, a well built city as large and populous as London, is situated upon this island, at the head of a capacious bay of the same name. The total area of the Japanese empire, including all its dependencies, is roughly estimated at 160,000 square miles, and the population at about 30,000,000 souls. By a glance at the map of the world, our readers will see that this great and populous empire is situated between the parallels of thirty and fifty degrees on the western border of the North Pacific Ocean, directly opposite to our possessions of California, Oregon and Washington, on the eastern border of the same ocean, and in admirable position for the future commerce of our western seaboard. The natural productions of Japan are various and valuable, and its mineral riches include gold, silver, copper, coal, sulphur, nitre, and precious stones. The country is wealthy, and its people enterprising and well disposed towards commercial intercourse, if religious and political intrigue can be kept down. A new and more liberal commercial treaty has just been made between the government authorities and the U. S. Consul General, Townsend Harris, which will

greatly facilitate trade between the two countries; and this treaty has been followed by others with Russia and Great Britain, both based upon the principles of intercourse which were established by the late Commodore Perry, in his expedition. In this way has the United States succeeded in accomplishing what the commercial nations of Europe have striven for in vain, for two centuries, and set the door open for them to follow. This is one among the glories of our country.

**EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.**—There seems to be a general disposition to protest against the practice of cramming children, precociously developing their intellects, at the expense of their health and physical development—the besetting sin of our locomotive system of education. Dickens's description of Dr. Blimber's School, in "Dombey and Son," was a very felicitous satire on the forcing system. "Slow and sure," should be the motto of education. Many a little grave attests the fatal cruelty of over-crowding the brains of children at an early age.

**LUXURIOUS PIETY.**—When the Sultan of Turkey prays, he kneels on a carpet woven with cloth of gold, and studded with pearls and diamonds. Yet the sharp points of a bunch of diamonds must hurt him as much as common people—so that there is no great difference in ease between the beggar who prays in the streets and the sultan who kneels in his mosque.

**SCIENTIFIC.**—Swine-abductors are practical chemists now-a-days. They administer chloroform to swine, kill them in their leaden sleep, and then away with their booty, not a squeal betraying the murder and the theft. Many a happy pen is thus desolated—and our own pen shudders as it records the fact.

**COTTON IN UTAH.**—After repeated attempts, the culture of cotton in Mormondom is pronounced an impossibility, owing, it is supposed, to the presence, throughout that immense territory, of minerals in the soil, entirely fatal to its growth.

**A FIXED FACT.**—When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, set it down that it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

**LUXURY IN BATHING.**—Cold hay tea is said to afford a most invigorating bath. As "all flesh is grass," we suppose the principle is the homeopathic one—like cures like.

## AN ATTACK ON GENERAL JACKSON.

In the winter of 1834, when General Jackson was President, an attempt was made to assassinate him by an insane man named Lawrence. The President was in attendance upon the funeral of a member of Congress, and had just emerged from the door of the capitol upon the eastern portico, when Lawrence sprang out from behind one of the stone columns of the portico, where he had secreted himself, and presenting a large horse-pistol within three feet of General Jackson's breast, attempted to fire. The cap only exploded. The assassin drew a second pistol just as the President raised his hickory cane and aimed a blow at his head. The blow fell short, but the second pistol missed fire also. Jackson raised his cane for a second blow, but in the mean time the by-standers had overpowered the man and borne him to the ground. The cane of Jackson was arrested by his friends, who urged him to retire into the rotunda, representing that there might possibly be a conspiracy to kill him, and other assassins about. But the old hero stood firm and refused to retreat an inch. The sergeant-at arms soon secured the prisoner, and quiet was restored; when the procession proceeded on its way to the grave, in the same order as before the interruption.

It appeared, upon investigating the case, that Lawrence was laboring under the hallucination that he was the rightful heir to the British crown, and if he could only kill the President, that he should be able to get command of the army and navy of the United States, and with them enforce his pretensions to the throne. Lawrence was a carpenter by trade, and had been lurking about the National Capitol for several days before he made this attempt upon General Jackson's life. Upon examining the pistols which were taken from him, they were found to be heavily loaded with powder and ball. But the weather being damp, and the charges somewhat old, the powder in the cones had absorbed sufficient moisture to prevent ignition when the caps exploded. To this circumstance alone, is attributable the escape of the President. When we recall this thrilling scene, and reflect how near the General came to a violent death; also, when we consider how many times, during his eventful career upon the battle-field, or amidst the lawless ruffians of the western frontier, his life was at the mercy of the bayonet, the tomahawk, or the bullet, we are deeply impressed with the fact that the gallant old man should have been permitted to breathe his last in the bosom of his family, and in the full enjoyment of the consoling influences of religion!

## THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

The farmers in New England have not been able to do much with the Sorghum or Chinese Sugar Cane, and after giving the plant a trial for two or three years, they have thrown it aside as an unprofitable subject of cultivation. The climate appears to be unfavorable to the rapid and effective maturity of the plant, although the soil facilitates the growth in a remarkable degree. The consequence is, that the sorghum turns out with us to be all stalk, without juice that will make sweet syrup, and is good for nothing but to feed out to cattle. In the Middle and Western States, on the contrary, this plant bids fair to become a very important and profitable article of culture. There it matures better than with us, yielding a great abundance of rich juice from which syrup can be made. The experiments hitherto made have been so promising that the farmers of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and other Western States, are going into the culture of the sorghum very largely. During the past season the plant has been most extensively cultivated, and with the most satisfactory results; syrup being manufactured in great quantities, and meeting with a very extensive sale as a substitute for molasses. At all the hotels and public houses in the Western country this syrup is one of the standing articles on the bill of fare, and has become a general favorite at the table. Many persons consider the flavor to be much superior to the best molasses from New Orleans, while its sweetening properties are equally good.

In the new State of Iowa the farmers appear to have cultivated the Chinese Sugar Cane to a greater extent than anywhere else, and competent judges estimate that the product of the past season is worth at least a million of dollars to the people of that State. The yield per acre, even under unfavorable circumstances, exceeds two hundred gallons of syrup, no means having yet been discovered for crystallizing it into sugar. Much attention has been devoted to this subject, and with some good promise of successful results. Whenever a cheap and easy process shall be invented for the conversion of the sorghum syrup into granulated sugar, the most important results will be effected in the agricultural pursuits of the West; and it is not too much to say that the sorghum will then be the leading article of culture in all that region of country, surpassing any of the grain crops even, in its extent and value.

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BAYARD TAYLOR.—Our returned traveller is quite a lion now-a-days. His lectures are popular and very agreeable.



## RUSSIAN PROGRESS.

Of all the nations of Europe, Russia appears to be making the greatest progress at the present time. Socially, politically, physically, mentally, Russia is going ahead, and bids fair ere long to outstrip all the other powers. She is doing great things at home, in the improvement of her industrial classes, in the development of the material prosperity of the empire, and in the cultivation of the kindly feelings of national brotherhood among the various races by which her vast dominions are peopled. At the same time she is extending her power over Asia, and gradually drawing to herself the internal commerce of Persia and the nations of the Chinese Empire. In the midst of these great triumphs of peace, the provisions for war are not, however, neglected. Russia keeps up her army and is constantly adding to her navy; but for the time to come it is evident that war is to be with her a means and not an end; a resort and not a profession; a necessity and not a choice. The present emperor has a higher policy for his country than mere military conquest; a policy which demands peace for its development, and which can only be interrupted and impeded by war. This policy of Alexander II., is grand and far-reaching; but it is at the same time minute and practical, and manifests itself in the most humble details. As a part of this policy, designed to elevate the laboring classes, and make their emancipation from serfdom a blessing instead of a curse, an association has recently been formed for the purpose of diffusing education throughout the empire, by founding libraries and lecture lyceums in every town and considerable village, and by promoting the publication and circulation of standard works, for the instruction of the masses. It is by noble exertions like these that the present czar is fast winning for himself an exalted reputation as a great and enlightened prince; and if the envious nobles of the old school do not cut short his career by assassination, he is destined to prove himself the wisest and most consistent democratic ruler that Europe has ever seen.

**THE BRITISH CABINET.**—There is quite a heaven of literature in the British Cabinet. Lord Derby writes verses, and Bulwer and D'Israeli are among the foremost literary men of the 19th century.

**QUESTION AND ANSWER.**—Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal the petticoats, bone the stays, and crib the babies.

## AN EARTHQUAKE IN A MINE.

Probably there is no situation in which a man can be placed where an earthquake would be particularly agreeable, but of all the places in the world in which to experience one of these terrific convulsions of nature, we should think the bowels of the earth would be the worst. We never descended into a deep shaft or penetrated a subterranean tunnel, without having the thought flash across our mind, that an earthquake may possibly take place while we are thus shut out from the light of day, and overwhelm us with water, crush us with rock, suffocate us with poisonous vapor, or shut up our exit, and bury us forever in a living tomb. We have often imagined what must be the sensations of a miner in his murky seclusion, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, when the shock of an earthquake comes upon him. Captain Head, an English traveller in South America, met a Chilean miner at Petorca in the eastern part of Chili, on the westerly slope of the Andes, who had had some experience of this kind. There are gold mines of great depth at this place, and at the time of the famous earthquake of 1822, which committed such fearful ravages in Chili, this man with several of his comrades, was at work six thousand feet deep in one of the lodes. His situation was dreadful. The mountain shook so that he could hardly ascend the ladder, and he was every moment apprehensive that the walls of the lode would come together, and either crush them to death instantly, or leave them to the more dreadful doom of imprisonment in the earth. Most joyfully did they at length emerge to the surface; and though chaos reigned around—the atmosphere black with dust, and huge rocks loosened from their places, thundering down the sides of the mountains, threatening to crush them—yet they looked upon the scene around them as a perfect paradise compared with that they had just left.

**A STAGE WALK.**—A New York critic says, speaking of a certain tragedian, "that wonderful combination of sciatica and senility which constitutes a stage walk he has to perfection."

**FATAL SPORT.**—A little boy in Lenhartville, Pennsylvania, was playing "execution" in a barn with a chain attached to a beam, when he accidentally hung himself.

**COMPLIMENTARY.**—An English gentleman has published a large book to prove that Louis Napoleon is the Beast of the Apocalypse. He has probably "written himself an ass."

## Foreign Miscellany.

Sheridan Knowles, the converted author-actor, preached lately in Scotland to large audiences.

A barber at Keighley, England, for a wager, recently shaved seventy men in fifty-six minutes.

The Legislature of Holland have introduced a bill emancipating slaves at Surinam and Curacao.

Gen. Peel, in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, said England had now nearly 93,000 troops in India.

Alexandre Dumas has recovered from his late illness, and has left St. Petersburg on a tour into Siberia.

Inflammation of the kidneys has suspended Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's eloquence for some time past, but he is recovering.

Mr. Vandenhoff, the veteran tragedian (father of George Vandenhoff), took his farewell of the stage at Liverpool on the 29th of October, after a successful career of forty-four years.

The prize money to be paid to the military serving in India, says the Glasgow Herald, is enormous. Lord Clyde's share is said to exceed £80,000.

Clerks that can speak Chinese are in great demand by merchants in Paris. Everything Chinese is in fashion there, and chopsticks are used in the restaurants.

A series of lectures has lately been given in England on "Wrongs that cry for Redress," which forcibly expose the evils and injustice from which the working classes suffer.

Madame Ristori has ceased to please the jealous Italians since she has acquired such a great reputation abroad. At Mantua and Bologna the greatest tragic actress of the day literally played to empty houses.

From Malta we learn that a beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, representing an ancient goddess, weighing about three tons, and some thousands of years old, and also a male figure, had been brought to that port from Sidon, in Syria, where they had been discovered.

Among other revivals of mediæval blessings, Europe is threatened with the re-appearance of a disease which cleaner habits had overcome. The leprosy is on its way from the Levant, having been brought to Egypt by some Mecca pilgrims. Its contagious virulence has been ascertained.

The pavement in Paris in the Rue St. Honore, from the Place du Palais Royal to the Rue de Richelieu, has been taken up, and in its stead there is a bed of cement covered with two inches of asphaltum, laid on warm and in powder. The experiment was tried in New Orleans some years ago, but was pronounced a failure.

A revival of the Norman curfew has been in operation lately all over Paris, and, strange to add, there has been no noise made about it, save the sound of the drum by which it has been proclaimed in the more refractory streets of the Pays Latin, and other unruly localities. At 11 P. M., all cafes, billiard rooms, and similar establishments, are punctually closed.

The Lamartine subscription is going on in France, and may satisfy the indigent poet.

Kossuth has been repeating his lectures through the principal towns of Scotland.

Wine, the pure juice of the grape, has been selling in the south of France, this year, at one cent a quart.

One of the English convict bankers, named Bates, has been released, after an imprisonment of three years.

A Hungarian has invented a double flute, which will play both the melody and the accompaniment at the same time.

Several Jews have been appointed members of the Council in Algeria, in order to show that France recognizes religious equality.

One of the clergymen of the Church of England was originally a gipsy, afterward a sailor, and after that a soldier. His name is John Steggall, incumbent of Great Ashfield, Suffolk.

President Monagas lately arrived in Paris from Venezuela. Like his illustrious predecessors in exile, Santa Anna and Rosas, he is said to have left his country with a fortune of millions.

A Genoa paper states that for some time past great numbers of the Turks and Christians have been purchasing arms there, even at high prices, and sending them off to the Levant, and it asks what the object can be.

The little kingdom of Belgium has 262 journals or reviews, while France and England count only about from 70 to 300 each. Holland has 100, Prussia 70, Austria 40, Spain 54, Switzerland 28, Portugal 13, and Denmark 14.

The number of guns and mortars in the fortifications at Cherbourg, France, is said to have been greatly exaggerated, the batteries, when fully equipped, containing only 314 guns and 32 mortars, instead of 3000, as currently reported.

An invention has recently been patented in England for preparing the surface of an engraved copper-plate, so as to render it capable of yielding a greatly increased number of impressions. It is stated that upward of ten thousand impressions have been taken by a plate thus prepared.

The infant Archduchess of Austria is a colonel of horse; the baby of Louis Napoleon holds a military command; the Queen of Greece is a brigadier; and, before long, it is more than probable that the Princess Frederick William of Prussia will be enrolled as captain of a Cuirassier Guard.

The Belfast News Letter says that an American gentleman, Mr. Barrett, who has large estates in Kentucky, has shipped at Derry, for America, almost all the prize stock he could get from the late royal shows in England and Ireland. The entire cost is valued at £5000. The freight alone will cost £1000.

A company of one thousand Germans is being formed on the Rhine and Moselle, with the intention of emigrating to Mariposa, Cal., and settling on Fremont's claim, for the purpose of mining and farming. Each of the one thousand members is to furnish \$1000, making a capital of \$1,000,000, but they may dispose of \$100 shares to third parties.

## Record of the Times.

Magnetopathy is the title of a new school of medicine recently started.

Gov. Cumming has decided that the next Utah Legislature will meet at Stillman City.

There is talk of raising a Texan regiment for service in Mexico.

The Trinidad cocoa yield is prodigious this season, 4,876,200 lbs.

There are about two thousand newspapers published in the United States.

The total number of churches in Philadelphia is 307.

A fish with feet was lately caught on the Lancaster, Pa., side of the Susquehanna river.

There is a man in Sharps town, Md., who, though 38 years of age, is only 30 inches high.

The "Mysteries of Paris" has just appeared at Wilma in the Hebrew translation.

Louise Lafferte, a French lady, who passed 102 years in convents, died lately in Amsterdam, aged 126.

A bird of the plover species, with neither feet nor legs, has been exhibited in Boone county, Ky.

A Texas paper tells of an acorn measuring six inches around the cup, and four inches about the nut itself.

Sheep-raising in Texas has proved to be very profitable, the wool, in three years, paying the original cost.

The weight of a million of dollars, U. S. currency, in gold, has been ascertained to be nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2000 lbs. only to each ton.

An immense bear swamp is said to exist in Lebanon county, Pa., and so dense is the thicket that it is impossible to dislodge the animals that harbor there.

By the completion of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, Philadelphia and Chicago are connected by an unbroken line of railway eight hundred and twenty-four miles in length.

Seventy-seven United States cents, of ancient dates, were sold recently in Philadelphia for \$128, the purchasers being chiefly antiquarians. One Washington cent of 1792, of very rare die, brought \$28 60.

A Cincinnati reporter says of a very elegant female pickpocket: "She rarely speaks to any one; is always quiet, gentle, smiling and genteel; comes like a sunbeam, and like it, also, steals noiselessly away."

The Navy Department is informed, from England, that the theory of iron-sided ships resisting the fire of ordinary men-of-war, or shore batteries, has signally failed, as proved on trial by the British naval authorities.

In the city of Richmond, Va., there are thirty-five ministers, who possess libraries numbering 10,500 volumes; seventy-three physicians, whose libraries contain 22,900 volumes; and eighty-two lawyers, with 86,000 volumes on their own shelves. The estimated income of the professional men is \$394,450 per annum.

Very rich gold fields have been discovered north of Sydney.

A verdict of \$12 damages for the loss of twenty-six eggs was lately given in Hartford.

A truly noble man avenges the injuries he receives by forgetting them.

Ex-Secretary Guthrie has been tendered the presidency of the Southern Pacific R. R. Co.

To act without reflection is like putting to sea with no preparation for the voyage.

"Insanity," says the "Autocrat," "is often the logic of an accurate mind overtaken."

The peculiarity of folly is to see the defects of others without remembering its own.

A monkey on board one of the railroad trains for New York, lately stopped it by pulling the conductor's cord.

About one million pairs of boots and shoes are made in Massachusetts annually. Lynn furnishes half of them.

Sharp's rifle company have a contract from the United States government to furnish 10,000 of their excellent arms.

The Frazer River Gold Fever has entirely abated. Most of the miners have *vamosed*, from that quarter—wiser, if not richer men.

A portrait of Simon Bolivar has been presented to the city of New York by the Republic of Venezuela.

A deer, weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds, after the entrails had been taken out, was killed in Crawford county, Ill., some days since.

It is stated as a fact that the Mormons have conditionally purchased Col. Kinney's claim to a tract of country on the Mosquito coast.

The New Jersey State Prison is full to overflowing, having nearly three hundred prisoners within its walls.

Col. F. B. Loomis, of New London, hearing a burglar in his house, arose, collared the fellow, and held him until he could be delivered to an officer.

Late accounts from China state that on American account, the export of tea for this season amounted to 6,700,600 pounds, against 15,300,000 pounds same time last year.

Miss Evans, a regular spiritualist medium, went stark mad while speaking in public at Cincinnati recently. She was locked up in a station house.

The School Commissioners of Ohio have been empowered to contract with a New York publishing house for 20,000 volumes of works for school libraries of the State, at a cost of \$60,000.

A man named Mace has sued a citizen of Dayton, Ohio, for having some years ago caused his imprisonment in the Penitentiary for burglary. He lays his damages at \$50,000.

The Nantucket and Vineyard Cable is laid not in the water, but "in lavender"—the work of depositing it in the "briny" is delayed until the spring.

A young and blooming girl, with a sparkling eye, and a ringing laugh, is the most fascinating thing in existence. All the rest of the world, in comparison, sinks into utter insignificance.

## Merry-Making.

The battle of life—pitching into our daily bread.

Why is a man in a chair like a glutton after dinner? Faith, because he's *sated*.

A hasty marriage too frequently turns out a mourning suit that's run up in twenty-four hours.

Why are two physicians an absurdity? Because they are a pair o' docs (*paradox*).

Why are large rivers like trees? Because they have branches.

Why is a fool's speech like a poor man's pocket? Because it wants sense (cents).

Why is the Caspian Sea like a prison to a prisoner? Because it has no outlet.

Why is a furnished chamber like a river? Because it has a bed.

Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Because it makes the cargo.

Why was the search for Franklin like a corrupt tree? Because it was fruitless.

"I hope I haven't hurt your feelings," as the rain-seed said to the hollow tooth.

"A light breaks upon my brain," as the bull said when the butcher's axe hit him.

A good many flying rumors of the day would be more appropriately designated by taking off the F.

When a man says "I'll stand on my rights," he plainly means to say he'll let no one else trample on them.

A young carpenter having been told that "the course of true love never did run smooth," took his plane under his arm when he went courting.

A prosy orator has discovered a short method of getting an audience out—his system is to "bore it out."

"That motion is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said when he saw a ruffian raising his arm to throw a rotten egg.

There are good, dull folks, who doubt of lasting love in paradise—seeing that the first match wanted the consent of aunts and grandmothers.

I forget whether advice be among the lost things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

Epitaph in Denmore churchyard, Ireland: "Here lies the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world was not worth a fig, and I have good reasons for saying so."

"A stitch in time saves nine," in boarding-school parlance is now rendered, "The first impression of a needle upon a rent obviates a nine-fold introduction."

"Jim, is the quality of the soup which you get at these free lunches in proportion to its cheapness?" "O, no; I must say it is good—for nothing."

"Miss Dusenbury, what is your opinion of the weather? I think it intends to clear; do you agree with me?" "I do, indeed; and wish some folks would follow the weather's example, and clear too."

What can be done to check the evils of intemperance? Keep your elbow straight.

"A savage proceeding"—an Indian running away.

We often hear of a widow mending her condition by re-pairing.

The whole duty of man, according to the London Punch, is to please himself.

When does a tallow chandler resemble his candles? When he has his melting moments.

Pleasant remedy—Dr. McSherry's, of Baltimore, for consumption, viz., melted dog fat!

Woman has found her true "sphere" at last. It is about twenty-seven feet round, made of hoops.

How do you account for this? The compass has four points, and yet a pair of compasses only has two.

Jones, who is both logical and philological, says that the muses were estimated as "the nine," because they were *femme-nine*.

The more seldom a lawyer gets a chance to plead, the longer he talks when he does get one. He is the less brief the more he is briefless.

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I dosh petter as dat—I drinks de brandy, den I rubs my leg mit te bottle."

"Sir," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

"I am afraid," said a person of questionable or unquestionable habits, "that I am likely to have water upon the brain." "You will never have it upon the stomach," was his companion's consolatory reply.

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety spinster to her maid of all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into some water, and I put them into the oven to dry."

A newsboy, meeting a man, said to him, "Have a paper, sir?" "No," said the man, laughingly, "I can't read a letter." "Well, I didn't think you could," said the boy, "I thought may be you might want to look at the pictures."

A pedestrian travelling in Ireland met a man, and asked him rather gruffly why the miles were so plaguy long, when the Hibernian replied, "You see, yer honor, the roads are not in good condition, so we give very good measure."

A man in Fairhaven, the other day, who was told by his landlord that he was going to raise his rent, replied that he was much obliged to him, as he found it quite impossible to raise it himself.

A country gentleman who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach, had read much of the aristocracy and pride of the church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw! no," replied he, "why the minister actually preached in his shirt sleeves."

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 51.

## NEW YORK STREET CHARACTERS.



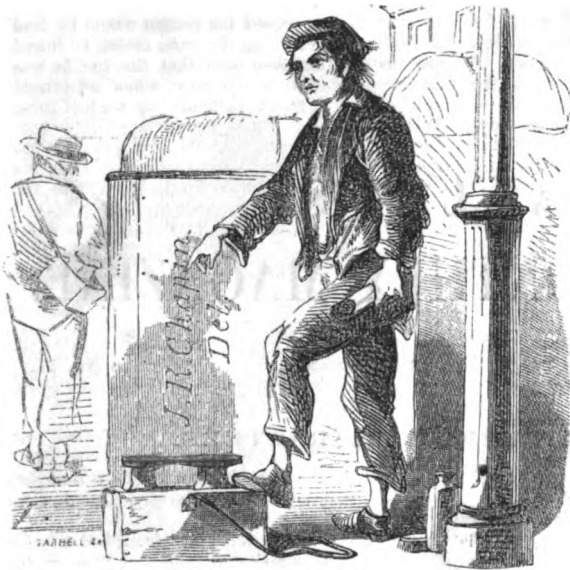
THE LONG-SHORE-MAN.

THE streets of a great city afford a world of instruction, if we would but learn the lessons which are constantly presented to our minds by the ever-varying phases of human life which surround us on every hand, and jostle our footsteps as we walk. From the millionaire who rolls in his carriage from the Fifth Avenue to his office in Wall Street, to the starving pauper who goes from the purlieus of Cross Street to the Potter's Field, each and all offer salient points of interest to an attentive observer, which amply repay the study. Let him keep his eyes open as he hurries through the thoroughfare of trade, let him visit the courts for the trial of misdemeanors, and thence let him go into the by-streets and lanes of the city, and the student of human nature will soon find his budget replete with objects worthy of his attention, and calculated to excite every emotion

of the human mind to thoughts  
"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Our artist has furnished us with a series of characters from among a great number which fill his sketch-books, and we judge that many of our thousands of readers will be interested with this group of subjects.—*The Long-shore Man*.—This is a species of the genus homo, indigenous to South Street, and the neighborhood of the docks on the east side of the city. Their name is legion, and they may be seen of a sunny day gathered in groups around the corner grogery, swearing, drinking, disputing, and occasionally fighting. Smoking is their familiar vice, and it is rare to find one without his pipe or long nine, either in his mouth or pocket. It would require a dozen illustrations such as that given, to convey an idea of the unique and oftentimes grotesque groups which are met in passing along South Street from Fulton Ferry to the Battery at Whitehall, and a volume to adequately describe their characteristics.

—*The Perambulating Shoe-black*.—Not many years since a solitary individual "might have been seen" in front of the old brick church on Beekman Street, who, with his arms folded, his back against the railing, and his eyes half closed, or walking rapidly to and fro over a space of about five feet, awaited with commendable patience for customers. A small box with a raised pedestal, somewhat in the shape of a boot sole, a bottle and a brush, was his sign and stock in trade. Trade soon became brisk, and many were the six-pences he gathered in. He was not allowed to enjoy the monopoly, however, for Young America was soon following in his tracks. Ere long half a dozen young aspirants were grouped around him, and he finally disappeared from the stage, while his more juvenile competitors multiplied until they now number by scores. The filthy state



THE PERAMBULATING SHOK-BLACK.

of the streets has been a godsend to them, proving the truth of the old adage, "It is an ill wind," etc. In Cortlandt, Fulton, and other streets leading from the ferries, they most do congregate, awaiting their customers from the rural districts, and offering their services to "shine up" the understandings of those who are willing to spare a sixpence for appearances.—*John Chinaman*.—Not the least striking among the characters which meets the eye in passing through some of the principal thoroughfares, are the Chinese cigar-venders, who may be seen in the neighborhood of the Park, and a few other prominent localities. They are the remnants of a band of acrobats, or jugglers, which was organized under the management of speculators to perform throughout the principal cities of the Union. Their first appearance was in San Francisco, where they were rather successful than otherwise, and from whence they were shipped to New York. Finding the speculation was a failure, their managers deserted them, and they were thrown upon the charities of the world, in a strange land, of the language of which they understood not one word. Charity enabled them to start in business, and they are most of them driving a fair trade. They live in a group in a cellar at the "Five Points," and have everything in common. One of their number, a smart, intelligent man, who speaks English rather fluently, manages their affairs for them, and they form a little community in the world of New York, but not of it. They have their idol, which they worship in manner and form as at home, and in all respects conform to their original customs and habits, except in dress. This for a time was unchanged, but it was soon found that it served to make them the butt of overgrown boys and rowdies of the metropolis, and they have gradually adopted the "latest styles." We have ourselves

seen a scamp of the "*Moss*" school walk up to one of their stands, coolly select a cigar, and walk off, and when poor John demanded payment for his wares, draw back his fist and threaten to "lam" him if he did not "go way." God grant them a speedy return to the Flowery Kingdom, for they are sadly out of place here.—*The Young Chiffonier*.—Since the advent of Ebling in the office of superintendent of the thoroughfares of the Empire City, the only effort at ridding them of their accumulation of filth and garbage which has been made, has been by the class of rag-gatherers of which the illustration gives a fair representation. With such a vast field in which to exercise their calling, it is not to be wondered at that they have increased to an indefinite extent. In former years they were seldom seen except during the earlier hours of the day; but now they are met at every turn and corner. Both sexes and all ages are engaged in the trade, and they frequently present picturesque

subjects for the artist's pencil, however the sensitive mind may be struck with the apparent, nay, inevitable misery and privation of their social position. Poking over the mud heaps and accumulated filth of the streets by day, they retire to their dens as night draws on, there to separate and collate the contents of their budgets, and sleep. Thus day by day they pursue their round, and death finds them still at their loathsome task.—*The Windy Glaz-Man* is, in a majority of instances, from Vaderland, and of a thrifty class, who, out of an income of ten cents per diem, save five. Tall, gaunt and cadaverous, the individual whose portrait is given (all our sketches are from life), has just purchased his noonday meal at a coffee stand in Fulton Market, and munches it as he goes, keeping up his incessant cry, "Win-dy glaz-z-z, win-dy glaz-z-z!" An occasional struggle takes place in his throat between his words and the pie, in the spasmodic effort to do two things at once. A compromise is effected, however, before any serious consequences occur, and he goes on, rarely meeting a customer, and satisfied when he does, to reap but a trifling profit. Yet he saves money, and ere long the "places that once knew him, know him no more," for he has taken his course westward, where he has squatted, and becomes in time one of the "valuable citizens."—*The Peanut Girl*.—This is a character so frequently met in the streets of a large city, that all will recognize in our engraving the type of a class of street venders who seem to possess omnipresence. The field of their labor extends over all parts of the city, although they are most frequently met in the lower portion thereof, among the offices and stores of the merchants and lawyers, by whom they are patronized to a considerable extent. With a boldness and effrontery which nothing can daunt, they thrust themselves into the

sanctum of the editor, the private office of the merchant prince, and even into courts of justice. They frequently lay by considerable sums of money, and as frequently their trade is but the cloak to the grossest immorality and vice.—*One of Judge Russell's Cases.*—There is no more prolific source for the study of human misery and degradation than the police court in the morning, when the city judge "discharges the watch." Here appear cases of misdemeanor and petty crimes, and the group which gathers under the eye of the judge, awaiting his fiat, is calculated in the highest degree to excite commiseration and pity. The specimen given by our artist is a mulatto who was brought up for beating his wife, a white woman. Ragged, wretched and miserable, he stands in a posture of simulated humility, while the eye, turned askance, indicates the innate knavery of his heart. His more miserable and degraded wife has thrown herself upon the floor, and by her tears and moans testifies to the feelings of shame and mortification consequent upon her position.—*The Mud Lark* is a fair representation of the children of poverty, who are driven to the streets by their brutal, besotted parents, to get their living as best they may, whether by crime, charity or labor. From their ranks are recruited the future denizens of the dance houses, brothels, and dens of infamy, and their end is the poor house, the mad-house or the prison. Thickly scattered over the city, they salute the passer-by at every crossing with their incessant "please give me a penny," interrupted occasionally with a spasmodic effort to bring to light the stones which lie beneath a sea of mud. Clothed in the rags which are seldom removed except by the process of decay, with prematurely old faces, on which are already stamped the ineffaceable marks of crime, poverty and wretchedness, they present a picturesque appearance, at the same time that they awaken emotions of pity and disgust.—*The Garroter* is one of the new order of criminals, whose trade, by the way, seems destined to be but short-lived, from the rather unlooked-for severity of the city judge, who sentenced one of their number to ten years in the State prison for relieving the pockets of a victim of the sum of six cents and a bunch of keys. The advent of this new mode of highway robbery, the alarming frequency of its occurrence, and the seeming impunity with which it was carried on, created a panic for a time in the minds of the citizens which not unfrequently gave occasion for mirth at the expense of the timid. A good story is told by one of the police surgeons who was crossing through an unfrequented street up town, and in doing so passed an individual who was going in the same direction with himself. Finding, as he thought, when he reached a corner that he was in advance of his destination, he turned his

steps and again passed the person whom he had just left. On reaching the cross street, he found that he was mistaken, and that the one he was aiming for was yet in advance, when he turned and hurried forward to make up for lost time. When he again overtook his solitary fellow-traveller, and just as he was about to pass him for the third time, he was astonished to see him turn suddenly, and with all the marks of fear and terror in his voice and countenance, present with a trembling hand a revolver, at the same time gasping out, "Keep off, ke-e-p off, or I'll sh-o-o-t!" "Put up your pistol, friend," said the officer, "I'm not going to harm you." "Keep off, I s-a-y," returned the "victim," "or I'll sh-o-o-t you." The officer tried in vain to pacify him, and fearing at last that his trembling hand might discharge his pistol, he took the other side of the street, while the terror-stricken passer took to his heels in the opposite direction.

The aspect of the streets of New York has suggested to the eloquent author of "Humanity in the City," the following thoughts, which occur to us as singularly appropriate to our theme. "A city is, in one respect, like a high mountain; the latter is an epitome of the physical globe; for its sides are belted by products of every zone, from the tropical luxuriance that clusters around its base, to its arctic summit far up in the sky. So is the city an epitome of the social world. All the belts of civilization intersect along its avenues. It contains the products of every moral zone. It is cosmopolitan, not only in a national, but in a spiritual sense. Here you may find not only the finest Saxon culture, but the grossest barbaric degradation. There you pass a form of Caucasian development, the fine-cut features, the imperial forehead, the intelligent eye, the confident tread, the true port and stature of a man. But who is this that follows in his track; under the



JOHN CHINAMAN.



THE YOUNG CHIFFONIER.

same national sky, surrounded by the same institutions, and yet with those pinched features, that stunted form, that villainous look; is it Papuan, Bushman, or Carib? Fitly representing either of these, though born in a Christian city, and bearing about, not only the stamp of violated physical law, but of moral neglect and baseness. And no one needs to be told that there are savages in New York, as well as in the islands of the sea. Savages, not in gloomy forests, but under the strength of gas-light, and the eyes of policemen; with war-whoops and clubs very much the same, and garments as fantastic, and souls as brutal as any of their kindred at the antipodes. China, India, Africa, will you not find their features in some circles of the world right around you? Idolatry! you cannot find any more gross, any more cruel, on the broad earth, than within the area of a mile around this pulpit. Dark minds from which God is obscured; deluded souls, whose fetish is the dice-box or the bottle; apathetic spirits, steeped in sensual abomination, unmoved by a moral ripple, soaking in the slump of animal vitality. False gods, more hideous, more awful than Moloch or Baal; worshipped with shrieks, worshipped with curses, with the hearth-stone for the bloody altar, and the drunken husband for a priest, and women and children for the victims. I have no terms of respect too high for the brave and conscientious men who carry the gospel, and their own lives in their hands, to distant shores. But, surely, they need not go thus far to seek for the benighted and the debased. They may find there a wider extent of heathenism, but none more intense than that which prevails close by the school and the church. The richest products of modern progress and Christian culture grow on the verge of barren wastes and jungles of violence, and "the region of the shadow of death." In the

street, however, not only do we behold these different degrees of civilization, but those problems of diversity, which the highest form of existing civilization develops—the diversities of extreme poverty, and extreme wealth, for instance. Here sits the beggar, sick and pinched with cold; and there goes a man of no better flesh and blood, and no more authentic charter of soul, wrapped in comfort, and actually bloated with luxury. There issues the whine of distress, beside the glittering carriage wheels. There, amidst the rush of gaiety, the busy, selfish whirl—half-naked, shivering, with her bare feet on the icy pavement, stands the little girl, with the shadow of an experience upon her that has made her preternaturally old, and it may be, driven the angel from her face. Still, we cannot believe that above that wintry heaven which stretches over her, there is less regard for the poor, neglected child, than for that rosy belt of infant happiness which girdles and gladdens ten thousand hearths. And, if we would ascertain the practical purport of this lesson of human diversity which is so conspicuous in the street—the meaning of these sharp contrasts of refinement and grossness, intelligence and ignorance, respectability and guilt—we only ask a question that thousands have asked before us. And yet, it is possible to surmise the purpose of these diversities. We know, for one thing, that out of them come some of the noblest instances of character and of achievement. Ignorance and crime and poverty and vice, stand in fearful contrast to knowledge and integrity and wealth and purity; but they likewise constitute the dark background against which the virtues of human life stand out in radiant relief; virtues developed by the struggle which they create; virtues which seem impossible without their co-existence. For, whence issues such a thing as *virtue*, except out of the temptation and antagonism of vice? How could *charity* ever have appeared in the world, were there no dark ways to be trodden by its bright feet, and no suffering and sadness to require its aid? I look at these asylums, these hospitals, these ragged schools—a zodiac of beautiful charities, girdling all this selfishness and sin—I look at these monuments which humanity will honor when war shall be but a legend, and laurels have withered to dust; and when I think what they have grown out of, and why they stand here, I regard them as so many sublime way-marks by which Providence unfolds its purposes among men, and by which men trace out the plan of God."

Nowhere in America is life so intensified, nowhere in this republic are its social extremes so strongly contrasted, as in the imperial city of New York, the commercial queen of the western world, whose immediate subjects represent all classes and all fortunes, and who beckons with



her sceptre the representatives of all nationalities. Like another Venice, when Venice was a living city, all tongues are spoken in her streets, almost every European nation has her colonies within her limits. Jew and Christian, Swiss and German, Frenchman and Hungarian, English, Irish, Scotch, the Russ, the Turk, here present their peculiar physiognomies, habits and manners to the curious observer of life. A student of character might pass weeks at a hotel window on Broadway, and find his whole time interestingly occupied by the objects presented to his view. There each hour turns a broad and well-filled leaf of the book of life.

And turning from the inhabitants to the city itself, what a picture does New York present, and what a marvel of history is its growth! Its situation is unrivalled. At the mouth of a magnificent navigable river, sitting by the sea, yet protected by powerful island bulwarks from its storms and encroachments, the wealth of the world pours into its lap. The stranger who should visit it for the first time, without any previous knowledge of its history, would unhesitatingly declare that this densely populated island city, with its belting wilderness of shipping, with its miles of palatial buildings, with its magnificent churches, with its vast public institutions, with its marvellous public works, must be the growth of many centuries. He would scarcely credit the fact that less than two hundred and fifty years ago, the island was untrodden by the foot of white man—that here and there only rose the smoke of Indian camps, amidst forests abounding with wild game—that the neighboring shores, now the site of beautiful cities, were also sylvan solitudes—and that the waters, now lashed into foam by the paddles of hundreds of steamers, or darkened by the shadows of thousands of sailing vessels, were only lightly seamed by the frail birch bark canoes of the aboriginal inhabitants.

The first settlement made on Manhattan Island with a view to permanency, was by the Dutch in 1615. In 1629, being resolved to establish a colony at New Amsterdam, as New York was then called, they appointed Walter Van Twiller governor, who held the office nine years. In 1635, the governor erected a substantial fort; and in 1643, a house of worship was built in the south-east corner of the fort. In 1644, a city hall, or stadt-haus, was erected, which was on the corner of Pearl Street and Coenties Slip. In 1653, a wall of earth and stones was built from Hudson River to East River, designed as a defence against the Indians, immediately north of Wall Street, which derives its name from that circumstance. The first public wharf was built in 1658, where Whitehall Street now is. Nothing more dissimilar to the New York of to-day than the New York of two centuries ago can well be imagined. It was a Dutch

city transplanted to the shores of the new world—and the expression is not figurative, for many of the building materials were actually imported from Holland. There were houses with queer notched gables, bearing the date of erection in iron figures; there were busy windmills whirling and humming in the breeze; there were odd little shops with projecting fronts and stoops; the streets were narrow and winding lanes, and in place of the forest of masts which bristles round the city now, the shipping of Manhattan consisted of only a few clumsy, tub-built craft that seemed almost incapable of locomotion.

The administration of Governor Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors, lasted fifteen years, and ended by the capture of the colony by the English in 1664, when the city was named New York, in honor of James, Duke of York. The property of the Dutch West India Trading Company was all confiscated. The number of inhabitants was then about 3000. In 1673, the Dutch re-took the city from the English, it having been surrendered by Captain Manning, without firing a gun. It was restored to the English the next year, and Manning, tried for cowardice and treachery, was sentenced to have his sword broken over his head. All the inhabitants were then required to take the oath of allegiance to the English government. As descriptive of the commercial condition of the city at that period, Governor Andros, in his report to the government in England, in 1678, says: "Our principal places of trade are New York and Kingston, except Albany for the Indians. Our buildings most wood, some lately stone and brick; good country houses and strong of their several kinds. A merchant worth £1000 or £500 is accounted a good substantial merchant, and a planter worth half that in moveables is accounted rich; all estates may be valued at about £150,000; there may lately have traded to ye



THE WINDY-GLAZZ-MAN.



THE PEANUT GIRL.

colony, in a year, from 10 to 15 ships or vessels, of about altogether 100 tunns each, English, New England and our own built, of which five are small ships and a ketch now belonging to New York, four of them built there."

In 1686, the tyrannical and bigoted James II. abolished the representative system and prohibited the use of printing-presses. A congress of the several colonies was this year assembled at New York. A regulation for lighting the city was established in 1697, requiring that lights be put in the windows fronting on the street, on a penalty of ninepence for every night's omission; and that a lighted lantern be hung out on a pole, at every seventh house, the expense to be borne equally by the seven intervening houses. In 1703, Wall Street was paved from Williams Street to the English (Trinity) Church. The Presbyterian ministers were prohibited from preaching by Governor Cornbury, in 1707, and two of their number were arrested and tried for violating this prohibition; but they were discharged on paying \$220 costs. In 1725, the New York Gazette, a weekly newspaper, was established. The first stage began to run between New York and Boston in 1732. It made its trips in a month, and was fourteen days on its journey. Now the same distance is performed in eight hours by the railroad. In 1745, Lady Murray owned the only coach in New York. The city the next year contained 1834 houses, and 11,717 inhabitants, all lying below the Park, having increased about a thousand in nine years. A theatre was opened in 1750. From this time to the period of the Revolution, streets were laid out and built upon, more or less, as far as Murray Street. In consequence of the disastrous loss of the battle of Long Island, in 1776, the city was taken possession of by the British army, under Lord Howe, and occupied by them until November 25, 1783, when they evacuated it, upon

the independence of the United States being established. On that day, General Washington, at the head of the American army, entered the city. The British had erected works across the island near Duane Street. After the devastation committed by the British upon the houses of worship, the college, and other public institutions, and in consequence of the loss of the books and accounts of the corporation, which had been carried off by the treasurer who joined the British and left the country, much difficulty was found in tracing out and securing various descriptions of public property. The whole increase of the population of New York during the century of the British rule, did not exceed 20,000, which at the present day must seem greatly disproportionate to its commercial advantages in relation to the American colonies, and under the auspices of such a nation as Great Britain. But when we consider the strange restrictions

thrown around the colonies by the mother country, our surprise is diminished. Governor Cornbury, writing from New York to his superiors at home, says: "I hope I may be pardoned if I declare my opinion to be that all these colloneys, which are but twigs belonging to the main tree, ought to be kept entirely dependent upon and subservient to England; and that never can be if they are suffered to go on in the notions they have that, as they are Englishmen, so they may set up the same manufactures here as people may do in England." In conformity with this policy, the people of New York were not allowed to manufacture cloths of any kind except for their own use. After the close of the Revolution, the city contained 23,614 inhabitants, an increase of about 2000 in fifteen years. In 1785, the first Congress after the war, was organized in New York, in the city hall, where the custom house now stands, and here, four years later, when the constitution had been adopted, Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. From this time the most important events in the annals of the city must be comparatively familiar to our readers.

For a place of its size, New York can hardly be considered unhealthy. It has enjoyed as great immunity from the ravages of epidemic diseases as cities of this class in most countries. It has been four times visited by the yellow fever—in 1742, 1798, 1805, and 1822. In the second of these years the disease was most fatal, prevailing from July to November, the deaths amounting to 2086. The city suffered severely from Asiatic cholera in 1832, 1834, and 1849. The deaths in July and August, 1832, numbered 4673, and during the year, 9975. The deaths during the year 1850, a year of ordinary health, were 15,377, which is a ratio of 1 to 33 of the population. This ratio does not vary materially from that of other northern cities of the largest class.

The most extensive and destructive fire which has ever occurred in New York, was that of the 16th of December, 1835, which swept over thirty or forty acres of the most valuable part of the city, densely occupied with stores filled with the richest merchandize. About 650 buildings were consumed, and the amount of property destroyed was estimated by a committee appointed to ascertain the loss, at \$18,000,000. Under this heavy calamity, the wealth and recuperative energies of the city were in a wonderful degree demonstrated, as in an incredibly short space of time the whole burnt district was covered again with stores and public edifices more costly, convenient and elegant than before.

It is now two hundred and forty years since the passengers of a Dutch emigrant vessel established their rude habitations on the southern extremity of Manhattan Island. The annals of the city during the period which has intervened, and more especially since the country became an independent nation, illustrate its unexampled progress in population, wealth and commercial greatness. "In these respects," says the New York Corporation Manual, "it may be safely said, that history affords no equal example of prosperity; and if we may anticipate the lapse of another century, its extent and population will stand with scarcely a rival among the cities of the world."

The commercial advantages of New York are unrivalled on this continent. The harbor, for capacity, beauty of scenery and safety for shipping, is one of the finest in the world. It consists of an outer and inner harbor; the outer extending from Sandy Hook and the bar, about eighteen miles south of the city, to the Narrows, formed by the approaching extremities of Long Island and Staten Island, and constituting the Raritan Bay. On the bar there are twenty-seven feet of water at high tide, and twenty-one at low tide, and within the bay there is good anchorage for vessels. The inner harbor, or that which is more properly known as the bay or harbor of New York, extends from the Narrows, eight miles, to the city, and several miles on each side of it, up both the North, or Hudson, and the East River, particularly the latter. It is from one and a half to five and a half miles wide, and is about twenty-five miles in circumference. It has a depth of water sufficient for ships-of-war of the largest class in every part, and the largest vessels come directly to the docks and slips with which the whole of the lower part of the city, except the Battery, is bordered, for a length, in all, of about seven miles. The inner harbor is entered not only from the ocean at Sandy Hook and through the Narrows, which is the usual channel for large vessels bound inward from sea, but on the north-east, from Long Island Sound, and on the south-west, through the Kills and Staten Island Sound. The passage

at the Narrows is about a third of a mile wide. The harbor is everywhere well protected against the influence of storms; but especially within the East River, which is the part most land-locked. Here the largest number of vessels always lie, presenting, in the multitude of their masts and spars, the appearance of a leafless forest. The harbor is generally open for the free ingress and egress of vessels at all seasons of the year. In very severe winters, it has occasionally been obstructed by ice for a few days, but the tide sets through the East River with such force, that it is only at rare intervals that the ice, though running from above, blocks and closes over. There are several beautiful islands in the inner harbor attached to the city. Governor's Island is 3200 feet from the Battery, and contains seventy acres. On this island are three fortifications—Fort Columbus on the south, star-shaped; Castle William on the north-west point, which is a round tower, sixty feet high; and likewise a battery on the southwest side, commanding the entrance of Buttermilk Channel. Here are barracks, houses for the officers, and a garrison. There are also strong fortifications on Bedlow's and Ellis's Islands. At the Narrows, Forts Hamilton and Lafayette on the east side, and Forts Tompkins and Richmond on Staten Island, afford perfect defences to the entrance of that important channel. The entrance to the Sound on the East River is defended by Fort Schuyler, on Throg's Neck.

Magnificent as the city of New York is, it is constantly undergoing improvements. The various parks which grace different parts of the city, will all be eclipsed by the great Central Park, the work on which is rapidly going forward, and it will in time rival the finest parks of London. There are many beautiful public buildings in the city to engage the attention of visitors. The



ONE OF JUDGE RUSSELL'S CASHES.



THE MUD LARK.

City Hall may still be regarded as a fine building, though many a private dwelling or warehouse now eclipses it. In the governor's room of the City Hall there are many valuable portraits—old Dutch governors, mayors of the city, and distinguished Americans. The Merchants' Exchange and the Custom House are well known and magnificent buildings. Many of the churches are fine specimens of architecture. The New York University is one of the finest buildings in New York. The various institutions, charitable, educational and reformatory, challenge the admiration of the stranger. The noble Astor Library shows how commerce may foster learning and elegant literature.

In regard to its general aspect, we may say that the streets in the old or southern quarter of the city are for the most part narrow and irregular, but crowded with immense hotels, warehouses, stores, and the public buildings necessary in a great mart of trade. Many of these are costly structures of marble, granite, or sandstone, and from three to eight stories in height; or, if public buildings, displaying various orders of architectural style, adorned with columns, porticoes, &c. The northern or newer part of the city is regularly laid out with wide and spacious streets and avenues, which, in the fashionable quarter west of Broadway, are lined with palatial residences and sumptuous churches of brick, sandstone and marble, giving a display of wealth nowhere to be found but in the imperial cities of Europe, and unequalled even there, except in the abodes of royalty and nobility. Broadway, the principal street, and one of the finest to be seen in any city, is eighty feet wide and about three miles long. Commencing at the Battery (an open space planted with trees at the southern extremity of the island), it extends north-northeast for about two and a half miles to Grace Church,

where it bends slightly to the north-west, and, with a short interruption (from Union Park), continues on in this direction beyond the densely built portions of the city. Broadway may be compared to a great river; the streets which terminate in it, and those which it intersects, being tributaries that supply a constantly increasing throng of people and vehicles of every description, as we approach its southern extremity. Perhaps the most important of these affluents is Chatham Street, which forms the outlet of the Bowery, East Broadway, and some other considerable streets, and terminates at the lower end of the Park. From the cupola of the City Hall, three-fourths of a mile from the Battery, a bird's-eye view may be had of New York, its harbor and environs. Looking south, we have beneath us the warehouses, banking establishments, insurance offices, Custom House, Exchange, and other buildings, wherein are transacted the commercial operations of this great centre of trade. Terminating this scene on the south is the Battery, and beyond it stretches out New York Bay for six miles, till the view is shut in by the picturesque heights of Staten Island on the south-west, while on the south the Narrows open a vista to the Atlantic Ocean. Turning to the south-east and east, we look over a strait of from one-third to three-fourths of a mile in breadth, literally crowded (on the New York shore) with a dense forest of masts, bearing aloft the flags of every civilized maritime nation on the earth. Beyond this strait (commonly called East River, and connecting New York Bay with Long Island Sound), is Brooklyn, itself a large city, presenting in one part a bold bluff crowned with stately dwellings, and overlooking the city of New York, its harbor and bay, and Staten Island—taking in a panorama unrivalled in the world, except at Naples, (if indeed we must make that exception), and, perhaps, Rio Janeiro. Further north, on the same shore with Brooklyn, we have Williamsburg, a suburb larger than New York at the Revolution, and between them the United States Navy Yard and United States Naval Hospital. On the west is the noble Hudson, expanding itself to one mile and a half in width ere it is lost in the bay, and separating New York from the flourishing suburbs of Jersey City and Hoboken. At the wharves on this side, we may see a scarcely less crowded forest of masts than on the east shore; and peering up amidst this leafless forest, may be observed the black pipes of the greatest steamers on the globe, whether with regard to those that navigate the river and sound, or those that traverse the ocean. Turning to the north, we have a sea of houses, churches, and public buildings of various kinds, extending for full three miles, terminated (1855) by the swelling dome of the Crystal Palace, and,

on the Jersey shore, by the heights of Weehawken. This bird's eye view, while it shuts out many defects, such as filthy and irregular streets, mean houses, and squalid poverty and wretchedness that alloy the pleasure in visiting every great capital, conceals also many beauties, such as the individual excellences of particular buildings and particular streets.

As has been before intimated, the great seat of business is south of the City Hall, and its centre Broadway and the streets in its vicinity crossing it, which are almost wholly occupied by immense stores and warehouses of costly structure and imposing architecture. Among the cross streets, the most noted is a narrow one named Wall Street, running east from Broadway, about one-fourth of a mile above the Battery. This is the Rialto and Lombard Street of New York—the grand heart whence pulsate the financial movements of North America. This street is lined with banking-houses, insurance and brokers' offices; and here, too, are the Exchange and Custom House—all commanding and some magnificent edifices. Broadway, above the City Hall, is occupied for two miles with vast hotels, fashionable retail stores of every variety, whose shelves groan with the most costly fabrics, and with theatres, concert halls, lecture rooms, and other places of amusement and instruction. The newer or northern portion is traversed in a north and south direction by nineteen spacious avenues of one hundred feet in breadth, ten of which, commencing at a distance of from two to two and a half miles from the Battery, extend the whole length of the island. Four of the shorter avenues, on the East River, are named A, B, C and D. The rest, except Lexington and Madison Avenues, are named numerically, commencing at the east side, and numbering to 14th Avenue. These are crossed at right angles by streets from eighty to one hundred feet in width, and at distances of about two hundred feet from each other, also named numerically up to 229th Street, though dense population does not extend much above 40th Street. Fifth Avenue, the very centre of fashion, is a street of sumptuous and costly dwellings of large size, a great portion of which are constructed of brown-stone, and some of white marble; exhibiting architectural varieties sufficient to gratify the most diverse tastes. On this street, too, is a number of costly churches, with towering spires and turrets, and, with one or two exceptions, constructed of stone. There are striking contrasts, however, to this display of wealth and magnificence, and the most striking is to be found in the very heart of the city, in sight of its City Hall, its courts of justice, and boards of education and benevolence. We allude, of course, to the Five Points—so called from the intersection of several streets—the abode of misery and wretchedness of the most disgusting kind;

though even here a ray of light has recently broken in, and steps have been taken to improve the dwellings, the morals, and comfort of their inmates. The southeast and east portions of New York are inhabited by substantial and useful citizens, many of whose residences are large and commodious, though they are generally moderate in dimensions, plain in appearance, and often absolutely mean. But the great defect of New York, out of the fashionable quarter, is a want of cleanliness in the streets, and more particularly in the great thoroughfares of business—the portion always seen by strangers, and often the only portion.

But it would require volumes to point out the remarkable features of New York, and it is not our purpose to attempt even a sketch of them. We started with the idea of a stroll in the streets, sketching the characters we met, with pen and pencil; though we have insensibly been led on to dwell for a considerable space on some of the attractions of the London of America. Still we have hardly spoken of a tithe of the belongings of this metropolis of our land. We might dilate indefinitely upon its many public squares, fountains, etc. Of these New York has a number. The Battery, one of the most delightful promenades offered by any city of a hot summer's evening, occupies an area of about eleven acres, at the extreme south-west point of the city. Castle Garden, an old fort, formerly connected with it by a bridge, is now continuous with the main land; the interior is used for public exhibitions, fairs, concerts, etc., and will contain 10,000 persons. About three-fourths of a mile from the Battery is the Park, a triangular piece of ground of eleven acres. St. John's Park is a private square, between Hudson and Varick, and Laight and Beach Streets. Washington Square, Gramercy Park and Madison Square, in the north part of the city, are all within its most densely peopled portions.



A GENUINE GARROTTER.



## VIEWS IN NEW YORK STATE.



COURT HOUSE AND ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

We shall now ask the reader to accompany us on a tour up the North River, starting from New York, and we trust that the excursion will present him with a series of interesting pictures. Let us suppose winter and spring to have passed away, and the full flush of a glorious summer day to be gilding the spires of the city, bathing the Jersey shores, and sparkling on the crisp waves of the bay. A frequent communion with Nature cannot be too often indulged in. It is a sort of spirit-bath. As the poet sings :

"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness and a smile  
And eloquence and beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy, which steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

Let us fancy ourselves arrived at Newburgh, an old historic place full of interesting features. The city, being built on the side of a somewhat steep hill, the numerous houses, rising tier above tier, and reflected in the placid water, added to the busy hum inseparable from a large city, give rise to a pleasing anticipation, which, we are sorry to find, is not realized as we land at the ferry dock and pass through the streets. There are but one or two avenues of any considerable width, most of them being narrow; and those which run at right angles with the river, very steep and tedious. The attractions of the city, however, are not seen at once; they require seeking after, and amply repay the search. The lover of the beautiful will find here some of the most charming landscape views which our country affords, and the patriot and historian is surrounded by scenes of the most intense interest.

Newburgh is the shire town of Orange County, and is situated on the west bank of the Hudson River, about sixty miles above the city of New York, and eighty-four miles south of Albany. Its location is by far the best on the river as regards beauty, and its advantages in other respects are only second to Albany, the capital of the State. The ground on which the city is built rises rather abruptly from the river to the elevation of three hundred feet, and, although it renders pedestrianism rather tedious, yet the beautiful views which such an elevation affords to all its residents, is an adequate return for the inconvenience. The noble Hudson, which is here a mile in width, becomes gradually narrower as it pursues its downward course, until it enters the upper gates of the Highlands, with its giant sentinels on either hand towering to the skies, and looking down seemingly with contempt upon the pigmy vessels as they float by their base. Directly in the mouth of the gorge, like a gem in a silver setting, lies Polopel's Island, while far off, and dimly seen in the distance, is the hallowed promontory of West Point. On the opposite side of the river, the mountain range, becoming gradually less abrupt, is mapped out into thriving fields, and extending northward, finally close in the view at a distance of nearly twenty miles. A steam ferry-boat connects the city with Fishkill Landing, from whence the Hudson River Railroad trains run to and from New York and Albany almost hourly. The Providence, Hartford and Fishkill Railroad also has its terminus at this point; while the Newburgh Branch Road connects with the Erie Railroad at Chester, and thus the city is united with the north, south, east and west, by rail. Lines of steamers and sail vessels ply also on the river, affording every facility for

the transfer of freight. The city is well built, although portions of it have the dull, dreary appearance of an old town; yet the visitor, if he take the trouble to visit the suburbs, will be struck with the great number and beauty of the suburban residences, which meet him at every step, and display exceeding good taste in their surroundings, and a thorough appreciation of the beautiful and picturesque in landscape gardening. This is accounted for in the fact that Newburgh was the residence of the much lamented A. J. Downing, a man, not only of refined taste himself, but the cause of good taste in others. The city has few public buildings of any note, and this is much to be regretted, as the commanding sites upon which such might be erected are so numerous. There are few cities where architectural display is needed more, or where it would show to greater advantage. The citizens are by no means lacking in public spirit, however; and let us hope that the day is not far distant when she will boast of edifices which shall rival any in the State. The city contains numerous churches, banks (with a capital of nearly \$800,000), a theological seminary, an academy, and schools without stint. There are several manufactories of cotton, wool, machinery, etc., with flour and plaster mills, foundries and tanneries. Several newspapers, daily and weekly, are published here, with large circulations, and are edited with much ability.

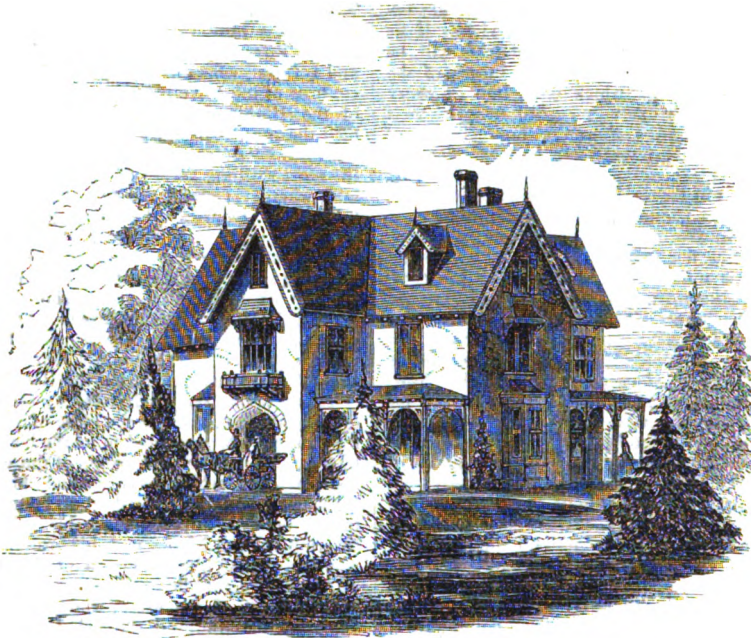
Orange County is a fine grazing country, and is celebrated for its milk and butter, large quantities of which pass over the various railroads to the city of New York and elsewhere. There is no section of country around which centre so

many interesting reminiscences of the past, as Newburgh and its vicinity. West Point, the site of the military academy, and the scene of Arnold's intended treason; Forts Montgomery and Clinton, where occurred one of the severest contests of the Revolution; the "Beacon Hills," of the Highland range; Fishkill, where assembled the State legislature and committee of safety during the "times that tried men's souls," where the most thrilling scenes of Cooper's "Spy" are laid, where yet stand the Old Church and the "Wharton House;" the camp ground of the American army in 1782 and 1783, and the headquarters of Washington during that period, where occurred some of the most thrilling episodes of the war, are all within sight or a short drive from the city. Of the Court House and St. George's Church we will make a sketch, and then cross the river and visit the house which was Washington's headquarters during the Revolution.

This is a spot rendered sacred by the presence of Washington, towards the close of that eventful struggle which secured to us the blessings of liberty, and here occurred some of those remarkable incidents which have ranked him so far above his fellows on the record of fame. It was in this building that he wrote his spirited and severe rebuke to Nicola and his brother officers, who had offered him the crown of America. It was here, also, that he wrote his powerful address to the officers of the army, when the delays of Congress had induced the belief among them that they were to be disbanded without their arrears of pay, and they had determined to "appeal from the justice to the fears of Congress." The building, however, has been the theme of so



THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.



"IDLEWILD," RESIDENCE OF N. P. WILLIS, NEAR NEWBURGH, N. Y.

many pens, that it is hardly necessary to state more, than that the State of New York purchased the site a few years since, and it has been put in complete repair, so that it now stands, to all appearance, as it stood when the Father of his Country occupied it. Stepping within the door seen under the projecting eaves, the visitor enters the large room used by Washington as a reception and dining-room. The massive beams, the large open fireplace, the double door, the small panes in the window, are all evidences of antiquity; yet there is a charm about that homely, old-fashioned room, only excelled by the mansion at Mount Vernon. The floor has resounded at his tread, and the walls have echoed the tones of his voice; his eyes have gazed through those narrow panes, and the silent beams have witnessed scenes memorable in history. The first door on the left opens into the room occupied as his office, and the second one into his bed-room. There are seven doors opening out of the dining-room, and only one window, which looks out upon the Hudson and the "Beacon Hills" of the Highlands. A portion of the house is occupied by the family in charge; but that portion used by Washington and his military family is preserved with religious care as it was at that time, except that numerous interesting relics of the chief and of the Revolution are displayed to the eyes of the curious visitor. One room in the Hasbrouck House is used as an armory, in which are stored numerous warlike implements used by the American soldiery, and trophies captured from the enemy. The hall is adorned with tory muskets, and the walls of the dining-room are hung with swords, pistols, pikes, and other weapons of

warfare, which have done service in that eventful struggle.

Re-crossing the river, let us visit and sketch the Theological Seminary. This institution was the first of the kind erected on the continent, and founded in 1804. Andover was not erected till 1808, and Princeton not till 1812. The late John M. Mason, D. D., was the efficient agent in accomplishing the object. It was located in New York, and placed under his supervision, and removed to Newburgh, in 1829. In 1822, the General Synod passed an act, transferring the library to Princeton, and in a few days there was not a vestige of the seminary left. The church itself was almost all transferred at the same time. This is a resuscitation of the first, was incorporated in 1836, and organized the same year. The present building was erected in 1838. Rev. Joseph McCarrell, D. D., is at present the principal member of the faculty. Previous to the establishment of this seminary, young men fitted for the ministry by attending the teachings of private clergymen in their own dwellings. The library is extensive, and contains many old, rare and valuable works, among them what is known as the "Mason Library," for many years in the possession of the theological seminary at Princeton, the whole numbering about ten thousand volumes.

We will now make a flying visit to "Idlewild," the residence of N. P. Willis. "Idlewild" is situated upon the banks of the Hudson, and commands a fine view of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands; and, although it seems to be shut in entirely by a dense forest of pines and hemlocks, yet the site has been so judiciously selected, that



various fine stretches of distances are gained, which enhance the beauty of the views from different points, while they give a beauty which, under a more careless selection, it might have required years to obtain. The house stands almost upon the brink of a ravine, through which rushes a sturdy mountain stream, whose music is heard mingling with

“—the wind, which pours now its swelling bars,  
Now lulls in dying cadences.”

And thus, while the approach to the house on the front presents a level, plateau-like appearance, the rear possesses all the advantages of wild, ragged and picturesque charms—so attractive to a man of refined taste and feeling.

We will now, with your permission, reader, to Poughkeepsie, New York. Poughkeepsie is the shire town of Dutchess County, and is situated on the east side of the Hudson River, ninety miles from Albany, and seventy-five miles from New York. It was first settled by the Dutch, in 1735, and is one of the handsomest places in the State. The location is very fine. The ground on which the principal part of the village is built is elevated about two hundred feet above the river, and extends into it, by two bold promontories on the north and south, so as almost to cover the landing, which lies between them, from the view of the boats approaching, especially from below. Main Street, extending from the landing to the plain above, is a fine avenue. There are about forty streets in the village, all bordered by fine buildings. The Poughkeepsie Collegiate School, of which we will pause to make a sketch, is beautifully located on a hill, about a mile from the

Hudson, and half a mile from the business part of the town. The prospect from the spot extends through a compass of nearly fifty miles, and is of surpassing beauty. The building is a handsome structure, one hundred and thirty-seven feet long, modelled after the Parthenon at Athens, the colonnade running entirely round. It cost about \$40,000. The name of Poughkeepsie is said to be a modification of the Indian word *Apokeepsie*—“safe harbor.”

Many of the private residences of the citizens are charming, and we will accept an invitation to visit that of Mr. Vassar, about a mile and a half from the centre of the place. How charming is the drive thither! The foreground is a rolling surface of villa-capped hills, with vales

“Stretching in pensive quietness between,”

with here and there a glimpse of the noble river, its bosom dotted with white sails, and reflecting the distant mountains which fill the background and melt into the sky at the far off horizon. But a still richer treat awaits us and we must not tarry. A stone wall bounds the road on the left, on the top of which a sign-board warns the public that they are “not admitted to Springside on Sunday.” We drive on a few hundred yards, turn into an open gateway, pass a very neat and tasty gate-lodge, and here we are in a perfect paradise of beauties. There are, as near as we can judge, about sixty acres laid out in the most perfect taste, and presenting to the enraptured eye at every turn a constant succession of the most strikingly picturesque and beautiful effects. The surface is very undulating, and the numerous springs, which, on the sides of rocky



RESIDENCE OF PROF. MORSE, NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.



COLLEGE HILL, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

knolls, "scarce oozing through the grass," form little streamlets, which run under rustic bridges, through the cattle yard, where the choicest specimens of blooded stock show their sleek and glossy sides, or into deer-pens, where disport the tiny-footed tribes; thence into ponds, where every imaginable variety of water-fowl are seen wooing their mates or smoothing their parti-colored plumage. Other springs are made to feed fountains, which throw up their tiny jets in out-of-the-way places, as well as in the centre of beautiful lawns, or prolific fish-ponds. Of buildings there are a score, from the humble log cabin, which is in admirable keeping with a ten acre piece in process of redemption, to the ornate cottage, a perfect *bijou* of a house, which looks as though created by some fairy wand and dropped in the most appropriate spot in the world for it to stand. The farm-house, gardener's house, gate-lodge, barns, stables, deer-house, carriage-house, tool-house, green-house, summer-house, all are beautiful specimens of rural architecture, and seem peculiarly fitted for the exact positions they occupy. Two miles of carriage drive conducts you through, around, and over these manifold beauties, and the eye never tires of beholding the ever varying scenes. As a climax it leads around the brow of a knoll on which stands a handsome summer-house, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the landscape we have attempted to describe above, as well as of many of the objects just named. To adequately describe Springside requires the poet's pen and the artist's pencil. It is a lasting monument to the genius of Downing, the management of Bement, and the liberality and taste of the proprietor, Mr. Vassar, who with a generosity equal to his taste, permits the public to enjoy the charms he has created. We have never beheld a spot which equalled the attractions of this.

We will next, since we are in the rambling humor, re-enter our carriage and drive over to "Locust Grove," the residence of Prof. S. B. Morse. A drive of half a mile brings us to the gate, from whence a devious road winds through large and beautiful primeval trees to the mansion. In one of the rooms is a life-size, full-length portrait of Morse's daughter, which is the only specimen of his skill the professor owns. It is a masterly production, and the bold, nervous handling reminds us of an anecdote related by himself many years since. On his first visit to England, anxious to secure the approbation of his distinguished countryman, Benjamin West, then in the zenith of his glory, he called upon him with one of his best efforts upon which he had spent much time and labor. After looking at it for a time in silence, West remarked, "Good, very good, Mr. Morse, and I have no doubt, when you have finished it, you will have produced a very fine picture." Rather disconcerted at this, the artist took his painting home and spent a week in "finishing" it, and at the end of that time returned with it to West, who in his usual calm manner said, "Yes, yes, you have improved it very much; pray let me see it after you have touched it up." Mortified somewhat at this, he spent a still longer time in "touching up" his picture, and when he could see nothing further necessary to its completeness, he presented it to West for the third time, who, after gazing at it for some time, said, "Ah, yes, you have done very well, very well; but don't you think it might be improved here, and here?" pointing to various points. Morse could not gainsay such high authority, but he determined not to submit his picture to a fourth criticism. Upon second thought, however, he determined to try again, and this time he labored long and earnestly over it, and again laid it before the eye of the president.

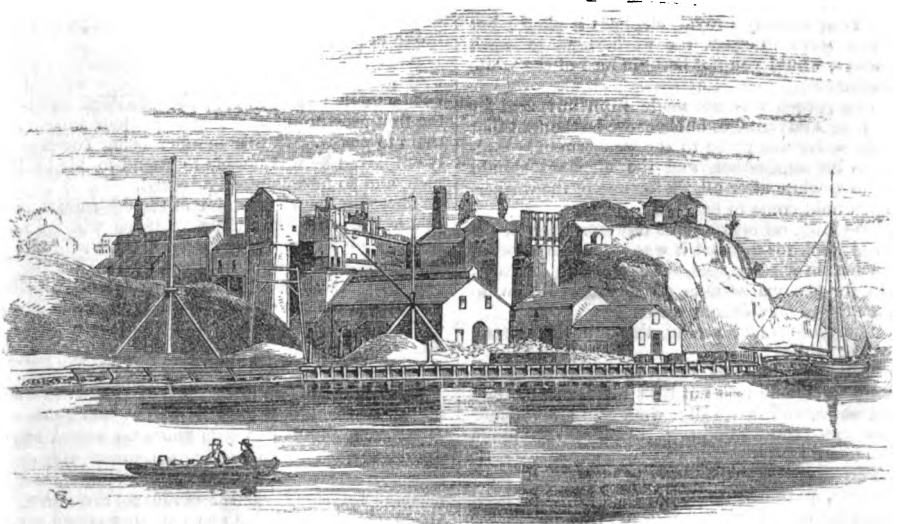
"There," said West, "now you have got a finished picture, Mr. Morse." The professor never forgot the lesson.

While conversing one day with the professor upon the subject of the vexatious lawsuits which he had been compelled to enter upon to maintain his rights and prevent designing men from robbing him of his dearly earned reputation and reward, he complained bitterly of the injustice of his fellow-men, who, after he had spent many of the best years of his life in bringing to perfection such a great benefit as the magnetic telegraph, should endeavor to wring from him the meed which he felt to be his due. "Well," said one of his hearers, "you have the consolation of knowing, professor, that posterity will do you justice." "Ah, that is very well," replied he, "but reminds me of an anecdote told of the Duke of Parma's fool, who, on being threatened with decapitation by some one of the courtiers for playing some of his merry pranks upon him, ran wailing to his master, who told him to be pacified, for should the courtier be guilty of such a breach of decorum as taking off the head of his fool, he would have his taken off the moment after. 'Yes,' said the zany, 'that would be very well, but wouldn't your highness be pleased to take it off a moment before?' So in my case," said the professor, "it is gratifying to feel that posterity will award me justice, but it would be much more so if the award came during my natural lifetime."

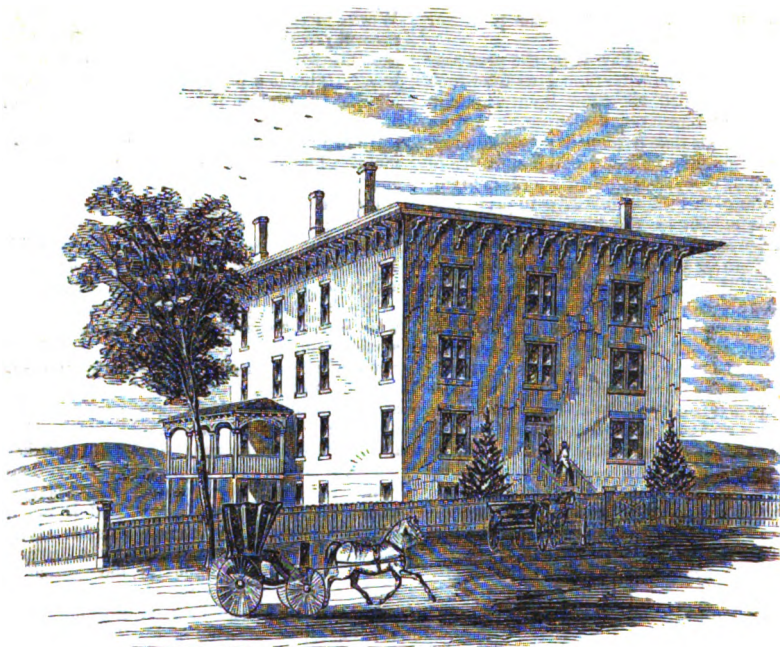
We distinctly remember the incredulity with which we listened some twenty years since to the professor, as he described his application of the well-known laws upon which the telegraph is based, and the prediction uttered by him with all the fervor of conviction, that we should live to see the two continents of Europe and America connected by the telegraphic wire. Truly, we live in a wonderful age.

The picturesqueness of the Poughkeepsie Iron Works merits a visit and a drawing, which we present our readers on this page. We close our sketches with a visit to the "Home of the Friendless." This is a plain, but chaste and substantial looking building in the southeastern part of the city. The building is 45 feet front and rear, 60 feet deep and three stories high above the basement. The basement consists of kitchen, sewing, and wash rooms; the first story of reception, committee, nursery, parlor, bath and bed-rooms; the second story of school-rooms, girls' dormitory and matron rooms; the third story of boys' dormitory, hospital, nurse room, teacher's room and bed-room. This institution was originated by some public-spirited ladies a few years since, who, with the energy which is usually exhibited by the "softer sex" when they set their minds upon a thing, raised the necessary funds among all classes of the citizens, and had the building erected, while their husbands would have been devising ways and means. It is intended for the reception of destitute children, whether orphans, half orphans, or abandoned by their parents. It is the first and only public benevolent institution in Dutchess County, and is under the charge of the "Poughkeepsie Female Guardian Society," which was incorporated in April, 1852.

We will now bid adieu for the present to the Hudson River. We trust, dear reader, our trip has not proved unsatisfactory. Nothing, you may be assured, on this side of the Atlantic can compare in variety and romantic character with the beautiful river scenery we have glanced at. Let us advise you, if opportunity serves, to visit New York city during the ensuing summer, and taking that as a point of departure, embark on the "lordly Hudson," with a good map as your guide, or, better still, a companion well versed in the localities. Such a moving panorama will meet your eyes as you have never before observed.



POUGHKEEPSIE IRON WORKS.



HOUSE FOR THE FRIENDLESS, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

**A HINDOO STORY.**

In the olden time, during the era of Thoomoyd-ha, a potter conceived an evil design against a washerman who lived with considerable ostentation, and, being unable to bear the sight of the wealth which the latter had acquired by washing clothes, he determined to come to an open rupture with him. With this view he went to the king, and said :

"Your majesty's royal elephant is black; but if you were to order the washerman to wash it white, would you not become lord of the white elephant?"

This speech was not made from any zeal for the king's advantage, but because he thought that if the order was given to the washerman according to his suggestion, and the elephant should not turn white after all, the fortune of the washerman would come to an end.

The king, on hearing the representation of the potter, took for granted it was sincere, and being deficient in wisdom, he, without consideration, sent for the washerman, and ordered him to wash the royal elephant white.

The washerman, seeing through the potter's design, replied :

"Our art requires that, in order to bleach cloth, we should first put it in a boiler with soap and water, and then rub it well. In this manner only can your majesty's elephant be made white."

The king considering that it was a potter's business, and not a washerman's, to make pots, called for the potter, and said to him :

"Here, you potter, a pot is required to lather

my elephant in; go, and make one large enough for the purpose."

The potter on receiving this order, collected together all his friends and relations, and after they had accumulated a vast quantity of clay, he made a pot big enough to hold an elephant, which, on completion he laid before the king, who delivered it over to the washerman.

The washerman put in soap and water; but as soon as the elephant put his foot upon it, it broke in pieces.

After this, the potter made many others, but they were either too thick, so that the water could not be made to boil in them, or too thin, so that the first pressure of the elephant's foot smashed them to pieces. In this manner being constantly employed he was unable to attend to his business, and so he was utterly ruined.

Therefore, such as aim at the destruction of others will find that their weapons will fail to reach those whom they intended, and will only recoil upon their own heads. Although a person be ever so poor, he ought not to design evil against others. Men who are guilty of treacherous actions should be avoided.—*Spirit of the Times.*

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[ORIGINAL.]

## "THE WILL AND THE WAY."

BY EPPINGHAM T. HYATT.

Chimeras so bright,  
With their radiant light,  
Show us signs of a fairer to-morrow;  
But the flower soon dies  
'Neath the drear autumn skies,  
And so does sweet hope in our sorrow.  
But yet in our strife  
In the battle of life;  
Though the tempter may turn us astray,  
The reed 's only bent,  
If we think to repent,  
And "where there 's a will, there 's a way."

'Tis fancy that 's caught  
In the filament wrought  
By folly in youth's summer season;  
But experience soon sears  
All our hopes with our years,  
And we learn not to love, but to reason.  
'Tis when we look back  
On our desolate track,  
To remember some chance flown away,  
We sigh that we knew  
Not that adage so true,  
Of "where there 's a will, there 's a way."

Let us then make our bed,  
So, that when we are dead,  
God's angels will hover around;  
And that all who are dear,  
Will grant us a tear,  
As they pass by our time-honored mound.  
For the spirits of love,  
In the regions above,  
Will perfume our paradise gay:  
When wrapt in a shroud,  
We ascend through the cloud  
Which obscured "the will and the way."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DOOR WITH SEVEN LOCKS.

BY MRS. M. F. MINOT.

"THANK God, I have found some one at last! I lost my way, Mrs. Elby, in these long, gloomy passages; and O, what does it mean—that terrible door with the seven locks, and those low, hollow, agonised groans? I hear them even now." And the young girl, pale with fear, tottered to the side of the grim, gaunt-looking woman whose arm she grasped convulsively.

"You have been there then, and alone," said Mrs. Elby, with a tone and look of alarm that deepened her companion's terror. "You should have waited, Miss Amelia; I intended to show you the way. It was an evil genius that led you to that spot, for the door with the seven locks

opens into the ghost chamber." And her voice fell to a whisper. "We all avoid it, even your guardian, though he does call it superstition. But didn't you hear words as well as groans?"

"Words? No," said Amelia, with a shudder.

"They say the spectre utters fearful maledictions sometimes; but I remember now, it is an hour after midnight, the hour the murder was committed."

"Murder?" ejaculated Amelia.

"Yes, nearly twenty years ago, this house belonged to a miserly old man, who used to keep his treasures in that room, and one night when he had shut himself up there, he was murdered, and his bags of gold all stolen. From that time till your guardian's odd fancy prompted him to live here, the house has been unoccupied. I should be glad, however, if he would take another fancy, and leave it. But as he compensates me liberally, and that room is in a remote corner, where none need go save from choice, I stay in spite of the spectre."

"But, Mrs. Elby, I would give anything to get away from this terrible place. My heart sank within me at the first glimpse of it."

"Ask your guardian, and I doubt not he will provide a home for you wherever you wish."

"O, no, I dare not; it would not please him," faltered Amelia.

"You fear him, then," said Mrs. Elby; "when you know him better, that will vanish," and a strange expression fitted over her fallow face. "But let us go into the parlor, he is awaiting you."

A gratified smile illumined the dark, handsome features of Edgar Le Roy, as his ward entered.

"I hope you will be happy here, Amelia," said he; "this spot is unrivalled for its scenery." And, leading her to a window, he called her attention to each phase of the landscape, in language of poetic eloquence.

But the gloom settled heavier and darker about her, and even the little lake, nestling so quietly by the wood, and flashing back the glorious hues of the summer heaven, had a sombre look to her. Tea was now announced, after which Le Roy conducted Amelia to a lofty apartment, whose uncarpeted floor was highly polished, and walls wainscotted with a rich, dark wood. Amid its quaint furniture stood a harp which at once arrested the young girl's eye.

"You like music," said her guardian.

"More than I can express," replied Amelia.

Immediately Le Roy commenced playing, wakening strains which swept along in wave upon wave of strange, wild harmony, stirring the

soul of the young girl to its inmost depths with pain, not pleasure. While striving to define the cause of this, she suddenly became aware that Le Roy had riveted his dark, luminous eyes on hers, with an expression of peculiar earnestness. She averted her glance, but in spite of herself, her eyes turned again and again to his, till at last they became fixed in a resistless gaze. She shuddered—she arose and would have left the room, but a relentless power bore her on, till she stood beside Le Roy. He smiled, and continued playing for a while longer, then stopping abruptly, he playfully twined his fingers amid the silken curls that floated around her lovely face.

"You do love music, Amelia," said he; "it amounts to a passion."

"Like it; O, yes," she faintly replied.

"But I am afraid I have played too long; you are weary from your journey; pardon my thoughtlessness."

Mrs. Elby now proposed accompanying Amelia to her room, and as they were passing along, the former remarked:

"I am glad the fear of your guardian is vanishing so fast; you perceive I was right."

Amelia looked up into her face, but the cold, hard glance of those light gray eyes repelled the confidence which she in her loneliness yearned to bestow, and she merely answered:

"I hope you are."

Mrs. Elby shrugged her high, square shoulders, elevated her heavy eyebrows, and a half smile played about her thin lips as she rejoined in a tone that sent a shiver through Amelia's frame, "Hope!" Then with a peculiar jerk she threw open the door of her chamber, and accompanied her in.

"You see Mr. Le Roy does everything for your comfort," said she; "now if you need anything, just pull the bell there, and Rose will wait on you. And if you want to see me, my room is opposite." With these words she went away.

Amelia carefully secured the fastening after her, and then gliding back, vented her feelings in a wild burst of agony.

"What can I do? What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "Fitz James—Fitz James, would that I could see you! But, alas! the broad ocean rolls between us, and a year, a long, long year, must pass ere we can meet. And it may be that we have parted forever, for I feel as though an inexorable doom awaited me—a doom from which there is no escape—a doom as fixed as that terrible door with the seven locks, through which came the fearful spectral groans that still ring in my ears—" And she gazed timidly around.

Thus tortured by present terror and gloomy forebodings, the lone girl passed the long hours of that sleepless night. On leaving Amelia, Mrs. Elby had returned to Le Roy.

"You have met with such success to-night that I shall begin to fear for myself," said she, with a dismal attempt at pleasantry.

"Yes," was the exultant reply, "there was scarcely a struggle. Amelia Evelyn's temperament places her far within the sphere of my mesmeric influence, and thus by the power of my look alone, unconscious of what it is that compels her, she shall become my wife; ay, and love me also, in spite of her present dislike, for I have taken a fancy to the girl."

"It is because she is the opposite of yourself. Her weak will is only equalled by her superstition."

"Not so," was the quick rejoinder; "she has more than the average firmness; but there are few, and you are among them, who can resist the subtle power I wield. Ha, ha! I think it must be a direct power from Lucifer himself. Then as to her superstition, the fact of this house remaining vacant for twenty years, proves that men even are its victims."

"And we deriders play upon their fears," said the woman, while the laugh she attempted terminated in a sort of shriek on her thin, blue lips.

Le Roy's brow contracted at this unmusical sound, and he immediately proposed that she should take some rest.

"For," he added facetiously, "an hour after midnight we are to open the door with the seven locks, and those who venture into that spectral presence need all their vital force."

The woman assented with a grim smile, and as she moved toward the door, Rose, the mulatto, who had been crouching on the other side, gazing and listening through the keyhole, glided rapidly away.

It was a year since Amelia Evelyn had become an orphan and heiress to a fortune. Her father had died in the far West, leaving her in the guardianship of Edgar Le Roy with whom he had there contracted a warm friendship. At his departure, six years before, Mr. Evelyn had left Amelia at a boarding-school, in Albany, to remain till she was eighteen; and from thence, having now attained that age, she had just accompanied Le Roy to his home among the New Hampshire hills.

It was a strangely gloomy life, which the young girl now led, in this isolated spot, with only her guardian and the grim housekeeper for

companions, and her fear of the supernatural, combined with her still greater dread of Le Roy, the spell of whose mysterious influence she felt was binding her more closely day by day, was fast undermining her health.

One morning late in September, she was strolling through field and woodland, deploring the adverse fate which had placed her in the power of such a man, and gazing longingly at the dwellings scattered in that farming region, wishing herself an inmate under some kindly roof however humble.

"I am losing my individuality; I am becoming a mere puppet!" she exclaimed wildly. "O, would that I had strength to fly from here. But I am bound as firmly if by fetters of iron. Ah, Fitz James, it was a cruel fate that took you so far away!"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she raised her hand to unclasp a bracelet she habitually wore, but it was gone. With a cry of despair she was about to commence a search, when Le Roy's voice arrested her. He was advancing and held the ornament toward her. She sprang forward to receive it, but he raised it above her reach, while passing his arm about her, he drew her close to him.

"I must first know the history of this ingenious little ornament," said he, looking down into her eyes with his soft, peculiar glance. "I perceive the clasp answers a double purpose." And he pointed to the miniature within. "Who is he, Amelia, and why have you kept this from me?"

"It was fear," were the words wrung from her unwilling lips.

"Well, tell me all about it."

The spell was strong upon her now, and she went on smoothly:

"His home is in Albany, and I first met him at a party six months since. Shortly before you came for me, we were betrothed, and two days later he left for the South of France, where he accompanied his mother for her health."

"I would like to know his name and prospects."

"His name is Fitz James Hervey, and he has a large property in his own right."

"Is he of age?"

"He is not quite twenty."

"You have heard from him, I suppose?"

The young girl's lip quivered, as she replied: "I am expecting a letter every mail."

This answer was received in silence by Le Roy, who, still retaining the bracelet, drew Amelia's arm within his own and moved homeward.

"Will you give it to me now, sir?" she said, timidly as they entered the house.

"Amelia, no."

His tone was gentle, yet the young girl dared not repeat the request. She would have gone to her room, but he led her into the parlor, carefully closing the door behind them. Then seating himself beside her, he looked in her beautiful brown eyes, tearless in their agonised sadness.

"Amelia," said he, drawing forth the bracelet, "this must be returned with a note of dismissal."

A low moan now escaped her, and she extended her hand in a vain effort to seize that treasure dear as life.

"O, give it to me! Give it to me!" she groaned, "cruel man that you are. I must—I—"

"Will have it," she would have said, but his resistless will arrested the words even on her lips, and with the exception of a convulsive twitching of the lips, she became apparently calm beneath his fixed gaze.

"Yes, Amelia, this must be done," he resumed, "you will please seat yourself yonder"—and he pointed to a table on which were the necessary materials—"and write as I shall dictate."

She arose, and with a countenance now quite passive, fulfilled his bidding, after which she returned to his side.

"Amelia," said he, "I will now disclose that of which it seems you have not even dreamed. I love you with the fervor of a man in whom this passion is aroused for the first time, and it is the deeper, for the very reason that I am no longer young; though"—he added, with a glance of satisfaction at the reflection of his stately figure in the mirror opposite—"there is no woman of my acquaintance but would gladly unite her fortune with mine, and in truth one at thirty-eight is in the very prime of manhood. Amelia, in a few weeks we will marry, and leave this place forever, for I know you, as well as myself, weary with its monotony. Now let me hear from your own lips the avowal that you will be mine." And he placed his hands gently on her head, while his eyes glowed with the strength of his subtle art.

There was a pause of several moments, during which the resistance again aroused within her grew fainter and fainter, till at last there came the following answer:

"Le Roy, I will be your wife." A reply which she felt had put the seal to her doom.

He now allowed her to withdraw, and then perused carefully the note she had written.

"Things go swimmingly," said he, as he

sealed it; "I see nothing to prevent my leaving for Italy a month hence. Ha, ha, ha, I shall be able to live as fast as I choose, thanks to my guardianship and the spectre that groans beyond the door with the seven locks." And he uttered another low laugh.

Just then Mrs. Elby entered, and they conversed for a time in a cautious tone, after which they left the room together. As they disappeared Rose emerged from a deep recess near where they had been seated. Her eyes flashed, and she raised her hand threateningly, as she muttered:

"Exult, vile man; exult while you may, for the avenger is close upon you! Your secret is now in my grasp; ere long you will be caught in your own feils." And with a quick, darting motion, she proceeded to Amelia's chamber, which she entered unperceived by the weeping girl. Approaching, she placed her hand lightly on her shoulder, at which the beautiful face was upturned with a look of dismay.

"Fear not," whispered the mulatto, "I come with words of cheer. Before sunrise you will be free as the wind."

"I shall bless you all my life if you aid me in fleeing from this place," was the eager reply; "for, alas, I cannot do it of myself; and you shall have gold—gold without stint."

"It is not flight that I propose. You have only to remain up to-night, ready to appear at a moment's warning. As for your gold, I do not want it; I have a motive for what I do, and am not what I seem."

"Who—what are you, then?"

"You shall know, but not now." And gliding away, the mulatto hastened to the kitchen, where she commenced preparations for supper.

"I'll put this in the coffee," she murmured; "Amelia, don't drink it, and this will make them sleep sound and long." And drawing a phial from her pocket, she poured a portion of its contents into the liquid. "There," she resumed, "I'll venture to say they'll forget both the door with the seven locks and the ghost beyond it, for one night. Let me see—it is now nearly six—at midnight all will be quiet, and my work begins."

Her prediction was realized, and as the clock struck twelve, with cat-like tread she moved to Le Roy's room. The door was ajar, and a night lamp was burning. She crawled to his bedside, passed her hand slowly beneath his pillow, and then as cautiously withdrawing it, moved away with the keys in her grasp. She soon reached the door with the seven locks, and stood a moment, listening to the low groans that broke the otherwise profound stillness; then drawing the slide of a dark lantern, she carefully placed the

keys into their corresponding locks which yielded easily, and went in. Sometime after, she returned, and re-fastening the door, glided from the house.

Meanwhile Le Roy had been growing restless, and at last with a sudden start, rose in his bed, and gazed wildly around. He then thrust his hand beneath his pillow, and his cheek blanched, and a terrible oath burst from him on discovering his loss.

"I am in danger," he muttered; "I feel it in every nerve."

He dressed hastily, armed himself, and moved cautiously toward the door with the seven locks, which he anxiously surveyed, and then passed with rapid step through the rest of the premises. His trepidation increased on discovering that Rose was absent, and that it was impossible to rouse Mrs. Elby. Resolving on immediate flight, he summoned Amelia, and shortly after he had mounted his horse, and with his arms encircling his victim, dashed on at a reckless speed.

Two hours later Rose had returned, and with her were the officers of the law. Wild words sprang to her lips on finding that Le Roy had escaped, and borne Amelia with him, but controlling herself, she silently led the way till they stood before the door with the seven locks. A moment after, they entered an unfurnished room, in whose remotest corner was a man lying bound upon a heap of straw. His long, iron-gray locks hung in matted masses about a face ghastly with the pallor of death.

"Wine, wine," he murmured.

It was swallowed with difficulty, but it revived him. Then he was propped with pillows and made otherwise as comfortable as the place would admit, for the physician who had accompanied them saw a removal would but hasten his end.

"Listen," he resumed, "for I would tell all—my own sins as well as his, before I go to my dread account." And during the next hour they continued with the wine to revive his ebbing strength, while in broken sentences he made the following revelation:

That Edgar Le Roy, otherwise known as Gentleman Bill, and himself, Sly John, were offspring of the Five Points in New York city, from which place, as they grew to manhood, they were in the habit of making predatory excursions into the various States. That they were the perpetrators of the murder committed in this room more than twenty years before, after which they left the country with their booty, Gentleman Bill resolving to lead the life of a gentleman, while Sly John determined to pursue his criminal course. They thus lost sight of each other till within a



few months, when chance again brought them together. Sly John had spent the interim in Mexico and California, and boastfully alluded to the treasures he had secreted in certain nameless places in case of emergency, while Le Roy pretended that by speculation in Western lands he had become a millionaire, when in fact it had been the means of reducing him to comparative poverty. About mid-summer, Le Roy invited his comrade to visit him, stating that he had recently purchased the old miser's premises for a mere song, and should live there for the present, as he had a project on foot which he would shortly communicate, and in which he proposed Sly John should join. His comrade fell into the snare, and as they were standing in the ghost-chamber, on the night of his arrival, talking jocosely of the superstition connected with it, Le Roy attacked his companion, who, being of comparatively small, weak frame, was soon overcome. The victor then took his watch, together with some thousands of dollars which he carried about his person, and checks for much more, while he taunted him with having refused a loan to a much less amount, declaring that he spared his life for a time, solely to wrest from him the secret of his hidden treasure. The wretched man felt that confined as he was in a room where all outcries would only confirm the belief in its spectral occupant, his life was a sure forfeit, but he defied Le Roy to obtain possession of his secret by any means, whereupon the latter triumphantly alluded to his mesmeric power, which his prisoner laughed to scorn, feeling himself invulnerable to such an influence. But as time moved on, and Sly John grew weaker and weaker from confinement, and the spare diet doled out to him by Le Roy's accomplice, Mrs. Elby, he found to his dismay that his adversary, by the serpent-like fascination of the calm, relentless gaze which he fixed on him night after night, was slowly but surely subduing him to his purpose. Aroused by this to the last pitch of excitement, his frantic efforts at resistance resulted at length in the illness of which he was dying, and which had precipitated the revelation of his secret, he having confessed it to Le Roy the previous night. He then pointed to a large oven-like structure where the miser used to keep his gold, and near which were bricks, mortar and a trowel, saying that Le Roy had on the following night intended to seal him there alive.

"And now," added the dying man, "let me tell this secret to some of you, and—let my ill-gotten gains be used to make honest men of—those born like me—to—"

Again they gave him wine. His lips moved,

but there was no sound, and a little later his crime-stained soul had gone to be judged by Him who sees not as man sees.

It was mid-day, and yet a darkness nearly allied to that of night, brooded over the little seaport, for a dense fog had enveloped everything in its bewildering folds. In a small private parlor of the inn, Amelia was seated, gazing abstractedly out at the shadowy shapes that flitted to and fro in the gloom, while in her wretchedness she pondered as to the cause of the strange flight of which she had been the involuntary companion. Le Roy had continued his mad speed at starting for the space of a dozen miles, when he had hurried with the terrified girl on board the railroad train, to be in time for which he had ridden so recklessly. Pursuing a circuitous route, they had within the hour reached this place, from which Le Roy had resolved to sail in the first vessel, and was now absent to make the necessary arrangements.

"O, thou who hast promised to be a father to the fatherless, deliver me from this evil man!" murmured Amelia, clasping her hands in agony. But just then her eye fell on the tall form of Le Roy, looming through the dense vapor, and she added, wildly: "Deliverance! Why do I ask it? There is, there can be none for me. I must fulfil my doom, and become the wife of one whom I not only fear, but loathe."

A moment after, Le Roy entered. "Come," said he, "I have found a retired place where we can remain, till we go on-board ship."

But just then the door was flung open, and heavy hands were laid upon Le Roy, while a deep voice proclaimed him a prisoner. With an almost superhuman strength the desperate man released himself, exclaiming with a fearful oath:

"I defy you to the death! No power on earth shall capture me!"

But the boast was hardly uttered when the weapons he had presented in either hand were dashed aside, one of them discharging its contents into his person. With a howl he sprang toward the window, but the agony of his wound arrested him, midway, and he fell groaning to the floor. It was found that he could not long survive, and he lay on the couch whither they had borne him, writhing and uttering fearful maledictions, when Rose the mulatto glided in. Perceiving that he had not many more breaths to draw, she moved to his side, and bending low, murmured a few words in his ear. Their effect was electric, and hissing forth a fierce oath, he glanced upon her with his glazing eyes, while, half raising himself, he strove to strike her with

his clenched fist; but it fell powerless, and Edgar Le Roy sank back a livid corpse.

A moment after the mulatto went to the chamber whither Amelia had retired. The latter was alone brooding over the dark tale of crime which had just been told her, and she started nervously as Rose entered.

"My revenge is accomplished! He is dead!" said she, drawing close to Amelia, and resting on the arm of the chair in which she was seated. "I have come to fulfil now my promise of three nights since—to tell you who I am."

Amelia shrank from her hot breath and burning glance, and the mulatto drew back a few paces as she continued:

"I am not what I look, as I will soon show you." And raising the ewer near by, she poured some water into the basin, mixing with it some powder from a small box. Shortly after, she turned to Amelia, with a complexion as fair as her own; then untwining her turban, her dark brown hair fell in long, glossy waves over neck and shoulders. She smiled bitterly at the young girl's look of amazement, and then resumed:

"Like you, I am an orphan. My name is Agnes Clarendon, and I was born and reared in Cincinnati. Two years since, at the age of twenty-two, I came into possession of the large fortune which I inherited from an aunt, and shortly after met with Edgar Le Roy, who was introduced into our circle by one of its most promising members. He at once became a general favorite; but his appearance, to others so attractive, was repulsive to me, and when, after a short acquaintance, he presumed to make proposals of marriage, I rejected him, taking no pains to conceal my dislike. A few days later I was betrothed to one dearer to me than life. But ere long I became conscious that the base Le Roy was gaining a powerful influence over my betrothed, and through it, was seeking to avenge himself on me. Not that Henry's love for me was affected, that was impossible; but with insidious art the villain acted upon his genial, unsuspecting nature, drawing him on step by step, by means of the fashionable clubs with their social glass, while I, in my agony, strove in vain to convince him of the true motive of one, who, he assured me, entertained only the most kindly feelings toward us both. And at last—at last his vile purpose was accomplished, and—Henry Pascello died the terrible death of the inebriate. But his base revenge was not yet satiated. He dared intrude upon the sorrow of the living, even at the grave of her dead, and there avow his fiendish triumph. Then came burning words in lavaterents from my lips, and pointing to the grave,

I took an oath to avenge him who slept below. At this he laughed derisively, and then with mock sorrow begged me to forgive and forget the past, inviting me to visit him at the country-seat he had just purchased in the East, mentioning its location. And I did so, by stealth, determined to take his life while he slept. Ah, you may well shudder, and so did I, as the time drew nigh, till finally, on overhearing from my hiding-place, remarks which showed some dark secret to be concealed by the door with the seven locks, I resolved to fathom it, and consummate my revenge by bringing him to justice. The next day, that which preceded your arrival, Rose, the mulatto, proposed her services, which were readily accepted, as the prevailing superstition had rendered it impossible hitherto for Mrs. Elby to procure a servant. But not till after the scene when you breathed your unwilling vow, did my espionage result in anything upon which I could act, for they were wary. Then, however, still crouching in the deep recess, I overheard a conversation between him and that woman, which, though its topic was the latter's unholy wages, revealed what I had long striven to learn—where the keys were hid while he slept—for at its close, he congratulated himself that the necessity for carrying them about him by day, and sleeping with them beneath his pillow, would soon cease. You may imagine my joy at this discovery, and how I felt when I found that he whom I had supposed secured, for I had administered a powerful narcotic both to him and the woman, had escaped and borne you with him. But, thank God, the pursuit was successful, and Henry is avenged—ay, avenged!"

These last words were uttered with frenzied emphasis. A white foam rested on her lips, and to the terrified Amelia, her form seemed to have dilated to supernatural size. But suddenly, with a subdued manner, she drew near.

"Do not fear me, you have no cause," said she; "here is your bracelet, and the note he compelled you to write." And she placed them in her hand.

Tears filled Amelia's eyes as she looked at them, and then turned to express her thanks; but Agnes Clarendon had gone. The next morning Amelia started for Albany, where she found a happy home in the house of a friend.

Ten months later, Fitz James and herself spoke those vows which bound them for life; but even in the midst of this great happiness, bitter tears welled from Amelia's heart to her eyes—tears for the last victim of Edgar Le Roy, the young and lovely Agnes Clarendon, who in the incipient stages of madness, had been the means of her deliverance, and who was now a raving maniac.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TAKING COMFORT.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

One little star I often see,  
 Set in the peaceful blue;  
 And gazing on that little star,  
 Why should I think of you?  
 The ocean rolls up gray and cold  
 Between your heart and mine,  
 You linger long in that fair land  
 Washed by the storied Rhine—  
 While I remain in this cold home,  
 In solitude to pine!

No, not to pine!—I'm happy still:  
 Happy in glorious dreams,  
 Which gloss my life like rainbow clouds  
 Hanging o'er quiet streams!  
 Is 't not enough to feel and know  
 That in your great soul's room  
 I have a place where never doubt  
 Across my love can come?—  
 A shrine upon your sacred heart?—  
 A warm love-nest?—a home!

When I would weep that you are gone,  
 I think my blessings o'er:  
 Recall the kisses of your lips  
 In days now gone before;  
 Remember smiles and tender looks,  
 Forget all in the past,  
 And thank my God that in such peace  
 My humble lot is cast:  
 Until my soul goes out to heaven  
 In one sweet holocaust!

Some time you 'll come—and I can wait  
 Till whitened is my hair,  
 And Time upon my rosy cheek  
 Has writ a page of care.  
 My heart will not be old, dear one,  
 While your full love remains;  
 To keep it I would give up crowns,  
 And life in royal fates!  
 I'd not renounce one thought of thine  
 For all the earth contains!

[ORIGINAL.]

## BESSIE BROWN'S MISTAKE.

BY MATTHEW VINTON.

My name is Harry Brown. I beseech Heaven's choicest blessings to rest forever upon the head of him or her through whose kind cranium first flashed the idea of calling me that precious cognomen. I am glad my given name is nothing but Harry—my surname nothing but Brown. I thank my mother that she married the man she did. Otherwise I might have been a Harry Jones, a Harry Smith, or a Harry Green. I thank my paternal grandmother, and my great grandmother, and my great-great-grandmother,

and the great-great-grandmothers of all their grandmothers' great-grandmothers, for choosing husbands by the name of Brown. Otherwise I might have been a Bill Swiggins, possibly, or a Bob Plunkett, or Jim Griffith, instead of a Harry Brown. And I bless with eternal gratitude my grandfathers, back to the remotest twig of the remotest bough of the ancestral tree of Browns, for not remaining bachelors. In that case, where alas, should I have been? And yet, I swear to you, reader, on the veracity of an honorable man, that it would have been better for me to have stayed nowhere forever, than to have come into the world and taken any other name than the one I now bear. That cognomen has been the golden hinge on which has swung open for me the gate of earthly bliss. But I anticipate.

I had been rustivating for a fortnight in one of the loveliest villages that ever nestled down among the green hills of the Granite State. I had enjoyed to my utmost capacity for enjoyment the different recreations by which a city gentleman bent on an excursion for health or pleasure, manages to while away his time. I had fished, hunted and sailed—sailed, hunted and fished, until the unvarying routine began to grow monotonous and to pall upon my taste,—until I longed to be back once more in the bustle and activity of my city life. Don't call me a barbarian, dear lover of rural solitudes and country pleasures. I never could endure the country more than three weeks at a time, in my life. The old love of nature has not quite died out of my bosom. I like to go back once in a while to the green woods, the grassy fields, and the meadow brooks that knew me when I was a boy. But the tall, bearded man with the world's care-marks in his face and in his heart, is not the joyous lad who walked barefooted through the brown cow-paths, tore his corduroys while climbing the knotty trees, built miniature mill-dams across the brooks, and stoned squirrels in the woods. He tries sometimes to convince himself that it is so—to relish with the olden gusto all the sights and sounds he loved so well in boyhood. But the world's hand has been at his heart for years, severing one by one the chords that bind him to the dear spirit of his youth. And so the outgrown past sits as awkwardly on his matured manhood, as would the little cast-off corduroys upon the stalwart figure he brings back to the olden haunts.

But where am I? As I said, I was getting weary of rustivating, and had quite come to the conclusion that another day should find me en route for the city, when one morning as I sat lounging on the piazza of the little hotel which

had been my abiding place, smoking a choice Havana, and lazily watching the blue curls of smoke that rose up like a fragrant mist above my head, the lumbering old stage-coach which brought in passengers from the adjoining town, rattled up to the door. Now that may seem an unimportant event to chronicle, but no one would have thought so who could have seen the solitary passenger it brought. Have I forgot to mention that I was a bachelor, reader? Forgive the omission. The knowledge will be indispensable to you in understanding the great degree of interest I manifested, and the wide-awake look which dilated my eyes, as a pair of the prettiest, most neatly gaitered little feet in the world made their appearance upon the wooden step of the old coach. I always did admire a dainty, slender, plump little foot on a woman. Following the feet came a pretty, girlish figure habited in a brown riding dress. I looked anxiously for the face. Alas! an envious blue veil hid it from my sight. But I caught a glimpse of a small, gloved hand, the glimmer of a single golden curl dancing out of the jaunty, blue-veiled hat, heard one of the most musical "thank you, sirs" addressed to the rough-looking driver, who handed out from the coach a crimson carpet-bag and a brown parasol, and then—and then—well, I don't know exactly what followed, only that the little feet tripped past me into the hotel, and I went off in a fit of visionary romancing, such as susceptible young bachelors are apt to indulge in when they have nothing else to employ their time. I thought what if I owned just such a pair of little feet—not to walk on, not to support my great, tall body—but owned them just as they were then, peeping in and out of that brown travelling habit. I thought what if I had a home—a real cosy, nice bird's-nest of a home, and those little feet should make music tripping through its rooms. I wondered how I would feel bargaining for gaiters—cloth gaiters; what sort of a sensation would creep over me if there should ever be a whole head covered over with clusters of just such golden curls as that one, to nestle on my breast, if ever such a dear little hand as that should flutter in the clasp of mine,—if ever—whew!—I believe I am making a fool of myself with my confessions. I dreamed a deal more, however—dreamed till my fancies began to get troublesome and taunting, and then I got up and sauntered down the street to rid myself of them.

I can't say exactly how far my morning walk extended, or how many streets I traversed, but I know that when I got back to the hotel, and sauntered leisurely up stairs to my room, my thoughts were still running a wild goose chase

after yellow ringlets, and number three gaiters, kid-tipped, high in the instep, and laced at the sides. I thought, too, that as business wasn't very pressing in the city at that time, and it was really for my health to remain in the country as long as possible, why, if the coach should happen to leave me the next day, it wouldn't be such a serious matter. I wondered if the young lady just arrived was intending to stop any length of time in the village, and if so, whether she admired mustachios and heavy beards (my face was shaggy as a bear's), and if she was timid, and dared not venture out in a sail-boat, with a nice young man to rescue her, in case said boat should overturn.

At this stage of my cogitations, I reached the door of my room. It was slightly ajar, and a soft female voice was humming "Nellie Gray." Surprised and perplexed by so strange a circumstance, I stopped and peeped in before entering. Arrows of Cupid! Could I trust my senses? Shades of romance! Was I in my right mind? Seated upon the carpet in the centre of the room, in an attitude of childish abandon, with both hands coolly rummaging my portmanteau, was a coquettishly attired young lady, whom I at once recognized as the divinity of the stage-coach, by her brown travelling suit, and the color of the heavy cloud of curls that drifted soft and silken, over her shoulders. Her back was toward the door, but a partial turning of the head gave me a one-sided view of her face, which made me think instantly of an arbutus blossom, so fresh and delicately-colored was it.

But what upon earth was she doing in my room, and with my portmanteau? Was the girl insane? Evidently not, if I was any reader of faces. While I stood, transfixed with amazement, and not knowing whether to go in and frighten the intruder away, or stand where I was and watch her movements, she suddenly broke off in the middle of her tune, and commenced talking to herself. I listened eagerly.

"O, Harry, Harry Brown—the rogue! I wonder what he would say if he knew I was here?"

Mystery upon mysteries! She knew my name, then. What in the deuce did it mean? What would I say to know she was there, indeed? The question seemed strikingly appropriate.

"Thought he'd serve me a mighty fine trick, didn't he? Take me by surprise, eh? Wont he get caught in his own trap, as sure as my name is Bessie! O, it's enough to make a ghost laugh to think of it," and the little witch broke into a peal of musical laughter—laughter with melody enough in it to set up a dozen night-

ingales and as many larks in business. What did she mean?

"Wonder if he never carries any more in his valise than this?—three old dickies, a pair of stockings that look as if a little yarn wouldn't damage the toes, a cigar, a crumpled vest, some fishing-tackle, a dirty almanac, a bunch of old letters, a soiled neck-tie, a pair of old slippers, a powder flask, an odd glove, three handkerchiefs, and—as I—l-i-v-e—a *daguerreotype*!"

I felt myself blushing hotly to the very tips of my ears, as she slowly enumerated the contents of my valise, lifting them daintily with her thumb and finger, and then laying them down one by one beside her. I forgot that she had no business there—forgot that nothing but the most unpardonable and unladylike impertinence could have prompted her thus to act—forgot everything save the single fact that a young, beautiful woman was making merry at the expense of my wardrobe. For a moment, I wished she had looked into my trunk instead of my portmanteau. I was vain enough to think the respectable assortment of nicely stitched linen, the silk kerchiefs, the fashionable neckties, the spotless vests of snowy Marseilles, the unsoiled kids, and the array of clean, white hose, would have given her a more flattering opinion of me.

"Goodness, gracious! what a homely miniature! Looks old enough to be his mother. Why, the mouth is twisted clear round to one ear and the nose to the other. The eyes are crooked, and the hair is spatted down on the forehead, for all the world like the little mud pies I used to make when I was small and played in the dirt. Wonder if that's his lady-love? I'll never speak to him again, if it is."

It was a daguerreotype of my old maid aunt, Miranda, that she was examining. My lady-love! I couldn't bear to have her think so poorly of my taste, and should certainly have thundered out an indignant "no" if curiosity to see and hear what she would do and say next had not checked me.

"Now, if I don't serve a trick on that Harry Brown, then may I die an old maid! Wonder how these stockings would fit me?"

With a merry laugh she drew on the ragged hose over those same beautiful feet I had admired so fervently, and then thrust over them the pair of worn slippers she had found in the valise. As if pleased with her experiment, she continued to add the stray articles of my attire to her own dress, till in spite of my indignation I could hardly refrain from laughing outright at the grotesque figure she cut. One of my dickies was enthroned on her slender throat, concealing her

dainty lace collar; my old vest was drawn over her neatly fitting merino basque, and a red silk handkerchief was knotted into an impromptu cap, into which she gathered the heavy masses of her amber hair. Then she got up and scuffed about the apartment, while I was obliged to withdraw my eyes from the crevice in the door, fearful of being seen.

"And now for my trick on you, Master Harry," she said, after capering about the room a few moments and surveying herself in the long mirror with bursts of childish laughter. "Let me see if I can't give you a surprise. I hope you won't keep me waiting long."

She drew the sofa out a little ways from the wall, and ensconced herself behind it. It was very evident that she intended to conceal herself there until my return. What she meant to do then, unless it was to jump out and frighten me, I could not imagine. A bold thought struck me. I crept softly down stairs, waited a moment to catch my breath, and then went whistling up again, making all the noise I could. I marched unconsciously into my room and threw myself down on the sofa, taking a great deal of pains not to see anybody behind it, although there was a little nervous tremor of agitation and wonder at my heart to know how the mystery was to end.

A second of time served to convince me. There was a slight rustle behind me which I resolutely declined hearing, and then a pair of satiny arms, white and soft as swan's down, were thrown about my neck, two tapering fingers pressed down my eyelids till I could not see, and a warm, red mouth left kiss after kiss upon my unresisting cheeks. Rose leaves and honey! Those dainty, delicious, dewy kisses! The very memory of them makes my cheeks tingle now!

"Delightful! delicious! intoxicating!" I cried, as soon as I was released from my mysterious thralldom. "By my faith, I swear paradise were a poor exchange for such a dainty treat as you have given me. My life for one more kiss!"

It was an extravagant speech, I know, but you must make all due allowances, reader. As I spoke, I turned about and faced the lovely unknown.

Good heavens, what a change came over that arch, laughing face! You should have seen the sudden start, the wild, frightened look that flashed into her blue eyes after the first, quick glance into my face. You should have seen as I did, the vivid crimson leap up to cheek, throat and forehead. You should have seen the small, white hands clasped across her eyes in bashful terror, and heard the smothered scream of affright that broke over her rose-red lips. And then you

should have seen her horrified glance of confusion, dismay, mortification and perplexity at her queer apparel.

"Excuse me, sir. I—I," she stammered, at last, "indeed—I—you—I did not intend—I thought—O, gracious goodness!"

Again the little white hands made a screen for the burning cheeks and drooping eyes. I waited for her to finish.

"I—I understood that this was Mr. Brown's room."

"You understood rightly," I replied, more and more mystified.

"Mr. Harry Brown's?"

"Yes—Mr. Harry Brown's."

"But—but—O dear, what have I done?"

There was a real look of distress upon her face—an expression of genuine pain not to be misunderstood. Here followed a burst of nervous, hysterical laughter, a succession of sobs, and then a sudden rush of passionate, self-humiliating tears.

"Don't, don't, my—" darling, I had almost added, in my blundering attempt to console her, for I began to comprehend that there was a mistake somewhere, and to pity my weeping and chagrined companion.

All at once she lifted her face and saw the open door. Before I could comprehend her movement, she sprang past me, bounded through the door, and darted up the stairs. I heard one of my slippers dropped in her flight, and the dragging sound of the other as she entered the room above me. An hour afterwards as I sat by my window, trying to solve the mystery of this little adventure, a note was handed in to me by a servant. Breaking the seal, I read as follows:

"MR. HARRY BROWN:—I owe you an explanation and apology for my conduct of an hour ago; while at the same time I am painfully conscious that no excuse which I can frame will ever do away from your mind the unfavorable impression which my apparently rude, unmaidenly act must have occasioned. The circumstances are simply these. My name is Bessie Brown. You will notice that I bear the same surname with yourself, and you will, perhaps, be further enlightened, when I inform you that I have a brother Harry. For a number of summers past, it has been my custom to spend my school vacations here, and during my stay I have always before occupied the room which is now yours, until I naturally became attached to it, and upon my arrival here to-day hastened to engage it, or rather to make the attempt, for to my disappointment I found it already had an occupant. I playfully asked the landlord the name of the person who had engaged it, telling him I should certainly make the trial of dislodging you, as I could not feel at home in any other part of the hotel. To my surprise, and not a

little to my delight, he gave me the name of Harry Brown. I instantly jumped to the conclusion that it was my brother, who had preceded me to H—, with the intention of giving me a pleasant surprise. He was aware of my anticipated visit here, and as I have not seen him for nearly a year and a half, the suspicion was quite a natural one. The possibility of its being anybody but him never entered my mind. I immediately made myself at home in what I supposed to be his room, and spying his valise unlocked and half-way open, under the table, took the liberty of a spoiled and petted sister to make myself acquainted with its contents. I planned a method by which to make the surprise on his side instead of mine, and you know the rest. I can never forgive myself for the part I have acted, for although you are unknown to me, and probably will always remain so, I cannot forfeit lightly or without pain, the respect of a stranger even.

"I return the garments of yours, in which I must have figured so ludicrously. Begging you to look as leniently as possible upon my mad freak, I am, very regretfully,

BESSIE BROWN."

In reply, I sent the following:

"MISS BESSIE BROWN:—Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. Any one would be insane, after so simple and frank an elucidation of the matter (which I must confess puzzled as well as startled me at first), to put any wrong construction upon your conduct—and I should forget the courtesy of a true gentleman, if I did not beg you to dismiss the subject from your mind, unless you can remember it as a laughable, and—to me—at least, pleasurable incident. Give yourself no uneasiness—the affair is a secret until you yourself choose to divulge it.

"Allow me to add, in conclusion—and do not, I beg you, think me presuming—that no temptation on earth could be strong enough (unless it be the one of saving you from your present unnecessary and undeserved self-reproach), to induce me to have this little adventure cancelled from my experience. With much respect, your obedient servant,

HARRY BROWN."

That evening I saw her at the supper-table. A graceful inclination of the head, a grateful smile, and a blush which made her whole face and neck crimson, was my reward. The next morning I insisted upon giving my room up to her and taking the room above it. I had previously booked myself for another fortnight's stop at the H— hotel. Who blames me?

Acquaintances never ripen so fast as under the sunshine of some such auspicious adventure. During the ensuing fortnight, I discovered that Miss Bessie Brown would trust herself in a sailboat with proper protection, that she could ride horseback with grace and spirit, was fond of moonlight promenades, ice-creams, etc., etc. Before I left the little village of H— we were fast friends, and I had paid back those delicious kisses, which I could not but acknowledge were

obtained under false pretences, and consequently did not belong to me. If I threw in a few extra ones, whose business is it but Bessie's and mine?

I am no longer a bachelor. This very week my pretty little wife and I paid our annual visit to the Y— hotel, which witnessed the novel commencement of our sweet acquaintance. We occupy the room together now, and only yesterday afternoon Bessie put on an old handkerchief over her head—she has worn her hair in braids for nearly two years—buttoned a dicky about her throat, drew on a vest, thrust her feet into a pair of my slippers, and after scuffling about the room awhile, came up behind the sofa where I was sitting, put her arms about my neck, her white fingers over my eyes, and kissed me till I was quite out of breath.—Bless her!

#### PRACTICAL LESSONS FOR LIFE.

Be not always speaking of yourself.—Be not awkward in manner.—Be not forward. Boast not.—Angle not for praise.—Do not equivocate.—Confess your faults.—Tell no lies; not even those called innocent.—Listen when spoken to.—Be polite at table.—Attend to the ladies.—Dread the character of an ill-bred man.—Be remarkable for cleanliness of person.—Attend to your dress.—Study elegance of expression.—Avoid old sayings and vulgarisms.—Use polished language.—Be choice in your compliments.—Acquire a knowledge of the world.—Praise delicately.—Study the foibles of people.—Command your temper and countenance.—Never acknowledge an enemy, or see affront if you can help it.—Avoid wrangling, meddling and tittle-tattle.—Judge not of mankind rashly.—Trust not implicitly to any.—Beware of proffered friendship.—Doubt him who swears to the truth of a thing.—Be choice in your company.—Adopt no man's vices.—Avoid noisy laughter.—Refuse invitations politely.—Dare to be singular in a right cause; and be not ashamed to refuse.—Strive to write well and grammatically.—Affect not the rake.—Be choice in your amusements.—Never appear to be in a hurry.—Neglect not an old acquaintance.—Avoid all kinds of vanity.—Make no one in company feel his inferiority.—Be not witty at another's expense.—Be sparing of railery.—Never whisper in company.—Look not over one when writing or reading.—Hum no tunes in company, nor be in any way noisy.—Eat not too fast, nor too slow.—Spit not on the floor or carpet.—Hold no indelicate discourse.—Avoid odd habits.—Lose no time in transacting business.—Indulge not in laziness.—Be not frivolous.—Study dignified as well as pleasing manners.—Be not envious.—Show no hastiness of temper.—Talk not long at a time.—Tell no stories.—Avoid hackney expressions.—Make no digressions.—Hold no one by the button when talking.—Foretell not a slow speaker.—Say not all you think.—Adapt your conversation to the company.—Give not your advice unasked.—Renew no disagreeable matters.—Praise not another at the expense of the present company.—Talk not of private concerns.—Few jokes will bear repeating.—*N. Y. Independent.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CORONACH.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE winter of 1306 set in with more than usual violence and severity in Scotland. Snow and frost reigned triumphant, and it seemed as if none but the strongest and bravest could endure the rigor of the season.

The champion of Scotland was dead—the immortal William Wallace, whose mind, as well as body, towered far above all other men, and before whom even Robert Bruce shrank into the stature of a common mortal—he whose smile was sunshine, and whose frown scathed like the lightning—whose glorious form had been condemned to the scaffold, but whose breath departed before the rope of the tyrant had touched his neck.

Through stormy and troublous times, midst danger and privation and the dreadful scenes of horror that desecrated his home, and left his hearth desolate, the hero had preserved the Regalia of Scotland. The usurper of the rights of Bruce, the Red Comyn who had assumed the title of Regent of Scotland, had been desperately wounded by Bruce; and Kirkpatrick, whose zeal for the service of him whom he called his rightful sovereign had finished the work of death, with those memorable words upon his lips which, to this day, are the motto of the Kirkpatrick crest—"I mak siccar!" (I make certain.)

Edward, the old and sickly, but still tyrannical and revengeful king of England, had sworn to exterminate Bruce and his adherents; but already the ceremony was performed that made Bruce king of Scotland; and Edward's warfare was not against rebels and outlaws, as he had termed Wallace and his brave soldiers, but against a crowned monarch. Still the chances of war were against the gallant King Robert, and treachery and meanness conspired to defeat him. His horse was killed under him, and he himself was taken prisoner.

For the honor of Scotland, be it said, that the Scottish knight into whose hands he fell, scorned to take advantage of the power thus given him, and permitted Bruce to escape, although the fugitive was cut to the heart by the knowledge that his brave followers would meet with a cruel and merciless death.

Douglas—the "Good Lord James"—and a few others, retired to the mountains, where they were sometimes hunted like deer, and where they were joined by the queen and her ladies. These fair and delicate women experienced dan-

gers and difficulties in the highlands, that would have appalled the hearts of brave and strong men. Sustained by love and loyalty, the followers of the gallant Bruce bore on through hardships and horrors, until, driven from one place to another, the king attempted to enter Lorn; but here the relatives of the Red Comyn opposed him.

At a place called Dalny, he was again defeated by John of Lorn; but here, amidst his misfortunes, the strength and valor of Bruce was displayed more than ever. Here the M'Androssers, father and two sons, seeing Bruce place himself in front of his men, in a narrow pass, made a vow that they would kill or take him prisoner. They rushed upon him in a body, but Bruce killed the three, as he sat on horseback, although they were strong and powerful men.

The father, in dying, grasped at the king's scarf, and he was obliged to undo the brooch, in order to free himself from the dead body. The brooch is still preserved in the family of M'Dougal of Lorn, as a memorial of the escape of Robert Bruce from their ancestor—not of his being taken by him!

As we said, the dismal Scottish winter was coming on, and Bruce felt that it would be impossible for the queen and her ladies to sustain the hardships of the severe season, and determined to separate himself from them. The old castle of Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire, was now the only one that remained to him. Here the queen and Bruce's sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, with several others, took up their abode, amidst the cheerless rigors of the season, and with the anxious uncertainty hanging upon them, of the fate of the king and his followers.

On the coast of Ireland is an island called Rachrin, where Bruce spent the winter—cheered only by the thought that his treasure was guarded and watched by his beloved young brother, Nigel. His eldest brother, Edward, was with him.

The fire was blazing brightly in the wide chimney of the old hall at Kildrummie, on the evening of the twentieth of March, 1306. All day, a cloud had rested upon the brow of the lovely wife of Bruce; and even now, the cheerful light of the fire could not quite dispel it. At her feet, on a low stool, sat Agnes Kirkpatrick, the daughter of the old hero who had killed the Red Comyn. The queen's hand rested affectionately upon the maiden's auburn locks, while the sweet young face was turned upwards, with a loving look, at her mistress. Near them, sat the Countess Isabella of Buchan, her sunny counte-

nance lighted up with a hope which she hardly dared to cherish—the hope of her beloved brother being again restored to his rightful throne.

Close to Agnes, and hovering around her like her shadow, stood Nigel Bruce, the youngest of the three brave brothers. If Nigel did not possess the strength and vigor of Robert, he had more than Robert's share of beauty. Since the death of Wallace, there was no rival in Scotland to the manly beauty of Nigel Bruce. His long hair, darker than the golden locks of Wallace, hung over his shoulders in bright, chestnut curls; his forehead, white as the snow lying on the sear banks of the Don, which lay frozen beneath the towers of Kildrummie, contrasted with the brown cheek that had not shunned the summer sun nor winter wind; while his tall form, less majestic, perhaps, than Robert's, was still more than equal in its perfect grace and symmetry.

No word of love had yet passed between the boy-soldier and Agnes Kirkpatrick; but the queen felt assured that her two favorites only awaited the end of these troublous times to adopt, in their love, the motto of the Kirkpatrick crest—"I make certain"—and she looked, with an indulgent glance upon all the proofs "which none, save lovers, understand" of their affection. That affection, born amidst the trials, the dangers and hardships of that dreary winter, would, she trusted, bloom brighter and happier, in other scenes, beneath the loving sway of her brave Robert.

She exchanged a glance with her sister-in-law, who returned it with a glad smile; for although Edward Bruce had sometimes talked to her of the fair Agnes, she could not help leaning towards the beloved Nigel—the youngest born, and dearest of her ancient house. If she was prouder of Robert, and exulted more in the bravery and spirit of Edward, her woman's heart turned with more fondness to Nigel.

Except for the dim, shadowy uneasiness of the queen, there had not been a happier evening in Kildrummie since the exiles entered its walls; and when the postern gate-bell was rung, and a wandering minstrel, poor and old, entered and brought them tidings of the king, from Rachrin, the shadow passed from the queen's brow, and she appeared as serene as the others.

Long the harper played, after the refreshing meal which the ladies had ordered for him; and as the pealing notes rang through the wide hall, every eye flashed, and every cheek burned with emotion. Dropping these stirring strains, the harper sank his voice to the sad coronach that



was composed for the death of Wallace ; but this was more than his excited audience could bear, and the queen commanded him to cease. It touched too nearly the springs of grief that she sought so earnestly to hide. She remembered that her own nuptials were performed beside the chieftain's dead body. She remembered, too, the cruel death of his wife, the beautiful Marion—the loss of her own father and of her angel sister—losses so mingled with the remembrance of Wallace, as almost to break her heart at the recollection.

At the first wild note of the coronach, Agnes turned her dewy eyes upon her lover and saw that his own were moistened with tears. He, too, had witnessed the funeral scene at Cambuskenneth, and shared in the strong emotions that shook the soul of his brave and royal brother at the opening of the iron casket which held Scotland's regalia—the treasure that had cost the lives of so many brave Scots, and of *him* the bravest and most glorious of all that band of heroes—and as the memory of all this flashed upon Nigel, who could wonder that the tears of sorrow bedewed his cheeks ?

As the queen spoke, the last note of the coronach trembled upon the string ; and ere they had ceased to vibrate, another sound—a din as of trampling feet and mailed armor and clashing steel—struck the ear.

"Again—again, the pealing drum,  
And clanging horn—they come—they come !  
O'er rocky pass and wooded steep,  
Through long and glittering files they creep !  
I see them on their winding way !  
Above their ranks the moonbeams play."

Onward came the English troops along the banks of the Don. In vain Nigel summoned the guards belonging to the castle ; in vain he implored the queen to fly, with her ladies, to a fisherman's hut near the river, and embark in his boat to find shelter and safety elsewhere.

"I am the wife of King Robert ; and never shall it be said that I forsook the noble men whom he stationed here to guard and protect me !" was her heroic answer.

"And Agnes ?" asked Nigel ; "where is Agnes ?"

"She shall not leave me. And see where your sister Isabella comes, with a face as serene as when her hands crowned my royal husband ! She, too, will remain here. God bless you, my brother Nigel, and give you the victory, this night, over the foes of Scotland !"

Retiring to the highest turret of the castle, the queen watched the progress of the enemy towards Kildrummie, rejoicing that the guards whom Nigel had summoned to convey her away, re-

mained to strengthen his force. Pale as a lily, and trembling with the excitement of the scene, Agnes Kirkpatrick sat, clasping the hands of her beloved mistress. Her frame shuddered, whenever a louder noise rose from below ; and her fears for Nigel almost overpowered her reason. She tried to pray, but her lips refused to move ; and soon she sank into a state of merciful insensibility, from which she started, at intervals, to murmur of Nigel and the coronach which she seemed still to hear.

A wild note of triumph came sounding from the court-yard below. Footsteps were heard on the stairs, but they awoke not the still insensible maiden. The door was burst open, and a party of English soldiers came trooping into the wide turret-chamber, and claimed its inmates as their prisoners. As their captors bore them, unresistingly—because all resistance was vain—to the hall below, the first object that met the eyes of the queen, was the body of Nigel. She sprang suddenly from the arms of the soldier who held her, and threw herself beside him.

Her deep cry of anguish, as she lifted the beloved face, and saw that life was crushed from that noble heart, was echoed by the Countess of Buchan, and had even roused the inanimate energies of Agnes, who leaned forward in the direction of the sound. In her dreamy state, she fancied it again the wild notes of the coronach, and that they were sounding for Nigel. "I come, my love—I come !" she murmured, as with the strength of the death struggle, she sprang from her captor to prostrate herself on the ground beside her lover. When the rude soldier attempted to lift her from thence, her arms were firmly entwined around Nigel. It was the death clasp. The maiden had ceased to breathe.

In a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, the royal Bruce learned of the sudden storming of Kildrummie, the capture of its beloved inmates, and the terrible fate of his young and beautiful brother and the maiden he loved so well. He stayed not to mourn. The tidings wrought other work in his heroic soul. He felt that one more effort was worthy of the descendant of William the Lion, and of the friend of William Wallace ; and calling to his aid the bands which still breathed his name as their king, he went forth to gain the victory once more, and to give freedom to the wife and sister so tenderly beloved. Then, and not until then, did he pour out his weeping soul in memory of Nigel.

Night-labor will in time destroy the student.  
The marrow of his bones fills his lamp.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO ONE BELOVED.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

I will not vow—as lovers do:  
By earth and heaven, by sea and air;  
Or call on all things good and fair,  
To witness that I will be true.

I will not promise to adore:  
To bend in worship at thy feet;  
Or phrases passionate repeat,  
Or swear I could not love thee more;

For vows like these too common are!  
They are as plentiful as shells  
That reach the shore upon the swells  
Of ocean's breast, from realms afar!

But I will take your hand in mine,  
And say, "Henceforth thy life shall be  
As sacred as my own to me,  
And what is mine shall blend with thine.

"And all our thoughts shall merge in one,  
And all our sorrows be the same;  
And all the joys our hearts can frame  
Shall in one sunlit current run.

"And not as shallow brooks that flow  
O'er pebbly beds our life shall be;  
But like the stream that seeks the sea,  
In calm content shall forward go."

[ORIGINAL.]

**ELSIE WHITE,**  
**THE LONDON SEAMSTRESS.**

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"WAKE up, Elsie—wake up; it's four o'clock, child. I've got your breakfast ready, and by the time you've eaten it, it'll be ha' past."

"O, aunty, must I get up now? I'm so weary!—my eyes are as heavy as lead." And the delicate face from under whose coarse cotton cap fell a few bright locks, looked languidly up—"aunty, I can't wake up."

"Lud, child! that's what you told me; says you, 'be sure and call me at four, for Miss Striker said we must be to work when the clock strikes six;' so I only done as you said."

"Miss Striker—O, yes, I remember now. I must get up. I'm wide awake now." And a long, deep sigh followed.

"There, your breakfast is all ready, though it aint so good as I wish it were, that's certain. Here's an egg I found right under the window; I declare it seems as if Providence put it there. It'll strengthen you ever so much. I toasted the bread, it was so dry, and made a sortish gravy. Seems to me, you don't eat nothin'."

"I can't, aunty,"—and the delicate lips trembled,—"I'd give anything if I could. I wish I did have an appetite—but there—I'll take this bit of toast in a paper, perhaps I'll feel hungry by twelve."

She arose wearily from the wooden chair, passed a hand to her side, slowly put on a faded bonnet, and a more than faded shawl, and walked out into a cheerless November fog. Street after street, corner after corner, the young girl hurried along. But few of the shops were open; the market-men were just starting with their heavy loads—a dull uniformity reigned around.

Passing now and then a block of splendid houses, Elsie White looked up at their imposing fronts with many a sigh.

"They do not toil unless they please," she said, sorrowfully. "How strange that life should be so full of joy for some—so brimming with woe for others."

Poor child! she little knew that earthly joy bears flowers that are never thornless.

On she went, still on, till she came to an imposing establishment where half-grown boys were taking down the shutters, exposing to view patterns of many hues and shapes—here, an enormous sleeve, there a skirt, here a body, there a basque, here a flouncing, there embroidery.

Passing into an insignificant side-door, that was made for the express purpose of not attracting notice, the pale girl hurried up stairs fearing that she might be too late. No—there stood Miss Striker, a tall, sharp-featured maiden, who ordered as she was ordered, and drove as she was driven. Her glittering scissors hung by a long, steel chain to her side, a red velvet needle-cushion shone conspicuous near her belt-clasp. Her hair was drawn plainly back, and ornamented only by a band of narrow green velvet so near the color of her eyes as to suggest many a giggling comparison.

"Come, girls, the work is ready. Mary Lawson, you will take the red velvet with Kitty and Norse. Norse, you are the sleeves; Mary, you are the seaming; Kitty, you are the body. Miss Elsie White, the clock is near striking. There's a white satin band—you are embroidery to-day."

Elsie sat down to her task with a dissatisfied air. Embroidery she excelled in, and at the same time disliked, because it caused extreme sensitiveness to her eyes. But there was no alternative; her two dollars a week must be worked out some way, and perhaps after all, the pleasure of working in brilliant colors would compensate for any trifling derangement of vision. Loss of eye-sight would be nothing in comparison to the loss of a place.

It was the London busy season, and the girls were not spared. Many were almost sick from overwork, and some had been obliged to give up and go home. Hollow eyes, white lips and attenuated forms were there in plenty, a few only seeming in spite of the weary labor to be healthy and comparatively happy. Some would sit in strangely unnatural positions, betokening loss of physical strength and constant pain in some vital part of the system—some bent into hollow chests and consumptive figures over the rich fabrics that were soon to adorn the *élite* on the occasion of some splendid ball or *soirée*, and nearly all had that painful intentness of vision that calls forth earnest sympathy whenever it is seen.

The group around Elsie White were rather more lively than the rest.

"This satin is for the Lady Ellen Morse," said one, arranging the shining satin folds. "Shouldn't I like to be the Lady Ellen Morse, though? They say she is rich beyond all calculation, and then the handsome gentlemen she has to wait upon her!"

"I should rather be that young princess who came with her," chimed in another, "only think what a title it is! Why, there is no end to what one might do if one only had her title and her wealth. Who would you rather be, Elsie White?"

"I—O—I don't know," said Elsie, languidly; "none of the fine people exactly, although it must be very pleasant to be admired and do just what one likes."

"Elsie White has such quiet tastes!" sneered another.

"At least she doesn't pass a certain corner every day to look at a certain noble gentleman who once did her the honor to smile at her, probably in ridicule," exclaimed another, with a sharp voice.

"Hold your tongue, Ellen Maine!" said the young girl whose imprudence was indicated. "I rather think it would be agreeable to you, even to be laughed at by a lord," she added.

"Silence, young women!" exclaimed Miss Striker, rattling her steel chain.

"I know just what would suit Elsie White," said one sweet-faced girl; "a nice little home in the country, where she could go out of mornings and snuff the scent of clover."

"She'd better 'ave one of our Yorkshire lads then," exclaimed a new-comer, a gawky, fresh-looking girl. "She'd 'ave nothink to do then but to eat 'am and make butter an' cheese, an' milk the cows, an' see to the dairy an' the cooking. Wont she wish she were back here?"

Elsie put her hand to her side. It seemed as

if the very mention of scented country air made the pain more acute and harder to bear. "Yes," she thought, but did not say—"I would marry the poorest farmer to-morrow, provided I could love him, and leave this joyless, tiresome, hireling life—gladly, O, how gladly!"

At that moment Miss Striker was called out. She stopped some minutes, and when she returned, a fine-looking, gentlemanly man accompanied her. He was tall, somewhat commanding in his manners, and had decidedly the air of a person at his ease. Of course the girls, those who were capable, put themselves immediately in various interesting positions, and brisk whisperings and side glancings were interchanged. The young man looked about with some interest as he proceeded to unfold his business, whatever it was, to the lady in charge. Elsie raised her eyes casually once or twice, remarked to herself that he was a noble-appearing gentleman, wondered what he wanted of Miss Striker, and went on with her embroidery. Some ten minutes elapsed—the stranger had gone—the steady work begun to tell on the frames of the weary sewers, and comparative silence ensued.

Through that long, weary day, only stopping time enough to eat the pitiful lunch she had taken from her humble home, poor Elsie White drew her needle in and out, selecting this color and that shade, till she was almost worn down with weariness. To the very verge of candle-light she toiled, and then, in consideration of the nature of her employment, she was allowed to go home. Many, however, were required to stay far into the evening.

Her arms were almost numb as Elsie tied the pale strings of her straw bonnet, her fingers felt as if there were needles in their tips; her temples ached, her side was sore—O, if she could have thrown herself upon some kind, motherly breast and enjoyed the luxury of a good cry. But that could not be—Elsie was motherless. She had neither father, sister nor brother, no one to love her. The woman with whom she boarded, or professed to board for the sake of helping her, had once been a servant in her father's family, and though she was kind enough, yet her nature was too inherently coarse to allow her to be a companion such as the poor young girl needed.

It was not so dark out of doors as within, but Elsie's vision seemed painfully dim. She looked up at the familiar face of an old clock over the door of a celebrated watchmaker's shop, but strangely enough she could not see the hands.

"Is it so very late?" thought Elsie—"why, I feel so faint!" And clapping her hands to her temples, the young creature staggered, fainted.

When she recovered, she found herself extended upon a lounge in what appeared to be some office, and on attempting to move, a low, gentle voice said, "you feel better, do you not?"

She looked up and was startled to see the dark, stately stranger who had held an interview with Miss Striker.

"Do you not feel better?" The question was repeated.

"O, thank you—yes, sir, much better. I am really ashamed to make so much trouble. I never fainted before. I must have worked too steadily."

She had lifted herself, and now sat leaning wearily against the lounge. To her confusion, her hair had fallen down, and the luxuriant, beautiful, golden tresses fell over her pale cheeks and adown her back. She tried to gather them in her trembling fingers, but they would not perform the duty.

"Wait a moment," said the gentleman, still smiling; and disappearing, he came back again, with an intelligent girl, who, obeying his motions, curled the rich tresses gracefully about her head.

"My carriage is at the door," said the stranger; "if you will trust yourself with me, I will see you safely home. If my recollection serves me right, I saw you in Madam Pierpont's establishment."

Elsie blushed—not from shame at being recognized—but from absolute pleasure; for at this moment the man with his noble face and manner appeared nothing less than an angel of mercy. Was it possible that out of them all he remembered her? Had her face such attractions?—but no, she could not be so vain, so foolish. Quietly and with a dignity all her own she allowed him to lead her to the carriage, and in a few minutes they were set down at the very humble tenement where Elsie lived.

"I must see more of this fair flower," thought the young Squire Lowrie. "I knew the moment I cast my eye upon her, that she was superior to her circumstances."

Why did Elsie dream of the stranger? Why in the night succeeding, after a day's toil that had been however much lightened by the recollection of his kindness, did she array herself in her best, poorly but tastefully, and think perhaps he might come?

And come he did. Auntie stared over her spectacles, and in a wondrously knowing way winked at Elsie. The poor old room with its faded carpet, faded rug, faded chairs, faded everything, was yet made like a palace by Elsie's sweet face, and the presence of the handsome gentleman.

"How well he talked about farmin'," said auntie, when he had gone. "I guess he's a born farmer. How I'd like to live on a farm that he managed! I've did dairy work afore I was as old as you, enough sight. But, patience alive, he don't look like a farmer!"

So thought Elsie, as with an absent smile she took a candle to retire.

One day there was a great commotion in the sewing-room over which Miss Striker presided. The young Squire Lowrie, whose rank, however, was not known among the operatives, called again upon Miss Striker, and Elsie was all blushes when the former came to her and with a look of sudden respect, said:

"Miss White, Squire Lowrie!"

Elsie looked up, this time pale with astonishment. Business in her vicinity was suspended for the moment when the squire was observed to speak to "Miss White," and the latter, immediately arraying herself in bonnet and shawl, left the room with him.

"Hem! aint been gittin' them new things for nothin'," sneered one, and various conjectures, not all complimentary, went the rounds.

"Miss Elsie," said the squire, when they had left the building, "I believe I have some good news for you."

She lifted her blue eyes wonderingly. How quickly they fell again.

"You told me that old Samuel Grosvenor was your nearest relative, I think."

Elsie responded in the affirmative.

"He is dead."

Again Elsie gave an inquiring glance.

"Died worth a million," added the squire, "and left no will."

Elsie's brain grew a little giddy.

"And what?"—her lips trembled under the eager question, but he answered her before it was wholly asked.

"You, of course, inherit all his property."

Elsie's weight grew heavier upon his arm.

"You are not going to faint again," he said, pleasantly.

"O, no!" The tears were in her eyes, however—she who for ten years, ever since she was a child of nine, had suffered one long, dreary siege of poverty and dependence—wearisome drudgery—now to be suddenly as rich as many a peer of England! The thought was overwhelming. No wonder she said, "I can hardly realize it. Are you *sure* it is so?"

"Very sure, my little friend," he said, looking down into her sweet face, "and I know not why, I should not say that—" he added, gravely—"I do know why I was so anxious to be the first to

apprise you of your good fortune. Had that uncle who treated you so unkindly have lived, to him, of course, the money would have reverted; but I can now almost say, in view of what you have suffered, thank God, he did not!"

Till within a few years Elsie had been dependent upon the protection of her father's only brother, and though he had bestowed a good education upon her, she had suffered almost every indignity at his hands.

"You will not forget me in your sudden prosperity," said Squire Lowrie, in his gentle way, as he sat upon the old calico lounge beside her.

"Forget you?"

The emphasis was sufficient. There was no need of the eloquent glance, the blush, the confusion.

"I am a man of plain tastes," he said, gently, taking one of her hands in his own. "My hobby is a quiet, retired life in the country, where I can attend to my farm and enjoy the sweet and soothing companionship of Nature. When I first saw your face, so calm, so white, among the group of sewing girls, I said, there is the face I could never weary of gazing upon; and then came the wish—but no matter—I forget that I am talking to the gentle embroiderer no longer, but to the great heiress for whose hand perhaps nobles may contend."

Elsie's glance at that moment was a whole volume of reproof.

"Still, I must add," he said, with a manly confidence, "that if Elsie White were this moment what she deemed herself this morning, I should ask her to be my wife."

"In what am I changed?" she asked, almost mournfully, her eyes swimming in tears.

"In nothing but circumstances," said Squire Lowrie, gently, — there came a pause, when, gathering both her hands in his, he said, tremulously—"Elsie, rich or poor, I love you! You must be my wife!"

And smiles and tears were in the eyes that looked up from his shoulder. His strong, clasping arm was around her.

"Young women, I have something to tell you," said Miss Striker, her green eyes glowing with the news. "Miss White who used to work with us in this establishment, has come to a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds, and to-morrow you are all invited to witness her marriage to Squire Lowrie, youngest son of Lord Henry Lowrie, late of Manchester — at Grace Church. To-morrow, therefore, there will be no work done in these rooms."

Such a flutter and buzz, and confusion of tongues as ensued! And when not an hour

after, a multitude of rich gifts were sent to be distributed among the sewing-girls, wonder and admiration were at their height.

And the wedding—that was superb! Was it possible that beautiful creature with garments of lace that seemed to have been wrought by the fairies, with a veil rich enough to have been the queen's, was their little spirit-faced Elsie White? And noble and handsome the bridegroom looked, "quite a prince," went round the whisper.

Elsie retired to her husband's beautiful estate in Yorkshire, in the pretty village of Denham Clough. O, what a happy woman she was, not because she was rich, but because her husband lived a farmer's life, and she could inhale the sweet fragrance of the clover, hear singing birds, see running waters, and exercise the full graces of her soul in loving what God had made, and man had not stamped with his inferior image.

#### WHO THE DEUCE WAS IT?

A respectable man in Windsor County, Vermont, many years ago, had an ambition to represent his town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good character, and every way able enough for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him," and was, in fact, the most unpopular man in town. Going to Squire X., an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asked his influence, saying he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X's influence, he was sure to be elected. The squire "put in his best jumps" for this man; but when the ballot-box was turned, another man was declared elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the votes stood, and learned that he had got three votes! "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the squire, with a chop-fallen countenance. "Nor I either," said the squire; "I put in my vote; you put in another; but who the mischief put in the third is more than I can imagine."—*Boston Post.*

#### BERRIES OF THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

A little after sunset we reached the mouth of the river Tschugash, where it falls into the Katoonaia. This is also a most lovely spot; it is sheltered by some very high rocks of fine green and purple jasper, their tops fringed with birch and mountain ash, the latter covered with bunches of deep scarlet fruit, used in almost every dwelling throughout Siberia. The wealthy housewife makes a *nalifka* from it which is considered excellent — it has a fine, bitter flavor. They make it into a preserve, and some dry the fruit in sugar. A delicious salad is also made by placing the bunches in large jars, filling them up with vinegar, slightly sweetened with honey. This is found in most cottages.—*Atkinson's Siberia.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO THE GIRL I LOVE.

BY CHARLES STUART.

Mary, I love you! Simple words,  
 But O, how strong and true!  
 I will not swear eternal love—  
 Such stuff is not for you.  
 Nor am I versed in artful speech:  
 Soft vows suit not my muse;  
 My heart my lips their language teach  
 The shortest words to choose.

I love you, Mary—yet, perchance,  
 Our skies may sometimes frown;  
 Dark looks may veil the tender glance,  
 As we life's stream float down.  
 But we must learn to check the frown,  
 To reason more than blame;  
 The wisest have their faults to own,  
 And, Mary, we've the same.]

I will not promise that our life  
 Shall be as blest as now,  
 For human change and human strife  
 Would mock the empty vow;  
 But I will promise faithfully  
 (This pledge at least imagine),  
 To share my sorrows all with thee,  
 As may I share with thine.

You will not love me less, dear girl,  
 Nor words of sober wit;  
 I love thee dearly, but I hate  
 To see the hypocrite.  
 I will not call thee "angel," "saint,"  
 I woo as man should woo;  
 And though I see no honeyed saint,  
 You'll find me ever true.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RIVAL MESSMATES:

—OR, AN—

## ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

BY WILLIAM A. STUBBS.

HAL WEBBER and Ben Morton were messmates, but not friends. Whole-souled, generous, warm-hearted fellows, they had but one failing—an excess of ambition to excel, not only all, but each other, in the performance of those tasks required of them in their station as men before the mast. From the first time we shortened sail, they were rivals; and out of that rivalry sprang an enmity to each other, which nothing could allay, and which, in the breasts of the best, and consequently the leading men in the ship, bade fair to render our voyage dreary and disagreeable.

We were bound to the East Indies, on a trading voyage, with every prospect of a protracted absence, which rendered my position as first offi-

cer exceedingly trying, since on me, in a great measure, depended the maintenance of that peace and order so essential to the happiness of the crew, who were becoming thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their acknowledged leaders, divided into two parties, as distinct as the watches, by which they were again subdivided—each watch being composed of nearly equal numbers of the adherents of each party.

The result may be easily divined. Despite my most earnest endeavors, our little world was distracted by internal bickerings, animosities, and finally contests, until rough-and-tumble fights—in which black eyes and damaged frontispieces were dealt with unsparring hands—became as frequent as the summons to all hands to "shorten sail."

I essayed in vain to reason with the parties in question on the absurdity of this rivalry. Each, separately, acknowledged its folly; but as neither would succumb, it continued, until by its means we were rendered supremely miserable, and I would have hailed as a godsend any event promising me a release therefrom.

At length we arrived in Calcutta, and having discharged our cargo, took in ballast for South Australia, to which we were bound, under charter, for a cargo of wool. Touching at Swan River, and finding but little of the article in market, we made sail for Murray River, in the latitude of Paramatta, or the Botany Bay colony, which lies on the east coast of Australia, and distant from the former point nearly six hundred miles, most of which was at that time a howling wilderness, inhabited only by the beasts of prey peculiar to the country, with a plentiful sprinkling of escaped convicts, the majority of whom were as unworthy of confidence as their more savage forest-mates.

Entering Murray River, we sailed, towed and kedged our ship a distance of some fifty miles from its mouth, to a point at which the river branched into two equal streams, where we moored her head and stern, and dividing the crew, detailed one portion to the duty of keeping ship, while the other was placed with the boats at the service of the supercargo, who required them in the ascent of the river to purchase the wool required for our lading.

By some oversight on my part, both Webber and Morton were among the party drawn for ship duty, and consequently remained under my charge, rendering my duty a bore by their petty jealousies and bickerings, which were now doubly annoying, since the smallness of our party rendered them more dependent than ever upon each other for those social enjoyments which, even at

sea, tend to render life so pleasant. Captain S—— had accompanied the supercargo up the river; so that for the time I was clothed with supreme authority, which I soon found to be an irksome burthen, when the scarcity of necessary employment for the men obliged me to make work for them, in order that their minds might be continually engaged.

As the country abounded with wild hogs, a part of the tasks I required them to perform, was the capture of a number of young pigs, having heard them pronounced preferable to tame pork, and being desirous to eke out the ship's provisions by that means. Even into this task did the messmates carry this rivalry, making it the source of, and augmenting the ill-feeling already existing between them. Did one capture or kill a hog more than the other? it was a source of vexation to the less fortunate; or did either party return from a hunt unsuccessful, he was exposed to the jeers of his more fortunate companion, until recourse was had to a trial of strength or science, from which the vanquished retired to brood over his defeat and devise some means of retaliation.

The country between the forks, or branches of Murray River, with the exception of a few farms at the junction, was an unbroken forest for miles, save on the verge of the river, which was graced at distant points—where superior pasturage presented any allurements—by breeding stations, the property of stock-raisers, whose homes or headquarters were generally on the opposite shore—in the Melbourne colony on the south branch, or in the river colony on the north. The country between the rivers offering but few inducements to colonization, from the low and marshy nature of the soil, was being abandoned, as it were, by common consent to the refugees from the Botany Bay colony on the east.

It was in this region we prosecuted the chase, under the guidance of one or more of the *attaches* of the various farms lying at the junction, to whose skill and knowledge of the country we owed our success therein, having, in the short space of two weeks, killed nearly three hundred hogs and pigs, from which we selected the youngest and most eatable, abandoning the others to the jackals and vultures.

It was the last day I intended to devote to the chase, and at an early hour I set out with the launch, manned by eight oars, and carrying, in addition to our usual party, six of the neighboring farmers and overseers, whom I had invited to take part in our day's sport. Webber and Morton were of the party, as usual, and pulled the bow oars of the launch, on the passage up,

during which nothing transpired to mar our pleasure until we reached the point at which we were to disembark, when Morton, being bowman, in leaping on his thwart, to bring the boat to a good landing, slipped and fell forward, his right foot striking Webber in the region of the kidneys, whereon the latter, obeying the angry impulse of the moment, sprang from his seat, and grasping the innocent cause of his ire ere he could recover himself, hove him overboard, ere any divined his intention, or a hand could be extended to prevent it.

The water was some four feet deep at the spot, and the bottom a soft, adhesive mud, into which Morton was plunged head first with such violence, that he was buried to the shoulders, and stuck fast; while the boat, being under strong headway at the moment, passed on to a distance of four or five lengths ere she could be stopped by counter-action of the oars, when some two minutes elapsed ere we could regain the spot in which the suffocating man was struggling for life. Hauling him on board, we effected a landing as quickly as possible, where his resuscitation was for some time doubtful, owing to the adhesiveness of the mud, which filled his ears, eyes, nose and mouth, rendering him at once an object of sport and pity to all hands.

An hour elapsed ere he was able to accompany us, which he did, vowing vengeance upon Webber, who, though grieved at the result of his temper, manifested the utmost outward indifference, and carried the latter so far, as to indulge in various annoying allusions to his messmate's appearance while struggling in the mud, and subsequently while undergoing the cleaning process on the bank. This I forbade, as soon as I became aware of the fact, threatening the offender with condign punishment, if he persisted therein, when he lapsed into sullen silence, and we proceeded through the tangled brushwood and, at some points, almost impassable swamp, which lay between us and the plateau in which we expected to find our game, without further wrangling.

On reaching the plateau in question, we halted, and each being well provided with provender, made a hearty repast—well aware that after the chase had once commenced, the excitement it engendered would preclude the possibility of refreshment until it was brought to a termination. The repast over, the party separated, spreading in pairs over the plateau—some six hundred acres—while I took particular care to make Webber my partner, a young Scot named Cameron assuming charge of Morton, with a view to prevent the possibility of a collision be-

tween them—an event from which I apprehended a fatal result, should it take place during the excited state of the latter's nerves.

The game proved plentiful, and our chase promised to be unusually successful, in view of which, the party were in unusually high spirits, making the forest ring with their uproarious mirth as oft as with the report of their arms, when a rapid succession of shots, on the extreme right of the party, attracted our attention, succeeded by a confused shouting, which was taken up and replied to along the line, combined with a cry which appalled the stoutest hearts, as it fell distinctly on our ears. "A tiger! a tiger!"

It was enough to congeal the life-blood of all. Tigers I had seen; but only in the cages of travelling menageries. I had never gazed upon the treacherous brute in his native wilds; consequently, I was an entire stranger to his habits. I had read various descriptions of the manner in which they were hunted, from which, however, but little reliable or useful information could be gained, owing to the conflicting and contradictory details, which branded them, in my opinion, as purely imaginary; therefore my emotions may be more easily imagined than described, while hurrying to the centre, or towards the scene of confusion to which all were hastening.

The plateau was thickly wooded, and in many places covered with dense thickets, one of which was now pointed out as the temporary refuge of the savage brute whose sudden advent among our party had created the uproar. As acknowledged leader of the chase, I proposed a hasty retreat, which was opposed by the resident portion of the party to a man, with whom the majority of the ship's company agreed, although they forbore the expression of their wish in so many words.

Perceiving myself to be clearly in the minority, I demanded if any of those present were accustomed to hunting that animal, when Mr. Cameron avowed himself an adept, one or two others claiming to have some practice, whereon I requested the former to favor my men with some instructions regarding their movements, resigning to him the leadership on the spot.

His directions were necessarily hurried and brief, being to the effect that we should surround the thicket, ready to use our fowling-pieces at an instant's notice, and in no instance flinch from an encounter with the brute, if subjected to an attack, but trust to our companions for aid; adding that to fly from a tiger was fruitless, and only increased the brute's confidence, whereas to confront him boldly served to intimidate him to such a degree, that instances had been known, in the

forests of Australia, in which parties had escaped an attack from the beast at bay, when the least symptom of fear would have been the signal for the fatal spring.

The thicket was surrounded, in accordance with his directions, he occupying a position near me, and a little in advance, while Morton and Webber were a little to the right, advancing side by side, and beating the bush in their approach on our common foe. All animosity was at that moment buried, the injury of the morning forgotten, and all thought of revenge abandoned, every energy being enlisted in the assault upon the ruthless ranger of the wilds.

As our little band gradually closed around the thicket, the low growling of the enraged beast broke upon our ears, causing the uninitiated to hold their breath, every eye betraying the effect of the exciting noise. Then came a hasty movement among the brushwood, succeeded by a series of loud growls, during which we advanced, all imitating the example of Cameron, who held his piece at the half present, ready to cover in an instant any object which might come within its range. The growling ceased, and all was still as the grave within the thicket, Cameron having halted on the instant, and all within view of his signal—his upraised hand—doing the same.

"Beware when he springs!" he whispered, rather than said; while every eye was bent on the thicket from which we expected the demon to pounce upon us. "Hist! he comes!" uttered Cameron; and at the instant a dense body glanced obliquely across the line of my gaze, which was instantly obscured by the smoke from the muzzle of his fowling-piece, the ringing report of which, so close to my ear, stunned me, from which I had scarce recovered, when I heard Cameron, who was hurriedly reloading his piece, exclaim: "By Heaven! he'll kill him!"

Turning even while the latter spoke, I beheld a scene which froze my blood with horror. On the ground, not ten yards distant, lay Webber; and on his prostrate body was crouching the tiger, the nervous motion of whose tail was sufficient indication of his fury, while for a moment he seemed to hesitate whether to spring a second time, or despatch the victim already in his power.

At the instant my gaze rested on the thrilling scene, Morton was bounding from the earth, within a yard of the tiger's haunch, having been prostrated at the same instant as his messmate, when, with a second bound, he placed himself right before the brute, and raising his musket, discharged it point blank at the head of the ruth-



less monster. Unfortunately his aim was too high, the ball taking effect in the hide of the tiger between the tips of the shoulder-blades, from which it ploughed a bloody furrow down the back to the right of the bone, leaving the latter uninjured. An instant later, he lay prostrate beneath the tiger's claws, and ere any others could cover the brute with their aim, he was bounding away towards the swamp with him in his jaws. Dropping on one knee, I brought my musket to my shoulder, aiming towards an opening in the brushwood, across which I hoped the monster would pass. Less than a minute elapsed ere my bullet was speeding on its deathly errand, followed by eight or ten others from the muskets and fowling-pieces of those who could get the beast within range.

Although the volley failed to bring him down, it caused him to drop his prey, when he stood at bay, awaiting and apparently defying the attack for which we made instant preparation. All who had discharged their guns reloaded as speedily as possible, as we advanced in a body, among which, to my amazement, I beheld Webber, his upper garments literally in rags and his body bathed in blood, presenting altogether the most ghastly spectacle I ever witnessed. He was near me, at the moment, and examining the priming of his piece, which he blew out of the pan, and coming still nearer, gasped with difficulty, pointing to the open pan of his musket—"Some powder."

Extending to him my horn, I demanded, hurriedly: "In Heaven's name, what can you do in that condition? Stay where you are! A second exposure would be folly."

"He risked his life for mine! I'll aid in his rescue, or die!" was his decisive rejoinder, as he returned me my powder-horn, when raising his musket, he started on the run, staggering from weakness as he advanced.

Cameron sternly ordered him back, but in vain, while he remained as heedless of my commands, when perceiving his resolution to be fixed, I also quickened my pace. We were now within thirty yards of the brute, when Cameron gave the signal to fire by discharging his own piece. All, who could cover the brute with their arms, a second time followed his example, except Webber and myself—the former still advancing at a rapid pace, while I followed close in his rear. On receiving the second volley, the tiger crouched for a spring, and with a deep growl, bounded towards us, alighting within two yards of Webber, who dropped on his knees at the instant, and with the rapidity of thought thrust the muzzle of his musket into the mon-

ster's throat, pulling the trigger at the same instant, when a dull report followed—Webber falling backwards as the agonized brute made a second spring, clearing his prostrate form and falling dead almost at my side.

Scarce a minute elapsed, ere our party were mustered round the carcase of our fallen foe, which, on examination, was found to have been pierced by thirteen balls, none of which had inflicted any injury which could have proved fatal, had not Webber's bullet entered his heart. He, poor fellow, lay senseless where he had fallen, and upon examination, we found him to be fearfully lacerated by the animal's claws, his left shoulder being bitten nearly through, though fortunately no bones were broken, while his right thigh was laid open almost to the bone, the gash extending from some two inches below the groin almost to the bone.

Morton fared much worse, having his arm broken in three places, four ribs broken in his right side, and several flesh wounds as dangerous, though far from being as extensive as those of his messmate. He, too, was insensible from loss of blood, while near an hour elapsed ere either was restored to consciousness, by which time we had prepared litters for their accommodation, on which we laid them, eight of our party undertaking the task of bearing them to the boat, the remainder following with the arms of the bearers and the skin of our vanquished foe, which we bore off as a trophy of our victory.

It was sunset when we reached the boat, and some time after dark when we gained the ship, where we found Captain S—— and the supercargo, with the remainder of our crew, who manifested no little concern on beholding their injured messmates. Captain S—— expressed in strong terms his admiration of their gallant conduct, when he learned the circumstances, declaring that no expense should be spared in ensuring their recovery.

Soon after sailing for home, Morton returned to his duty, when the marked change in the deportment of the former rivals became clearly apparent to all, exciting some surprise among their messmates, while to me it proved a source of particular gratification, since I beheld therein the death-knell of all party bickerings and petty animosities.

In the hour of their mutual peril, their heroic self-devotion to each other's rescue had laid their rivalry to rest forever, calling into play the finer emotions of their nature and laying the foundation of a friendship which was to endure for life, and which rendered our homeward passage as pleasant as our outward one had been disagreeable.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LONG AGO.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"—those Utopian days,  
The days that are no more!"

Let me sing no song of gladness—let me shape no strain  
of mirth,  
Though I ween no fairer summer-time could gladden all  
the earth;

Let me speak no joyous accents, though the skies are  
bright and fair,

And Nature, in her holiday, reproves my bosom's care:  
Nay, I'll chant of mournful memories which crowd my  
heart to-day:

Of spectral forms, which seem to rise around my lonely  
way;

Yes, other hearts, perchance, with mine, in measure mad  
and slow,

May join in funeral dirges of the buried Long Ago!

Ah, how thick the memories cluster at that wizardly magic  
word!

What hopes and joys forgotten by its influence are stirred!  
How they press and throng about me in this evening of  
my day:

In this time when youth's bright roscate is lost in eve-  
ning's gray!

How the coffin'd shapes of other years, unsepulchred  
arise,

And look again upon me with their dull and glassy eyes!  
Phantoms all, whose ghostly footfalls, in their marching  
to and fro,

Keep step and time unto the sad, sweet strains of Long  
Ago!

Can those seasons be forgotten!—those days of lost de-  
light,

When Time, alas! too merciless, increased his rapid flight?  
Can we cease to think of buried hopes?—of joys that  
could not last?

Though in thinking thus we must commune with these, O  
joyless Past!

Though our path is ever upward, yet at times our eyes  
must turn

From the weary heights above, to where the smouldering  
embers burn,

On the hearthstone of departed days—still burning faint  
and low,

And dying, slowly dying—this flame of Long Ago!

And ever thus when earlier years have flitted swift away,  
When dun gray clouds of twilight bring the evening of  
our day,

When the path grows dark and tangled, when the storm  
beats fierce and high,

And dangers, cloaked in artful guise, before our footsteps  
lie,

O, let our steadfast gaze be turned upon the beacon-fire  
Which burns, e'en as it burned in youth, to light our feet  
still higher;

And onward, as we firmly press, be lighted by the glow  
Of sinless childhood's holy fire—the flame of Long Ago!

He who lives only to benefit himself, gives the  
world a great benefit when he dies.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE

## SEVEN ROCKS OF THE RHINE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

WHERE now lie the ruins of Schonberg (beau-  
tiful hill) on the banks of the blue Rhine, stood  
once a stately castle with moat and drawbridge  
and high towers. Within that castle dwelt a  
proud and warlike feudal German lord, and  
around him, tall, fair and lovelier far than any  
flower that sprang up within the garden of the  
court, bloomed seven golden-haired daughters, the  
fame of whose beauty had spread abroad through  
all the country—"the seven sisters of Schonberg."

Fair, proud and stately, inheriting the beauty  
of their Saxon mother, who slept now her long  
sleep beneath the clump of firs in the family  
burial-place, united to the haughty spirit of their  
noble sire—it was not strange that suitors came  
from far and near to bend before the maidens,  
who by day on their milk-white palfreys, rode  
over the surrounding country, or at twilight  
walked arm in arm upon the ramparts of the  
castle, while overhead fluttered the red banner  
of Schonberg on the pleasant air.

But, as is too oft the case, much wooing had  
made these fair damsels prouder, haughtier yet,  
till never a knight came to bow the knee, or pay  
compliment in courtly phrase, but he departed  
angry and humiliated—the rejected of the sisters  
of the castle.

Peasant, retainer and vassal at Schonberg told  
strange tales of the haughty maidens—how they  
had vowed themselves to dwell for aye unwed,  
because among the many knights who came  
thither to seek their hands, none were found of  
noble lineage or gallant prowess to mate with  
these eagle-spirited daughters of a feudal lord.  
"But we will sing and dance, and jest with all,"  
they said. "We will even lure them to our feet  
as humblest suitors for our love—ay, that will  
prove rarest sport to beguile our tedious hours  
in this grim old castle—and then we will laugh  
and bid them seek elsewhere for their brides, since  
the seven sisters of Schonberg have vowed to  
die unwed."

"And by our sire's shield," cried Hilda, the  
eldest and boldest of the band, with the hard,  
cold heart of a warrior in a woman's beautiful  
form, "'twere rare and sweet to bring on his  
knees before me Sir Hildebrand de Warbeck,  
just returned from the wars, for has he not  
boasted that 'he would humble the eagle of  
Schonberg till she pecked at his hand like a tame  
dove?' Mark ye, sisters mine, three moons

shall not have silvered our beautiful Rhine, till this presumptuous boaster learns how the daughter of a princely line can be humbled by a brag-gart knight. And, sisters mine, 'twere rare sport were each of ye to single some perfumed fop from this Sir Hildebrand's train, and teach him the lesson men learn so seldom—how women's hearts are not wax, to be moulded at their will. What think ye, little Leoline?" addressing a sweet-faced girl, with long, light curls soft as the flossy corn-silk, streaming adown her ivory shoulders, who sat apart from the others, looking dreamily away to the north, where the dark pine forests loomed against the sky, and a banner of blue and gold fluttered from a castle's tower on the distant hill.

Leoline started, blushed, and by a strong effort recalled her wandering thoughts—Leoline, the beautiful tiring-girl of these seven sisters who stood hand in hand upon the castle ramparts in the soft twilight hour.

"Say, what thinkest thou of our plan—and hast a mind to join us, girl, since thy fair face may snare some bearded and scented follower of Sir Hildebrand, and so he shall learn that even Schonberg's daughters' maid scorns the love of him and his? I' faith, girl, I have half a mind that thou shouldst personate my father's eldest-born, and thus lure the boaster to thy feet! See, sisters, would not Leoline become a rare lady?" And the haughty Hilda threw her gorgeous silken mantle around the shoulders of the humble Leoline.

"I pray thee, Lady Hilda, let this be otherwise! Leoline Liebhausen is but a peasant girl, and it would illy become her to play the part of a great lady among your noble guests. Let me rather tye your hair and arrange your robes as of old." And she turned a face strangely white upon her lady.

"As you will, good Leoline," laughed Hilda. "The dove has not the eagle's courage," she said, half sarcastically to her sisters. "See how she trembles—the timid girl! But be it so, my child. On this day week thine hands must busy themselves with our tiring, and also thou mayst bring thither thy younger sisters to assist thee, for the Castle Schonberg will be filled with guests, and the seven daughters of our sire must be right royally attired to meet the gallant knights who shall be bidden. And, little Leoline, forget not thine own wardrobe; for, perchance, Sir Hildebrand will bring hither in his train some gallant squire who shall straightway make thy girlish heart to flutter wildly, and bring the roses to thy cheek.—Ha, sisters mine, you banner flaunts right bravely on the air," pointing away to where

the blue and golden pennon fluttered from the battlements of Warbeck Castle among the distant pines. "By our sire's good sword, these upstart German barons are like to crowd old Schonberg from her foundations of five centuries old into the foaming Rhine. Ha, ha! a Warbeck eagle shall tame a Schonberg dove." And with a sarcastic, yet musical and rippling laugh, the haughty Lady Hilda folded her mantle around her stately form and imperiously strode down the stone stairs to her tapestried chambers.

Moonlight slept on the flashing Rhine, when from the postern gate of the castle, a slight, muffled figure stole forth, and a stalwart form leaped from among the dark firs which skirted the wall.

"My Leoline!" was softly whispered, and in another moment the beautiful peasant girl was encircled by a pair of arms whose eager clasp almost frightened her, and a warm kiss fell on her lips.

"Nay, you are bold, Otho." And the trembling girl shrank away with a half terrified air, looking back toward the gate she had just quitted.

"And thou art forgiving, my gentle Leoline," said the knight, his half suit of armor, and his bronzed, handsome face betrayed him—"and surely thou wilt pardon what my love hath emboldened me to take. Nay, fear not, thy true knight will do deeds of monkish penance so thou wilt not withhold the light of thy blue eyes. Come, rest upon this gnarled fir trunk, and tell me what thy seven dragons do in yonder castle."

"Nay, they are very kind to me, Otho, and I must not speak ill of them. Even Lady Hilda, who is so proud to all, bestows much favor on her humble peasant maid—"

"Who will one day flee from under so grim a roof to be the light of a sunnier home—" interrupted her companion. "Nay, blushing? silly thing!—as though there were not so-called ladies born with meanest souls, and peasant maids with ladies' dower. When Otho wins his bride—but I put a ban upon my lips. But a few moments must I linger here; tell me what new deed of scornful coquetry weave the fair seven sisters while thou plaitest their sunny braids. I have heard they treat all men—noble warrior or knight—with disdain; and I dare swear they would even reject my master, Sir Hildebrand, did he fall victim to their charms. What thinkest thou, my pretty Leoline?"

"Hath not Sir Hildebrand given vent to a foolish boast? But this eve, while walking on the ramparts, Lady Hilda repeated such a tale to her sisters six, and all are leagued to teach him a

lesson, that none shall fall into his snare. Ah! Otho, much I fear my ladies are cold and haughty, and that to them 'tis greater joy to scorn than for others to—to—"

"To yield as yielded my pet dove," said the knight, with a tender smile. "But, by the rood, this is news—this sister league against the claims of love. Yet, when comes the test?—for to my ken, my master hath but once met Lady Hilda, and that when riding among the hills, and even then she surlily repulsed his attempts at converse. They will never meet, for Sir Hildebrand of Warbeck is not one to proffer neighborly advances to the grim old Lord of Schonberg when his eldest daughter has thus offended him."

"That is what I learned scarce two hours since," replied Leoline. "On the morrow, a messenger from the castle will bear a summons from my lord baron to your master, bidding him and his retainers accept the hospitalities of Schonberg one week hence. To this, the Lady Hilda hath incited him—for this, the seven sisters will attire themselves in silken stuffs and jewels, to captivate the knights that swell Sir Hildebrand's train. And much I fear, Otho, that thou mayst be drawn from thy vows to thy poor Leoline," she added, artlessly, casting her blue eyes full upon the dark, handsome face of her lover.

"What, jealous so soon?" queried the knight, with a smile. "Nay, thou wilt have no cause, for know that Otho cannot come hither in his master's service, since this day week he leaves Sir Hildebrand. 'Tis for him to fear the truth of his lovely Leoline, when surrounded by brave and gallant soldiers who are wont to speed their wooing. Swear to me, Leoline, that whenever I come hither—be it soon or far—whenever I come to claim thee I shall find thee true as now!" And he fully read her face there in the pale moonlight.

"I swear it, Otho, by the rood and by the cross!" replied the girl, with fervid tones.

"Then know that one day thou shalt not have cause to sorrow for this vow—or Otho to blush for his bride!" And with a sudden kiss on the maiden's pure white forehead, the knight hastily led her to the postern gate, and turned away.

"Hist thee, pretty one," said a voice beside her, as Leoline lingered one moment under the castle wall to watch the form of her lover recede amid the shade of the dark firs; and she turned to behold the little, bent, shrivelled hag of the Rhine Valley—Gammer Berthold—close beside her.

"Hist thee! Gammer has seen the eagle and the dove perched yonder on the castle walls, but the dove is soft and fair—" and she stroked the

girl's head caressingly, with a witch-like, skinny hand,—“and should build herself another nest,” nodding in the direction her lover had gone—“he! he!—another nest! Thou hast not forgotten the day when thou lent a helping hand to poor, lame Gammer Berthold, trampled underneath my Lady Hilda's great roan beyond the portcullis, hey, little one?”

“No, Gammer; I remember it well, and I hope thou wert not lamed still further then. My lady did not see thee in her path.”

“Nay, tell that to the winds, but not to ‘the witch of the Rhine!’ She called me that the day when her great steed struck me down in her path. I tell thee, girl, that Schonberg's daughters are proud and cruel, with hearts like steel. They scorn men's love; they tread down the aged and feeble like weeds in their pathway; they are cold and hard as yonder rocks on which the white moonlight falls; their pride gathers and sways all before them, like yon river's rushing waters when the tempest rushes down from the Rhine country among the hills. Let them beware that they find not their home among the whirling waves and flinty rocks.” And the old witch wildly swung her skinny arm aloft.

“Why, Gammer, thou wouldst not harm them?” And Leoline shuddered, looking toward the river which whirled wildly past the castle walls, and whose embrace was certain death—remembering tales of those whom it was said had incurred the hate of this weird, witch-like being, and whose corpses had been found floating, swollen and ghastly, upon the stream—“You would not harm my lord baron's daughters?”

“Ha! ha! keep thy pity, gentle one! For such as thee, soft, white dove, no harm shall come nigh—but the haughty ladies, with cold and flinty hearts, let them beware the ire of Gammer Berthold, and the rocks of the rushing Rhine! But go in now, thou'rt shivering in this night air. Little one, sleep sound and sweet this night, and at early morn betimes fail not to look where Warbeck's banner floats upon the air, and measure thy pinions for a flight ere long to another nest!” And with a wave of her elfin hand, the strange goblin woman, leaning on her staff, hobbled away.

A month had sped in Schonberg Castle—a swift, bright month of merriment and feasting, pomp and pageantry, for Schonberg's baron kept open house in the true old princely style.

Within the long banquetting hall guests sat down to sumptuous viands and great flagons of Rudesheimer, danced by night to the sound of pipe and tabor, or listened to the chant of the

minnesinger or palmer returning from the Holy Land. In the court-yard a hundred ringing hoof-beats sounded, as a long cavalcade of beautiful ladies and gallant knights, with sweeping robes, glittering armor, saddle housings and polished lances, wound away over the wide draw-bridge to the open country beyond the moat; and from every tower and turret of the castle the intermingled banners of Schonberg and Warbeck streamed forth upon the air.

And while the Lady Hilda's dark plumes swept her fair and haughty brow, and the sisters six bent their proud heads to deign a reply to the knight at their saddle-bows, and the bright train wound along, the gentle Leoline looked from her window in the turret chamber to watch the gorgeous pageant; then sighing, dropped her gaze to the postern gate and the little thicket of firs beneath the castle walls where last she had strolled forth to meet her lover.

For Otho was not among the train of knights which thronged the castle; though among them all she noted none handsomer or braver. True, once as the gay cavalcade dashed forth with Sir Hildebrand by Lady Hilda's side, she had heard a voice so like his that every fibre of her frame thrilled, but looking down into the court-yard, she saw only the winding train filing out, and then, beyond the moat beheld the courtly Baron of Warbeck in his splendid suit of full armor, looking up to bow cavalierly to herself, leaning from the turret window, then turning again to the Lady Hilda.

"I' faith, Leoline, 'twas a rare compliment Sir Hildebrand paid thee this morn,'" said the lady that night, as her maid unbraided her hair before she slept. "Thou saw'st his salutation when we passed over the drawbridge; and turning, he cried, 'By my good sword, fair lady, I knew not thou hadst so young and fair a sister!' Thus thou seest this gallant knight has come hither to do homage to every pretty face in Schonberg, Leoline," added the lady, sarcastically.

"'Twas but an idle jest, my lady, which, ere this, the Baron of Warbeck has forgot," quietly replied the tiring-girl, unthreading the waves of her mistress's luxuriant hair.

"Heart—heart—why this unquiet throbbing? Can it be that this upstart Baron of Warbeck has power to cause a single pulse-beat in the haughty veins of Schonberg's daughter? Nay; that were weak indeed!" vehemently exclaimed the Lady Hilda, as she flung herself on her couch, and tightly pressed her jewelled fingers over her rapidly pulsating breast. "Weak indeed, that his simple praise of a peasant serving-maid has power to make me grow faint with anger."

"That voice—so like his—so like my Otho's, whence came it?" murmured Leoline, as she sank drowsily into the arms of sleep.

Another week went by, and then it was announced that the guests would, on the morrow, bid farewell to their entertainers at Schonberg Castle. That day there was a last ride over the green country, and when at sunset the retinue wound back and neared the castle, Lady Hilda rode slowly, lingeringly beside her knight. Perchance she had striven by softened demeanor to betray him into an avowal of his love—for surely what other sentiment betokened his assiduous court those bright weeks of gayety and excitement? But if such was her aim it was wholly futile, for, though gallant and chivalrous, yet neither lover-looks nor words fell from his eye or tongue. And this, perchance, brought back the frown to Lady Hilda's brow, the curl to her lip, and the cruel scorn to her heart; for, just as the train was passing through the castle gate where a bent, shrivelled figure crouched down, she struck her great steed furiously with her riding-whip.

"Hold, Lady Hilda! there is a woman in your path, you would not ride her down?" cried the knight, grasping her bridle-rein.

"'Tis that hag of evil—the witch of the Rhine! 'Twere fit that such crones should be ground into powder like the stones beneath my horse's feet! Away! or thou art crushed!" she exclaimed, haughtily and angrily jerking her bridle-rein from Sir Hildebrand's grasp.

"Ay! ay! thou'rt doomed—thou'st read thy fate, brave lady—Lady of Schonberg!" muttered the old crone, gathering up her staff and limping away with her shoulder lamed by the hard hoof of the great champing steed. "Thou'st read thy fate for thyself and thy kin! Witch! witch! ha! ha! If Gammer Berthold is fit but to be ground like the stones beneath thy horse's feet, beware thou of the rocks of the Rhine!—of the rocks of the Rhine! For thee, good sir," laying her long, skinny finger on the saddle pommel where the knight's hand lay—"for thee the white dove is pining!" pointing to the postern gate, "bear her to thy nest!"

"Back, hag!" angrily shouted Hilda, striking the old woman with her whip; then she violently dashed up the court followed by her train.

But a quiet smile played around the well-cut lips of the gallant knight who held his hand to assist her from the saddle. That hand was haughtily thrust aside, and the Lady Hilda alighted and swept in alone.

It was a fair, moonlight evening; and again,

as one short moon ago, Leoline the fair and gentle had stolen forth to meet her lover near the postern gate.

At twilight, going to her own chamber in the turret, whither she had gone to disrobe her mistress when returned from her day's excursion, she descried upon the toilet a tiny roll of parchment tied by a dainty bit of blue ribbon. She opened it to read with sparkling eyes, "Come to me at the castle gate, for Otho will await thee there."

And while her lady sat in cold, haughty gloom upon the castle battlements with her sisters six, and the Baron of Schonberg revelled in the great hall with his guests, and the wassail song swelled riotously on the calm evening air, Leoline drew her mantle over her golden head and silently glided athwart the castle corridors and courts, and through the little gate to meet him who had summoned her thither.

"Ah, thou art prompt, then?" cried the voice of Otho, as she emerged from the shadows of the wall—"thou hast not played me false with any knight now supping in yonder castle? Thou art good and pure, and truthful as beautiful, my Leoline! And now art thou ready to mount yonder snow-white palfrey and ride away, away, to my old castle home, where the winds shall never blow too roughly on my bride? Art ready, my Leoline?"

"So soon?" asked the girl, with a confused air. "I dare not. What would my Lady Hilda say?"

"That thou hast gone to dwell in the home of thy true knight and faithful husband—what she will learn ere she sleeps, if so be she but look upon her table while she misses thee and waits thy coming to unrobe her for the night, since I have written her *all*!" vehemently exclaimed Otho. "Thou surely dost not fear to trust thyself with me, dear Leoline! There waits a holy friar scarce half a league from here, who lingereth in a wayside chapel to pronounce the vows that make us one. You will not say me 'nay,' sweet Leoline!"

"I will go with you, Otho!" was the maiden's reply, putting her fair, white hand in his.

"Not Otho, but the lord of yonder castle, whose turrets thou seest from here flashing in the white moonlight through the dark pine forests—not Otho, but Warbeck's Baron, where thou shalt reign a lady, my Leoline!" And removing the visor from his helmet, he revealed the handsome, smiling face of Sir Hildebrand!

And in another moment, ere the astonished girl could well comprehend this bewildering announcement, she felt herself lifted to a steed with

housings of blue and gold; and while the drawbridge fell over the moat with a noise like thunder, a suppressed whisper fell from the lips of the six brave riders who fell into their rear, "huzza for the lady of Warbeck—the gentle Leoline!" And in the moonlight, the seven sisters paced to and fro, arm in arm upon the castle ramparts, and from the great banquetting hall, the wassail song pealed forth in deafening chorus.

"Sisters, see—there are riders yonder, away to the north!" said the Lady Hilda, suddenly pausing in her rapid pace. "Went they from hither? Sawest thou the drawbridge let down? One hears naught for the tipsy revellers below; and this bright moonlight falling on the river, the castle's eastern side hath quite bewildered us. Surely the Rhine never flashed and whirled along as to-night! It seems wooing us to come down—the wooing, the beckoning river! And look, sisters, what beautiful sprite stands on the hither bank? See, she waves her white arms—she lifts her hands—she beckons us! She is an Undine—a nymph—let us go down. 'Twere best, if but to escape the noise of these stupid wine gazers. Come, sisters, follow me!" And catching up her mantle, the stately Hilda descended the castle stairs.

Crossing the court-yard, the sisters found the drawbridge still down.

"Ay, those riders went out from hence," murmured the Lady Hilda, straining her eyes to the north. "Who could they be?" And an anxious look usurped the scornful expression of her haughty face. "But see yon beautiful nymph! She waves her white arms—she bids us thither—"Come, sisters, come!" And strangely fascinated, she almost ran in the direction where a young and beautiful woman in snowy robes stood high on the river bank beckoning them to approach.

"O stay—go not nearer, Hilda!" cried one. "Sister, do not go. She is no Undine—but the 'Nymph of the Lurlei,' and she will beckon us to our doom!" But Hilda only shouted back scornfully:

"Ye are cowards, sisters, to credit thus an idle peasant's tale!" and hurried on.

For now the shape upon the river's bank had changed, and the form of Sir Hildebrand of Warbeck stood before her, with love beaming from every lineament of his haughty face; and Hilda of Schonberg, who, in the sudden madness of that hour, would have perilled life and soul itself to obtain but one accent of tenderness from his lips, rushed on, and when she gained his side, the six sisters were there beside her too.

"Hilda of Schonberg," said his voice, "Hilda, give me your hand. Here it is clasped in mine, and you do not fear to have it thus, my Hilda?" And he looked full into her face. "Now, sisters all,"—and he bent his strange, dark eyes, glittering with passionate fire, upon the band—"now, sisters mine, this is the betrothal of Sir Hildebrand to Hilda. Now we go down the King Rhine on our bridal journey, and ye will all go thither with us, where woman is never cold or cruel, and man is never false. Come, beautiful Hilda, and sisters all!" And with a sudden bound, the twain, followed by the fatally fascinated sisters, leaped down, down, into the river!

And the voice of the Rhine rose wildly on the air—a sound of whirling waves, and moans, and cries—but over and above all floated a peal of witch-like, elfin laughter; and up from the whirling waves rose a goblin form, and the "nymph of the Lurlei," the vision of Sir Hildebrand of Warbeck—Gammer Berthold, "the witch of the Rhine valley," stood upon the bank.

"Thus have ye met your fate!" rang out upon the terrible stillness that followed—a stillness so profound, that the ring of the drinking-cups, and the wassail-song floated sharp and clear from the Castle of Schonberg, and the hoof-beats of riders sounded adown the valley from the distant hills. And when the morrow's sun rose bright and golden, tinging the castle-towers with mellow light and falling aslant the battlements of far-off Warbeck, where, under the floating pennon of blue and gold, walked a fair-haired, happy bride—the Baroness Leoline,—its rays also flashed brightly upon the river, where lying brown, and cold, and bare, seven rocks rose from out the waves, the "Seven Rocks of the Rhine,"—into which, "as fainty and cold as their own bosoms," had been transformed by the *diablerie* of the witch, Gammer Berthold, the seven cold and cruel daughters of Schonberg.

Tourists up the Rhine have pointed out to them by the Germans the ruins of Schonberg (beautiful hill), and listen with profound interest to the legend as they float along—and onward—

"The noble river foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round."

#### Dangerous Kite-flying.

A young man, named Power, residing at Castlecomer, England, went a few weeks ago to fly what he termed a Spanish kite, of very large dimensions, and having adjusted the cord and tail, it rapidly ascended with a brisk breeze until it had taken the full length of the cord, which became entangled round Power's hand, and the wind increasing, he was drawn a distance of half a mile in the greatest agony, the cord cutting to the bone.

#### AUSTRALIAN FORESTS.

In no part of the world did I ever see such absolute mid-day darkness as occurred in many spots of this forest. Not a ray pierced, nor apparently had pierced, the dense shade, and the eye ranged through the melancholy colonnades of tall black stems, and along the roof of gloomy foliage, until it was lost in the night of the woods—midnight, with an Australian sun at its meridian! We were perhaps the more struck with its peculiarity, because the reverse is the character of the Australian bush; for the foliage of the gum tree is so thin and pendulous, that when the sun is overhead one rides almost as though there were no trees. If there be such a thing as a sinubral tree—a Peter Scheimil of the woods—it is the gum tree. It was a singular and pretty sight to see, as we did this day, during one or two momentary bursts of sunshine, large flocks of parrots dart across our path, like a shower of rubies, emeralds and sapphires, glittering for an instant in the watery beam, and vanishing as quickly in the gloom of the wilderness.—*Travels Abroad.*

#### AN IMMENSE WINDFALL.

The Cumberland, Md., Alleghanian says that an old man named John Brobet, living in the Glades, in that county, recently discovered that he was the rightful owner of a large tract of land in the richest mineral region of Pennsylvania, underlaid with immense seams of coal and iron, and valued at \$8,000,000. Brobet, it is said, lived on the land fifty years ago, became involved through his brother, mortgaged his property to its then full value, and came to Maryland, where he has ever since lived in indigent circumstances. The property subsequently passed into the hands of his nephews, who afterwards sold it to a wealthy company. The difficulty of giving a good title to the property led to the fact that Brobet was still alive. He was searched out, found, and taken to Pennsylvania, and according to the Alleghanian, has sold out all his right for the sum of \$2,000,000.

#### SPORT.

Dean Swift defined angling as "a rod and line, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." Mr. Everett, it would seem, holds another of the sportsman's pursuits in as light esteem. In his address upon the life and character of Thomas Dowse, he remarked, that the term "sport" had probably been ironically applied to gunning, since it might well be described as "wading all day in mud to the middle, through oozy creeks and almost impenetrable thickets, enveloped in a cloud of mosquitoes, with a burning sun over your head, a heavy gun on your shoulder, and an affectionate but dirty dog at your heels—in the uncertain hope of bringing home at night a sheldrake or half-a-dozen yellow-legs." This "shot" of the distinguished orator "brought down" the house.—*Boston Transcript.*

There are some men whose opposition can be reckoned upon against everything that has not emanated from themselves.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THOSE CHIMES.

BY EDWIN LISCOMB.

There are many, many of them :  
 They vibrate morn and eve ;  
 They often chase the cares away  
 That on the spirit breathe.  
 And then again in sadness  
 Their tones come mournfully,  
 To chase away the gladness  
 That otherwise might be.

Those chimes of restless, swaying bells  
 That swept the heart of youth :  
 No tongue that lives their wildness tells—  
 Their music-strains of seeming truth.  
 No living heart-strings, played upon  
 By joys that sport with later hours,  
 Can feel the gently swelling song  
 That thrilled with blissful powers  
 The time of youth, when sweetly fell,  
 In sunshine or in storm, the dream  
 Of pleasures chimed by hopeful bell,  
 Whose tones now faintly, fainter seem.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOCKWOOD PARSONAGE.

BY EDGAR A. NELSON.

LOCKWOOD PARSONAGE was like a fairy bow-  
 er, and Edith Haviland was the fairy rose that  
 dwelt therein. The good pastor of Lockwood  
 church was her grandfather, the father of her  
 dead mother, and since her death, the old man's  
 heart had been bound up in this child, who had  
 come to him when wife, daughter and his whole  
 household had left him alone.

A gentle little lassie she was ordinarily, but  
 there were times when the passionate blood of  
 the Havilands would crimson her cheek, and her  
 bright eyes would almost flash fire from their  
 dark blue depths. Mr. Lindsay sighed when he  
 saw this, but forgot when the occasion passed by  
 that she was at all different from his own Alice  
 Lindsay, her mother.

To act as her grandfather's housekeeper—a post  
 from which she had effectually dislodged old  
 Margaret, much to the wrath of that ancient  
 maiden—to pour out his tea, arrange his sermons,  
 even to play chess with him, which she did not  
 like, and to sit at his feet half the day reading,  
 to the manifest neglect of her wardrobe, were her  
 accustomed employments. In summer, she some-  
 times varied them by climbing an enormous  
 cherry-tree with her book, while her grandfather  
 sat beneath its shade. She was not far from him  
 at any time.

Old Margaret did not give up her authority at  
 Lockwood without a struggle. "Fine times in-  
 deed," she said, to her sister, Mrs. Hughes, "if a  
 child of twelve years must lady it over me.  
 Now mind, I am going to call her in to mend her  
 apron, and I rather think she will be coming."

But to her great mortification, Edith sat firmly  
 in her tree, the dark crimson fruit staining her  
 lips, and Shakspeare in her hands, apparently  
 not heeding the sharp and harsh voice that was  
 calling her away from the land of dreams.  
 Grandfather Lindsay looked up to her covert  
 and smiled, as the arch lips pouted with a sup-  
 pressed laugh. She was reading King Lear, and  
 nothing short of an earthquake would have  
 brought her from her perch. When she had fin-  
 ished she descended, and in a few minutes was  
 deep in the mystery of cooking griddle-cakes for  
 supper, and arranging cherries for the table in a  
 way that would have done credit to a horticul-  
 tural exhibition. Her grandfather praised and  
 admired the artistic arrangement, although Mar-  
 garet fidgeted at the grape-leaves which Edith  
 had placed first in the dish.

"Let the child alone, Margaret," said the old  
 man, but not unkindly. "It is but a lonely  
 place for her, after all, and we won't grudge her  
 a little pleasure like that, especially as it keeps  
 the cherries cool to place them on the wet  
 leaves."

And so passed away four more years of Edith's  
 life, in which she was as happy as she could be,  
 and queened it gracefully over the whole house-  
 hold, grandfather and all.

The post-office, as inconveniently as possible,  
 was at the very extreme end of Lockwood—but  
 Edith loved to ride the gray pony too well to call  
 it an inconvenience, and she went twice every  
 day. A letter for Miss Edith Haviland was put  
 into her hand one morning. A rare thing it was,  
 too, for Edith to receive a letter, and she puzzled  
 her wise head over the post-mark for a long time.  
 She would not open it until she came home, for  
 somehow she felt that she would need her grand-  
 father's presence in so doing.

It was from a lawyer, informing Edith that by  
 the death of her grandfather Haviland, she was  
 entitled to the portion of the estate which would  
 have fallen to her father, and wished her to come  
 up to Haviland Hall as soon as possible to prove  
 her claim, accompanied by her guardian, who  
 he understood was Mr. Lindsay. He was also  
 empowered to state that Miss Flora Haviland and  
 her sister Alice were desirous that she should in  
 future reside with them, it being desirable that  
 the inheritance should remain undivided, and  
 also that she should receive more advantages



than she could possibly enjoy in a country parsonage. Edith dashed down the letter with one of her magnificent looks, as Mr. Lindsay called them, placed her little foot haughtily upon it, and remained speechless, with the burning passion-spot upon her cheek. Her grandfather said little to influence her at any time—now he let the storm work itself off without speaking.

She rose up at last, and putting her arms around his neck, she said: "They think, then, that after years of desertion, in which they have never even asked for me, I will creep into the shelter they will give me to serve their own ends! Grandfather, you will not turn me out of doors, will you?" she continued, more playfully, as the crimson spot subsided, and she read by his looks that he felt and sympathized with her. "But I am glad, too," she said, ingenuously, "that I have a chance now to do something that I have long desired to do, and that is, to buy that little grove yonder, and the field adjoining, for you, and to fill up your library."

"And nothing for yourself, Edith?"

"What does Edith want of money, grandpapa? Has she not everything that she needs? True," she added, thoughtfully, "it would be pleasant to have money to do good with."

"It would indeed, my child. God grant that with the ability you may preserve the wish."

"And now, grandfather, tell me something about these new relations who seem suddenly to be so interested in poor little me."

Her grandfather complied; but as he passed over many things, and touched lightly upon the memory of the dead, we will tell the story ourselves.

Mr. Haviland, the elder, had four children. His eldest son, on whom he had bestowed the full measure of his affection, almost to the exclusion of the others, was drowned in his twelfth year, in a pond upon the estate. He had never loved William so well, but now that he was to be his heir, he transferred his pride, if not his affections, to him. The boy, who was now ten years old, a simple, affectionate child, who had never seemed of much consequence to anybody before, was surprised to find himself now an important member of the household. But it did not spoil his natural simplicity and kindness, and knowing as he did, that it was because of Charlie's death that he was so much more thought of by all, he still never ceased to lament the melancholy event.

At that time, Mr. Lindsay was in the habit of receiving a limited number of boys into his family as pupils, and as the situation of Lockwood possessed in reality all the advantages so often

found only in advertisements, he had more applications than he could answer. Among those whom he did receive was William Haviland, and although Mr. Lindsay had often heard of the indomitable pride of the family, he dearly loved the gentle boy, whose highest enjoyment was to roam the woods with little Alice Lindsay, then only five years old. William's progress in learning induced his father to retain him under Mr. Lindsay's instructions until he had finished his education, during which time he only saw him at the two regular vacations—never condescending to visit the parsonage, or to have any communication with Mr. Lindsay, save through the cold, dry forms of a business letter.

But all this while there was growing up a passion, deep, strong, and irradicable in the two young hearts thus thrown constantly together. Alice studied the same branches that the boys did, sitting in the same room, and treating them all like brothers; but as the others came and went, staying seldom more than a year or two in preparation for other pursuits, her heart clung more tenderly to him whom she remembered almost from infancy, and had become dearer to her than all others, and imperceptibly her life itself became entwined with his. They both knew it when Mr. Haviland's decree came for William to come home. He obeyed his father, but before he went he was plighted heart and soul to Alice Lindsay, with her father's full consent.

It never occurred for a moment to Mr. Lindsay that his Alice, good and beautiful as she was, full of refinement and intelligence, was not a fit match for even a richer man's son than William Haviland. His soul, at least, was above the yellow dress that constituted all the greatness of Mr. Haviland—and in freely bestowing Alice upon the son, he felt more as if he were conferring a favor upon the family than receiving honor to himself. Mr. Haviland and his daughters thought quite differently; and when William refused to resign Alice, his father disinherited him and made him leave the house.

In vain did Mr. Lindsay and Alice now entreat him to go back and be reconciled to his family. The high-spirited youth, knowing his own abilities, was soon floating on the wave of a business life, and making his own way without assistance in the world; and he dared Mr. Lindsay to break the solemn promise he had given him that Alice should be his. Mr. Lindsay reflected that he had indeed no right to make two hearts miserable to gratify the pride of a vain, ostentatious man, and he made no scruple of performing the ceremony himself that made the beloved William Haviland his son.

Too happy seemed this union to be long permitted on earth, and when little Edith was only a year old, it was dissolved by death. William Haviland was brought home from the neighboring city, injured by a violent fall through the scuttle of his own warehouse, and died in a week afterwards. Alice pined and drooped, and soon faded away into the quiet churchyard where her husband had only preceded her by a few weeks. Mr. Lindsay was now alone, save for the little Edith, for his wife had long since left him to join the children who had died before Alice was born. How inexpressibly dear then this child was to Mr. Lindsay, may be imagined only by those who have lost all else.

The letter which Edith now received was the first thing that had occurred, telling her of any connexion with the Havilands, and although he could not wish to have her identified with those who thwarted her father's wishes, and despised her beautiful and innocent mother, still he could not help feeling glad that in case of his own death, she would be above want. Mr. Haviland had, unaccountably, made no will. Perhaps, conscience-stricken, he had felt willing that the child of his son should inherit a part of his wealth when he could use it no longer. He did not know the simple fact, which was, that Mr. Haviland, wishing to alter his will in regard to a bequest to a niece, had died between the burning of the first and the proposed signing of the second, giving him more credit than he deserved. The wealthy man had never thought of Edith in any other light than that of the grandchild of the poor pastor of Lockwood, though aware of her existence and of the death of her parents, of which Mr. Lindsay had briefly informed them by a letter to which no answer was ever returned.

"And they think I will desert you to live with them! O, grandpa—"

"We will go to see them, my child," he answered, "if you consent. I think it will be better."

"You know best, dear grandpa—but I would prefer not."

She trembled and looked so pale every time that he spoke of it, that he at length consented that everything should be settled without her presence, as she was far from being yet of age. Mr. Lindsay, at her request, wrote a polite but decided refusal to the proposal of living with her aunts, and took the necessary steps to invest her with the fortune left her. He was absent a few days to settle finally with the business men.

It was while he was absent that she received a visit from Arthur Warland, a young man who had passed the previous summer in Lockwood,

and who had not forgotten the pastor's pretty granddaughter. Young, rich and accomplished, Arthur Warland had a soul that was above the gold-worship of those around him. He saw Edith, a perfect child of nature, yet formed to grace the highest circles. He had never heard of any connection excepting the grandfather, and moreover, he was rather happy that she seemed so lonely in the world. He could be all, or nearly all, to her heart. And he had come to ask her to be his wife on this very night of her grandfather's absence, with the full approbation of his father, who had taught him that goodness was more than wealth. And Edith listened with a beating heart, thinking how sweet it was to hear this, before he knew her as an heiress. Her grandfather was to be the arbiter of their fate. If he consented, there would be no other obstacle. And the happy pair roamed the same woods that Alice Lindsay and her lover had wandered in years before.

Fashionable and wealthy damsels had tried to make Arthur Warland their slave; but the memory of the wild rose of Lockwood made their arts of no avail. Now he could say:

"I have enough—my heart to-night runs over with its fulness of content!"

And Edith—not a trace of melancholy on her sunny face, although Grandfather Haviland had just departed this life! So well did she keep her secret, that it was not until the wedding was over, at which the whole tribe of Warland attended, that Mr. Lindsay announced that his grandchild had not come to her husband's arms a portionless bride. Nor—we will do them the credit of saying—did the announcement appear to increase the interest which they took in her.

At Lockwood, Edith still made her home. Never would she leave her beloved grandfather as long as he should live—and rich as they were, the parsonage was still the dearest spot to her and to her husband. The coveted grove and field were added, and the library filled, and all Mr. Lindsay's ardent wishes for the relief of the poor of Lockwood carried out. Edith never saw the two stately aunts, nor did Mr. Lindsay, remembering as he did their treatment of his beloved children, desire her to meet them.

#### GOODNESS OF THE CREATOR.

Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord,  
All nature rests upon his word;  
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,  
And own his universal reign.  
Seasons and times obey his voice;  
The evening and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.  
Thy works pronounce thy power divine;  
In all the earth thy glories shine;  
Through every month thy gifts appear;  
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

[ORIGINAL.]

## I'M WAITING.—A SONG.

BY JAMES F. FRANKLIN.

I have waited for thy coming since the birds were in the grove—  
 Since the pleasant south wind brought the spring we both so dearly love;  
 And I'm waiting, still I'm waiting, to see thee flitting by:  
 To mark the music of thy voice, the love-light of thine eye!

I have waited when the summer-time was gladdening the earth,  
 When all hearts save mine were instinct with nature's lightsome mirth;  
 And still I'm waiting wearily to hear thy welcome tone,  
 And clasp thee in my arms again, my beautiful, my own!

I have waited mid the grandeur of the brown October days,  
 When the sore, dead leaves of autumn filled our ancient forest ways;  
 And my heart still waits and watches for that moment long deferred,  
 When my eager arms shall clasp thee, my beauteous forest-bird!

Ah! and still that heart is waiting, though the wintry tempests blow,  
 And Winter's self has wrapped the earth in coverings of snow;  
 But still I'll wait and watch for what the seasons yet may bring,  
 And I'll hope again to see thee when the birds return in spring!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HAN.

## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMFANA.

[The following sketch is literally founded on facts, being, in its principal features, a narrative of what actually happened to the writer.]

I HAD been wandering through France, on foot, and was now returning to Paris. I had never travelled the road before, and as night was coming on I began to look about in search of a resting-place. There was a village somewhere ahead, but it seemed to have been flying before me for hours. According to the report of the peasants along the road, it had been just at hand since the middle of the afternoon; while according to the testimony of my own senses it was still a desideratum though the last rays of the setting sun were now gilding the quiet waters of the Seine. At last, however, just as twilight was deepening into actual night, a church spire loomed up among the stars, which were growing thicker every moment. In a few minutes more I could see the houses clustering round it, to-

gether with a long, prison-like structure, the further extremity of which was lost in the darkness.

Weary as I was, I welcomed joyfully the sight of a quaint-looking sign swinging over a door which seemed to open into the long, dark building. The words painted on it suited my case exactly. They were these: "*Au voyageur affamé*;" which, done literally into English, signifies, "To the famished traveller." Those Gallic signs, by the way, have a queer look to the eye of a stranger. Instead of a mere announcement of the proprietor's name and business, as with us, they contain the name or title of the establishment—store, tavern, or whatever it may be—set forth very much in the style of the old-fashioned English hostleries; such as, for instance, the "Cat and Bagpipes," the "Golden Lion," the "Bull and Mouth," etc. The French, however, always begin the thing with the word *au*, meaning, *to the*, or more probably perhaps, in this case, *at the*. For example, a famous restaurant in the Palais Royal, Paris, has on its sign, "*Au Freres Provenceaux*"—to or at the Provencal Brothers; and I remember a Parisian tobacconist who had the words, "*Au Hollandais qui fume en dormant*"—to or at the Dutchman who smokes in his sleep—accompanied by an admirable picture of said Dutchman, in the style of Van Ostade.

But this, dear reader, is all bosh, as the Turks say—neither here nor there. The essential point is, or rather was to me at the time, that, being in the condition of the traveller painted over the door, I should not long remain so. The sight of a portly, rosy, succulent-looking landlady gave promise of a speedy fulfilment of my wishes in this respect; and the sequel showed that my anticipations were not unreasonable. I had a very good supper—that is to say, Frenchly speaking, a good supper. (I believe there is no English word for *Gallic*, but I think there ought to be.) This qualifying remark is necessary in the case of one who piques himself, as I do, upon his veracity, because, culinarily speaking, there are some things very good for a Frenchman which are only moderately good, or not good at all for an American. For instance, I had for supper some magnificent strawberries—with cream they would have been delicious; but, before bringing them to the table, the landlady had tossed them into a bowl of claret wine, thereby greatly improving their flavor in her estimation, but utterly spoiling them in mine. Some very attractive-looking poached eggs, too, I was obliged to decline, finding them to have been fried in a superabundance of olive oil.

I did not, however, by any means quarrel with my supper, as an *integer*. On the contrary, I reduced it to rather vulgar-looking fractions in a very short space of time. The full moon had now risen in a cloudless sky, and was pouring a flood of light over the village. For half an hour I strolled slowly through the streets, watching the fantastic play of light and shade upon the high-pitched roofs and fantastic-looking gables. There was a very old, picturesque-looking church, and, older still, if not so picturesque, was the long, jail-like erection, in one end of which my landlady had "hung out her shingle" to entice "famished travellers."

"What old building is this?" asked I, as I met the good woman at the door, on my return from this moonlight ramble.

"The Convent of St. Etienne, monsieur. It was built ever so many hundred years ago, and they do say that some very curious things have happened in it."

My landlady was evidently a lively, good-humored person, shrewd and intelligent withal, for one in her position. I encouraged her to talk, or rather indeed she talked without any other encouragement than the mere fact of listening.

"A great many people," she continued, "think it haunted; but that's all stuff. I never saw anything uglier than myself in the whole building, and nobody has had a better opportunity. The holy fathers have more sense than to leave their comfortable graves and stalk about, frightening people, and making *sans culottes* of themselves at midnight. There have been queer doings here, though, there is no doubt of it. There was an old abbot once, they called him Pere Anselme, and he had been terribly wicked, a most awful, dreadful sinner, before he turned monk. They do say he murdered a woman, once; but I don't know how true it is. He used to wear a horse-hair shirt, though, with the stubby ends of the hairs all the time sticking into his skin, and that all raw, too, from his flogging himself, for hours and hours together, and sleeping on thistles, and nettles, and teasles, and cow-itch, and chestnut burrs, and such like downy luxuries. Well, to be sure, all that was his own affair, and nobody's business. But then, you see, he undertook to force all the rest of the monks to do as he did, and imposed upon them the severest and most unheard-of penances for every little trifling transgression of the laws of the order, so that he made their very lives a burden to them. There was an old fat fellow, named Brother Boniface, and the abbot seemed to have a particular spite against him. He had an extra-heavy, wire-plaited scourge made for his

especial benefit, and they say that the sound of the blows and the groans and cries of Friar Boniface could be heard all over the village. He bore it all quietly, if not patiently, however. But at last the abbot 'touched him on the raw,' and the old fellow grew restive. He was put upon a bread-and-water diet for a whole month. Poor old Boniface! the darling of his heart was his dinner; he lived to eat, and between a bread-and-water life, and no life at all, there was hardly the difference of a pinch of snuff. He stood it two whole days, and then succumbed to the all-powerful influence of his stomach. In connection with a large number of his brethren, fellow-sufferers in the cause, he raised the standard of rebellion. For several days the convent was in a tremendous uproar, and the upshot of it was, that one evening Father Anselme was found dead in his cell. To avoid scandal in the church, the affair was hushed up, and it was given out that the abbot's death was the result of his excessively rigorous self-discipline; while everybody knew perfectly well that he had been strangled by the rebel monks. At all events, such was the universal belief, and it is very certain that Brother Boniface and five or six more of them became invisible from that day forth—at least their bodies have been so, and as for their spirits, I, for one, have no faith in them, though you will find plenty of people to tell you that the old fellows are often seen and heard at midnight, with Father Anselme at their head, putting them through all sorts of unheard-of penances, with the most persevering, savage cruelty."

I was about to ask some questions as to the present condition of the convent, but at this juncture the landlady was called away, and I had no subsequent opportunity of renewing the conversation. At an early hour I retired for the night. My bed-chamber was a long, lofty, narrow, queer-looking, antiquated apartment, with bed and furniture almost as quaint and old-fashioned as itself. It was just that sort of a locality likely to set a wayward fancy to galloping off into all sorts of odd-corners and by-paths, just such a spot as would be in keeping with such nocturnal deviltries as the landlady had spoken of. If I had not been riding "shank's mare" so perseveringly through the day, it might have been different, but as it was, I suffered my imagination to seek no "mares' nests" in the old convent hall, and in a very few minutes I was sound asleep. There is another sort of equine animal, however, which I had not bargained for, and that is the night-mare. This or some other pest of the night-time woke me after I had been sleeping an hour or two. I was just beginning

to lose myself again in that shadowy wilderness which forms the border territory of the "land of Nod," when I became suddenly conscious of some unusual impression upon my acoustic nerves—something out of the line of their everyday experience. The "drowsy god" and the new sensation had a battle in my brain, and the latter proved victorious. I sat up in bed, and bored my eyeballs with my knuckles, like a bothered baby, until I was fully aroused and in a condition to give my attention to the queer noise still sounding in my ears. It was a queer noise, a very queer noise beyond all question. I had just been perusing a French translation of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," then a great favorite with Gallic readers, and I began at once to think of the extraordinary noise heard by old "Hawk-Eye" and his friends in the depths of the wilderness, and which the former, though an inhabitant of the forest all his days, acknowledged that he had never heard before. That wonderful voice of the forest, supposing it to have been a reality, could hardly have been a more knotty problem to solve than this voice of the convent was to me, and for a good many minutes, pure, open-mouthed wonder absorbed me entirely.

To describe a new, strange sound by words, is almost as hopeless a task as to paint it on canvass, and the difficulty is increased when, as in this case, it is so distant as to be greatly smothered and obscured. Though the noise now kept me awake most effectually, it could not have been that which aroused me in the first place; it was altogether too faint to have done so. It appeared to me to come from a number of different voices, in some remote quarter of the building. It was certainly a cry of pain, or at all events I could not imagine anything else that it could be; but among all the sounds which had visited my ear, from my cradle upwards, its counterpart I most unquestionably never had heard before. I tried to persuade myself that this peculiarity was a mere illusion of the fancy, aided by distance and indistinctness; that if I could only hear it fairly and fully, its apparent singularity would disappear. But this "flattering unction" was not unctuous enough to smooth the way to sleep. For all the purposes of wakefulness it was as potent as a succession of thunder-claps. And the more I heard of the thing, the more entirely was I convinced that there could be no mistake about its being something the like of which I had never heard before, that it was a "bran-new wrinkle," a hitherto undiscovered "kink" in the even tenor of my experience.

"And what if it is?" said I to myself. "It is no business of mine whatever else it may or may

not be. I am tired; I want to go to sleep. I'll stop my ears, and think no more about it. It may be old Nick himself pulling the ghosts of the ears of the dead and buried monks with his infernal fingers, for aught I care. Sleep I must and will."

It was a sensible resolution, very; but it nevertheless shared the fate of a great many other resolutions, past, present and to come; that is, it was broken almost as soon as made. I had nothing to stop my ears with but my fingers, and I soon found that it was no easy matter to go asleep with my elbows elevated to the level of my nose. But with the very best of all possible ear-stopping appliances it is not at all probable that I would have succeeded. The ear of the mind would have remained open, and the strange sound would have disturbed it still.

It did not require a very long continuance of this sort of thing to drive me out of bed and into my clothes again. It was just a moral and physical impossibility for me to sleep one wink unless I could discover the nature and location of that confounded noise. I opened one of my windows, and listened outside. It manifestly did not come from that direction. It was apparently a good way off, but certainly within the building. How then was I to find out what it was at that hour of the night?

In the first place I determined to examine the room attentively. A flood of moonlight came in at the windows, and I thought it unnecessary to light my candle, at least for the present. It was a bare and barn-like old place, but so long and so irregularly shaped that it took some time to examine it. I had twice made the circuit of its walls before I discovered, in a dark recess, an ancient door, which looked as if it might have done service in the time of Charlemagne. It was a very narrow but very massive old affair, and was fastened only by a few rusty nails and a ponderous, antique chair, standing against it. These were easily removed, and after a good deal of coaxing I succeeded in swinging it round upon its rust-eaten hinges. It opened into a narrow passage leading away into some unknown region of the conventual interior, and within the passage the noise was more distinctly audible than it was in my chamber. I therefore determined to explore it. It was rather dark, but I thought it best not to light the candle as long as I could do without it. I took it with me, however, and matches also.

There was just light enough to enable me to grope along the passage, which seemed of interminable length, and seemed also to be leading me away from the object of my search, rather

than towards it. At last I reached a staircase, and as the noise evidently came from below, I resolved to descend it. I will not trouble the reader with a detailed account of my wanderings through the labyrinthine old structure. I tried very hard to keep in my memory a map of all the twistings and turnings I was obliged to make; but Theseus himself could not have done it, without an Ariadne to help him. Such tedious passages, through which you passed nowhere, and such interminable entries entering into nothing, I had never conceived of before. Finally, I relinquished all hope of finding my way back, and contented myself with the determination to find my way out, if possible, after having satisfied myself as to the nature of that intolerably tormenting and tantalizingly troublesome noise.

Eventually it seemed as if my long-suffering curiosity was about to be gratified. Emerging from a cloistered wilderness, on the ground floor, I found myself in a large Gothic chapel, much dilapidated, but not without pretensions to architectural beauty. The moonlight streamed through the tall, pointed windows, still furnished in many places with richly-colored glass, and produced a highly picturesque effect upon the interior. The noise, which had been gradually growing more and more distinct, was still as mysterious as ever—more mysterious than ever indeed, for the louder it grew the more certain did I become of its utterly nondescript character. It seemed to proceed from the basement just below the chapel, and there was now enough of it to drown out any voice unaided by a speaking trumpet. There seemed to be scores if not hundreds of human beings—beings at least of some sort—all vociferating, groaning, grunting, weeping, wailing, roaring, bawling, howling, screaming, barking, yelping, yowling, shrieking, creaking, crying, crooning, screeching, and in fact you might take all these sounds and mix them together, and still fail to convey any adequate idea of this most indescribable of noises! One or two voices uttering such sounds would have made a very strange compound, but when you came to multiply them by one hundred you must produce a concert which it would have been in vain to attempt to parallel this side of pandemonium.

Since I had come to hear the thing more distinctly, I had for a moment entertained the idea that I might be in the vicinity of a madhouse; but it was only for a single moment, for a minute's reflection convinced me that such could not be the fact. And here I may as well state that in describing this extraordinary noise as compounded of all imaginable sounds produceable by human organs, I did not intend to convey the idea of

one set of persons groaning, another set howling, others screaming, etc. My meaning was that you might call this noise a bit of a groan, a bit of a howl, a bit of a scream, etc., and after you had likened it to all these, separately or together, you would have conveyed no adequate notion of the reality. It was not an incongruous jumble of sounds, such as a host of noisy maniacs might have produced, but, with all its singularity, it was uniform and homogeneous, as if all the individuals producing it were, actuated by a common motive. If I could have believed in the ghost of a sound, I would certainly have set it down as a re-appearance of the combined wailings of the monks of Father Anselme, while suffering the infliction of some awful, nameless torture, the secret of which had been lost to the inquisitors of more modern days.

I had just completed a hasty survey of the place, when I heard the sound of advancing footsteps, at its further extremity. It was a regular, slow, solemn tread, such as might be the accompaniment of a religious procession of the Catholic church. Presently I heard the steps ascending a wide staircase, and immediately there appeared one, two, three, five, ten, twenty, perhaps fifty men, almost, if not quite naked, and with faces and forms of the most ghastly whiteness I had ever beheld. Corpses would actually have had a life-like look beside them. They were distinctly visible in the bright moonlight as they advanced, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and preserving the same slow, solemn, equable step, like a troop of Grecian ghosts, mates of unburied corpses, wandering on the banks of Styx or Acheron.

I am not a timid man, nor yet a superstitious one, and up to this moment curiosity had greatly predominated over all other feelings; but I must confess that as this ghostly procession drew nearer and nearer, I felt very much like making an exhibition of my heels in that direction. My panic-stricken self, however, was sorely afraid lest my soberer and more reflecting self should laugh at it; and I candidly confess the belief that this was the only thing which prevented me from running away. On came the spectres, straight towards the chancel, and I was actually beginning to think what a queer thing it would be to have mass celebrated by a set of tonsured ghosts, when, to my infinite relief, they turned off into a gallery communicating with the cloisters, and were soon out of sight.

Already ashamed of my weakness, but still profoundly astonished at the extraordinary apparition, I determined with a stout heart to confront the mysterious noise, whether it should

turn out to be of earthly or unearthly origin, and was already moving towards the stairs by which the spectral band had entered, when I saw a light shining from below through an aperture in the floor of the chapel. There was a iron grating, rusty and dilapidated, covering a large hole or scuttle in the tessellated stone pavement, and I saw the light shining through one of corresponding size and situation, at the other end of the floor. It occurred to me at once that it might be a good idea to reconnoitre a little through this grating; I therefore approached, and lying down upon it obtained a pretty good view of the apartment below.

Instead of unravelling the mystery, as I had hoped it would, what I now saw had rather a tendency to increase it. The room below was nearly of the same dimensions with the chapel, and tolerably well lighted by a considerable number of oil lamps. These, however, were disposed round the wall, and shed but little light upon the central portion of the room. All around the wall, also, stood, or rather stooped, perhaps a hundred men, looking precisely like the ghost-like beings I had just seen filing off from the chapel. They had their faces turned to the wall, and their backs towards me; and their hands and arms, nearly to the shoulder, were buried in a sort of oyster-box-like apparatus, at the bottom of which I supposed that their hands must be confined, for they were all, with one accord, twisting, twining, and contorting their arms, backs and shoulders in the most violent manner, as if in unavailing efforts to escape from confinement, and perhaps also from some horrible torture. Add to this the awful noise, the strange, unearthly, indescribable groans, or whatever else they might be called, uttered simultaneously, and as if in concert, by all these swaying, writhing creatures, and you will not be surprised to hear that I grew sick at the sight. I felt faint and dizzy, and was obliged to turn away from the horrid spectacle. The noise, the terrible noise, however, still rang in my ears, and it seemed to me as if the bottomless pit were yawning beneath me, and the cries of the lost spirits there made audible on earth. How long I lay in this half-swooning condition I know not, but at length, recovering my energies, I turned to take another look. Suddenly I felt the dilapidated grating give way beneath me, and in spite of all my efforts to prevent it, down I went, head foremost, among the ghosts below.

That I had very little time for reflection is self-evident. There was time enough, however, to realize the fact that without a miracle, or something very much like it, my brains must be dashed out or my neck be broken upon the stone

or brick-paved floor underneath. But it so turned out that without any miracle, and by a most simple means, the kind hand of Providence was interposed to save my life. At the instant that I was expecting the concussion that must usher me into eternity, I felt my entire head and shoulders buried in some soft, yielding substance. Then, for a few moments, it seemed that I had merely exchanged a broken neck for death by suffocation. For a second or two my agony was intense, but I soon felt a pair of strong arms pulling at my legs, my lungs began to play again, and the next moment I was standing upright, with mouth, eyes, nostrils, ears and hair all filled with dough—yes, dough; for into a pile of that non-resisting, non-elastic material I had fallen.

Such a chorus of "*Mortieu! corbleu! mon dieu! juste ciel!*" and such like Frenchified expressions of astonishment as broke forth around me, have seldom, I suspect, been collected into one focus before. It must be confessed that I was much relieved by finding them couched in good honest French of the nineteenth century. They were not a bit like the expletives of Rabelais, or any other mediæval author and probable cotemporary of the super-ascetic Father Anselme.

"Who in the devil's name are you, and where did you come from?" asked the man who had set me on my legs.

"That is the very question I was going to ask you," replied I, as soon as I could get my mouth clear. "Who on earth are you, and what is that awful noise you were making just now?"

"Noise? Why, monsieur, you must have tumbled all the way from the moon, surely. Never heard of a *han*—never heard of a baker's *han* before?"

"A baker's what?"

"A baker's *han*."

"Are you bakers?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And what the mischief is it that you call your *han*?"

"Monsieur is joking."

"Joking? Not the least bit of it. Upon my sober, serious word of honor, I never heard of a baker's *han*, or any other kind of a *han* before, in all my life."

Reader, did you? No? Then I will tell you. You have heard laboring men, when chopping wood, or manning rails, or doing something of that sort requiring considerable muscular effort, utter a sort of grunt, accompanied by a short, rapid expiration of air from the lungs, every time they bring down the axe, maul, or whatever else it may be. This peculiar sound has no name in English, that I know of, but the French call it a

*han*, and the word, if properly pronounced, is very expressive of the thing. The practice, so far as I have observed, is much more common in France than with us. Many, perhaps all, of the handicraft trades, have their distinctive *hans*. At least this is true of some parts of France. But of all these, the baker's *han* is the *han par excellence*—the *han of hans*.

The French baker, in warm weather, strips himself nearly or quite naked, when he begins to knead his dough, and accompanies that operation by a queer, grunting, groaning, outlandish sort of *han*, which I defy any non-pictorial operator to describe, or even imitate. Now, imagine a hundred such bakers, twisting and swaying about, with their hands at the bottom of their kneading-troughs, and all pouring forth that apparent cry of agony, in one infernal chorus, and add thereto the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, in that old convent, and my word for it, you will not greatly wonder at what I have told you. If the colloquy with my landlady had lasted a little longer, the whole adventure would have been spared me—and the reader; for I would have learned that the convent had been used for some years as a great governmental baking establishment, for the purpose of preparing bread for the army, or navy, I have forgotten which. At the period of my visit, they were unusually busy, working night and day. The ghostly procession I saw in the chapel was a troop of naked kneaders of dough, going to bed, after a particularly hard day's work, very tired, very sleepy, and therefore very slow, solemn and silent. The moon shining on their naked skins, all thickly powdered with flour, made them much whiter than any ghost needs to be.

*Apropos of hans.* I heard of, though I did not see, in the South of France, a most holy relic, preserved with the greatest care, in a church near the Rhone, and consisting of no less a curiosity than one of the veritable *hans* of St. Joseph, corked up in a phial. The angel Gabriel, himself, who happened to be flying over the spot where the husband of the virgin was at work, caught it as it flew from his mouth, and bottled it up. The carpenters, therefore, can claim to some distinction in this line, but it must still be admitted that all the grants that ever accompanied plane, saw, axe or hammer, are not to be named even in the same day with the baker's *HAN*.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and to enjoy the pleasures of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WOUNDED DOVE.

BY S. NEWTON BERRITHILL.

The wounded dove sat in the wood,  
With drooping head and fading eye;  
The sportsman's lead was in her breast,  
And she had sought that spot to die.  
All sad and lone she pined away,  
No loved one's form was hovering nigh;  
And fainter grew her low sweet voice,  
As thus she breathed her plaintive cry:  
"Co-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

No more at rosy dawn's approach  
She'll mount on pinions soft and fair,  
And with a light and joyous heart  
Skim through the misty morning air.  
No more her soft and silvery notes,  
As she salutes the new-born year,  
Shall tell the fond, expecting maid  
Where beats the heart which owns her dear.  
"Co-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

She thought of loved ones waiting then  
Her slow return in the mossy nest,  
Whose little forms would know no more  
The tender warmth of a mother's breast.  
She thought of them—and O, her heart  
Beat fast and wild with racking pain;  
"Poor things!" she mused, "your mother dear  
Can ne'er return to you again!"  
"Co-oo, coo, coo, coo."

"Co-oo, co-oo!"—what sound was that  
Which came from out the woody dell?  
Why grew her dying eye so bright?  
Why did her bleeding bosom swell?  
Her mate had come—with trembling limbs  
He hovered o'er the dying dove;  
While she, o'erjoyed that he was near,  
Sang thus her low sweet song of love:  
"Co-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

Her voice grew still, her wild bright eye  
Was turned towards her dear-loved mate;  
Her head drooped on her purple breast—  
The poor dove's heart had ceased to beat.  
Sadly around her lifeless form  
Her mate, heart-broken, lingered long;  
And ere he sought the distant west,  
He chanted thus her funeral song:  
"Co-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## BLANCHE MONTRIEFE:

—OR—

## THE TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

BY CHARLES W. DENNETT.

In the primitive days of New York, the wives and daughters of eminent men were not ashamed to work at the ordinary household labor. The music of the spinning-wheel was oftener heard than the music of the spinet. Beautiful girls dis-



played their pretty hands in winding yarn which gallant men, mayhap, often held for them.

At the time when General Howe landed at Staten Island, with a well-appointed army under his command, General Putnam resided in the city of New York. Although the appointments of the household were in all respects befitting the rank of an American commander, Mrs. Putnam and her pretty daughters were busily occupied in one of the large rooms, spinning and weaving clothing for the American soldiers. After the servants had cleared the tables, the good dame stationed herself before one of the busy whirring machines, and while she enlivened the hours with pleasant converse, her fingers flew and her feet kept time.

One beautiful day the family were thus employed, when General Putnam entered with an open letter in his hand.

"Who for, papa?" cried bright little Jenny, as she held forth one white arm.

"Not you, puss," replied the general, seating himself. Then turning to his eldest daughter, he said: "You remember the daughter of Major Montriefe, whom you saw in New Jersey?"

"O, perfectly, papa!" returned the pretty girl; "and what a beautiful creature she was!"

"Yes, I saw her too, at the ball!" cried Jenny. "I remember her dress was sky-blue satin, with trimmings of pearl white. O, how I wished I could have such a dress!"

"She writes to me," resumed the general, not deigning to take notice of little Jenny's raptures, "that the war on both sides, between Howe and the Americans, makes her residence unsafe, and claims my protection. What say, wife—girls—shall we invite her here?"

"O, do!" cried Jenny, all breathless, her cheeks tinging. "What a delightful companion she will be! Why, she knows everything!"

"I should so like it," said the elder daughter, with beaming eyes; while Mrs. Putnam's "let her come, general," decided the matter.

That evening, pretty little Jenny exhausted her vocabulary of exclamations, talking to handsome young Lieutenant Darling about the elegant and beautiful Miss Montriefe.

"O, if you could but hear her play once! she does play the harp so skillfully! And then her voice—and her face—O, she is a thousand times prettier than even sister or I!"

"That she will never be, in my eyes!" said the gallant lieutenant, in a very low voice, bending towards her, as he spoke.

As in duty bound, the pretty girl blushed, as she timidly lifted a pair of dark eyes to the face of her lover.

Lieutenant Darling was a brave and handsome soldier. He was just recovering from the effects of a severe wound; and the pallor of his cheek increased and heightened the manly beauty of his countenance. He was a favorite with the rough "Old Put," and he had, as he thought, irrevocably lost his heart to Jenny Putnam. Jenny was a bright little butterfly of a girl, generous and impulsive, loving with a clinging fondness which distance or coldness could not quench. Voice, lips and eyes were always in harmonious concord—dimples, smiles and music all acting in concert. To be sure, she had not pretensions to beauty; but her genial, brilliant face, with the short curls clustering around it, was quite attractive enough to be dangerous.

There was another invalid in the house, a younger man and of inferior rank. Newel Hutchinson was not handsome, but on the contrary, plain almost to inferiority. His face was only redeemed from positive ugliness by a forehead of magnificent breadth, and eyes that were fired with the brilliancy of intellect. He, too, was pale—and he, too, loved the vivacious Jenny; but with a deeper, a more holy, a silent love, that was expressed in looks and little unobtrusive actions. Jenny knew that he loved her; she did not know how purely, how deeply! She could not dream how sacred, in his view, was everything she had touched; and how one pleasant word would set every nerve vibrating as to charmed music. But Lieutenant Darling was her choice. He had never said, in so many words, "I love you;" but his constant attention, his gifts, his manner, told her all she asked. He was, besides, the son of a rich merchant, while Newel Hutchinson had nothing upon which to depend but his good right arm.

"You must take care of your lieutenant, when Miss Montriefe comes," said Jenny's elder sister, as they retired to their room for the night.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jenny, turning round abruptly, her cheek grown quite pale.

"If she is such a paragon as you represented to-night, she will be carrying off the heart of your handsome Darling," said the other, with a little sarcasm in her voice. "I by no means think him the paragon you seem to."

"O, that's because he doesn't pay you so much attention!" said Jenny, a little wickedly, as she tossed her brown curls.

"Well, well, we shall see! Only I advise you not to leave the two paragons together long at a time," replied her sister.

"I'm not a bit afraid for Darling," said Jenny; "he likes me too well. I guess he has had an

opportunity to see handsomer girls than I, before now."

Well, Miss Blanche Montriefe came among this happy household. Yes, she was as beautiful as poor little puss Jenny had described—nay, far more so, for she dressed with most consummate taste, and being the daughter of a major of the British engineer corps, her purse always answered to any little demonstration of taste. Her jewels almost turned little Jenny's head, when she displayed them in a curious ebony box, and the poor little girl clapped her hands in astonishment at the enumeration of the elegant dresses in her wardrobe.

Miss Blanche was also a marvel of accomplishments. She could dance, sing, paint, draw, embroider and spin. All day long she sat in an elegant dress of cool, white linen, a crimson girdle giving a finishing touch to its delicacy, her hair falling in sunny waves over her shoulders, and spin with Mrs. Putnam and her daughters. Sometimes she would sing quaint little songs, or tell snatches of stories, and her musical laugh was a beautiful thing to hear. In the evening, she displayed her wonderful charms to greater advantage. The harp was her favorite instrument; and as her white fingers swept the strings, she enchanted all hearts—save and except only Newel Hutchinson. At her ease she discoursed upon the aspects of the country, declared that she felt the warmest interest in the cause of the colonists, and none could know or suspect that at heart this beautiful young girl was a bitter and uncompromising loyalist, a traitor to those who were surrounding her with tokens of esteem and affection. She often received letters from her own family; and though she was too cautious to appear to keep up a correspondence, it was very probable that on every opportunity she sent missives to the enemy.

Blanche Montriefe determined to captivate Lieutenant Darling. It was obvious to all the family that the fickle soldier looked upon her with more than the interest he had shown towards Jenny. He was often seen walking with her in the garden, singing with her while she took Jenny's place at the harp, and more than once they were surprised together, when her blushes and his confusion strengthened the suspicion that Lieutenant Darling was talking as once he had talked to little Jenny.

Poor little Jenny! all her pretty, vivacious ways were gone. The hearty laugh, the round, deep dimples, were seldom heard or seen now. She spoke but little, her smiles were forced, and she grew pale.

"The dastard!" So exclaimed Jenny's sister one morning, as she gazed from the chamber window.

Jenny lifted herself from the lounge, and with an unnatural, brilliant color in her cheeks, asked her what she meant.

"Lieutenant Darling has just ridden off with that tory's daughter!" exclaimed the other, indignantly.

A moment after, looking round, she saw that her sister had hidden her face and was silently weeping. Springing beside her, she knelt tenderly, as she said:

"Don't cry, Jenny—don't cry, darling! It distresses me to see you change so. He is a mean and cruel man!"

"O, my sister! if you had loved him, your heart could not let your lips say that!"

"If I had loved him!" exclaimed the other, with exceeding bitterness. "O, Jenny, child—how you make me suffer!"

Jenny looked up. Her sister was very white. Her lips scarcely moved, as she asked the question—"And have you loved him?"

"Jenny, you remember when he was brought home wounded, the care of nursing him devolved on me. For many weeks, I was almost his only companion. I read to him, and sat at his bedside with my knitting. O, those hours!" A spasm passed over her white face. "He was grateful. In the dimness of the sick room he thought me, perchance, better looking than I am—and he told me first of his gratitude—then—of his love."

Poor little Jenny gave one convulsive sob, and wound her arm closer round her sister's neck.

"So you know, dear, why, when I saw him go forth with Miss Montriefe, my indignation took language and I called him what he is."

Little Jenny and her sister were sent, on the retreat of Washington and his army from Long Island, to the beautiful vicinity of Peeksville on the Hudson River. It was thought the change might be beneficial to Jenny. Miss Montriefe followed, and the two lieutenants, now quite well, took up their residence in a near vicinity. Lieutenant Darling no longer kept his attachment to Blanche a secret. Whatever might have been his convictions with regard to his conduct towards the gentle Jenny, he did not apologize, or seek her society. When he met her, he attempted a jocular manner, which only made him appear more revolting to the fair girl. Since she had learned his true character, her esteem for him had departed, and consequently her love grew less with every passing day.

At a brilliant gathering, one evening, Miss Montriefé was the star of the goodly company. Several of the American officers were quite captivated with her, but only on Lieutenant Darling did she shower her choicest smiles. Jenny and her sisters attracted much attention, and young Hutchinson, as a valued friend of their father, was often by their side. As for Jenny, she conducted herself with so much spirit towards Lieutenant Darling, that more than once pique prompted him to endeavor to win back one of her olden smiles or glances.

She was prettier than ever, that evening—the petite Jenny in her robes of gossamer white—and she floated so airily through the dance, that the eyes of the fickle lieutenant wandered more than once from the fair Blanche, and rested on her with somewhat of an expression of sadness.

A group stood enjoying the dulcet tones of the fair English singer. Then ensued a conversation with reference to the affairs of the war.

"There is treachery somewhere," said one of General Putnam's aids; "we have a spy in our midst. Some of our most secret plans are discovered and betrayed to the enemy. Washington would never have lost Long Island but for that."

"Would that I might find the traitor!" said Lieutenant Darling. "His black heart should feel the force of my good sword."

"We will forgive you for captivating the loveliest woman here, if you succeed in such a purpose," said the aid. "Miss Montriefé," he added, turning towards her, "I am surprised that you had no cavalier this morning—do you often ride alone, in these dangerous times?"

"I am never afraid," was her answer; "but it was given with a cheek redder than was its wont, and a look that, but for her strict self-control, would have been uneasy."

"On the road, alone!" thought Darling, his jealous fears aroused.

"You are an early equestrienne!" continued the same young gentleman, delighted at seeing the darkening brow of Lieutenant Darling; "it could not have been five, when we met this morning."

"It was not," returned the beauty, with a haughty look. "I am accustomed to choose my own hours, sir."

"Did you notice her strange agitation?" asked Jenny of her sister.

"No, dear," was the reply; "but I used to think it strange in her to take such long walks alone, in the city, at such very early hours."

Lieutenant Darling was on the watch, after that. Frequently did he see her start off alone,

and one morning, some weeks after, he resolved to follow her and ascertain, if possible, what motive could possibly induce her to take such unusual excursions.

Along the beautiful banks of the Hudson they walk, the suspicious soldier far in the rear. The morning sun was just tinting the clouds. The blue atmosphere seemed benignant as the clear eye of a child. Flowers blushed along the road, and scented the air. Suddenly there was a wild shriek. The lieutenant put spurs to his horse, and in a few moments he saw the senseless form of Miss Montriefé lying by the road-side. Her horse had been frightened by the barking of a dog, and shying, had thrown her.

It was but the work of a second for the young man to lift the beautiful girl. The garden gate leading to a cottage stood open, and he bore her in and placed her on a couch within the house.

"She has fainted!" said one of the farmer's daughters. And applying herself to the body of her riding-habit, she hastily opened it. A letter fell out. The girl picked it up carelessly and threw it on the table, then recommenced the work of restoring the unconscious beauty.

It was not long before Miss Montriefé opened her eyes languidly. They fell upon the open lappets of her dress.

"The letter!" she cried, wildly; "give me the letter!"

Lieutenant Darling stood by the table. The farmer's daughter took the missive, and was just handing it to Miss Montriefé, when, in a startled, stern tone, Lieutenant Darling cried:

"Stop! give me that letter!"

"No, no—do you dare, sir?—woman, give me the letter!"

But it was already in the hands of the lieutenant, who, with a countenance pale as death, looked as one transfixed on the direction—"To General Howe."

"Will you give me my letter?" asked Miss Montriefé, with quivering lip and cheek, and brow blanched to the pallor of despair.

He gave her one piercing look.

"I cannot, Miss Montriefé—would to God I had not seen it! but as it is, my convictions tell me to keep it."

"Honorable man!" cried the haughty girl, with a red spot burning like fire on either cheek; "most honorable gentleman! to take advantage of a woman, and because she cannot defend herself, tyrannize thus. Lieutenant Darling, give me that letter, or you and I never speak together again!"

"I cannot, Miss Montriefé," he answered sadly, but firmly; "I should prove a traitor to my

country, if I did. Much as I would spare you, I cannot return this letter."

"O, by the love you bear me—by the vows we have exchanged"—cried the girl, in very low, but passionate tones—"give me that letter!"

The cheek of Lieutenant Darling grew deadly white—his lips changed to an ashen hue—the temptation was a terrible one—but he conquered! Giving her one wild, yearning, agonizing glance, he hurried from the house, put spurs to his horse, and was off. Blanche Montriefe, clasping her hands together, sank almost fainting into a seat. Then rising, with one low cry, she sprang to the door, and urged her horse homeward.

Jenny and her sister were together in the room, when Blanche Montriefe entered. They noticed the strangeness of her looks—her anxious, uncertain manner.

"I am suddenly summoned away," said Blanche, breathlessly; "will you order a carriage? My dearest friend is very ill—I must pack up a few articles, and go immediately."

"Shall we help you?" asked Jenny.

"O, no—for heaven's sake, let me alone!" she cried, distractedly, flying up the stairs—her presence of mind completely gone.

"Jenny—here is a troop of horse! what can it mean?" cried her sister. "They are surrounding the house, and here comes Lieutenant Hutchinson!"

Jenny blushed a little, as the tall officer lifted his cap, and made her a profound obeisance. At that moment, Miss Montriefe came hastily down stairs, attired for travelling. She made a dead stop on the threshold—her glittering eye rested on the face of the lieutenant—all color forsook her face.

"Miss Montriefe, it is my painful duty to announce to you that you are at present a prisoner, and cannot leave this house."

The unhappy girl fell forward fainting, and Jenny, whom she had so much wronged, received the lifeless form in her arms.

Complete evidence of guilt was found upon her person and among her papers, and much excitement prevailed as to her probable fate.

"What will they do with her?"

"I don't know. If it was a man, now, the rope and a gibbet would be his fate. I hear her friends are interceding for her, and I suppose she will be conducted, under a flag of truce, to the British lines, and there given in charge to her friends."

"And how does Darling seem?" asked the first speaker, a young officer.

"O, miserable enough! He's a sad dog, but

it serves him right. I'm sure he was as good as engaged to that pretty Jenny Putnam."

"How he had the nerve to do as he did, I don't know," said the first speaker; "I can't imagine. I never should have done it."

"He hurried back to see her to a place of safety, after he had presented the document; but his horse stumbled, and lamed him. He was too late!"

Jenny Putnam sat spinning by the side of her mother. It was some six months after the departure of the "spy," and the roses had returned to her cheeks. She looked prettier than ever. Perhaps the dimples that ever and anon played about her lips, gave her more than the olden charm.

Lieutenant Darling came in; he had again become a frequent visitor, and—his sudden love for the beautiful English spy effectually cooled—his heart returned to the gentle being whose holy affections he had so insultingly slighted. Again he wooed; but he was repulsed. Yet again he implored for favor, and again it was denied him.

To-day, as Mrs. Putnam left the room, he came near Jenny, and began the old passionate story, ending with this exclamation:

"Will you never forgive me, because my fancy was captivated? My heart was yours!"

"I have forgiven you, Lieutenant Darling," said Jenny, blushing; "but I must tell you again—my heart is not in my own keeping. Another week will see me the bride of Newell Hutchinson, who has loved me long and truly, and whose fancy has been always under the control of his honor. Good morning, sir!"

The discomfiture of the poor lieutenant was complete. History adds, however, that five years subsequent, Lieutenant Darling, cured of his roving imagination, was united in marriage to the eldest daughter of Major General Putnam.

#### JAPANESE MODE OF TRADE.

A letter from Simoda, in the Philadelphia Ledger, says: "Speaking of the stores of Yeddo, Mr. Harris observed that we would be surprised at their size, at their contents, and at their great number of salesmen, each of whom had his dozen or more shop boys standing behind him to execute his orders. 'Upon entering the immense building you see no goods at all,' he said. 'They are all stored in fire-proof buildings in the rear. When a customer enters and asks for anything, the salesman orders the shop boys, the shop boys apply at the fire-proof, the keeper of the fire-proof checks against each one that which he takes, the salesman makes his sale, each shop boy returns to the fire-proof his part of what remains, and at night the salesman accounts to his employer for the difference. Thus is business conducted in the large houses of Japan.'"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LAST MEETING.

BY ANNIE LONDA ESTE.

Will you come to the foot of the hill,  
When the evening is calm and still?—  
When the firefly's light  
Gleams clear and bright,  
Will you come?—ah, I know that you will!

You'll remember the sunset of old,  
Ere your love had grown dreamlike and cold;  
And you cannot forget  
That so oft we have met  
Where the night-birds their love-tales have told.

Ah, that was in life's happy day:  
When no clouds hovered over our way,  
And our hearts were in tune  
To the music of June,  
And on paths strewn with flowers we did stray!

But those joys are now with the past:  
They were joys too ecstatic to last;  
And though hope is in vain,  
I would meet you again  
Ere life's brightness is all overcast.

Let me list to thy eloquent tone!  
Let me meet thine eye's glances alone!  
And each hope I will quell,  
And bid thee farewell,  
With a prayer—if I stifle a mean.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DIAMONDS VERSUS PASTE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"It's my honest opinion, Sarah, that the fellow is a popinjay, and the least you have to do with him the better."

"But, father, you have never seen him, and it seems hardly fair to judge him so harshly."

"Can't help that. It's my opinion, and you can have it for just what it's worth. I've never seen him, and what's more, I never want to!"

"Why, father!"

"True, Sarah, true as my name is James Cushman. I've no idea of such oily-tongued, white-fingered gallants. They are well enough to look at, but when a sensible girl thinks of marrying one of them, it is quite a different thing."

"I—I never spoke of marrying Mr. Lacy, father."

"No—perhaps not in so many words, but it's all the same thing. I can see through it. He's completely turning your head with his dandified ways and soft speeches. I tell you I can see it all, Sarah—my head's a pretty old one. Five

weeks ago you wouldn't have treated Cyrus Roberts as you treat him now, for any consideration."

"I wasn't aware that I had treated him badly," was the low reply.

"No, but you've turned the cold shoulder to him completely, Sarah—you know that, don't you? It's a wonder to me how he bears it so patiently. But the fact of it is just here—Cyrus Robert's little finger is worth more than Charles Lacy's whole body—yes, a thousand times over!" added the old gentleman, vehemently.

"Hark, father—don't!" Sarah raised her head and looked hurriedly out of the window. "Some one is coming. I heard bells a few minutes ago," she added, softly.

"It is Cyrus; I know his bells. It's lecture night, you know. Now, my advice to you is, to let that Lacy fellow go, and be the same sensible girl that you've always been. Go to the lecture with Cyrus, and act yourself."

The old gentleman spoke rapidly, in spite of his daughter's admonishing glances, and before the last word of his counsel had fallen from his lips, the young gentleman entered the room. It was no common welcome that Cyrus received, and a bright, cheery smile lit up his honest, handsome face, as Mr. Cushman shook his hand heartily, and drew a big, stuffed chair up before the fire, almost pushing him into it.

"A pretty cold night, Cyrus—a pretty cold night," he said, stirring the fire vigorously.

"Yes, cold, but fine and clear. It does one's heart good to be out in the moonlight. The hall will be crowded to-night."

"O yes, the lecture; I had almost forgotten it again. I guess I'd better be changing my coat—I haven't any too much time. Sarah, you put some more wood on the fire. I believe this room is rather cold, and you want to be pretty well warmed before you start out."

Sarah went reluctantly forward and replenished the fire as her father left the room, but she did it silently, and without once raising her eyes to Cyrus's face. Her mood and manner, which was quite unusual with her, infected the young man, and as he sat there, looking steadily at her averted face, a strange embarrassment crept over him. Once or twice he attempted to speak, but his words clung pertinaciously to his lips. At last, with a strong effort, he said, half rising from his seat:

"Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

The question was a superfluous one. He knew as he asked it, that Sarah was quite ready to go. Her velvet hat and cloak were lying waiting upon the table, and her thin, papery rubbers were warming before the fire. But something

must be said, and unconsciously he stumbled upon a query that was right to the point.

"Yes—I—that is—I thought of going," was the stammering given answer.

Cyrus could not see any reason for such a hesitancy, or account for the sudden rush of color that crimsoned Sarah's cheeks. But he said, a moment after, thinking that like himself she was the victim of a strange embarrassment, and smiling at the formality of his words:

"Will you accompany me?"

"I thank you, I should be pleased to, but am engaged," was the reply.

For a moment, Cyrus stood up before her, his deep, searching eyes fixed upon her burning face; then he said, in a low, steady tone, that threw the heavily fringed eyelids up from the downcast eyes in a sudden fear:

"Very well—very well." And while the words lingered on his lips, he was gone.

There was nothing more to be said, nothing more to be done, he thought, as he walked with a heavy heart through the front hall, out of doors. The shock was sudden and unexpected, but he would meet it like a man for all that. He would give way to no boyish regrets, nor make any unmanly speeches for her ears. For years he had loved her, and been true to her. This was the return she made him. Her heart was winged away from him by the first butterfly that fluttered past. Well, let it go. She had repulsed him, and once repulsed, he could not be called back again, and pacified away from his disappointment like a child. As he stood, leaning over his horse, looking away off across the white, sheeted snow that lay silvering in the moonlight, the voice of Mr. Cushman sounded from the door.

"What! you aint gone, are you?" he called loudly. "Stop a minute, and I'll bear you company, if it wont make you too much trouble. It'll save me from harnessing."

"No trouble at all, I shall be glad of your company," was the reply, as Cyrus turned his horse towards the village, and re-arranged the buffaloes. It was a silent ride. Both Mr. Cushman and Cyrus were too busy with their thoughts to speak of anything that wandered away from them. The young man was reflecting bitterly upon his disappointment, and the old man trying to devise in his honest, tender heart, some way in which it could be lightened. As they rode almost noiselessly along over the smooth, hard road, a dashing, rapidly-driven sleigh came up to them, and shot, like a bird, smoothly by. Mr. Cushman grasped his companion's hand tightly, and glanced inquiringly into his face.

"Is that Lacy?" he asked, hastily.

"Yes, sir," was the quietly-spoken answer.

"The d-e-v-i-l!" he exclaimed, angrily. Then, suddenly realizing the word that had slipped unconsciously from his lips, he added. "Excuse me, Cyrus. I don't speak so very often, but somehow I'm unusually full to-night. The rascal!"

In less than half an hour after, both parties, Mr. Cushman and Cyrus, and Charles Lacy and Sarah were well seated in the Lyceum hall, the former immediately in front of the latter. To Sarah it was a disagreeable neighborhood, but her companion had chosen it, and she could not well do otherwise than seat herself as quietly as possible in the assigned place, hoping earnestly that they would not learn of her nearness to them. There was a strange commotion going on within her, as she sat there listening to the frivolous remarks of her companion, and watching eagerly the thoughtful face of Cyrus. Like many a woman, for a time, she did not know her heart, so completely was she dazzled by the new light which flamed and dazzled before her. Never had she seen anything like it before. Never before had the poisonous tongue of flattery whispered in her ear, or poured its intoxicating sweets into her unsophisticated heart. She had always been fed upon plain, wholesome, every-day truths, and now that a delicious fruitage melted upon her lip, she forgot for a little time what had so long sustained her, and prayed to taste forever the enchanting sweetness. Before her wondering eyes new life appeared—a life of ease, elegance and luxury. One word from her and she would be installed mistress over the palatial home of Charles Lacy, in a far-away city. Yet she hesitated before letting that one word fall from her lips. Her acquaintance with the young man was but of a few weeks' length, while she had known Cyrus Roberts for years. Perhaps, as she stood charmed and almost blinded by the glitter and tinsel of this new affection, there winged itself through her girlish heart a thought of the terrible punishment that ever presses down upon an unloving, unsanctified marriage, for she turned to look in the face once more, the love that had blessed her for so many years. But certain it was, when Charles Lacy urged her to become his wife on their way to the lecture-room, she told him he must first gain the free and full consent of her father. As she reflected upon this before the commencement of the lecture, her face wearing an expression of intense sadness, her companion, desirous of entertaining her pleasantly, commenced a lively criticism, more comical than gentlemanly, upon the appearance of those seated near them.

"Look, Miss Cushman! admire the new style of coats now extant!" he said, nodding gracefully towards her father. "By Jove, that collar is enough to turn the head of a dealer in velvet," he continued, drawing his white, delicate hand along the edge of it.

"Hush, Mr. Lacy!—that is—don't, he will hear you!" whispered Sarah, confusedly.

"Don't be afraid, dear; I'll warrant the old curmudgeon is deaf as a tombstone. But lean this way—don't lose sight at any portion of that collar. One can afford to be blind for life for the sake of one glance at it. Shan't I try and strike up a bargain with the old fellow? He carries stock enough about his neck to carpet a good-sized drawing-room. Perhaps he could be tempted to part with it for a fair remuneration. Shall I try him?"

"No, no, Mr. Lacy," whispered Sarah again, this time taking him earnestly by the hand. "You'll anger him."

"Nonsense! Such old codgers are always good-natured. They hardly ever have spirit enough to resent a downright insult. Besides, what if I do start his spirit a little, who cares for the respectable old grandsire?"

"I warn you to be cautious," pleaded Sarah. "He's listening to you now. He is—"

"Don't let a fear trouble you, Miss Cushman, I'll manage it to a charm. Be indulgent, and let me have a little fun at the old gent's expense. I guess I'll try and make his acquaintance. That'll be rich."

"Don't, Mr. Lacy!" The words came faintly from Sarah's lips, and a smile somewhat scornful, settled upon her pretty face.

"Only a little innocent amusement, Miss Cushman," he pleaded, bending down until his mustached lip almost pressed against the crimson of her cheek. "I want to learn about his coat collar before I'm a day older." And leaning forward, he laid his hand on the old gentleman's shoulder.

"What's wanting, sir?" asked Mr. Cushman, abruptly, turning squarely about in his seat.

"Your countenance is strangely familiar, sir," commenced Lacy, in a bland, insinuating tone, while Sarah shaded her face with her hand, "and I could not forbear speaking to you that I might learn whether your voice justified the impression that somewhere I had met you before. Is your name Scruggins?"

"No, sir," answered the old gentleman, promptly, seeing in a moment how affairs stood. "But I have a brother-in-law by that name—one that I have been visiting for four or five weeks past. Perhaps you refer to him."

"Possibly so. Is his name William Scruggins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I declare! And where does he live, in T—?"

"In Norton."

"As I live, the very same!"

"And your name is Wyman—Oliver Wyman?" queried the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, that's my name."

"And you were in for stealing!"

"In—in—in—where, sir?"

"In jail. My brother-in-law is the keeper of Norton jail. I've heard him speak of you thousands of times. He pitied you terribly, he told me."

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" demanded Lacy, his face flushing. "Do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"To Mr. Oliver Wyman, if I may trust what you have told me," answered Mr. Cushman, quietly, smiling into his blazing face.

"Be careful, sir, be careful," muttered the young man, chagrined beyond expression, as he looked about him, and saw how many were laughing at his expense, Sarah among the number. "You can keep quiet awhile, sir. But first sit along on your seat a little. This lady wishes to see the speaker."

The old gentleman did as he was requested, first whispering a few words in the ear of Cyrus Roberts, and then casting a good-natured, mischievous smile into the blushing face of his daughter, who repaid the look with tenfold interest. In a few moments the lecture commenced, and the little affair was seemingly forgotten. Yet had any one cared to have watched the expressive face of Sarah Cushman, they would have seen how she shrank contemptuously from the man at her side, and repaid his least attention with glances of withering scorn.

As the speaker took his seat, and before the loud applause of the audience had died away, Sarah bent forward and laid her hand upon the arm of her father, saying, in a voice that was clear and distinct amid the confusion:

"My father, Mr. Lacy. Mr. Lacy, my father, Mr. Cushman."

"I—your father—I wasn't aware that he was in town."

"He returned three or four days since, and so at last I have the pleasure of presenting you to him. You wish to speak with him upon important business—very important to you and me—and I'm sure you will never have a better opportunity than the present. You can take him home in your sleigh, if—if—Mr. Roberts will allow me to accompany him," she added, confusedly.

"With pleasure," replied Cyrus, stepping forward, and offering her his arm, while an arch smile lit up his handsome face.

"I ride home with *him*!" exclaimed Mr. Cushman, looking contemptuously upon the confused face of Lacy. "No, I'd walk a dozen miles this very night, as cold as the weather is, rather than have that popinjay carry me a single step! You can go, Mr. Wyman, and if you want anything to remember this little incident by, you can take my velvet coat-collar!"

"But, father, you do not treat the gentleman courteously. Remember that he has business with you."

"Ah, excuse me, sir, I'll listen to you now," said the old gentleman, following a step or two after the rattle-brained swell, who sneaked away into the crowd. "You'll have to explain it to me, after all," he added, mischievously, turning to his daughter.

"But—ah—excuse me, father," she stammered, confusedly.

"So I will, my dear. Bless your heart, you wouldn't see your old father 'bused! I'll always remember that of you—yes, just as long as I live. Be charitable with her, Cyrus, and think of that, when you feel disposed to blame her for this little freak of fickleness."

The pleasant, manly face of Cyrus bore no traces of malice, as the anxious father glanced into it, and an hour after, as he sat by Sarah's side before the glowing grate, and she begged him over and over again, to forgive and forget her foolishness, there was nothing but tenderness in his voice, as he said:

"By my love, Sarah, I do forgive you, and by my love, I promise to forget."

At that moment a gray head came through the door, and a happy, genial face smiled in upon them, while a voice, rich, hearty, thrilling, broke out with:

"Bless her!—she wouldn't see her old father 'bused—no—bless her!"

#### A GOOD RETORT.

Uncle Field was a drover from Vermont. Being exposed to all kinds of weather, his complexion suffered somewhat; but at the best, he was not the whitest. Stopping at a public house, a man of notoriously bad character thought, as Uncle Field came in, he would make him the butt of a joke, and as the black face of the weather-beaten man appeared in the door, he exclaimed: "Mercy on us! how dark it grows!" Uncle Field, surveying him from head to foot, coolly replied: "Yes, sir; your character and my complexion are enough to darken any room."—*Vermont Eagle*.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### NORTH RIVER BY MOONLIGHT.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

More sweet than odors caught by him who saffs  
Along the streams of Cashmere's spicy vales,  
The faint perfume of mountain, moss and wood  
Exhaled from hills where Hudson pours his flood  
In softest echo with charmed music, fraught  
With twice the aerial sweetness that it caught.  
Here have I strayed to where the forest child  
Eerst led the chase, lord of the mighty wild;  
Once, unreclaimed, his hunting-grounds he trod,  
Nature's proud monarch—heritage of God!  
Yes, the brave red man of the olden time

Saw thee with love, thou mighty Hudson stream:  
Stayed the keen bow at morning's earliest prime,

To lay a blessing on thy depths serene!  
Baptismal tears!—they live upon thy shore,  
Though he, the exiled, ne'er returneth more!

No rippling keel hath vexed thee from thy birth;  
Usurped thy musing, no obtrusive mirth;  
No fisher's net thy cloistered musing broke,  
Thy sky-wrapped spirit to emotion woke—  
Untill the Pilgrims, from their native clime,  
Braved the wild sea to seek a freer shrine:  
Till art and science, from their lofty flight,  
Touched Fulton's brow creative with their light;  
Then thy green shores in echoing answers gave  
To the swift vessel on thy limpid wave.  
But when the moon, in vestal light arrayed,  
And in the west the sun's last colors fade,  
'Tis then that charms of solemn rapture play  
On thy hushed banks and greenly-bending wood;  
In the charmed languor of repose that lay,

Softer than sleep, on valley, wave and wood:  
'Tis then that here might Hate and Envy dwell,  
And learn a truth that Nature teaches well.

When the last sunshine of the dying day  
Sheds o'er the world a bright departing ray,  
I love to wander from the haunts of men,  
And turn to Nature as a child again.  
Then blessed Hope, in rainbow colors furled,  
Doth try and trace the Future's teeming world;  
Falls Memory, too, her fairy shallop trims,  
And o'er the past her backward journey skims;  
Each year a wave, each wave a living sphere,  
Where dreams, long dead, like phantom forms appear.  
Still, still the past before the present flies,  
And Memory's wave reflects Hope's glorious skies.  
And when I die—when Death refuse the sight  
Its wonted vigor, and the mind its light—  
Majestic river, thou wilt still sweep on,  
Till Time himself hath ceased his warning song!  
Emblem of life, quiescent to our view,  
Though gliding on upon his path of blue!  
O, let me seek, when life to evening steals,  
From mid the wild and daisy whirl of weals:  
O, let me go, from where around me press  
The flashing forms of equipage and dress,  
To where, in ether blue, on viewless wings,  
Health shouts her songs in ever-gushing springs;  
Where the broad Hudson rolls his mighty wave,  
And thank my God for all the good he gave.

Ingratitude is the pretext that selfishness seizes  
hold of for refusing to do a favor.

The night  
Shows tears and women in a better light.—BYRON.



(ORIGINAL)

## ELLIS FAIRFORD:

—OR,—

## THE TRAGEDY OF LOCH EARN.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

My father was a merchant of Edinburgh, and I, Ellis Fairford, his only son, had just graduated with honor at Oxford. I am not naturally very quick, and was obliged to accomplish by hard labor, untiring study, what many of my classmates seemed to gain by intuition. But my labors came to an end, and an honorable one. I was first in my class and with a light heart I returned to the paternal mansion. I was to take a long vacation before entering upon the life I had marked out before me, that of a physician. My good, kind father allowed me plenty of money and plenty of time. The day of my departure, he said, resting his hand on my head:

"Ellis, boy, you have spent your time faithfully and well, and made your old father's heart glad. Now go whithersoever you choose; forget care, exercise freely, and come back strong to enter upon your duties. Draw on me when you need. Go, and God bless you."

That was his parting, and with a light heart I set out on my proposed journey. My destination was the town of Balquihidder, in Perth; a small, quiet village near Loch Earn, at the foot of Ben Vorlick. The day I started was beautiful, with a clear and bracing wind. I rode from my father's door, bestriding proudly the superb black horse, a gift from my father. I am nothing of a horse-jockey, and until then had cared very little about such animals, but I could not help admiring the beautiful beast, with glossy neck and flowing mane. Balquihidder is about sixty-eight miles from Edinburgh. I took the distance by easy daily stages; rarely exceeding an average of fifteen miles. My object was to see and enjoy the beauties of the country through which I passed, green valleys, gleaming streams and hills covered with purple heather.

Late one rainy, chilly September afternoon I reached the little inn, the end of my journey. In the morning there was a promise of a splendid day. I paid my reckoning at the miserable little wayside inn, where I spent the night, and started on my road. The day was too fine, and the scenery too beautiful for me to ride far, though I had twenty-one miles to go before reaching Balquihidder, which I wished to accomplish ere nightfall. A few miles from the inn I left, I came upon an enchanting spot. A moss-covered

dell, shaded by large trees, through which flashed a beautiful stream, lured me from my purpose, and I unhesitatingly threw myself from Hafiz, for so I had named my horse, turned him loose to feed, and seating myself prepared to sketch. A pretty little picture I made, then stretched myself at full length on the grass. The warm, genial sunshine, cool murmuring of the water and subdued rustling of the leaves above me, lulled me to sleep. I must have slept a long while—hours, for it was quite late in the afternoon when I was awakened by a sense of chilliness, and a splash of rain in my face. I sprang to my feet.

Heavy, dark, clouds had rolled up from the west; the wind sighed mournfully among the branches; now and then the rumbling of distant thunder, and the faint gleam of lightning warned me to hasten, if I wished to escape being caught in an unknown region in a heavy storm. A single whistle and Hafiz, always obedient, was by my side; and hastily saddling him I mounted and rode swiftly forward. But I had lingered too long. Fast as I rode, and Hafiz was very fleet, the storm came rolling on faster, and before I reached Balquihidder the storm broke over me in all its fury, and I was drenched to the skin; cold, and to tell the honest truth, rather low-spirited. Don't smile, it was my first taste of the ills of life.

Wet and hungry I reached the inn, where I was kindly received by the landlady, Ann Court, a widow woman, and a friend of the family. As she had never seen, but she knew my father well, and of my coming she had been apprised by the arrival of my trunks, sent by express. She received me kindly, and her homely, cheery welcome tended considerably to rouse my drooping heart. Giving Hafiz in charge of the young, red-haired, bare-legged hostler, I entered the parlor, a large, low room, dark and gloomy, but for the bright wood fire which blazed and crackled in the spacious fireplace. Standing before the fire, I waited only to get over the numbness before I went to look after my horse, my pet whom I never left wholly to the charge of a groom.

I went out to the stable, and saw him nicely rubbed down, and fed him with my own hand, then turned to go to the house. As I did so I saw standing in the doorway a tall figure. As we passed out, Dick, the stable boy, raised the lantern, and as the rays fell on the stranger, I saw a face I never shall forget. It was the face of a very young, handsome man, but the ineffable sadness in the dark eyes haunted me for days and days. I bowed and passed out. I was

shown to my room, where I found a bright fire, and warm supper prepared.

The inn stood some distance from the village, if the few straggling houses could be called a village, quite near the beautiful, romantic Loch Earn. My long siesta under the trees predisposed me to wakefulness, and when the remains of my supper had been cleared away, fresh wood placed on the fire, I, taking a book of travels from my trunk, settled myself for an evening's quiet reading. I had read two hours or more when I was startled by a wild shriek. It did not come from any part of the house I felt sure, for that had sunk into quiet some time ago. I listened. There it was again; lower this time, but fearfully distinct. I rushed to the window, and throwing it open, leaned out. The storm had cleared away, and the moon shone bright and beautiful, save when obscured by the dark, ragged clouds that drifted wildly, hurriedly by. Through the bushes and trees the waters of the loch gleamed like silver. A long while I leaned from the window, listening attentively, anxiously, but could hear nothing, and had just concluded that I must have been startled by the sudden hooting of an owl. I was about to shut the window and resume my reading, when I heard again a low, heart-rending wail, seeming to come from the borders of the loch. Be it what it might, I was determined to discover the cause. Seizing my hat I flew silently down stairs, out over the wet grass and slippery stones, making in a direct line for the lake. A few hasty, vigorous strides brought me to the water's edge, where I stooped, and looked anxiously round. A little to my right I saw a rock, projecting into the water, on which was something, I could not distinguish what. Creeping silently I neared the spot—as I did so I saw that the thing rose, and I saw that it was a human being; a man, the same I thought whom I had seen standing by the stable-door. Uncertain what to do, I paused. The figure raised itself, and throwing up his arms, uttered a low, piercing wail. The sound chilled my very heart. I would see what was to be done. Stepping from my hiding place among the bushes, I called out in a clear, cheery voice:

"Hilloa, friend, what is the matter?"

My words were heard, and in answer the young man sprang towards me, grasped my hand, and dragged, rather than led me, to the rock.

"Quick, quick, or she sinks!" he exclaimed, hurriedly. "Once the waters, the cold, ruthless waters of the loch have closed over her—she will rise, rise, then I will watch my chance, and rescue her—come, help me save her!"

Again and again he repeated these wild words,

to which I listened in bewilderment. All this passed in less time than it has taken to describe it. We gained the edge of the rock, and releasing my hand which he had held so tightly that the pressure was actual pain, he sank down, and peered anxiously into the dark waters that flowed silently by, scarcely giving any sound. I followed his example, but only for a moment I gazed; I could see nothing, so turned my attention to my strange companion. He was still leaning forward, watching the gleaming waters, but he clasped his hands despairingly, as he gazed, and after a moment's silence, wailed, rather than spoke:

"Great God! will she never rise? Will she never rise? Alas! I murdered her—yes, both, both I killed!"

Twice he said this, then springing to his feet he dashed off over rocks and through the trees as if pursued by a demon. I tried in vain to follow him, but unused to the place, I, after falling over stumps several times, gave up in despair, and bewildered and startled, returned silently to my room. I threw myself on the bed, but not to sleep, for the sad, despairing cry of the unhappy young man rung in my ears, and the piercing glance of his eyes still haunted me. I felt convinced that some awful tragedy had been enacted on the loch which had unsettled his mind. Probably Mistress Court could tell me what it was—I must wait till morning for the unravelling of the mystery.

The night seemed endless, and when the first streak of light appeared in the east, I was up and off to the loch, hoping to find some trace of the young man. The spot was entirely deserted. On the rock I found a fine linen handkerchief, marked with the initial letters, "H. R." I put it in my pocket, and returned towards the inn. A short distance from the house I met Dick, driving the cows to pasture. A thought struck me—Dick could probably give me all the information needed, and I would rather question him than Mistress Court, for she in reply would inflict upon me a long, gossiping account. So I stopped him.

"Dick, my boy, can you tell me who the young man was standing at the door of the stable last evening?"

"Naething mair easy," Dick answered, pulling an awkward bow. "He be the young laird from the big house yonder, young Harry Kent. Awcel, it's a sad thing—" Then Dick stopped short.

"What is the matter with him, Dick?" I asked, curious to know why he stopped so suddenly.

"Dinna ye ken, sir? Ou, just real daft, puir fellow."

"What made him daft, Dick?"

"Aweel, the thing stands this gate, yer see: Robert Kent, his brother, with his bride, gang to take a sail on Loch Earn. Harry wouldna go with him. A storm came up, and baith were drowned. Harry from that day gang clean daft. But I hae nae time for clavering about him e'en now, because I maun look after Mistress Court's cows, who gang to Saundie's tater patch with all speed." And so speaking, Dick dashed after the unruly cows, and I went home to breakfast.

For several days I saw nothing of the poor young man, neither did I hear any more cries, though I was ever watching and listening. At last I came suddenly upon him. He was seated on a stone, busily engaged in sketching, and anxious to become acquainted with him, I made the handkerchief which I always carried with me an excuse for speaking to him. I found him pleasant and affable, and neither in his manner of speech, nor the clear, vigorous sketch which he tendered for my examination did I discover the slightest evidence of insanity. From that day he seemed to seek me out, to find pleasure in my society, and on my part I found him an agreeable companion, talented, witty and cheerful. Once in a while a flash of his malady would appear, and I found that I possessed the power to calm him. A few days only had passed, when he invited me to dine with him at his father's. The invitation was gladly accepted, for I had long wished to know Sir Harry, the young man's father, whom report spoke highly of; then, too, I had been told there was a beautiful, accomplished daughter.

I shall never forget my first sight of Elinor Kent. The servant ushered me into a fine old drawing-room, on the walls of which hung several grand pictures. In a recess, at the further end of the room sat Harry Kent and his sister. Harry rose to welcome me, and introduced me to his sister, the beautiful Elinor. As my name was mentioned, the young lady turned and rose, and I never shall forget the thrill that went to my heart as I looked at her. It was not her beauty, though never in my life have I seen a more lovely face, but it was the sad, wistful look in her dark eyes which drew me towards her. I remember nothing of that, my first visit, but that beautiful, changeful face. The yearning glance would change, the eyes would flash with mirth and mischief, then the brilliancy would fade, giving place to the ineffable sadness. Pleasanter hours I never spent, than those passed with the brother and sister, who seemed wrapped up in

each other, sharing every thought and feeling.—

From that day I became a constant visitor at the house. I went blindly; questioning not—feeling my heart thrill as I heard her voice or step; knowing that through all my life her image would rest in my heart—daring to hope nothing, yet treading blindly on, taking no heed for the future. The future—but I must not anticipate. I never questioned Elinor's feelings towards me—I went on, asking only to be near her; to gaze into her clear, soul-lit eyes, and listen to her rich, sweet voice, every tone of which made my heart ache with a strange delight. The awakening came. My vacation was at an end; it had been extended as long as I dared have it. I knew that when the parting came, it would be fearful, and so I decided to leave without delay, and to say nothing of my intention until a few hours before the time for starting; I could ride up to the hall and take a brief farewell. I dared not trust myself to do more. Harry, Elinor and I were walking on the shores of the loch. I had made up my mind to leave the next day, but that intention I kept to myself, and with a heavy heart I walked along, doing little to aid in the conversation. The waters of the loch flashed and sparkled in the golden rays of the setting sun. I think I never saw the lake look so beautiful. Near where we stood to look at the sunset, a little boat chained to the shore danced on the rippling waters. Forgetting everything, I exclaimed:

"Harry, Miss Elinor, shall we not take a little sail on the lake?"

How could I forget? I suffered for my thoughtlessness. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when the joyous smile faded from Elinor's beautiful face; the lips grew deadly pale, and the look of sadness which had been less constant in her eyes of late, settled there. She laid her hand on her brother's arm, but too late. Harry had sprang forward, and before either of us could make an effort, had sprung into the waters of the lake, with the wild cry:

"I must save her, or die!"

The shores of Loch Earn, like those of nearly all our Scottish lakes, are very abrupt; the water being many feet deep a foot from the edge. A cold chill ran through my frame, as I saw the handsome face of Harry sink beneath the waters but it was not a moment for faltering. Quick as thought I threw aside my coat, and plunged after him, and as I sunk, I heard a piercing cry from Elinor. There was something in that which nerved my heart, and made me willing to die. I was a powerful swimmer, and an expert diver, and not many minutes had elapsed before I had

seized the young man, and raised him above the water. Harry struggled violently in my arms, saying wildly:

"Let me save her! let me save her! She will sink again, then all will be lost."

Suddenly his mood changed, and he lay quiet in my arms, and wailed out:

"They are bringing her ashore. Robert will go mad. No, no, for he, too, is dead, dead. See her death-white face and dripping hair! Great God! I killed her! I, too, will sleep beneath the waters."

And as he said this he struggled to sink beneath the waters. My strength was nearly exhausted; only a few minutes longer could I hold him up, and we were quite a distance from the shore. What was to be done? I thought but a moment. I would never release him; if Harry sank I would go with him—I, the cause of this fearful scene. Raising my voice, I said:

"Harry, boy, cheer up—she is not dead, only insensible—she will recover. Don't give way at the sight of a pale face—be a man."

"Cease!" he exclaimed, struggling again, "I tell you she is dead—I saw her sink, never to rise—I know she is dead."

"I tell you she is not dead, though she will be soon if you do not go ashore, and aid me to restore her."

This time my words were believed. Harry ceased struggling, turned and swam to the shore, dragging me after him. A sweet voice exclaimed: "Saved, both saved!" a little hand grasped my own—a deadly faintness settled over my heart, and—I knew no more.

I was very ill for a week; I remember nothing that passed during that time. Sometimes in my delirium I was conscious of a tiny cool hand being laid on my brow, a glass of cordial placed to my lips. As I got better I knew that two forms were always by my bedside, early and late. I recovered very rapidly, and in three weeks was able to go about as usual. With my recovery came the unpleasant truth that I must return home. When my health was fully established, I insisted upon returning to the inn, for during my illness I had been brought to the hall. At first my wishes were objected to, but finding I was firm, I was allowed to return to my old quarters. Do not think that I wished to leave my pleasant quarters. I did not; but I felt that it was my duty to return to my father and business. Nothing was to be gained by lingering any longer.

One day I packed my trunks; despatched a letter to my kind old father, and walked up to Earncliffe Hall to take my leave, for I had deter-

mined to start for Edinburgh the next morning, before daybreak. As I walked towards the hall I underwent a bitter struggle within myself. I determined to keep the passionate love of my heart a secret. To disclose it would be only to pain the heart of Elinor. By exercise of my own will, I stilled the beating of my heart, and assumed an air of considerable composure. I found Elinor alone. She rose and came forward, greeting me warmly.

"This is kind, Mr. Fairford. Harry has gone to see you; did you not meet him?"

I shook my head in answer, for words would not come. O, Elinor! Unheeding my silence, the beautiful girl went on:

"You don't know how necessary you have become to Harry. He has been a different being since he knew you. His fits of insanity have been much less frequent and violent. You exert a very powerful influence over him."

"I am sorry."

I know the words came abruptly, ungraciously, and I was not surprised to see the start she gave—a pained, anxious start; and she bent her dark eyes on me searchingly. A moment she looked as if to read my very soul, then said in a voice in which were mingled kindness, reproach and haughtiness:

"I have been strangely mistaken in Mr. Fairford's character, if he is indifferent to the happiness of another, and that other his friend."

I meant not to have spoken, to have let the ungracious words be understood as she pleased—to have gone away choosing to be misunderstood rather than give her a moment's pain, but I could not. Could not be silent with her delicate hand resting on the arm of my chair, her dark eyes looking so sadly at me; no, I must speak.

"Elinor! Elinor! I must go away, that is why I am sorry my presence has become necessary to your brother. I can stay here no longer; duty calls me home. Do not look at me; do not question me. My mind is made up—I must go—God give me strength!"

I could say no more; my feelings overwhelmed me. Elinor was silent. I dared not look at her for I knew she was weeping. I understood the cause of her emotion.

"Elinor, if your brother is better, happier with me, he must follow me to my home. Here I can stay no longer."

"Why not?"

I scarcely heard the question, it was so low; no other ears but mine would have heard it. I heard it not only with my ears but with my heart.

"Elinor Kent, I cannot stay because I love

you! Love you better than all else in this world, better than life itself. Only to claim you as my wife could I stay."

"Stay then, Ellis."

Those words, though barely audible, thrilled through my whole being. For a moment I felt stunned, bewildered with the great joy that had fallen upon me. One second I stood beside her, knelt beside her.

"Elinor, speak! What do you mean--can you, do you love me?"

"Yes, Ellis, always, from the first time I saw you."

Those of you who have passed through such scenes will not ask me to dwell on this, you can look back. Those who have not need only look forward. She was mine. Elinor Kent was mine. Those few words contain the fulness of my joy.

So it was settled. Elinor Kent became my wife. My father closed his concerns, for he was very wealthy, and came to live with us, beside the beautiful Loch Earn. Harry was always with us. We tried, in the first year of our married life, before my father came to us, change of scene. We went to Edinburgh, thinking that to be far from the scenes of his grief would do him good; but he only grew worse, restless and unhappy, and so we came back to the loch. For several years we watched Harry like a child. As time rolled on, his fits of aberration became less and less frequent; but his strength failed, though he continued the same kind, cheerful fellow. The hour came. One day after a violent paroxysm, he lay exhausted upon a couch. Elinor and I sat beside him, each holding a hand. He lay with his eyes closed, and I saw a shadow, the shadow of death, creep over his face. I thought it best Elinor should be prepared, and pointed it out to her. She gave a little, smothered sigh, but the sound reached his ears. He unclosed his eyes, and raising himself up thus spoke:

"Dear Elinor, sister, and you, my loved, faithful Ellis, listen to me. I am dying. Don't weep, for it is best. You think the death of my brother caused my illness. Not so. I loved Lady Margaret Verne, my brother's bride--loved her, Ellis, as few men love, as you love Elinor--but she loved my brother. Not for me was the prize. I almost hated my brother when he told me of his betrothal. One day they went out to the loch. I watched them from the shore. As I gazed, an evil spirit entered my heart, and I wished my noble brother might never reach the shore. The boat neared the shore, came close to the rock, Ellis; Margaret stood up, and laugh-

ingly waved her hand to me; the frail boat careened, and she fell into the water. My brother called to me, and sprang in. He could swim but little, and I knew it. I sprang in and caught Margaret in my arms, and bade my brother save himself, and I would save her. I raised Margaret in my arms, and struck for the shore. She was insensible at first, then recovered and breathed my brother's name. It shot to my heart, and in my rage, O God! I loosed my hold upon her, only for an instant, sister, only for an instant, and she sunk, never to rise again. God heard my wish, and punished me. My brother lived only a few hours; grief and exposure killed him. But for me, Margaret would have lived, though the Heavenly Father who sees all hearts knows I did not meditate the deed. I waited, and saw them bring her to the shore--white--white she was. I killed her! The thought pressed upon my brain as they bore her lifeless form to the shore. I remember nothing more for a long time. Through long years the thought has been ever present, urging me to madness. I am calm now; God grants me peace. I have been justly punished for my sinful passion, and now as I see the calm of another world, the world I have so longed to reach, shining upon me, I feel sure of forgiveness. Soon I shall meet them in another, happier world. Forgive--O, Father--in mercy."

The eyes closed, and the weary spirit was at rest. The desolate, wandering heart found peace.

The crash of carts, the busy hum of the city is around me; though the noise comes but dimly through my closed windows. The room is dark and dusty; cobwebs hang on the walls. I sit musingly in my old arm-chair. My father, Sir Harry, young Harry, and my only child, are all dead; so also is my much-loved wife. I am not unhappy, though alone. Only a little while ago did my Elinor, not the Elinor of that miniature friends, for then she was fifty years younger, but Elinor the wife of my bosom, fade from my sight. A little while and I will join her. God gave me much happiness, and I bow humbly to his will. All I ask here below, is--kind friends, lay old Ellis Fairford beside his loved wife, on the borders of peaceful Loch Earn.

#### THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

O Holy Father, just and true  
Are all thy works, and words, and ways;  
And unto thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!  
As children of thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to thee!—WHITTIER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## UNDER THE MAPLES.

BY SYBIL PARK.

I'm sitting 'neath the maples, Kate—  
The maples by the mill;  
And one by one the holy stars  
Have risen o'er the hill;  
The two we named as ours, dear Kate,  
In years so long gone by,  
Are shining faithful on me yet,  
From out the summer sky.

The murmur of the leaves, dear Kate,  
Each ripple of the stream,  
Is very like the first sweet song  
Of love's young golden dream.  
The violets at my feet, dear Kate,  
Are not as deeply blue  
As were those eyes which looked in mine  
So tenderly and true.

O, such a timid thing, dear Kate,  
Was that young heart of thine,  
To tremble so at one light kiss,  
Or one fond word of mine!  
I've smiled to see you come, dear Kate,  
All fluttering like a dove,  
To welcome me, and list the tale  
Of my devoted love.

Alas! thy winsome heart, dear Kate,  
Is dust and ashes now,  
And only memory keeps the light  
Of that fair girlish brow.  
You cannot know how oft, dear Kate,  
I've waited for you here;  
Nor how the purple shades of grief  
Have deepened year by year.

A broken heart I've borne, dear Kate,  
Since that fair morn you died:  
That golden morn, which should have bound  
You closer to my side.  
And when the twilight falls, dear Kate,  
I sit beneath the boughs,  
Where years and years ago we came  
To plight our sacred vows.

[ORIGINAL.]

## BURIED LOVE.

BY REV. S. WILLIAM HUBBARD.

"NEVERMORE!"—sad word from human lips,  
but often, how often repeated.

It burst from those of Harley Norwood as Marion Vane placed her hand in his, and whispered, "Good-by. Think of me as a friend."

"As a friend!" when did ever love subside into friendship? When did ever bitter tones and scornful words, spoken at the death of love, teach the heart a lesson in friendship? No, we go down into the depths of the sea to bury love out of our sight, and ere we get home, the child

stands beckoning to come in from the cold, to which we have banished it.

And so did it come back to Marion's heart—but it was too late. Harley had gone.

\* Marion was an orphan—rich, accomplished, and gifted; but, it must be owned, she was a little vain. Not of her beauty, for she cared nothing for that. But her mental superiority was a source of inward pride to her, and she fancied that even Harley, with all his fine talents and noble qualities, did not quite come up to her idea of a suitable husband for herself. Yet she had been tacitly engaged to him for a year; and then, when she had spoken the words of separation, she had, in that very hour, discovered how noble a heart she had been thrusting away from her, and wondered if in the battle of life, she should ever feel such true and holy love as he had given her. His sad word, "nevermore," was on her ear, lingering there in tones of deep anguish that found a response in her heart, now that it was too late.

She did venture to write a note the next day, and send it round to his apartments; but the answer that came back almost paralyzed her. "Mr. Norwood had sailed for Europe yesterday!"

Gone! It was a terrible blow, yet it told her one thing, and that was that he loved her still. She knew him well enough to know that no idle whim could ever influence him. He was all that any woman could ask. She acknowledged it now that it was too late. O, could we but acknowledge our wrong doing, before absence or death has put a veil between us and our friend! Marion had vainly imagined that after her engagement with Harley ceased, she should feel more at ease, that she should revive her old associations, put aside to please him, and that they would bring her the same pleasure as formerly. Vain thought! Her place in the social chain was filled by another. She could not enter there and reign queen as she had done. Another queen held regal sway—not so handsome nor intellectual as Marion Vane—but with a temper that drew souls to her shrine as fast as they had been drawn away from Marion.

She missed, too, the tender, watchful care which had been over her for a year; but which, until now that it was withdrawn, she had thought very little about. Now its absence made a sense of desolation in her heart, which, though salutary, was very hard to be borne. Marion thought that there could be no one more perfectly miserable than herself; and conscience whispered that it was not undeserved; and that whisper did not tend to make her less wretched.

Meantime Harley Norwood sailed away to new

sooner, and in them he lost the keen pang he had experienced, or rather, it grew less keen. Marion Vane had disappointed him, and he began to think she was not quite so perfect after all. On the voyage, he fancied her bright, smiling, gay; and he resolved upon being the same. There were two ladies who claimed a more than ordinary portion of his attention, from the fact of their being without a protector. He established himself beside them, and the three became almost inseparable. They were two sisters, the youngest an invalid, and were voyaging for her health, and the other to take care of her. Never had Harley seen two sisters so devotedly attached to each other. The lone selfishness of Marion's life came back to him in strange contrast. Why had not Marion sought to attach herself to some one who would be as a sister? Why had she not cultivated the sweet, womanly affections, even if nature had been niggardly in not blessing her with the ties of relationship. He was impressed with this still more when it came out that these two were only adopted sisters after all—that the youngest was an orphan, brotherless and sisterless, until Alice Blair had urged her father to adopt her. Mr. Blair was far from rich, and this step would certainly deprive him of the means of doing so much for his own daughter. But the strong, unselfish pleadings of Alice prevailed, and he agreed to receive the tender, delicate child into his family as his own.

She was doomed, however, long before she came to them. A cough and hectic proclaimed her state, and Alice, alternately hoping and fearing, had brought her after her father's death, to try the air of the south of France. But Isabel was only to reach the shores of England. She grew weaker every day. Alice took a house in a retired suburb of London, and established herself with every convenience or luxury for the invalid; and Harley, following the example of a woman whose wealth was equal to his own, and needed only sympathy and protection, took lodgings in her immediate neighborhood, and spent nearly his whole time with the inmates of Waterloo Cottage, which, notwithstanding its warlike name, was a peaceful little spot.

Of course, Harley's immediate sympathies clustered more closely around the sick girl than her sister. The frail, delicate, depending form, the pale, lily-like face on which already death had seemed to set his seal, yet stamped it so lightly that it was only as the impress of an angel's hand, the low, sad tones that sounded like the softest breezy murmur from aerial harps—all impressed themselves so deeply upon Harley's fancy, that he would have given his life to know

that health would once again re-visit that cheek. The patient, tender care of the elder—the fond watching by day and night—the sleepless tenderness that knew no change and felt no weariness, scarcely dwelt a moment on his mind; or, if thought of at all, it was only to rejoice that Isabel had so careful a nurse, so dear a friend as Alice.

There had been a storm at sea, and the delicate frame of Isabel Blair seemed as if it could not long withstand the rude shock it was sustaining. The close, suffocating air of the cabin could not be borne by her for an instant, and Harley bore her to the deck, and sheltered her in his arms, beneath the best covering that could be hastily arranged over them. There, with the damp spray wetting the deck at their feet, and throwing its baleful drops upon Isabel's brow, they sat hour after hour while the tempest lashed itself into fury, and the waves dashed mountains high over the vessel.

In that hour of gloom and peril, Harley forgot that there was ever a being so vain and selfish as Marion Vane. All the wild passion he had felt for her seemed lost in the unearthly tenderness which centered around Isabel; and then and there he whispered a tale in her ear that might almost call back the fainting soul from the borders of the grave, so precious were its unfoldings to her. Alas! only to the banks of that dark ocean of death, could Harley attend her. In that rude storm she had told him how dear was the love she bore him, but that he could not hope to wed the dying. Yet only a few hours before her departure, one little month after they were settled down in their new home, he did wed the dying, and for a brief moment he called the beautiful image his wife. She smiled at the strange sound, laid her head upon his shoulder, and slept heavily. He moved not, spoke not, lest it should disturb her. Two hours passed, when she awoke, and in a feeble, yet joyous tone, she called him *her own*! Then, as a tired child will lay itself to sleep on the bosom of its mother, so did Isabel lie down to the calm slumber, from which she never awoke again on earth.

Harley Norwood came forth from this trial, an altered man. The follies of the past seemed terrible to him now. Marion Vane and her associates were beings so different from the lost Isabel! Grief had made him unjust; and it was not until he was recalled by the severe illness of his mother, that he could make up his mind to return.

He brought home his dead wife to be buried on her native shore. Alice accompanied him, and as soon as the sad duty was over he went to his mother. Happily for him she soon recovered.

He could not go over that sad scene again with one who was dear to him. He returned, when she was convalescent, to Alice, alone in her grief; and then plunged into the busy world again, to hide the fearful wound in his own soul.

Once he met Marion Vane. She had heard of his marriage—of his loss. She saw that he was changed, grown older by the passing through the sad ordeal. Their intercourse was brief—so brief that a single sentence comprised it all. But on the evening of that day he heard from a friend her history since he went away. Marion Vane, from being perfectly independent, had been reduced to the scantiest pittance. Treachery and misfortune had taken away her possessions, until only a single house of the very humblest description belonged to her. Hither she removed, and she now took in sewing to find bread.

"And was there no one who would give her a home, of all the crowds who once thronged around her?"

"Many; but she would not accept it. She is greatly changed—so humble. Have you seen her?"

"A moment only."

"Seen her, and not remarked the change?"

"I thought her somewhat pale, but nothing more."

"She is a shadow; and her dress, formerly so elaborate, is of the simplest kind."

"Probably it is so; but I thought so little of her appearance, that I did not remark it."

"Harley Norwood, you once loved Marion Vane?"

"I admired her."

"Loved is the word. You owned it to me yourself."

Harley was silent. His friend continued:

"She loves you."

"She broke up the engagement nevertheless."

"She did. But she has never ceased to mourn over that act. I *know* what I say. It has worn her almost into her grave. For months before she lost her fortune, she buried herself from society, and gave herself up to grief. She saw no one but myself and my wife, who is greatly interested in her. She thinks her a perfect being; perfected by suffering."

Harley passed a small house in the lower part of the city one day. A woman was going into the door with what was apparently a bundle of work. She was hurrying in, when her foot slipped, and she fell across the threshold. Harley raised her, and saw that it was Marion Vane. She burst into tears—such tears as the eyes rain but once in a life time. He assisted her to a chair, and kindly, almost tenderly, removed the simple

straw bonnet which she wore. Never had she looked so lovely as now, with the long, silken lashes wet with tears, and the pale cheek showing how she had suffered.

They sat alone for three hours; Marion telling all her woes to a heart that pitied them all. He told her of his sweet, young wife, and the agony her death caused him—of her undying memory in his heart.

"If you can endure to be the second in a heart where you once reigned alone, Marion," said he, at last, "I will open that heart to receive you once more."

And the proud beauty did not disdain to accept a love which she had heartlessly thrown away.

There will be those who think that neither of them was wise. But who is always wise? Five years have found them very happy together, at least—and it is certain that they were both wretched enough before. Since their marriage, the greater part of Marion's property is restored, and she has had the satisfaction of bestowing it upon him whom she loves dearer than ever. The buried love has come to life with both.

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#### REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT.

In 1802, Peter Cartwright received what is called "an exhorter's license," and was allowed to "exercise his gifts." He began to find a little education necessary; and Providence opened his way to a school in which were taught "all the branches of a common education, and also the dead languages." Peter's linguistic acquirements are thus exhibited:

"I recollect once to have come across one of those Latin and Greek scholars, a regular graduate in theology. In order to bring me into contempt in a public company, he addressed me in Greek. In my younger days I had learned considerable of German. I listened to him as if I understood it all, and then replied in Dutch. This he knew nothing about, neither did he understand Hebrew. He concluded that I had answered him in Hebrew, and immediately caved in, and stated to the company that I was the first educated Methodist preacher he ever saw."—*Zion's Herald*.

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#### COMPENSATION.

"I have pitied those whose lives are obscure and joyless; now I understand that God has provided a compensation with every trial. The smallest pleasure derives from rarity a relish otherwise unknown. Enjoyment is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer; satiety has lost him his appetite, while privation preserves to the other the first of earthly blessings—the being easily made happy. O, that I could persuade every one of this! that so the rich might not abuse their riches, and that the poor might have patience. If happiness is the rarest of blessings, it is because the reception of it is the rarest of virtues.—*Sauvestre*.



[ORIGINAL.]

## WHAT WILD AND HAUNTING MUSIC.

BY LENA LYLE.

What wild and haunting music  
Is in that little song;  
And as you sing, what memories  
Of old around me throng:  
Of one with brow like thine, lady,  
And eyes of heaven's own hue;  
And a voice of thrilling music,  
A soul both strong and true.

That little song has power  
To touch my very heart:  
To waken up old memories,  
And make the sad tear start.  
It calls to memory the one  
I loved—alas! too well;  
She was too fair a thing for earth,  
And went to heaven to dwell.

O, cease that song, dear lady,  
For more I cannot bear;  
I see her now before me,  
That angel being fair.  
I hear the music gushing,  
As of old I used to hear,  
When I sat beside my Mary—  
My Mary lost, yet dear!

The cold grave won my Mary,  
In her young beauty's pride;  
The death-angel came for her,  
And bore her from my side.  
And now that song you're singing,  
Calls up such bitter tears,  
Though Mary has been sleeping  
For many long, long years.

O, sing no more, sweet lady,  
I cannot bear it now;  
The dew of grief is standing  
In drops upon my brow.  
The song you have been singing,  
This lone, sad heart has wrung;  
Sing it no more, dear lady,  
It was the last *she* sung.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SUSPICION:

—OR,—

## THE STRANGE DECEPTION.\*

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE carnival of 1837, owing, in a great measure, to the immense number of foreigners then present, was, in a greater degree than many previous ones, a season of mirth and revelry.

\* This is not a mere fancy sketch; it is a chapter from the great unwritten record of Parisian life. Hundreds of American travellers are yearly shown by their countrymen, there resident, the magnificent chateau in one of the suburbs of the French capital, which is the home of Clifford and his wife to this day.

Dancing, feasting and masking was the order of the day, and the mystery and confusion always attendant upon such occasions, was in this instance almost doubled. Grotesque and fearful-looking figures filled the streets, terrifying the stranger in many instances, but creating a vast fund of mirth for the populace. The strangest effect, however, was produced by the many masked balls to which all classes nightly thronged. Beneath the friendly mask, the gay noble often flirted with the humble flower-girl, from whom he had purchased bouquets in the public street; the haughty countess leaned, unknowingly, upon the arm of the poor secretary; and husbands and wives, parents and children, and all the manifold relations of the social state, frequently found themselves thrown together in the most confounding and amusing situations.

In the earlier years of the present century, a carnival season rarely passed over Paris unaccompanied by some dark deed of domestic tragedy, occasioned usually by the jealousy of a lover, or the hasty suspicions of a husband. The vigilance of the unequalled Fouché generally brought these matters to light, although conducted with the profoundest secrecy and despatch; but in most cases, the nobility of the perpetrator of the deed, and the heavy bribes which he was consequently enabled to offer, preserved him from his justly merited punishment, and to-day the courts of the different sections have bundles of papers, half a century old, relating to these cases, stowed away in obscure places. The various histories of Napoleon mention several instances of his stern and impartial justice towards noble offenders, during this period; but in most cases, they seem to have been fortunate in concealing their derelictions.

Of late years, the carnival has lost these repulsive features—possibly through the vigilance of the detective police—and it now presents only a spectacle of innocent hilarity and convivial feasting, well suited to the unchangeable French character. The difficulties now arising, during these seasons, are for the most part confined to the foreign element, which, of course, is with more difficulty indoctrinated into the usages of such occasions, and it is rarely that bloodshed now results from the festivities of the carnival. From a number of romantic incidents which occurred during the season of which I have spoken—that of 1837—I have selected the following for narration, both because it possesses an American interest, and because it has a certain dramatic tone which renders it a favorite among the lower classes of the Parisians, from the lips of one of which I first heard it.

During the continuance of this season, there were a number of strangers, of both sexes, who, though joining in the customary revelry, assumed no disguises and wore no masks. This had the effect of directing public attention to them in a greater measure than if they had chosen the most elegant and showy costumes, and of investing them with a constant interest. Doubtless this was intentional, on the part of some; but the two to whom our tale relates, had acted thus from contrary motives.

The young American, Arthur Clifford, and his beautiful Italian bride, were objects of the first interest in that gay throng—as much from the fact of their being entirely unknown, as from the curiosity which would naturally follow people of their appearance. Clifford was young—he seemed almost boyish in appearance; but a second look discovered an unmistakable manliness in his face. He was handsome,\* eminently so; indeed, he claimed as much attention as his beautiful wife, as they walked the crowded halls together. But the people who frequented the masquerades, had not failed to discover a mystery about him. He seemed dissatisfied and ill at ease; his eyes were always fixed vacantly upon the crowd, and he was, in fact, strangely absent-minded. More than once, the inquisitive ones had seen his lady endeavor to fix his attention upon something which she would point out; but after giving no heed to her words for some moments, he would start convulsively and look as she directed, and then relapse again into his thoughtful, troubled state. It was whispered among the maskers that the lady seemed grieved at his inattention and anxious as to its cause, and that several times she had striven in vain to repress her tears, when his mood was more absent than usual.

Arthur Clifford's wife was a true Italian woman, and one of the most beautiful of her kind. Her hair and eyes were dark, and her complexion was of that olive hue peculiar to the daughters of Italy. There was such a liquid depth to her eyes, and their expression was so mournful, as she looked upon her husband in his abstracted moods, that some powerful feeling must have prompted him to disregard her at such times. The gossips were sure that Clifford did not love his wife; the high-born dames of the land envied her the possession of such charms; and the young noblemen wondered at what they esteemed the strange perversion of the husband. They seemed to mingle with the maskers in obedience to custom; they sought no introductions, and when addressed, made as few words as possible. Altogether, they were voted a mysterious pair; and as there was nothing to be learned concern-

ing them, the universal interest in their movements soon died out.

The history of Arthur Clifford's former life furnishes a key for the unlocking of this mystery. Left an orphan while a mere child, he was adopted and educated by a wealthy uncle. Six years previous to the date of the story, he had accompanied his relative to Italy upon a health-trip, and the latter suddenly dying, he was left sole heir to his immense wealth.

With nothing to call him immediately back to America, he concluded to gratify his artistic tastes by a long sojourn in Italy. He passed several years in wandering over this delightful land, visiting its old ruins no less than its galleries of paintings and statuary, and exploring all its wayside nooks and corners. Delaying, upon one occasion, in a little chapel in the country, he was moved by the appearance of a female who came in and knelt reverently at the altar.

Arthur was a true artist; and as she threw back her veil, he was lost in admiration of the beautiful face which he beheld. Her eyes were turned pityingly to the large painting of Christ on the Cross, which hung above the altar, and her lips moved in prayer. She finished and rose from her knees; and Arthur, unwilling to follow her, desirous of speaking to her, but at a loss in what manner to address her, saw her disappear from the chapel. From that moment, his thoughts were constantly fixed upon the face of the lovely worshipper, and he lingered daily around the church; but she came there no more. He finally determined to leave the neighborhood, and drive the recollection from his mind by seeking excitement; but at the last moment, fortune strangely favored him. His horses, taking fright at some object by the road-side, dashed violently onward, and Arthur clung firmly to his seat, in momentary expectation of death. As they passed a small cottage, the carriage was overturned, and its occupant pitched senseless against the gate. He was carried in, and a physician being summoned, found him to be injured to the extent of a broken leg and several severe bruises.

It was many days before his reason returned so that he could comprehend what had befallen him; but when this was done, it was easy for him to identify the gentle nurse, who attended his sick bed so unweariedly, as she whom he had seen in the chapel. He found her an orphan, like himself; and his interest in her was revived with double intensity. His recovery was slow and tedious; but in her company the hours seemed to pass quickly, and by the time that he was completely healed, he had discovered that the mind of the fair Clari was no less beautiful

than its habitation. Her sweet disposition captivated him, and his gratitude for her unwearied care was ample; and when at last he became strong enough to pursue his journey, Clari accompanied him to the chapel where they had first met, and became his wife. They passed a year in Florence, and then departed for Paris, where we have seen them.

The manner and bearing of Arthur toward his young bride, so different from what would naturally be expected from one in his position, was a moral plague-spot on his noble nature, which had suddenly fastened itself there from the moment of his mixing in French society. The year which they had just spent in Italy, had been one of rare happiness to both. Surrounded by a peaceful neighborhood, living in close communion with works of art, books, flowers, and living, as it were, each solely in the other, Arthur had seen nothing to remind him that his bride was descended from no noble house, and had given no titled name in exchange for his own, but that he had espoused plain Clari Carlotti, whose father might have been a beggar for aught he knew. This reflection, I say, did not occur to him while he remained in Italy, and each succeeding day had served to reveal his beloved wife in some lovelier light. But when he came to France, and saw all distinction hidden beneath the mask of the carnival, realizing that in a few brief days all this equality would be at an end, and the exclusiveness of caste prevail again, he seemed to lose his identity—to become some other than the generous, noble-hearted Arthur Clifford, who had won his beautiful bride beneath her lowly cottage roof.

He, himself, he reflected, as a wealthy American gentleman, would be received upon an equality with the nobility of the kingdom; but his humbly-born wife, poor Clari—how could she be recognized as a fitting associate for the titled ladies of the realm? Reflection only served to place the subject in a darker light to his distempered mind. He had wooed and won her as a simple cottage maiden, careless of consequences—and could he acknowledge such an one as his wife in the eyes of the world? It was marvellous to observe how sadly changed the noble husband of yesterday had become.

And Clari, the sweet, trusting wife, was none the less so now that a constant frown was on his brow. She marked full well the change in his demeanor, and her ready instinct divined the cause, which lay beyond her power to remove. While she had basked in the warm sunshine of her husband's love, she had considered her happiness complete. She had willingly followed

him from her native land, from her home, from the very roof beneath which her first breath was drawn; but neglect, and possibly alienation, could effect no diminution of her love. She remained as unweariedly as formerly at his side, and those dark hours of the carnival witnessed as much of true, womanly devotion, as had that season of lonely watching by the couch of the grateful sufferer in her home in far-off Italy.

While Arthur Clifford was still in this unhappy frame of mind, there appeared in the gay scenes of the carnival one who was to exert a mighty influence for evil over him. The Countess de Otranto, lately exiled from Venice for criminal complicity in a recent rebellion, had arrived in Paris during the height of the festival, and concealing her extreme poverty beneath a cloak of boldness, she joined the revellers and watched with anxiety for a victim. The young American soon came under the eagle-eyed scrutiny of this dissolute, unscrupulous woman, and she speedily gathered what little was known of his history. At first, she was at fault as regarded Clari—she failed to learn the reason of Clifford's coldness; but by carefully and skilfully proceeding, she learned that Arthur had latterly appeared much in public without her, and seemed much more at ease than formerly. She next traced Clari back to Italy, and having learned from one of her tools at Florence, a man as depraved as herself, that no such family as the Carlotti was upon the roll of the nobility, she was prepared to go forward with her scheme.

Clari, having noticed her husband's aversion to being seen with her at the masquerades, had resolved to excuse herself in the future, which she did, much to his gratification, though it is told to his shame. So she sat in their lonely rooms, and counted the slow-moving minutes; while Arthur was glad to prolong them that he might the longer stay away from her!

Clifford was present at the masquerade, one evening, when a buzz of admiration announced the entrance of a new character. He raised his eyes, and was captivated equally with the others at the singular grace and beauty of the figure which was advancing up the hall. She was clad in the light costume of a Bayadere, and held in one hand a lute, to the music of which she gracefully tripped along. To the astonishment of Arthur, she selected him as her partner, and he presented his arm with a strange feeling of delight. He continued by her side the whole evening, entranced by her musical and liquid tones, dancing, promenading, or conversing with her. To his astonishment, she whispered to him the secret of his lately-formed aversion to

Clari, and at the same time applauded his spirit, as she expressed it. She retired at an early hour, and Arthur went home highly elated, yet feeling half like a criminal as he noticed the pale face of Clari.

The next night he met the same bewitching female, and for several nights following. Whether appearing as Ariel, the Bayadere, or a white-robed shepherdess, she invariably selected him for her companion, and continued to pour her witching words into his ears. She worked him into a passion by describing the *artfulness* of Clari, in securing her marriage with one so high above her; she spoke of the guilt and unworthiness of such a woman, and his deplorable position; and then hinted at the happiness which he might secure by choosing some more congenial companion. In short, he became almost entirely submissive to her will: the basilisk gleam of her eyes seemed to have perfectly subdued and charmed him, and he was entirely at her disposal. She hinted, as she prepared to leave him one evening, that she should probably appear no more at the masquerades. Clifford immediately broke forth in a strain of devotional expressions, begging her to appoint a place where an interview might be held without the cover of the mask, and in order that he might reveal to her the whole depth and intensity of his affection for her. The unknown finally consented, and Arthur Clifford reflected, as he rode home that evening, that possibly his home should thenceforth be in another direction!

But during these evenings of such enjoyment to the faithless Clifford and his unknown, both had been too busy to note the slender figure, habited in the garb of a nun, which leaned against a pillar, close by, and listened eagerly to their words—or if they had, it is hardly possible that they could have recognized Clari. But her pale face was beneath that coarse, gray hood, and night after night she stood there, hearing those impassioned conversations, every word of which was a pang. Her suspicions had informed her aright; trustful as was her nature, it could not be otherwise than that she should suspect some like agency in Arthur's regular absences. And upon this last evening, she had overheard each word, as before, and with her nun-mantle drawn closely about her slight form, she left the hall alone.

This evening was to end the festivities of the carnival; but the next evening, at the same time, there were many fantastically garbed masqueraders to be seen on the streets—among others, the nun in the gray mantle. She threaded the streets hastily, and with a timid step; and

pausing, at last, before the residence of the Countess de Otranto, she slipped in at the back entrance and disappeared. \* \* \*

The following day, or rather night, for the lamps had just been lighted, Arthur Clifford stood in one of his apartments, irresolutely drawing his gloves on and off. There was a strange hesitancy in his manner. He had deliberately planned to cruelly desert his wife, and he was now revolving in his mind whether it would be politic to see her again or not. Clari herself, however, decided the question by entering the room. Clifford started back in amazement; never before had he seen her when she looked so radiantly beautiful. She was dressed in one of the most elegant costumes of the masquerade—that of a huntress—and costly diamonds sparkled in her hair, which was unbound and floated free over her shoulders. In her hand she carried a decanter, and as she approached her husband, she exclaimed:

"Arthur, will you drink my health?"

"Yes," he replied, mechanically, and received the glass. She stealthily placed a white powder in the bottom of another, and filling it with wine, drank it off.

"Tell me, Arthur," she continued, "am I as beautiful as the countess?"

"Clari! What mean you?" exclaimed the stricken husband.

"Let me tell it all," said the wife. "I have but a few moments to live! I mean that I have overheard all your interviews with this countess—that I was present, last evening, when you agreed to meet her there to-night, for a final agreement; I mean, my dear Arthur, that I love you devotedly, even in the hour that I resign you to another! Farewell, my dear Clifford! Your happiness is too precious, in my eyes, to be frustrated by my existence!"

The wretched Clifford began to comprehend the truth—the scales were falling from his eyes!

"Clari—my wife! Speak! What terrible thing do your words mean?"

"They mean," faintly replied the dying wife, "that I have taken poison! It was in the tumbler—farewell, again!"

More light still for the brain of the deluded Arthur Clifford! Like lightning, the thought passed through his mind that this was the noble woman he had sacrificed for a shameless adventurer, and he groaned as he saw the fatal effects of his folly apparent before him.

"Speak, Clari," he cried, hoarsely, "was this because you loved me? In God's name, answer quickly!"

"It was—it was!"

"Then know," said Clifford, huskily, dropping on his knees by her bed, upon which she had sunk down, "then know that this pretended farce of love for the Countess de Otranto was all a portion of the masquerade! Hear my assurance! This has been but a piece of theatrical folly from its first commencement!"

Clari opened her eyes in startled wonderment, and gazed wildly around.

"Who tells me that?" she exclaimed. "Arthur, repeat those words!"

"They are true, my beloved! Thou shalt live!"

"Live? Ah, no! The poison has sped upon its deadly mission. I must die, but Heaven bless and keep thee, my husband!"

But Clifford dashed to the window, and hastily breaking out the glass, he shouted for a physician. His call was heard, and in a moment the doctor was admitted to the apartment. Silently he administered powerful antidotes and counteractions, while Arthur hung over the inanimate form, kissing her white lips, and showing his agony by the deep groans which burst from his bosom. At length the physician ceased his labors, and stood by the bed with folded arms and doubt written legibly upon his face.

"Will she live?" exclaimed Clifford, breathless from fear.

"It is impossible to say. I can but just detect the presence of the vital principle in the body. All that man can do, has now been done—we can only leave her to God!"

She struggled with death for many weary hours, but at last, slowly—slowly—slowly the life, which had almost deserted its fair tabernacle, came back, the eyes opened, and her voice, fainter than ever he had heard it before, exclaimed: "My husband?"

"Here, Clari—here!" he replied.

"Thanks! thanks!" she murmured. "What a fearful dream!"

A long interval of sickness followed, during the continuance of which Clifford seemed to live only by the feeble inspiration of the gentle sufferer. The sudden shock of the strange discovery that his injured wife had attempted her own life that she might not compromise his happiness with another, had so opened his eyes to the beautiful constancy of Clari, as well as to his own perfidy and wicked intent, that he declared that in case his wife should die, he could not hope to survive her. But at last she regained life and health, and Clifford saw her again restored to him.

It is needless to say that, after this trial, all his scruples as to the nobility of Clari vanished for-

ever. He became satisfied that the gentleness and heroism that could bear such tests, must be of greater nobility than any title or honor conferred by earthly power.

It was not until Clari was fully recovered, that Clifford ventured to reveal the deception which he had used, but which, deception as it was, seems wholly warrantable—as it is well known that both she and her husband have long entertained the belief that nothing but the sudden revulsion of feeling occasioned by his abrupt announcement could have saved her from the fatal effects of the poison until assistance could be obtained!

Many carnival seasons have since come and gone; but Arthur and Clari, from their retirement, have witnessed no incident so startling as the one I have here narrated. It may be proper to state, as a fitting conclusion, that the career of the Countess de Otranto was ended almost as speedily as begun. Instead of receiving Arthur Clifford that evening, and making a hasty flight with him beyond the borders, she was apprehended in her parlor by one of the detectives and consigned to prison, charged with purloining valuable articles from various masks. Probably to save time, the miserable woman confessed, and was sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years. A French gazette some years since announced her discharge.

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#### A MEXICAN FAMILY.

A somewhat stout senora sits on the bed on a fringed tiger skin, in the Turkish fashion (with her legs doubled up under her), enjoying a cup of chocolate, whilst a maid is seated near her on the ground, holding a silver plate with a glass of water upon it. The good lady has a cloth thrown over her head and shoulders, but the curious will not fail to observe that she wears no cap (invariably the case with Creole ladies), but her hair hangs down her back. Her morning gown, too, is not plaited, but hangs about her much like a sack. Merry peals of laughter in the next room lead to the presumption that the young people are there. Sure enough, they are the daughters; but strange to say, not one has her dress closed; one has her arms out of the sleeves even, which are tied round her waist like a sash. Their plaited hair hangs down their backs, the feet are enclosed in silk slippers, but the stockings are wanting. Of what use would they be in so mild a climate? The blue and white cotton wrappers are worn; but they conceal but little. The young people gayly smoke their cigars, whilst one of them is seated on a mat on the ground, having her long glossy hair combed by the maid. The room is not over tidy; the stockings lie about the room; on the bed are silk dresses, which are evidently for attending mass; on the chairs are crapes and other articles of dress. —*Mexico and Mexicans.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

TAP, tap, tap! resounded somebody's knuckles against the outer side of my chamber door.

"Hullo—who's there—what d'ye want?" savagely grunted the subject of the present memoir, as he reluctantly lifted the lids from a yoke of preternaturally sleepy brindle eyes.

"Coach starts in half a' nour," responded the proprietor of the vibratory and sonorous knuckles, "best get up at oncet, sir, ef yer wants brockfuss."

"All right, I'll be down directly." And in another minute a gentleman was serenely snoring in the apartment that I alone occupied.

Thirty-five seconds, possibly thirty-eight—as I calculated the time—elapsed ere I sprang from my couch "like a giant refreshed with wine," plunged tumultuously into my garments and, carpet-bag in hand, descended to the office of the forlorn little tavern where I had passed the night.

"How long before the stage starts?" I asked of the landlord, who dozed in solitary grandeur behind a small, but evidently pretty well-patronized bar.

"Which stage?" he inquired, with as much assurance as though more than one line of coaches was a possibility in such a howling wilderness as the village of which his rattle-trap of a hotel formed no inconsiderable portion.

"Which stage?" I echoed, rather sharply; "why the stage to W—, of course."

"Wal," returned the landlord, with the most provoking coolness and deliberation, "ef yer mean to-morrer's stage, you're too airy by about twenty-two hours and thirty minutes, but ef you mean to-day's coach, you're too late by just one hour an' a half."

I glanced at the clock. It was too true. My few seconds of slumber had in reality been no less than ninety minutes. Whether I should have felt much uglier at meeting "my dearest foe in heaven," I can't say, just yet, but at that moment the sum of five dollars, federal money, would have been cheerfully disbursed to any able-bodied individual who would have gravely insulted me, and held himself responsible for "words spoken in debate," as they say in "the house," that I might have enjoyed the privilege of "striking out from the shoulder," and thereby relieved my noble indignation.

As there was no one at all to blame beside myself, however, I was fain to be content with the fervently expressed hope that not only the driver,

but also the horses, the passengers and the proprietors of the stage might meet with some dreadful accident, and succeed in dislocating their several necks long before reaching their journey's end.

With something between a sigh and a swear, I lighted the meanest cigar ever made out of cabbage leaves, and strolled out upon the piazza. The day was intensely sultry; the sun glared down upon the long, dusty, deserted road like some fiery monster, whose baleful glance smote and withered all upon which it rested. All nature seemed to feel the prostrating influence, the leaves drooped feebly from their stems, and not a breath of air was moving to stir the lightest curl upon the brow of innocence, or waft the odor from the string of ancient and decaying perch that hung at the corner of the house, where they steadily and industriously sent up their characteristic perfume. Having winked and blinked at the lovely scene till my eyes ached with gazing through the heated atmosphere, that wiggled and shimmered like the air over the two forward griddles of your grandmother's cook-stove on "bakin' day," I returned to the bar-room, and seated myself in a corner to luxuriate over a "medical almanac," cheerfully illustrated with darling little wood cuts of the most impossible cancers, tumors, sore shins and things that ever were seen, all of which I was informed I could be cured of by taking from one to five bottles (a great saving in buying a quantity) of the remedy therein set forth. Not being afflicted in any of the various ways described—and I much doubt if anybody ever was—I was fast falling off into a stupid doze, when the sound of approaching footsteps aroused me to behold the entrance of some half-dozen of the most picturesquely-dilapidated gentlemen one would wish to look upon.

"I'll shake ye for drinks for the crowd, Pinchers," said a little short fat man, in a ragged straw hat, a ditto striped shirt, and a more than ditto pair of blue cotton trousers, tucked inside a pair of rusty boots.

"I'll go it," replied Pinchers, following his challenger to the bar.

Pinchers was a gentleman whose costume was the exact counterpart of that of the personage just described, only rather more so, but in form and features no two could be more unlike. Pinchers being tall and broad-shouldered enough for two common men, and with a beard like a meteor.

"Dips, or fust pop?" asked the short individual, whose name I discovered to be "Cap'n."

"Fust pop," said Mr. Pinchers, taking a little

battered leather dice-box from the landlord, and clumsily shaking it, he brought it down with a "cling," bottom up on the bar.

"'Leven!" ejaculated the entire party, crowding around with the most intense interest.

"'Leven it is," dejectedly assented Pinchers.

"I kin beat all the 'levens ever you shuck," triumphantly exclaimed the cap'n, as with the air of a man whose victory was assured, he carelessly rolled the dice along the bar.

"Eighteen, by mighty!" in unanimous shout announced the result of the throw.

"Stuck!" ejaculated Pinchers, drawing a handful of change from his pocket. "What'll yer hev, boys?" Then with an awkward, but kindly inclination of the head toward myself: "Licker, stranger?"

I hesitated.

"Better try sunthin'; 'twont do yer no good, ef it don't do yer no hurt."

I saw that the invitation was extended from kindly and hospitable motives, and that he would feel hurt at my refusal, but as it is against my principles to imbibe at a public bar, I was consequently forced to— (I observed that while I wiped my mouth with a handkerchief, all the rest of the party used their shirt sleeves, or the backs of their hands for that purpose.)

"Now for them instruments," said Pinchers, taking from behind the bar a gun and an axe. "I reckon as how we'll fetch that ar bear 'long back with us this time anyhow, hoss."

As Mr. Pinchers was looking quite as much at me as at any other one of the party, I took the benefit of the doubt as to whether I was the particular "hoss" addressed, and inquired if bears were plenty in that section of the country.

"Wal, bear aint so plenty as they was once, but ther uster be oceans on 'em—come acrost 'em now putty offen, though. 'Tany rate, we're dead sure to kitch one to-day."

"Yes," chimed in the cap'n, who was busily employed loading a monstrous rifle, with a barrel nowhere near a mile long, "we're sure to kitch him ef the darned thing haint took an' gone and eat the log up. By mighty, I believe the miserable reptail cud eat up a hull saw-mill ef he tried, an' not hurt him none nuther. By mighty, you orto seen how he walked inter the provender up ter my place t'other night. I'll stump the old scratch to eat as much as that ar bar." Then, as though the expression was not strong enough, he added, as he carefully placed a cap upon his rifle: "Yes, by mighty, or the young scratch either, or any of the darned scratch family."

Cap'n's vehemence of speech and evident disgust in regard to the animal in question excited my

curiosity, and I looked inquiringly at Pinchers.

"Why, the way on it is jist here," said that gigantic gentleman, gazing benevolently down upon me from a height, seemingly of twenty or thirty feet, and discharging such a miraculous mouthful of tobacco juice that upon reaching the floor, it made a sound like a little pistol, and a dark expanse of waters like a map of the Black Sea, "six or several nights ago, arter cap'n had gone to bed, he heered a terruble flummuxin' an' cavortin' among his stock, an' his little dog—'bout as big as a pint of cider—squealin' an' yelpin' like all possessed. He thort as how there warn't nawthin' extra the matter on 'em, more'n skeeter bites, an' so didn't git up. That's what he says, though I reckon the fact on it is, he'd hed a tussle with that ar big two gallon jug of hisn's, an' got throwd, that's what I guess."

Cap'n sheepishly denied any dealings with the jug on that night, and Pinchers proceeded.

"Wal, when he did get up in the mornin'—an' that warn't airy—there was sights, I toll ye, an' he come over to my shanty roarin' like a bull bison—"

"Didn't roar, nuther," said the cap'n.

"Like a bull bison," continued Pinchers, without heeding the interruption, "about the damage that hed ben done to his place—as he allers calls it, as though 'twas much more'n big enough to bury him on. Wal, harf o' dozen on us took our double-barreled dogs an' guns, an' started out. But 'twarn't no go. We see sign enough of the bear—an' a tearin' down big un, too—clus to the house, but putty soon lost the trail an' didn't come nowhere near seein' nor hearin' on him till night, when we guv it up. But this mornin' airy, as I was a comin' along through the dry swamp down by Hog's Misery—'twas jist afore the gray of the mornin', and Satan was along with me—"

"Ahem, who did you say was with you?" I asked, with a little start.

"Satan—that's my great, big, black double-barrel dog."

"O!"

"All at once Satan draps his nose to the ground, an' hists his tail in the air, an' starts off through the thick cedar swamp an' brush like, like Satan. I whistled for him to come along back, but might as well hev whistled for the comet; so I pulled foot fer the clearin' as fast as I could lift my number 'levens, fer ye see I was goin' to mowin' to-day, an' wanted to get on the ground airy. But the dog kept up sich an everlastin' howlin' an' yowlin' that it made me kind o' curus to know what the darned thing had got hold of any way. After a bit I turned back, an'

followed the dog somewhere about half a mile straight through the swamp till I got to a piece of risin' ground whar ther timber growd heavy, an' thar was Satan a prancin' an' a gallopin' an' a roarin' at one eend of a fatherly great log fit to kill himself. I knowd well enough what he'd got then, so I worked round kind o' keerful like, till I'd got things rigged so's to kiver the hole sudden. It took a good smart hour to box him up tight enough to be safe till I could come back for a gun an' axe, but I reckon he's fixed now, big as he is, an' I'm darned ef he aint big as a school house."

By this time the party had loaded their guns, shouldered their axes, and were preparing to depart, when Pinchers, who had got as far as the door, stopped and turned back.

"Wouldn't like to go 'long with us nor nawthin' wuld ye, stranger?"

I thought of the broiling sun, and hesitated.

"I'll take good care of ye an' bring ye safe back; the bear sha'n't hurt ye."

It was not pleasant to be thought afraid, and still less so to remain all day in that dull bar-room, and I acted accordingly. Our route for the first half mile or so, lay through a tall pine grove, which afforded an agreeable shade, but that passed and we entered upon one of the most dreary and desolate regions it is easy to imagine. Far as the eye could reach over the dead level of the ground, nothing was to be seen save the dense growth of cedar, now withered and scorched from the dark green of its winter dress to a lurid red, while the thick mat of fallen leaves and twigs beneath our feet was like so much tinder beneath the glare of the sun.

"Good gracious, Pinchers," I cried, in dismay, "you don't say all our route is like this?"

"Till we get to Hog's Misery 'tis, arter that one spot you might go till you'd wore your legs off, an' 'twould be just like this agin."

"Hog's Misery," I repeated, willing to gain all the geographical information possible, "what the deuce ever gave it such a name?"

"Dunno, 'cept it's cos even a hog woud be miser'ble in sich a place—stop, yes I do know, too, I'd a'most forgot it. Good many year ago, when it had ben a drefful dry summer, an' the swamp was jist about as dry as 'tis now, a drove of hogs got loose in the swamp, an' afore they could be kitched the brush got afire, an' to try to save theirselves the critters all made for this knoll they calls Hog's Misery, it bein' the highest an' only place not kivered with dry stuff for milds. Didn't do 'em no good, though; next day arter the burnin' the carcass of nigh 'bout two hundred roast hog was found piled up there in a heap.

Beats all natur how this stuff will go it when it once gits burnin'—takes a mighty smart hoss to run away from it afore the wind. Looks mighty putty under way though, I tell ye, an' ef yer stay 'bout here a few days I shouldn't wonder ef ye had a chance to see sunthin' of it, fer there's ben fires all round an' it's jist as likely as not— Yes, by crackey, there's one goin' of it now, away over to the south'ard there, see?"

Looking in the direction indicated, a heavy mass of dense black cloud was seen rising far above the horizon and spreading over a space of several miles in extent.

"That ar fire'll be gittin over this way 'fore a gret while," remarked the cap'n.

"Wal, it's a good ways off, an' with not no more wind then ther is now 'twont get along 'fore to-morrer sartin; an' not then, p'raps, ef there's a break betwixt this swamp an' the fire."

With various crude and shrewd remarks upon fires in general, and bears in particular, we trudged pantingly along, winding and twisting and pushing our way through the thick growth of cedars for the distance of about five miles, more or less, which brought us to the scene of action. It was an inconsiderable hillock of but a few rods in extent, covered with tall pines, which though of pretty good size, were evidently not the largest that had ever grown there, for many enormous logs lay strewn about, the relics of a former forest, and bearing in places the marks of the fire which had destroyed them. The end of one of these fallen monarchs was strongly barricaded with logs laid across the opening, and numerous strong stakes firmly driven into the ground, and close by, sitting flat upon his haunches, his tail wagging prodigiously among the dried leaves, was the huge form of Satan—vigilant and alert, black, as midnight, and with great red eyes that looked unutterably warlike things alternately at ourselves and at the barricade.

"Got him safe, Satan?" asked Pinchers.

Satan vouchsafed no reply other than to wink knowingly with his tail, and make an insane attempt to shake himself all to pieces and turn himself inside out.

"Kin ye see an'thin' on him?" asked cap'n, as Pinchers made a small opening and peered into the dark hollow.

"No nawthin'—I guess he's clean to t'other eend of the holler. I s'pose I mought hit him from here, but then agin I moughtn't without firin' fifty times, an' that woud spile his jacket, knock on the log an' see ef he'll move."

"Cap'n, as desired, struck his axe heavily



midway of the log, which produced a long fierce growl from within.

"That's him," shouted Pinchers, "you jist let the daylight in, right snug where you are, an' I'll fix him ef he tries to come this way."

A few minutes of vigorous chopping made an opening in the log, immediately followed by a terrific roar, a desperate rush from end to end of the hollow, a succession of sharp reports from the rifles, and the bear was a bear no longer, but had become a very warm and handsome overcoat, and quite a number of pounds of jolly good beef. Being somewhat fatigued with the walk, and not having any particular desire to see the animal "dressed," I spread myself out under a shady tree, and straightway finished up the little job of dreaming that I had been compelled to leave in the morning. Don't know how long I slept, probably an hour or so, for when I awbke my companions had completed the last toilette for the dear departed, and each of them was loaded with a choice portion of his mortal coil, all ready to start for home. Hastily untangling my legs, and brushing the sleep out of my hair, I tagged on after them, vainly endeavoring to persuade myself that I'd had a real good time, and seen something worth coming for.

"By mighty, ef I ever seed the beat to this," exclaimed cap'n, who was the first to get clear of the grove where a view could be obtained of surrounding objects.

"What ails you?" we asked, in chorus, as we hurried on toward him.

"Wal, ef this fire don't beat all the fires that ever I seed fer travelling, in all my goin' to a woman's school, then I'll give up."

And well he might be astonished. The comparatively small, dark cloud which we had seen but two hours before afar off in the distant horizon, was now within five miles of us, and sweeping onward with incredible rapidity before the brisk breeze that had sprang up. Far as the eye could reach on either side, monstrous columns of dense black smoke rolled upward to the clouds, while beneath, a broad belt of lurid flame heaved and surged like an ocean of fire, as it was.

"Tell ye what it is, boys," said Pinchers, with a meaning shake of the head, "it's lucky we get through an' come out of that ar wood as we did. Ef we'd stayed thar harf an hour longer it's my 'pinion we'd hed to run fer it, an' had our backs putty well warmed up at that; as it is, I reckon we'd 'bout as wal get along middlin' spry, fer we sha'n't hev no time to stop an' play marbles, I promise ye."

No one appeared to entertain a contrary opinion, and we pushed on at that sort of cow canter which

is not exactly a run, and not exactly anything else, indeed. Such good speed did we make that in less than forty minutes we had accomplished half the distance, when we halted for a minute to take breath and look back. Even in that short space of time the fire had gained upon us fearfully. The great clouds of smoke had already obscured the sun, and hung sullenly above our heads; we seemed almost to hear the roar of the flames that followed like a great brassen wall behind us. For full five minutes we stood gazing at the sublime spectacle in silence, when occasional small black particles began to fall around us, like the first spittings of a snow squall.

"Cinders 'gin ter come down," remarked the cap'n.

"Yes," returned Pinchers, "that's one thing makes these fires spread so all-killin' fast; fer the fast mile or so from the fire these here cinders alight, an' when they strike on this dry stuff it's like sparks on powder. But come, we kin look at it jist as well, an' a good 'eal safer when we git on the other side of the darned old swamp." And he turned to lead the way.

"Good gracious!" he suddenly exclaimed, with startling energy, "a fire has broke out ahead an' is comin' down on us like a hurricane. The Lord look to them poor souls that hasn't got the wind fer a six mild race to the river."

His tone and manner, as well as the fearful import of the words he uttered were sufficiently appalling, but it was as nothing to the effect produced when we turned to behold the only passage leading from the swamp barred by a perfect hades of flame. Without a word, but with faces pale yet determined, the men threw down their loads of bear meat, their rifles and everything that could in the slightest degree retard their progress, and darted away like hunted deer.

"Now, stranger," said Pinchers, solemnly and earnestly, "I hope fer both our sakes that yer good on the foot. I got ye into the scrape, an' I promised to take keer of ye, an' carry ye safe back, an' I'll do it—ef I git back myself. Now foller, an' remember that 'tis neck or nawthin'."

With these words he tightened the belt around his waist and bounded through an opening in the cedars with the stride of a giant. With such an enemy upon my track, it may readily be supposed that I exerted myself to the utmost. Never before could I have believed it possible for a human being to attain such speed. Over roots and rocks, over bush and brier and fallen trees we held our headlong way—the trees and the path we trod seemed to fly by us and beneath our feet. Two, three, four miles of the distance was devoured with unabated velocity. But fast as we

flew the fire pursued still faster, and we could hear the mighty flames thundering and bellowing upon our track. All animated nature was flying terror-stricken in the one direction. Flocks of birds, shrilly screaming with affright, circled wildly above our heads; gaunt wolves flitted silently by with their long gallop; scared foxes and crouching bears—all the denizens of the forest, all hurrying, hurrying for life in the same direction with ourselves, and all passing us. Nearer and nearer roared the hungry flames—the air grew sick and stifling with the growing heat—showers of live cinders fell thicker and faster every moment, and still we were far from our haven of refuge.

I felt that I could not protract the race much longer. The superhuman exertion I had already made had completely exhausted me, and nothing but the sense of such overwhelming danger and such a horrible death had supported me thus far. My head seemed bursting and my eyes starting from their sockets; my breath came and went with a long gasping roar, while the blood streamed from my mouth and nose. I saw by the despairing look my friend cast at me over his shoulder that he was purposely slackening his speed for me, and I made one more effort. It was in vain, nature could endure no more, and striking my foot against a root, I plunged heavily forward upon my face. I made no attempt to rise—I didn't want to. I had lost all sense of fear or regard for life. I only wanted to remain where I was and rest. I supposed my friend had kept on and left me to my fate, but he had not. In an instant he had perceived my fall and was at my side.

"One more effort, stranger; we're almost there," he shrieked, in a voice the most horrifying I have ever heard, it was so unearthly shrill and agonized, like the last scream of a fearful death and a lost soul. He too was almost exhausted, and covered with blood.

I tried to answer, but my voice was utterly gone, and I motioned him to leave me and save himself.

"No, no, not alone," he cried, taking me by the collar, and partly raising me. "For Heaven's sake make one more try for it."

I shook my head and fell to the earth again like a log. The advance flames of the conflagration were already shooting their long tongues through the grass and leaves by my side, and my senses were fast leaving me.

"Get up, get up, I tell ye," he yelled, kicking and striking me, and dashing my head violently against the ground. "Hang ye, get up!" And he cursed and swore and tore his hair like a mad

man, while his dog, howling piteously, tried in vain to draw him away. For an instant I missed him, and hoped he had gone. I was in that state which people describe who have been rescued from drowning, who dread and loathe the efforts that are made to recover them, and long only to die. Almost instantly he was back, with a long heavy green withe in his hand. "Get up," he shouted, bringing it down across my back with all his might. "Get up, get up—"

The agony was intolerable, and I writhed upon the ground like a worm that has been trodden upon. Still down, down, down, rained the blows ceaselessly, mercilessly. Had I a knife and the power to use it, I could have stabbed my persecutor to the heart.

"Get up, get up, get up!"

I could endure it no longer—my brain was on fire—at every pulsation of my heart the blood, as it passed through the carotid arteries, sounded in my ears like successive explosions of artillery—I was becoming mad; my strength was returning, some kind of strength—at one bound I sprang at his throat to tear him with my teeth. It was enough, seizing me by the collar he forced me forward. I was more like a galvanized corpse than a living man. I bounded onward like an antelope; every muscle was as rigid as steel; my hands were clenched till the nails lacerated the palms. The fire was now fairly surrounding us, but on we went, with the speed of the wind. Great flames shot angrily after us, and the hair shrivelled upon our heads. But on, on, on. I felt my consciousness returning, and with its return my strength failing. I could go no further; a few staggering steps and—splashing—darkness—insensibility—we were in the river!

I might proceed and relate the incidents of the many, many hours we passed in that almost boiling river, surrounded by a countless throng of wild, but now harmless animals, while the turbulent billows of flame roared and surged and thundered upon either side, and arching high overhead, turned the broad stream into a long tunnel of fire. But why go on? We were saved, of course, or I should have to rap this out instead of writing it, and when, a week later, I shook Pinchers by the hand for the last time, I was all right and tight, with the exception of having no great show of hair "in the place where the wool ought to grow," and that my back, from head to heels, was nicely striped in blue and yellow, making me look like a dreadful poor copy of a zebra.

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If the men did not encourage coquettes so much, there would not be so many of them.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A CRUISE IN A LIFE-BOAT.

BY EDWIN W. APFLETON.

WE were from New York, bound to Liverpool, in the old ship *Hottinger*, which has since, with her gallant commander, met the allotted fate of most white-winged scourers of the seas—a grave in its coral depths. We had experienced pleasant weather during the passage, until our longitude was nearly up for Cape Clear, when Captain B— hauled to a point, being desirous to raise the land, which we made at four P. M., when we edged away again, shaping a course for Tuskar.

The weather had been threatening throughout the day, and as night set in, the wind veered to the southward, blowing a fresh gale at the instant, with every indication of increase, while to mend matters, the gale brought up its usual accompaniment, a dense fog, which speedily enveloped us in its damp folds, at no time very luxurious, but at that particular period, and under existing circumstances, far from desirable. Four bells had just struck, and the larboard watch were on the point of relieving the deck, when we were saluted by the unwelcome hail:

“All hands a-h-o-y! shorten sail, my tigers!” An order which we had been expecting for the last half hour, and which we now sprung to obey.

Reaching the deck, we found the watch engaged in clewing up the main-top-gallant sail—the fore and mizzen being already furled—and four of their number ascending the topmast shrouds, on their way to furl it, when the orders, “main-top-sail gear,” and “stand by to lower the yard,” sent us to our stations for preparing the sail for reefing, which we had scarce reached, when an exclamation of horror from the captain, followed by the rush of a descending body through the air, and a heavy splash alongside, announced the thrilling fact that one of our messmates had fallen overboard.

In an instant each man had forsaken his station; those aloft descending with almost lightning speed, and all rushing to the taffrail, to obtain one glimpse of their perilled shipmate, ere the fast-descending shades of night, with the prevailing fog, combined to conceal him from their view, perhaps forever. As we gained the taffrail, he rose from his dive, on the verge of the ship's wake, and less than a dozen yards astern, and at the same instant, some friendly hand among his anxious messmates sent both stern life-buoys whirling towards him, either of which fortunately fell within his reach, when he grasped them,

and raising one, shook it joyously, uttering a shout which lent us courage equal to the task before us.

“Jump forward, and haul the courses up! Clew down the topsails, fore and aft! Brace up the head and crojack yards! Stand by to launch the life-boat!” were the orders that greeted us in rapid succession, and which we as speedily executed, four hands leaping into the boat and lashing themselves, preparatory to the boat's descent. But a few seconds were required to launch the boat in safety, when I—as the junior officer of the ship—took my place in her stern sheets, assuming charge, and directing her prow towards that point of the compass indicated by Captain B—, uttered the order to give way, when my four brave companions bent their backs to the oars with such effect, that in less than a minute we had lost sight of the ship in the fog, and was darting away on our errand of mercy, at a speed which bade fair to crown our efforts with success.

Some twenty minutes had been consumed in heaving the ship to, but I apprehended little danger to our perilled messmate from the delay, knowing him to excel in the art of swimming, added to which he had doubtless retained the life-buoys, a judicious management of which would ensure his safety—even should the gale increase—for a much longer period than could possibly be required for his rescue. For full twenty minutes the men labored incessantly at the oars, forcing the boat at a rapid rate to windward, when, believing that we must be near the spot in which our messmate had fallen, I ordered the bow and after oars to be unshipped, and the two men to keep a bright look-out for Tom on each beam, while their messmates continued pulling, and I steering the boat in the same direction.

In this manner we proceeded for full fifteen minutes, ever and anon sending up a combined shout and pausing for some answering sound indicative of our messmate's vicinage. But in vain; while to add to the disadvantage under which we labored, night had fairly closed in around us, rendering the task of distinguishing each other one of extreme difficulty. In view of these facts, I became less sanguine of success, and ordering the men to lie on their oars, paused to review our course mentally, and decide on the most advantageous measure to be adopted. But our messmate was still afloat I was confident, and also, that he was between the boat and the ship, but what particular direction he bore from us was the puzzle, which being unable to solve to my satisfaction, I laid it before my messmates, asking their opinion and advice. But to my

chagrin, I found as many distinct opinions on the subject as the boat contained persons, when resolving to be governed by my own, I ordered them to reverse their positions, and taking my place in that end of the boat hitherto used as the bow, hauled her head to a couple of points, when requesting them to give way slowly, we commenced a retreat, hailing at every alternate stroke. Five dreary minutes passed, when believing I heard a faint hail in reply, I ordered the men to lie on their oars, and unite their voices in a prolonged shout, which order was promptly obeyed, when I listened attentively for an answering hail.

It came; faintly, it is true, yet sufficiently distinct to reach the ears of all, when with a sudden cant of the steering oar, I headed the boat for the sound, and in a few minutes had the pleasure of hauling our messmate on board. He was much exhausted, having suffered much from frequent immersions; but he was still alive, a fact of which I had begun to entertain serious doubts, while I deemed his rescue a sufficient reward for the peril we had encountered in his behalf.

Our task we now deemed accomplished, and heading the boat in the direction in which I thought the ship to be, I gave the order to give way, which was instantly obeyed, the men timing their strokes to the measure of a well-known boat song, which they kept up without cessation for over half an hour, when one of them ventured to demand:

"Where the deuce has the ship gone to, Mr. A—?"

"O, we'll reach her by-and-by," was my brief rejoinder, while at the moment I was far from feeling the confidence indicated by my tones.

We had been absent over one and a half hours, during which the drift of the vessel, had she lay in the same position in which we left her, would have been by no means inconsiderable. But of that fact not the slightest certainty existed; while it was not only possible, but very probable, that Captain B—, becoming impatient at our protracted absence, had reefed the topsails and filled away, making short tacks in the vicinity of the spot, hoping thereby to fall in with us more speedily. And becoming confident, after the lapse of an additional ten minutes, that such a course had been adopted by Captain B—, I ordered the men to cease rowing, aware that further exertion on our part could avail us but little, and might serve to increase our distance from the ship, which I now feared was to windward of us.

The gale continued to increase, raising such a sea, that we were obliged to bale incessantly to keep the boat free, in which task we persevered for an hour, when the men began to murmur at

the dreary prospect of remaining all night in the boat, and also, to complain loudly of the excessive thirst which parched our throats, and for which we had made no provision on leaving the ship. In addition to this, I became aware that Tom Savage—our rescued shipmate—was sinking fast for lack of that relief which we were unable to furnish, and the thought was maddening at the moment. Was it to behold him die, we had placed ourselves in peril? Better have left him to his fate, than rescued him to prolong his agony.

"This is a hard case, Tom," said I, as I raised his head from the stern-sheets, and half supporting him, resigned to the after oarsman the task of steering.

"Ah, yes, sir! Will we soon reach the ship?"

"I can't say, Tom; but I hope so. You must keep your spirits up, my man! When on board once more we'll see what effect there is in brandy."

"Brandy!" he exclaimed, faintly. Have you got any here? O give me some—only a thimble full. It would make me all right again!"

"I believe you, my poor fellow—but I haven't got a drop. However, keep a stiff upper lip, I think—hark!" I exclaimed, as the dull boom of a gun fell upon my ear, coming from the northeast. "Hurra, my lads, there goes a signal from the ship! Ship your oars, and give way for your lives!"

No second order was necessary. Ere a moment had elapsed, our buoyant boat was bounding over the foaming billow at a ten knot speed, while a second report, more distinct than the former, engendered in our hearts a hope that the ship might be heading towards us. And such proved to be the fact. In less than ten minutes a third report saluted our ears, some distance astern and to windward, betraying the alarming fact that we had passed each other. Our positions were instantly reversed, and the men giving way with a will we were soon retracing our course at a speed it was impossible the ship could rival.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed, during which we held on our course, listening eagerly for another gun, by which we might judge of our progress. But in vain; nought was to be heard save the roaring of the gale and the dashing of the billows, whereupon the men again became desponding, and avowing their belief that we had passed the ship a second time, ceased rowing.

I remonstrated with them; begged and commanded a renewal of their exertions, avowing my readiness to steer in any direction they deemed advisable, but in vain.

"If we only had some water, Mr. A—," rejoined one, "'twould be different. We'd row all night, if for no other reason than because you said so; but suffering as I do now, sir, you must excuse me if I disobey orders, the execution of which would be no avail."

"Yes, give us water and something to eat, and we'll pull this ere cockle-shell to Liverpool for ye!" growled a second, while a third chimed in with, "I wonder why the deuce some one didn't think to fill the boat's beakers."

"Hold! by Jupiter, they are full!" I exclaimed. "I filled them myself this morning. Try them, one of you. I wonder I didn't think of it before."

"Yes—thank God! this one's full anyhow!" exclaimed the first speaker, applying his mouth to the faucet; removing his head only when his thirst was assuaged, when taking his sou'wester from his head, he drew off into it a liberal supply of the invaluable liquid for poor Tom, ere he gave place to another. Poor Tom drank every drop the sou'wester contained, and soon evinced its enlivening effects by sitting up and attempting to bale; but he failed in the latter from excessive weakness, while our shipmates having quenched their thirst, and afforded me the means for the same act, had resumed their oars, and were once more impelling our frail boat through the foaming surge at full speed. Again the dull boom of a distant gun far astern, mingled with the roar of the gale, depriving us momentarily of every hope; which were renewed, however, when a cool review of the fact assured us we were still objects of solicitude to our shipmates. Reversing our position once more, we had just prepared for a fresh start in the opposite direction, when a second report, fainter than its predecessor, was borne to our ears, eliciting from us a faint cheer, as the oars buckled with the strain applied to them by the crew.

"We'll reach her yet if she only holds on that tack and keeps talking," said the bow oarsman. "I hope she may, for I'm blessed if I aint about tired of this music. Whew!" he added, as the cap of a combing sea flew over us, drenching us for perhaps the fiftieth time, "strike a little easier, dad Neptune, if you please. I've a notion that you want to make love to our gallant little craft altogether too soon."

This poor attempt at jesting was received with a general chuckle by all hands, save Tom, betraying their renewed hopes, likewise manifest in the vigorous manner in which they bent their oars, until after the lapse of near an hour, when their patience again deserted them, and the continued silence of the ship's signal gun engendered

a general belief, that she had abandoned us as hopeless.

And such proved to be the fact. Throughout the remainder of that dreary night no sound save the roaring of the gale, greeted our eager ears, while our only efforts were directed to the task of keeping the boat free of water, and before the sea, while we all prayed for dawn to relieve us of the horror attendant upon the impenetrable gloom which surrounded us.

Thus we lay until the long-wished for dawn broke, when the wind began gradually to haul into the southwest, where it became stationary, abating rapidly, until it sunk to a gentle breeze, by which time the fog had lifted and rolled off, exposing to our anxious gaze, at least a score of ships, all showing small sail, which betrayed to us the extreme fierceness of the recent gale. One large ship, under two close-reefed topsails, lay within a mile of us, and towards her we headed the boat, reaching her after a pull of some twenty minutes, when we, with our boat were received on board, and our pressing wants attended to.

Tom was almost gone when we reached the stranger, which proved to be the packet ship Liverpool. But he was soon partially restored by the care he received, when a few hours' slumber finished the work, experiencing little, if any evil result from his protracted exposure and fatigue.

Three days later we arrived in Liverpool, and docked on the same tide with our own ship, the crew of which hailed us with loud and repeated cheers, as they recognized us on the forecastle of our rescuer, as she entered the inner gate of the Waterloo dock, in which the former had just made fast.

My readers may be assured we did not linger long on our rescuer's deck after she was made fast, but hurrying on board our own ship, were greeted with an uproarious welcome by all hands, who had given us up for lost.

My story is ended, yet I wish to add, that though by many it may be deemed improbable, it is no less true, and in evidence of the fact, there exists at this day five medals, awarded by the Humane Society, one to each of my companions, with myself, in commemoration of the event. One of which is open to the inspection of any who desire a proof, for which alone it may prove valuable, since its presence in my possession is utterly unnecessary to remind me of my cruise in the life-boat.

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#### BOOKS.

The past but lives in words;—a thousand ages  
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,  
And kept the pale unbodied shades to warn us  
From fleshless lips.—E. L. BULWER

## The Florist.

And as when all the summer trees were seen  
So bright and green,  
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
Less bright than they;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see  
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?  
LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

### Grafting the Camellia.

This is a delicate operation in floriculture. One of the best methods of performing it, is a kind of side grafting called in-arching. It consists in cutting off a small portion of the bark of the stock, with very little wood attached, from the side of the stem on one of the branches, leaving a leaf and bud above it, and then cutting the scion into a chisel-shape so as to fit the wounds in the stocks exactly, and binding the two together with a strip of bast matting, but without using any other covering. As soon as the operation is finished, the pot containing the stock is laid horizontally on a bed of cold, dry tan or dry moss, the branches laying on the surface, and the pot being half-buried in tan or moss; the grafted part must be covered with a bell-glass. This covering must be kept on for a fortnight or three weeks, at the end of which time the graft will be perfectly united to the stock.

### Geraniums.

Of the geranium tribe there are very many beautiful varieties. Some are very hardy, such as the horse-shoe and common scarlet geranium. The rose-scented and the oak-leaved, with their numerous progeny, the flowers of which are all crimson striped with brown, so dark that it looks almost like black, are quite hardy. All the shrubby kinds which are generally kept in green-houses, require a rich, loamy soil to make them produce rich flowers. When the flowering season is over, the plants should be cut down and cuttings made from them. These plants require a great deal of air, and when about to flower should be watered freely.

### Watering.

Now that the plants are housed and sheltered from rain and dew, great care should be taken in regard to watering them. This operation, seemingly so simple, is in reality a very careful task. There are several important points to be attended to. One of these is, never saturate the soil. Water, to be in the best state to be taken up by the plants should be slightly impregnated with nourishing matter. In watering be careful to avoid the very common mistake of pouring the water down close to the stem. This is injurious in every respect.

### Achimenes.

The achimenes coccinea is an elegant little plant, and worthy a place in every garden and green-house. Its beautiful little scarlet blossoms render it very attractive. It forms little imbricated roots round the main stem of the plants, which continue to enlarge after the plant has done flowering. At that time they should be sparingly watered, and in five or six weeks desist entirely, placing the pots containing the roots in a spare room or dry cellar, or a shelf in the green-house, where they must be kept dry till the next spring.

### Hare's Foot Fern.

A very curious exotic fern, the roots of which grow out of the pot and closely resemble a hare's foot. It is a native of the Canaries, and should be grown in a mixture of sand and peat.

### Evergreens in the Greenhouse.

The evergreens are the most valuable inmates of the greenhouse, and therefore the operation of re-potting them requires to be done with great care. The plant should be turned out of the old pot by reversing the pot on a bench, the ball will then come out entire, and can be caught in the hand. The roots should then be examined, to see if they are healthy, and if not, cut off the dead ends. Gently loosen the old earth from the roots, and shake it off. Then place the plant in a larger pot and fill it with rich earth and compost, pressing it down with a stick. Give the plants as soon as potted a thorough watering, so that the water may pass entirely through. Plants newly potted should be kept partially shaded for some days from the sun.

### Best Soil for Flower Plants.

Azaleas, epacris, heaths, coneas, eutaxias, diosma, schorismas, and all plants of a similar character, with very fine but ligneous roots, and hard, firm, but slight stems, require a soil of peat altogether, while small, but with the addition of a fifth or sixth part of loam, and a little sand when they are grown to full size. Leaf mould and perfectly rotten wood are the best substitute for peat. Camellias, acaceas, and evergreens of strong growth, succeed well in a compost of half loam and half peat and leaf mould, with a little white sand. A fifth or sixth of very old hotbed manure may be added if the loam is very sandy and of poor quality, but if good, manure may be omitted.

### Poppies.

Poppies are of almost every variety of color. There are red ones of all shades, white, some streaked white and red, and violet colored; there are no yellow ones, no blue ones, nor green ones, nor perhaps any streaked with white and violet; and yet the diversity of tints, and shades, and mixtures is beyond enumeration. The rose has the advantage of the poppy, there being many beautiful roses. One poppy-stem produces more than thirty thousand seeds, these being always contained in the red, the white, and the violet.

### Epacris.

The epacris is a New Holland shrub, which the first settlers took for a kind of heath, and which is still called heath in Australia, where the true heath is unknown. The epacris should be grown in a soil composed of dry turf-bog, chopped small but not crumbled, and mixed with sand, and they do best in double pots with moss kept moist and stuffed between.

### Laying out a Garden.

In laying out a garden a south-east slope is much to be preferred. It is doubtless pleasant to have a garden so situated as to command an extensive view, but the chief point to be considered, is to have a warm and comfortable location in which plants will grow with the best advantage, and which will be pleasant to work in.

### Eutoxias.

Australian shrubs, with yellow and orange pea-flowers, which in this climate require to be grown in a greenhouse. They require light, peaty soil. There are only two species.

### Nissolia.

The grass vetch. A rare British plant, with grass-like leaves and bright crimson flowers, which look well on rock-work, where it can be kept moist.

### Preserving Plants from Frost.

No plan of preserving plants from frost, independent of a greenhouse, is equal to a well regulated pit or frame in the open air. If properly attended to it will always succeed. All plants that are intended to be put in the flower borders next year, or brought into the house, should, therefore, be placed in a large, two-light frame—standing about two feet from the ground, sheltered by a south wall, and having for a foundation, an exhausted hot bed. The mould of this bed should be kept from the rain in the early autumn, and at the close of October the pots are to be sunk in it up to the rims. A double light should then be put in, by which wet and frost are excluded, and by December the soil round the pots will be quite dry. Nights a light covering should be thrown over the glasses. Every day, when not frosty, air should be freely admitted, and dead or mildewed leaves carefully picked off. When frosts set in, the coverings should be increased, and not be removed till after the frost is gone. This is a very important rule.

### Chirosema.

Beautiful New Holland shrubs, thriving well in an equal mixture of sand, loam and peat. They are readily increased by cuttings in sand, under a bell glass, or by seeds, which are frequently ripened in abundance. All the species are worth cultivating. It is said Labillardiere had been wandering in New South Wales for several days, in great distress for water, all the springs he came to being too brackish to drink, when, at last, he found a fresh-water spring, near which grew some of these beautiful plants, and which Labillardiere named Chirosema, from the Greek words signifying to dance with joy from drinking.

### Evergreen Plants.

Many succulent evergreen plants, such as cactus, etc., succeed admirably in the greenhouse, when properly cultivated. In winter, whilst they are in a dormant state, they require but little water, and may be put in any dry situation. In the spring they should be placed in the warmest part of the house, fully exposed to sun and light and supplied with water moderately. As soon as they have done flowering, they may be re-potted—using leaf mould, loam and perfectly decayed stable manure in equal parts.

### Out door Plants in Winter.

Delicate roses and half-hardy woody plants, left out during winter, should be protected either by bending down the branches and covering them with soil, or by tying them up to stakes, and binding straw snugly around them. At the same time, throw some manure on the ground about the roots, the longest of which may be raked off on the approach of spring, and the shortest forked in, so as to manure the plants, and thus give vigor to their rising shoots.

### Geraniums.

The species and varieties of this beautiful genus are numbered by hundreds—are of every color and lineament, and some so beautifully blended as to excite astonishment: the agreeable fragrance, also, of which many of them are possessed, will always render them favorites.

### Osbeckia.

Handsome stove plants, remarkable for their showy flowers and strongly ribbed leaves. They should be grown in peat, mixed with one third sandy loam, and kept moist.

### Climbing Plants.

The principal climbing plants grown in pots are the Maurandias, the Lophaspermums, the Passion-flower, the Rodochiton, the Ecamocarpus, the Calepells and the Ipomoeas. There are, however, several others of equal beauty. The greater part of these require a rich, light soil to make them grow rapidly, and to be planted in the ground of the conservatory. The Bignonias or Tecomae should grow in equal parts of loam and peat; and this compost will suit the Polygalas and other showy climbers. The Sollyas and Billardieras should be grown in peat and frequently syringed to keep off the green fly. The Thunbergias are very liable to be attacked by the red spider. Many of the shrubby climbers may be treated as annuals, and raised from seed every year in January, and planted out in June; but they do still better treated as biennials, and sown every year to flower the next.

### Cultivation of the Picotees.

The picotee is harder, and easier of cultivation generally than the carnation—holding a middle station between that and the pink. It partakes of the nature of both, and is supposed to have been originally a joint production between them. But however this may be, it is an interesting flower, and every way worthy of cultivation. There are many sorts of picotees, differing in color and marking. There are various shades of yellow and purple, yellow and dark red, yellow and scarlet, etc. They need the driest place in the frame in winter, and care should be taken not to give them too much water.

### Haulm.

The dead stalks and leaves of peas, potatoes, etc., are generally called by gardeners, "haulm." Sometimes these are gathered together, and thrown into a pile to rot, and sometimes used as coverings for the roots of trees, etc., to keep out the frost. Let no one despise them, for they are very useful.

### Tritonia.

Bulbous plants with splendid flowers, which will thrive in the open ground for many years without being taken up, if grown in light, dry soil, or protected from rain during the winter. A board laid over the border where they are planted, will be all that is necessary.

### Myrtle.

A genus of dwarf evergreen, of which there are several species and varieties, with a foliage chiefly glossy and fragrant, yielding numerous small flowers; there are some species known as Cape Myrtles, which also yield abundance of white and purple flowers.

### Verbena.

This is a tribe of plants increasing in variety annually, and which already embrace every shade of color, scarlet, blue, rose, lilac, pink, etc.; planted in the flower-borders, they impart beauty and variety through the summer, and cultivated in the greenhouse, they embellish it during a great part of the winter.

### Dalea.

Green-house shrubs, with pinnate leaves, and small pea-flowers, very closely resembling the vetches, though less beautiful. The species are hardly worth cultivation.

### Knight's Star.

A kind of Amaryllis, considered by some authors as forming a separate genus, called Hippeastrum.

## Curious Matters.

### Queer Custom.

It was an ancient custom, from the time of Charlemagne until nearly 1880, that every traveller who came to St. Goar, on the Rhine, for the first time, should submit to a mock imprisonment at the hands of his fellow-travellers, from which he could escape only by further submitting to the baptism of water, or of wine. If he chose the first, a pitcher of Rhine water was poured over his head; if the second, he was obliged to empty at one draught a huge beaker of wine to the health of Charlemagne, of the queen of England, the reigning duke, and the company. The rules of the order of Merry Fellows were then read to him, his brows were encircled with a gilded crown, and he was admitted to the right of fishing at the Lorelei, and of hunting on the banks, two valuable privileges, with the slight drawback that neither place was accessible. Finally, the new member was obliged to make a contribution to the poor, and have his name inscribed in the records of the order. These records, from the year 1718, together with the crown and pitcher, are in the possession of the host of the "Lily," at St. Goar.

### Ancient Greek Finger-Ring.

A very curious gold finger-ring was lately found near Lisburn, county Antrim, Ireland, of which the following is a description:—"It is formed of seven circular pieces, each a quarter of an inch in diameter, connected by small knobs. On the circular pieces are represented, in relief, a sixteen-oared galley, Jupiter seated similar to the reverses of many Greek coins, a lyre, Venus as rising out of the sea at her birth, head of Neptune, the trident of Neptune, and a tripod. On six of the compartments are Greek characters. This curious ring is in the possession of Mr. Carruth, Adelaide Place.

### Elephants employed in Brick-Making.

The Ceylon Observer contains an account of some brick-making works recently visited by Sir Henry Ward. The works, which turn out about 20,000 bricks a day, are only six miles from Colombo. The clay for brick-making is prepared by elephants. The wild and tame work together, and both attempt to shirk their work by endeavoring to put their feet in old footprints, instead of in the soft, tenacious, untrodden mud. This is rather odd, too, for elephants are very fond of wallowing in mud; but that is play, not work, and this no doubt the sagacious elephant very well knows.

### Horse killed by Eating Nails.

A horse belonging to Thomas Gifford, of Fall River, recently died under peculiar circumstances, and from a *post mortem* examination, it was found that he had died through eating small nails, such as are used in flour barrels. A number sufficient to cause death was found in his stomach. For the last twelve months or more, the horse has been fed on the sweepings of a flour mill; and these nails, lying about at the time the waste flour was swept up, had been mixed with it, and escaped notice.

### Singular Suicide.

Two singular suicides are recorded in the French provincial journals. One was of a young man at Orleans, who threw himself head foremost from the top of a poplar tree seventy-five feet high; the other, of a young man at Reichenstein (Haut-Rhein), who lighted a ball-cartridge in his mouth.

### Ravenous Appetite.

A correspondent of an English paper at a *convivial* meeting among the working classes of Lancashire, to which the ladies were gallantly invited, was promoted to the office of carver; and appetites being good, he held no sinecure. His attention, he unhandsomely discloses, was more particularly arrested by a modest looking and neatly attired female; and when we state the quantity of food this lady quietly disposed of, it will not cause any wonder that his amazement should be excited. The following was supplied to her by his own hand: "Four plates of beef and potatoes; one plate of veal pie; one plate of plum-pudding; one plate of apple-tart; and one plate of celery and cheese!" During the mastication of all this she drank one glass of water.

### The Effects of Tobacco.

The Dublin Medical Press asserts that the pupils of the Polytechnical school in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young men of that college into groups—the smokers and the non-smokers—it shows that smokers have proved themselves, in various competitive examinations, far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in the year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen off and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

### Friendship between an Owl and a Crow.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells a tale of affection between an owl and a crow, that would do credit to its tender passage to a pair of turtle doves. It appears that they got acquainted with each other on the eaves of the Spencer House in Cincinnati, and a friendship, or rather tenderness, grew up between them that rendered them inseparable. When the owl fell sick, the crow watched by his side and fed him, and when he closed his expressive eyes in death, the crow became utterly inconsolable. In fact, he refused to eat at once, and holding this resolution, dwindled day by day, until he died of famine.

### Another El Dorado.

A new race of blacks has been discovered on the upper Balonne, in New South Wales, and the individuals of the tribe, on being shown a piece of gold, pointed to the far west, and picking up stones from the ground, signified by nods, that lumps of gold the size of these stones were to be found some distance in the western interior. Romantic and ridiculous as this statement may appear to some, the readers of history will remember that the existence of the golden treasures of Mexico and Peru was first made known to the early navigators in precisely the same manner.

### Origin of the Carter Potatoes.

About thirty years ago, more or less, John Carter, a resident of Savoy, in the county of Berkshire, experimented for the purpose of the improvement of potatoes by planting potato-balls; and at harvesting the first year, he found that he had advanced one step towards bringing out a new potato. He, therefore, the next year, planted the seed raised the first, and so on for several years, till he produced the potato now distinguished as the "Carter." Mr. Carter died soon after, and therefore did not enjoy the full glory of his discovery.



### Curiosities of the Earth.

At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and, upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence and quickly fills this newly made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees, entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetation is found again.

### Natural Curiosity.

A monstrous salt water animal of the seal species, but much larger than the common seal, was killed in the Penobscot River, about ten miles below Bangor, recently. He was eight feet in length, girthed five feet and two inches, and weighed six hundred pounds—had powerful "flippers" (the "after" pair spreading some two feet each side of his tail), and an ugly looking, cat-shaped head, from which, during life, he could, as described, distend the skin in a hood-like form to the size of a half-bushel measure. When attacked he showed fight, and was not taken till after several shots had been fired into his head.

### Singular Cause of Death.

A tale of tight boots is told in a Madrid paper. Mr. Morphy, a Spanish lawyer of celebrity, a few weeks ago went to dine with Mr. Buchanan, the English minister. He had put on a pair of boots tight beyond the usual powers of endurance, and sat chatting with his host, who little dreamt of the voluntary martyrdom to which his guest had subjected himself. Violent inflammation supervened, followed by gangrene, which, only a few days after the dinner, carried the unfortunate gentleman to his grave.

### A wonderful Woman.

There is now living in Leirboll, in Kildonan Strath, a woman who may well be regarded as a living wonder. Her name is Widow William Sutherland, and she has reached the great age of 104 years. What is still more remarkable, she continues to enjoy the most wonderful health and use of her faculties, can narrate circumstances that transpired 96 years ago, and in appearance more resembles a female of the age of 65, than one exceeding 100 years.

### Wonders of Photography.

A series of microscopical photographic portraits have been published in London. Among them there is a portrait of Charles Dickens, which, though no larger than the head of a pin, when seen through a powerful microscope exhibits all the perfection of detail of an admirable photographic likeness.

### A Large Pear Tree.

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle*—Dr. J. Lyell—gives a description of a pear tree growing near Newburgh, Fifeshire, Scotland. The trunk, one foot from the ground, is eighteen feet in circumference; at four and a half feet it is thirteen feet in circumference, the height of the tree to the branches being seven and a half feet. The height of the tree is fifty feet, with a spread of branches of as much. In good fruit years it has been nothing unusual for this tree to bear a ton and upwards of pears. One year it bore 27 cwt.; another, 77 bushels. It is rather a small-sized pear, of fair quality, and locally known as the Autumn Gowdnap. The tree grows on the deep alluvial soil on the banks of the Tay, and is a legacy from the monks of old, who chose so well the sites of their orchards.

### A natural Marvel.

The popular belief that the young birds are assisted by their parents in escaping from their shell receives the following correction in a work recently published, entitled "A Popular History of British Birds' Eggs," by R. Lushley:—"The operation of leaving the shell is a very beautiful one, and exhibits very markedly the wisdom and contrivance of the Creator. The beak is furnished with a bony point, which afterwards drops off. This is protruded through the shell. By means of its feet as levers, the animal then turns itself a little, till by degrees the whole top of the large end is cut very cleanly off, and a passage is opened for the imprisoned chick to go free."

### Singular Evidence.

At the Ottawa Circuit Court, New York, a man named John Halpin had been found guilty, and condemned to a year's service in the penitentiary, for having stolen and killed a heifer belonging to S. T. Reed. It recently came home alive and hearty—thus proving that poor Halpin had been wrongfully condemned.

### Queer Discovery.

On searching the house of an old gentleman who died in a town near New Bedford, recently, a bag was found containing about \$1000 in Mexican dollars and half dollars, and \$1200 in bills of one of the New Bedford banks, dating back nearly thirty years.

### Durability of Odors.

Among the curiosities shown at Alawick Castle, is a vase that was taken from an Egyptian catacomb. It is full of a mixture of gum, resins, etc., which evolve a pleasant odor to the present day, although probably 3000 years old.

### Remarkable Feat.

A Signer Duvall has been performing at Kingston and Richmond, England, by crossing and re-crossing the river on a tight rope. The feat is a difficult one, but is very cleverly accomplished.

### An aged Raven.

In Belgium, lately, there was shot a raven, which had round one of its wings a strip of parchment, on which was written, "1787—Abbaye de Solciment."

### A Strange Bird.

A white partridge, a rare curiosity, was recently shot in Virginia.

## The Housewife.

### Omelet.

To twelve eggs, beaten to a froth, put three ounces of finely minced boiled ham, beef, or veal; (if veal, add a little salt); melt four ounces of butter to a lukewarm temperature, and mix a little of it with the eggs; put the remainder of the butter on the fire in a frying pan, or tin; when quite hot, turn in the beaten eggs, and stir till they begin to set. When brown on the under side it is sufficiently done. It should be cooked on a moderate fire, and in a pan so small as to have the omelet about an inch thick. When you take up the omelet, place a flat dish over the top, and turn your pan upside down.

### Plain Mince Pie.

Neat's tongue and feet make the best mince pies. The shank is good. Boil the meat till very tender, take it up, clean it from the bones and gristle, chop it fine, mix it with an equal weight of tart apples chopped fine. If the meat is lean, put in a little butter or suet. Moisten the whole with cider, new, if you have good; sweeten it to the taste with sugar and a little molasses—seasoning with salt, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Make the pies on fleet plates, with holes in the upper crust, and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes.

### Hartford Cake.

Rub two pounds of butter into five of flour; add sixteen eggs, not much beaten, one pint of yeast, and one of wine. Knead it up stiff like biscuit; let it stand till perfectly light. When light, work in thoroughly, two and a half pounds of raisins soaked several hours in a gill of brandy, a gill of rose-water, two and a half pounds of powdered loaf sugar, half an ounce of mace, and a spoonful of cinnamon. Put it in your pans, let it rise, and bake as "Loaf Cake."

### Scratches.

Trifling as scratches often seem, they ought never to be neglected, but should be covered and protected, and kept clean and dry, until they have completely healed. If there is the least appearance of inflammation, no time should be lost in applying a large bread and water poultice, or hot flannels repeatedly applied, or even leeches in good numbers may be put on at some distance from each other.

### Potatoes.

Boil Irish potatoes with the skin on. When nearly done, pare and quarter them, lay them in a deep dish, pour over them sufficient new milk to cover them, seasoned in the proportion of two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a salt-spoonful of pepper to a quart of milk; bake in a hot oven half an hour.

### Cup Cakes.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of sour milk, two eggs, a teaspoonful each of soda and cream tartar, which must be pulverized and mixed dry with the flour; the butter, sugar and eggs must be beaten to a cream, and the milk and flour added afterward; flavor with nutmeg.

### Short Cakes.

Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into a quart of flour in which you have incorporated a teaspoonful of cream tartar. Mix with milk, add one teaspoonful of soda, cut it in small cakes, and bake in a hot oven.

### Baked Rice Pudding, with Eggs.

Boil four ounces of rice in a quart of milk till soft, and stir in four ounces of butter; take it from the fire, add a pint of cold milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a grated nutmeg. When it is lukewarm, beat four eggs with four ounces of sugar, and stir it in, adding eight ounces of raisins; pour the whole into a buttered pudding-dish, and bake forty-five minutes.

### Strengthening Drink.

Put a teaspoonful of pearl-barley into a saucepan, with three pints of cold water, the rind of a lemon, and a small piece of cinnamon; boil the whole very gently until the barley becomes tender, when strain it through a fine sieve, and sweeten with a teaspoonful of treacle; if treacle should be objectionable, honey or sugar will do.

### Calf's Feet Blanc Mange.

Boil four feet in five quarts of water till reduced to one quart; strain and let it cool; put it into a quart of milk and boil it eight or ten minutes, sweetening it to the taste; strain it, and fill your moulds. Flavor with cinnamon and lemon peel before boiling, or with peach leaves or rose-water after boiling.

### To take Paint out of a Dress.

When fresh (having wiped off as much as you can), make repeated applications of spirits of turpentine, or spirits of wine, rubbed on with a soft rag or flannel. Ether also will answer, if applied immediately. When the paint has been allowed to harden, nothing will remove it but spirits of turpentine, rubbed on with perseverance.

### Good Family Apple-Sauce.

Take two quarts of water, a pint of molasses, and a root of race ginger, and boil all hard twenty minutes. Put in, while boiling, a peck of pared, quartered and cored apples, and boil the whole moderately an hour and a half or two hours.

### Corn Bread.

To a pint of corn meal scalded, add half a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, two eggs, well beaten, a pint of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water; beat it well, and bake three quarters of an hour, in a moderately heated oven.

### Apple Pudding.

Pare, core and quarter half a dozen sour apples, lay them in a shallow pan with half a pint of boiling water, cover with short cake crust half an inch thick; bake half an hour.

### To polish Dining-Tables.

Take cold-drawn linseed oil, and rub it on for a long time with a very soft cloth. This is the best way to prevent dining-tables from being marked by the hot dishes.

### Cranberry Jelly.

Mix isinglass jelly, or calf's foot jelly, with a double quantity of cranberry juice, sweeten with loaf sugar, boil it up once, and strain it to cool.

### Fried Potatoes.

Boil your potatoes, and when cold, slice them; season with pepper and salt, and fry them in butter, or fresh lard, a light brown.

### Rules for the Nurse.

1. Keep the patient's room quiet, well-aired, and clean as possible. 2. Never excite disagreeable mental emotions in the sick, by telling sad stories nor melancholy news; nor allow the presence of unpleasant persons or objects. 3. Never whisper, nor seem to be telling what the sick are not permitted to hear. 4. Administer to the necessities of the invalid, promptly and kindly; but do not worry him with questions and constant attentions, when these are not needed. 5. Never disturb the quiet sleep of the patient, even to give medicine, unless peremptorily charged to do so by the physician. A refreshing sleep is often better than medicine, for the sick; but do not sleep yourself, and allow the suffering one to lie awake, and needing your care.

### A nice Clam Soup.

Take one hundred small clams, wash them and put them into a pot in a warm place and covered; let them stand until they open their shells; take out the clams and juice, and put on a knuckle of veal to boil with two quarts of cold water—let it simmer until reduced to one quart; then add this broth to the clam juice, put it into a saucepan, and let it simmer for an hour; then skim carefully—chop the clams and put into this broth; then add half a teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of cream, a large spoonful of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter rubbed together, some finely chopped parsley, and a very little pepper and grated nutmeg. Cover tightly and just scald up. Immediately before serving, beat the yolks of two eggs and stir into the soup. Serve hot.

### Sausages.

Chop very fine fat and lean fresh pork (there should be a greater proportion of the lean); season it very highly with pepper, salt, sage, and other sweet herbs, if liked. A little saltpetre tends to preserve them. Do up a little into a cake and fry it, to know when they are seasoned enough. When seasoned enough, fill your skins, which should be perfectly clean. To prevent the fat running out while cooking, mix in with the meat a little flour. Done up in small balls and fried, sausage meat is good.

### Fritters.

A nice dish for breakfast may be made of thin slices of cold baked veal or mutton dipped in a batter made of two eggs, half a pint of milk, and flour enough to make a smooth batter; they must be fried a light brown in a thick-bottomed pan, with a small quantity of butter; season the slices of meat with salt and pepper before dipping them in the batter.

### Pot Clams.

Wash and put the clams in a pot, with merely water enough to prevent their burning. Heat till they open, take out and warm them with a little of the liquor, butter, salt and pepper. To a slice or two of toasted bread, soaked in the clam liquor, add the clams.

### Diet Bread.

Mix a pound of sifted flour with a pound of powdered sugar; stir into the mixture, very gradually, eight well-beaten eggs; season with essence of lemon, rose-water, or to the taste; and bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

### Clarified Cider.

Mix one quart each of lime and clean dry ashes, and two quarts of new milk. Pour these into a hoghead of cider just from the press. In ten hours it is fit to rack.

### Black Puddings.

Stir three quarts of sheep's blood with one spoonful of salt till cold, boil a quart of very fine hominy in sufficient water to swell them until cooked, drain, and add them to the blood with a pound of suet, a little pounded nutmeg, some mace, cloves, and allspice, a pound of hog's fat cut small, some parsley finely minced, sage, sweet herbs, a pint of bread crumbs, salt, and pepper; mix these ingredients well together, put them into well cleaned skins, tie them in links, and prick the skins, that while boiling they may not burst. Let them boil twenty minutes, and cover them with clean straw until they are cold.

### Beef Stew.

Cut cold roast beef in small slices; to a pound of beef add half a dozen Irish potatoes pared and cut in halves; stew until the potatoes are tender, in sufficient water to cover them; season with salt and pepper to your taste, and three or four cloves, not more; serve in a deep dish, with a dozen small slices of bread, cut thin, and toast very brown, laid at the bottom.

### Extinguishing Fires.

To make water more efficacious in extinguishing fires, throw into a pump, which contains fifty or sixty buckets of water, eight or ten pounds of salt or pearlashes, and the water thus impregnated will wonderfully accelerate the extinction of the most furious conflagration. Muddy water is better than clear, and can be obtained when salt and ashes cannot.

### Cheap and valuable substitute for Coffee.

The flour of rye, and yellow potatoes, are found an excellent substitute for coffee. Boil, peel, and mash the potatoes, and then mix with the meal into a cake, which is to be dried in an oven, and afterwards reduced to a powder, which will make a beverage very similar to coffee in its taste, as well as in other properties, and not in the least detrimental to health.

### Baked Milk.

Put half a gallon of milk into a jar, and tie it down with writing-paper. Let it stand in a moderately warm oven about eight or ten hours. It will then be of the consistence of cream. It is used by persons who are weak or consumptive.

### Essence of Nutmeg.

Essence of nutmeg is made by dissolving one ounce of the essential oil in a pint of rectified spirits. It is an expensive but invaluable mode of flavoring, in the arts of the cook or confectioner.

### Cranberry Pudding.

To a batter made of a pint of milk, half a pound of flour and two eggs, add a pint of cranberries; boil an hour and a half in a buttered basin, covered with a cloth, well dredged on the inside with flour.

### Feathers.

It is said that tumbled plumes may be restored to elasticity and beauty, by dipping them in hot water, then shaking and drying them.

### A Paste for the Skin.

Boil the whites of four eggs in rose-water; add to it a small quantity of alum; beat the whole to the consistence of a paste. This will give great firmness to the skin.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Massachusetts makes provision for the unfortunate objects of her benevolence who are deaf and dumb, by supporting and educating them at the Asylum at Hartford, Connecticut. At the present time there are seventy-eight pupils who are supported by Massachusetts at that institution, and the annual cost to the state treasury is \$15,600. The Hartford Asylum is the oldest establishment of the kind in the country, and is an admirably conducted and very useful school for the care and education of the deaf and dumb. It has a permanent fund of \$320,000, the income of which serves to reduce the charge made for the support and tuition of pupils. The project has sometimes been started for Massachusetts to withdraw her pupils from Hartford, and found a state asylum of her own. But this project meets with little favor, as involving a useless expense; and it will probably never be carried out, so long as the Hartford Asylum continues to be as well managed as it is now, and has been in the time past, and is able to accommodate all the subjects which are dependent upon Massachusetts bounty. One well-established and eminently successful institution, like this, is worth more than half a dozen new and costly experiments; and we trust that no petty local jealousy—misnamed state pride—will be suffered to divert the support of this Commonwealth from a certain and economical mode of taking care of her deaf and dumb, into an extravagant and doubtful expenditure for building up a state asylum.

**CHINESE EMIGRANTS TO AUSTRALIA.**—The American ship *Norway*, recently arrived at Sydney from Hong Kong with 1200 Chinese emigrants. The Australian Legislature is discussing a bill taxing Chinese immigrants \$50 a head.

**MEXICAN CLAIMS.**—The claims of American citizens against Mexico are said to amount to nearly eleven millions of dollars. Mexico must settle, or we must settle Mexico.

**THE GERMANS.**—In some sections of Philadelphia, there are so many Germans that an American can't deal with them without a knowledge of German.

## SHAWLS.

The passion for shawls—says a late writer—among all women everywhere, is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head, like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted around the loins like a sash; in yet another, it is swathed around the body like a skirt. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. At the Russian Court, ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dress-maker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnant of the shawl of better days. The peasant's daughter buys a cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in it, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the aged grandmother would no more think of going without it, at any season, than without her cap.

**AFTER THE CHOLERA.**—A little girl being sent to a shop to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the shopman, "What do folks dye with?" "Die with? Why, cholera, sometimes," he replied. "Well, I believe that's the name," said she. "I want to get three pennyworth."

**A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.**—What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

**UNDER THE ROSE.**—It is said that Louis Napoleon is secretly sustaining Mr. Felix Belly's contract with Nicaragua.

**POST-OFFICES.**—There are now about twenty-nine thousand post-offices in the United States.

**THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.**

Among the other natural curiosities in California are the boiling springs, or geysers, which are situated in Napa county, in the northwest part of the State, and about seventy miles north of Napa City. These springs are found at the bottom of an immense chasm, about half a mile square, and surrounded by mountains. Within this space there are from one to two hundred openings, from which dense columns of vapor shoot up, to the height of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, accompanied by a roar which can be plainly heard at the distance of a mile. These springs are from one to nine feet in diameter, and many of them send up intermittent jets of scalding hot water to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The ground beneath the spectator's feet trembles with the violent agitation of the boiling water; and upon cutting through the surface, the raging streams are brought to view. Hundreds of fissures in the sides of the adjoining mountains, send forth powerful currents of heated gas, with a deafening noise which resembles the escaping steam of an ocean steamer. Some fifty miles to the south of this volcanic region, are warm springs, which have been tested by invalids, and are found to possess high medicinal qualities for bathing. The water is slightly impregnated with alkali, and has a wonderful effect in cleansing the skin. Just north of the geysers are the Borax Lakes, which are strongly impregnated with borax, and yield that mineral in large quantities. Near by to these, is a vast sulphur bank, thirty feet high, and covering over thirty acres of ground. This sulphur is sufficiently pure for all purposes. Gold has also been found in Napa county, and there is a mine of quicksilver, situated some fourteen miles from the city, which is supposed to be very rich. These various metallic and mineral deposits, together with the volcanic springs, render this county one of the most remarkable tracts of country on the whole continent.

**EXPERIENCE.**—Experience is said to be the best of teachers; but the countless fatalities which have been made public, resulting from jumping from or into railroad cars, while in motion, and from filling fluid lamps, while lighted, do not seem to have any effect as warnings to careless people. New instances daily occur.

**WORDS, WORDS.**—If all people found it hard to talk when they had nothing to say, how much more useful our public men would be. Some of our orators so over-work the language, that all their speeches are sleepy.

**CLERICAL ODDITIES.**

We have lately been amused by the recital of certain pulpit eccentricities, which may be equally appreciated by our readers. They relate to excellent men, and will provoke a harmless smile. Dr. John Blair Smith, President of Union College, was an eloquent extemporaneous preacher. His custom was to hold a small Bible in his hand, in which was fitted a bit of paper, which he would bring to his eye at each new turn of his discourse. One day, in an animated burst of feeling, his thumb, which held down the paper to its place, let go its charge, and the fugitive "notes" sailed away on the breeze into the broad aisle. The doctor very quietly tore off a small piece of newspaper which he held in his pocket, put it under his thumb aforesaid, and then went on as usual with his sermon, lifting his "notes" to his eyes as before, to help his mental motion, much to the amusement of some of the spectators.

Rev. Dr. James Muir, of the District of Columbia, wrote all his sermons, and recited them *memoriter*; but unless the manuscript was in his pocket, he could not go on at all, though he never used it. One day, having left it at home, he was obliged to send for it before he could begin the recitation. He was buried, at his own request, in a grave thirteen feet under the pulpit. In writing sermons, Dr. Muir was in the habit of folding the requisite amount of paper, and then scattering catch-words along the pages; after which, he would proceed to fill up the intervals with the thoughts which he had already studied in his own mind.

**JAPAN SALUTATIONS.**—We lately saw a letter from a lieutenant in our navy, in the course of which he gave a very amusing account of the mode of salutation of the Japanese officials when meeting. They halt and bend nearly double, remaining so with their heads towards each other, like two game-cocks about to do battle. After a long pause, one of them will cautiously lift his head to see if the other is rising to the perpendicular. If not, he instantly ducks it down again; so that it takes a long while to conclude the ceremony. All accounts agree in representing the Japanese as intelligent, wide-awake fellows, far superior to the Chinese.

**SCHOOLS IN WASHINGTON.**—The Board of Trustees of the Public Schools in Washington city say that one half the children in the city do not attend school. This is a sad story for the capital of the nation.

## CAPTAIN MARCY'S MARCH.

During the last winter campaign in Utah Territory, Captain R. B. Marcy, of the United States Infantry, performed one of the most wonderful marches of which we have any record. When the United States troops under General Johnston arrived at Fort Bridger, in that country, in November, 1857, the general found that his army would be likely to be impeded in its operations, and to suffer from the want of provisions and animals for transportation. He accordingly conceived the bold design of despatching a party across the Uhinty and Rocky Mountain chains to New Mexico, for the purpose of procuring supplies of horses, mules, and cattle. Captain Marcy, with a volunteer band of soldiers, and a party of thirty-two citizens, started upon this trying expedition, on the 27th of November, taking with him sixty-five mules, and thirty days' rations. Upon entering the mountains, the party found the snow so deep that the mules could make no progress; and the men were employed in advance, to break a track for them. As they toiled up the western slope of the mountains, the snow became deeper and deeper, and at the summit level was five feet on a level, and the forward men were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees, to prevent sinking up to their necks. The mules, from want of proper grazing, sickened, and many of them died; the men's shoes were worn out, and their feet badly frost-bitten; and at length the rations gave out, and they were compelled to subsist upon such of the animals as were too weak to be of further use. Under such disastrous circumstances, the progress of the party for a portion of the way, was necessarily very slow. For five days, during which they toiled in the snow incessantly from daylight until dark, they only made nineteen miles per day. But all behaved nobly under these trying exigencies, and entire subordination prevailed. The thought of the important service which they should render to the army for which they toiled, seemed to animate these brave fellows with the courage of heroes and the patience of martyrs.

At length they reached their destination, and on the 17th of January, 1858, entered Fort Massachusetts, in New Mexico. Captain Marcy and his command had then traversed a distance of six hundred and fifty miles, across vast mountain ranges, and by a route which though sometimes pursued by experienced trappers, in summer, was pronounced by them to be entirely impracticable in winter. They had been fifty days upon the passage, and though all their provisions were exhausted, and most of their animals dead, yet only one man out of the whole party

was lost. The required supplies were procured in New Mexico, and the party then started on its return to the army, taking a more easterly and circuitous route, in order to favor the droves of mules and cattle, and keep without the range of the Mormon scouts, who might seek to stampede the animals. This return route lengthened the distance to seven hundred and forty miles; but it was performed in good time, and Captain Marcy arrived in safety at Camp Scott with his welcome purchases. Such instances of zeal and hardihood in the service of the country, are highly honorable to the officers and soldiers of the army, and should not pass uncommended.

A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.—It was a gentleman named Thangbrand who converted the Icelanders from Paganism to Christianity in the year 1000. Two of the scalds made a lampoon of him, and he killed them outright. He remained two years in Iceland, and was the death of three men during his stay. What a contrast to the modern missionary system!

ONLY A DOLLAR.—We pronounce "Ballou's Magazine" the best publication in the United States, for the price. It is an octavo of one hundred pages, printed and published monthly, on clean white paper. It is elegantly illustrated, free from politics and all sectarian subjects—and, indeed, all "trashy" nonsense, which occupies a considerable portion of the magazine literature of the day. Ballou is second only to Harper. The January number is excellent. Price, \$1 a year. M. M. Ballou, Boston, Mass., editor and proprietor.—*Weekly Star, Morgantown, Virginia.*

A COOL COMMENT.—A friend showed a gentleman filling a high place of trust some slanders that had been written against him. "These rascals," said the official, "make me talk and act as they would if they were in my place."

HO FOR TEXAS!—An enthusiastic letter-writer closes an account of the remarkable fertility of Texas, by saying that a vast number of tarantulas have been killed this season, and the cotton crop has also been plentiful.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.—A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said: "You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

A HEAVY CHARGE.—It costs the New Yorkers four hundred dollars a day for a military guard at Staten Island, to keep the rioters there from burning the Quarantine buildings.

INTERESTING TO EDITORS.—Joel Bryant, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has taken out a patent for an improvement in *scissors*.

**NEW CANCER TREATMENT.**

Dr. Felt, of London, for six or eight years past, has used a remedy for the eradication and cure of cancer, which he avers has proved completely successful in every case in which he has applied it. His mode of treatment is, to put a sticking plaster over the place where the cancer is located, with a circular piece cut out of the centre, a little larger than the cancer itself. In this way the diseased part, and a small circular rim of healthy skin around it, are left exposed. He then spreads a circular plaster of the size of the opening, with a mixture of chloride of zinc, blood root and wheat flour. This is applied to the sore and suffered to remain on for twenty-four hours, when it is removed. The cancer will be found to be burned into, and to be of the color and hardness of old sole leather, and the circular rim around it to be white and parboiled, as though scalded with steam. The wound is then dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates, ejecting the cancer, and the cavity heals up. This plaster is said to kill the cancer effectually, so that it never grows out again; and not a case is known of its re-appearance where this remedy has been used. The treatment here indicated has received the sanction of many eminent professional men in London, but has been but little used as yet in this country. In the city of Cincinnati, recently, a gentleman was treated in this way for cancer on the face, and with very happy results; the disorder having been entirely removed, and thus far it has not returned.

**PUT OUT THE LIGHT.**—The Austrian government has taken alarm at the assembling of the Philological Convention of the German literati, at Vienna, and forbidden any such meeting in the Austrian capital, for the future. Thus the owls of tyranny dread the light of intelligence, and would smother it with their wings.

**AMERICAN POETRY.**—One of Louis Napoleon's favorite works is Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America." It must be much pleasanter reading for him than Victor Hugo's "Chatimens."

**SKATING.**—This healthy exercise is more fashionable than ever this winter. "Anything to take girls out of hot rooms and off worsted work, we say."

**THE PAPER EXCISE.**—A combined effort is being made throughout Great Britain, to repeal the duty on paper. It being a tax upon knowledge, John Bull hates to give it up.

**ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.**

At the village of Blanzay in the Department of Aisne, in the north of France, recent excavations have revealed some very elaborate and superior specimens of ancient Mosaic pavements. The work is complete and in good preservation, and represents Orpheus taming the beasts with the music of his lyre. The musician appears in the centre of the picture, in a sitting posture, clothed in a red mantle and Phrygian cap, and with his lyre in his hand. The head is well formed, but the hands are less perfect, and the mantle falls gracefully from his shoulders. On the right and left of the musician are large trees, full of birds of all sizes, and of the most brilliant colors. An elephant, a stag and a horse appear also upon his left, among the trees; and on his right is seen a panther, a wild boar and a bear. The excavations are to be pursued to a still greater extent, by the public authorities, in the hope of making further discoveries of Roman relics. In the meantime, the pavement already brought to light, after its long concealment of centuries, is to be carefully taken up and removed to a suitable place for its preservation and exhibition.

**EDUCATION.**—A certain broker has a keen-faced, foxy looking son of fourteen. "Your boy looks like a sharp lad," said one of his friends. "Well, so he is," replied the broker, "I've trusted him with a good deal of business already. The rascal robs me, but I pretend not to see it, for there's nothing like bringing up a child in the way he should go." Excellent father! Promising son!

**THE SNARES OF PARIS.**—The Empress of Russia recently sent a priceless present of silver sables to her royal sister of Portugal; but the young prince, to whose care the precious furs were confided, loitered on his way, in Paris, where he fell into the toils of the fascinating Countess of Caumartin, and made an offering of them upon her shrine.

**TO PARENTS.**—If you would have your children grow up healthy and intellectual men and women, "keep the brain fallow in early childhood." Don't cram an infant with metaphysics and mathematics, or any other kind of "ics."

**A NEW LIFE-BOAT.**—The Secretary of the Treasury has recently caused a new life-boat, made of gutta percha, to be tested in the surf at Fire Island, and it has proved tough and buoyant to a degree entirely satisfactory.

## CHESS PLAYING.

We are glad to notice that the game of chess is becoming quite popular among our people. It is an intellectual game, and serves to strengthen the powers of the mind, while it interests and amuses. To become a finished player requires long and frequent practice, and the game is so fascinating that a person is tempted to devote more time to it than prudence would permit. But if one will only bestow that portion of time upon chess which he would otherwise consume in amusements, or idle and unprofitable reading, he cannot fail to derive great benefit from the mental exercise thus induced. It is easy for any person of moderate comprehension, to learn the moves of chess, and to acquire a knowledge of the laws which govern the game. Thus much progress can be made by spending only a few hours upon the subject; and when the learner has accomplished this, his interest commences, and he becomes as deeply absorbed in the contest, and is as thoroughly amused thereby, as though he had practised for years. One, two, and even three hours will glide away with magic speed, while he is thus absorbed; and when the player thinks he has just broken into the evening, he will find to his utter surprise that the hour is really very late, and it is time to go to bed. We know of no better helper to pass off a long winter evening than a quiet game of chess.

The very general interest now manifested in the game, will render acceptable at the present time a brief description of the famous automaton chess-player that was formerly exhibited in this country and in Europe. This machine consisted of a human figure, gorgeously attired in Oriental costume, and seated behind a chess-board which was placed upon a chest about three feet high, two feet wide, and four feet long. The automaton, the chair upon which it sat, and the chest, were fixed together; and being upon castors, could be moved with ease to any part of the room. The interior of the chest and of the figure's body and lower limbs was hollow, and divided into several unequal compartments, which had separate doors opening into them. There was some clock-work, and other machinery in these apartments, and an appearance of a great deal more, which was a sham, and made of paste-board, so contrived as to collapse and make room when the secret operator within moved about from one apartment to another. Before the exhibition commenced, the showman would open one door after another, in succession, and always in a regular order, and give the spectators a chance to look into the interior and satisfy themselves that no one was concealed within. But

only one apartment was opened at a time, and that was carefully closed before the next was opened. Thus the operator had an opportunity to move from one cavity to another, for concealment. Having closed up the last door opened, the showman would invite any one of the company to sit down and play a game with the automaton; and the result would be, that the automaton would beat. As soon as all was ready, the figure's arm would rise, move towards one of the pieces, suspend the hand over it for an instant, then firmly grasp it with the fingers, and place it on the destined square. In this way, it would make every successive move, after the opponent's, until the game was concluded. Every irregularity of the opposite player was promptly corrected by a tap of the figure's hand upon the chest, the offending piece promptly replaced, and the forfeited priority of play exercised.

This curious machine was invented by a Hungarian named Kempelin, but subsequently became the property of M. Maelzel, who exhibited it for many years in Europe and in the United States. M. Maelzel had for his secret confederate M. Mouret, one of the most eminent chess-players in Europe. The machinery by which he managed to play the game from within the box, was very ingenious. He was seated in his narrow cell, immediately under the chess-board, which was marked off on the under side, in squares to correspond exactly with those above. This underside formed the ceiling of his cell, and was visible to him by means of a lighted taper. To each of the sixty-four squares was attached a small metallic ball, by means of a short silken thread, and each ball hung down to the length of the thread until a chess-man was placed upon the square over it, when, as every chess-man contained a magnet, it was drawn up to its square and held there by magnetic attraction. Upon a piece being moved from a square above, the corresponding ball below would drop down and hang suspended. The concealed player was also provided with a private board, upon which he made the moves as fast as they appeared on the ceiling over his head; so that he had the state of the game constantly before him. By means of the mechanism within the chest, he could direct the hand of the automaton so as to play any piece at will, the whole movement appearing to the outside spectator as though performed of the mere volition of the figure. The general nature of this arrangement was at length surmised and demonstrated by a Mr. Willis, of Cambridge, England, after the mystery had for many years astonished hundreds of thousands of people; and M. Mouret finally revealed the *modus operandi*.



**SHIEL, THE IRISH ORATOR.**

Richard Lalor Shiel, the celebrated Irish orator, had a most extraordinary memory, of which he used to avail himself in the preparation of his speeches, instead of writing them out. He was engaged in the great O'Connell case in 1843, when the famous agitator was tried for conspiracy by the British government. The London reporters who had come down to Dublin, to get the speeches, were greatly surprised and disappointed when Shiel told them that though he had his speech in his head, not a word of it was written out. In this dilemma, the orator volunteered to speak it to them in anticipation, and the offer was thankfully accepted. Accordingly he met them in a private room, and while walking slowly up and down the floor, repeated with great rapidity, passage after passage, and paragraph after paragraph of a speech, which subsequently occupied five hours in its delivery to the court, and filled some sixteen closely printed newspaper columns. Occasionally he would pause from exhaustion, in the midst of this novel work, and lie down on a sofa to rest himself. With brief interruptions like these, he continued on for hours, until the whole was accurately noted down. Being written out with care, this was sent to the printers, and the next day, when he arose to speak, the reporters followed him with their printed copy, and found that the whole five-hour address was delivered almost verbatim as they had taken it down the day before. The corrections which they were obliged to make, were so few and trivial, that they occasioned not the least delay. This appears the more singular when we consider that Shiel was a very eloquent and impassioned orator, and that there was very little of logical formality or mathematical precision in his forensic performances.

**HUMANITY AND SNOW.**—Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed, you must keep moving.

**POOR OLD LADY!**—"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I sha'n't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort."

**OPIUM EATING.**—This degrading and fatal practice is said to be fearfully rife in New York at present. What a passion men have for poisoning themselves!

**A FIGHTING PARSON.**

Colonel Richard M. Johnson, the slayer of Tecumseh, used to narrate an anecdote about a parson by the name of Sackett, who was chaplain of his regiment, during the Indian wars in which he was engaged. The chaplain was a firm believer in the doctrine of predestination, and in his sermons to the troops he was in the habit of enforcing this tenet, and dwelling on it very strongly. He urged upon the soldiers to go into battle with a perfect confidence that no harm would befall them, for they could not die before their time came, let them be exposed ever so much. This kind of preaching made good soldiers, and Colonel Johnson always found his men ready to do whatever he ordered, however desperate it might be. But the chaplain could fight as well as preach, being a stalwart man of great muscle, and of an indomitable spirit. On one occasion, when the battle waxed furious, and the chances looked desperate, the parson armed himself for the fight, and took his place in the forefront of the fray. There he mowed down the enemy, piling up their bodies around him, in a perfect hecatomb. When the field was won, it was found that twenty-nine of the enemy were heaped up in death around the spot where the chaplain stood. Colonel Johnson accosted the valiant preacher with words of hearty thanks for his gallant and timely service, and asked him how it happened that he, a man of peace, had killed so many of the foe? To this very natural question of the commander, Sackett replied: "Why, colonel, I don't know how it was, *unless their time had come!*"

**PLENTY OF PROFESSORS.**—Everybody's a professor now-a-days. There are professors of the art of boot-blackening, and there is a man in New York advertising and exhibiting "Industrious Fleas." He calls himself professor!

**FAITH OF THE ARABS.**—Some Arabs being asked how they had discovered the existence of God, answered: "As we know by the tracks on the sand of the desert, whether a man or a camel has passed over it."

**A SMART MAN.**—There is an observing man about town who says he always took notice that whenever he lived through the month of May he always lived through the year.

**GERMAN IMMIGRATION.**—The number of Germans which have arrived at New York during the past eight years is over 800,000.

## Foreign Miscellany.

One hundred and fifty English newspapers have ceased to exist within three years.

The mummy of an Egyptian Princess has been received in England and placed on exhibition.

The last return of the army shows that Austria can bring into the field about 427,000 men.

Robert Owen, who died lately in England at an advanced age, was the founder of infant schools.

Madame de Fay, a French sporting lady, recently won \$30,000, being a bet made on a favorite horse.

A committee has been appointed to examine into the best means of improving the manufacture of fire-arms in France.

A comprehensive statement of the Irish potato crop of 1858, shows, as a whole, that it has been one of the finest raised in Ireland since 1840.

Baron Rothschild had given £2000 to found a scholarship for the city of London school, in commemoration of his admission to Parliament.

A private of the 81st Regiment, at Chatham, has shot off his right leg below the knee, in order to obtain his discharge. He says he committed the act under religious excitement.

Lord Lyons, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Napier as British Minister to the United States, is of American descent, his great grandfather having been born in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Isabella Begg, *nee* Burns, the youngest sister of the poet, has just died at Bridgehouse, near Ayr, in her 88th year. She was interested in the yard of Alloway kirk beside her father.

The British government pays \$2,400,000 per annum to develop the trade with her West Indian and Australian colonies in the mail packet service.

A copy of the first edition of Burns's Poems, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, was recently sold in Edinburgh for £3 10s.; it is in the original binding, and was purchased by Mr. Stevenson, the antiquarian bookseller.

The aggregate numerical strength of the Society of Friends is estimated at about 15,000, in Great Britain. During the last twenty years, the society has been slightly but gradually decreasing in numbers, in that country.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of *Le Nord* states that a philanthropic movement has commenced in that capital, and a society has been formed for the establishment of Sunday schools on the plan of those in England.

The foundation stone of the new monument to Hugh Miller, was laid at Cromarty, the birthplace of the eminent geologist and author, on the 5th ult. The monument will consist of a pillar fifty feet high, surmounted by a statue of Mr. Miller.

Duelling of a journalistic origin continues in vogue at Paris. *Figaro* has had two more on his hands, which makes the fourth within six months, including that of M. de Pene, not to mention a dozen of belligerent missives amicably settled.

Herman-Leon, a favorite baritone of the Opera-Comique, Paris, lately died of apoplexy.

The total export of salt from Liverpool last year was 624,496 tons, of which over 80,000 tons went to Calcutta.

On an average, for the last twenty years, there have been about 1500 dwelling houses a year erected in Liverpool.

The number of printing-offices in France, is 1037, employing 9500 compositors, 3000 pressmen, and 900 correctors and overseers.

London was destroyed by fire, and it has been built by a series of fires, as the tax upon coals to this day could prove, if it chose.

The building in Paris known as the Morgue is to be pulled down, and the dead bodies will henceforth be exposed elsewhere.

Herr Ferdinand Hiller is about to write a four act opera to a text by Herr Hartmann, the author of the book of his oratorio, "Saul."

A marble bust of the late Sir John K. Habersfield, who was six times Mayor of Bristol, England, has been placed in the mayor's chapel of that city.

An inexhaustible bed of pure rock salt has been discovered at a place called Strassfurs, in Prussia, pronounced even superior to that of Liverpool.

A recent English work on tents states that out of 410,000 people in the Australian colony of Victoria, not less than 135,000 are dwelling in tents.

In Manchester, England, and its vicinity, where the first steam engine was not erected till 1790, there are fifty thousand boilers, giving a total power of a million of horses.

Count Duchatel, of Paris, recently made his wife a present of a ruby which cost \$80,000. Her casket is said to contain precious stones to the value of a million of dollars.

The Emperor Alexander has presented a diamond ring to the principal editor of the *Invalide Russe*, for an historical account of the Lunatic Asylum of St. Petersburg.

The King of Naples is the greatest gourmand in Europe, and like Alexander Dumas, he is a most expert cook. He can surpass any of his cooks in serving up a turkey.

The government of Holland have decreed that the ports in the islands of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, etc., shall be open to the trade of the world from the first day of May, 1859.

A joint stock company has been formed for lighting the streets of St. Petersburg with gas, the company having the exclusive right of lighting the principal streets for fifty years.

An English letter writer states that in a Palermo cathedral, at the exposition of the sacrament, the player on the organ broke out into the Bolero from the "Vesperes Siciliennes," by way of symphony.

In Marseilles, France, one hundred electric clocks have been placed in various parts of the city and in the street lamps, so that the hours may be known from them by night as well as day. Such clocks have been on the street lamps in the city of Ghent, Belgium, for some years.

## Record of the Times.

The new New York quarantine buildings are to be erected on the "old orchard" shoals.

Many a sovereign who has ruled a state, has proved incapable of ruling himself.

The gold crop of this country will be likely to be a million and a half a week, for years.

The resources of virtue are infinite—the more they are employed, the more they increase.

A decided improvement is visible in ladies' bonnets—they partially cover the head.

Col. Fremont has ejected the Mercedes Mining Company from his Mariposa property.

When a man is innocent, the idea of being thought guilty brings the keenest torture.

An immense fire in Valparaiso has destroyed \$3,000,000 worth of property.

If we are strongly impressed by novelties, why is it we are so little affected by virtue?

The loyalists in Cuba don't like the idea of the island being sold to the United States.

A vain man will sometimes speak good or evil of himself; a modest man does neither.

An electrical cramp-fish—a curious creature—was caught a few days since at Provincetown.

The man who knows how to bridle his passion, is greater than a victorious warrior.

A lady in the Fitchburg cars was lately obliged to travel standing. Cause—hoops.

There is a certain smoothness in the language of hypocrisy, which the voice of truth has not.

There is said to be twelve millions of dollars of claims docketed against Mexico in the State department.

The American gold eagle coined previous to July 30, 1824, is worth \$10 66. "Eagles has riz," it seems.

It is stated positively that Louis Napoleon has from three to five millions of dollars invested in this country.

A veritable Egyptian silver coin of great antiquity was lately dug up in excavating for a well near Tullahoma, Mississippi.

It is estimated that upwards of a million of barrels of lime are now annually prepared for market at Rockland, Maine.

Mr. Leslie, the American artist and Royal Academician, is engaged in writing the life of the great Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Great Eastern is to cost the new company £160,000; and £140,000 more is the estimated amount required to finish her.

Diamonds of fine quality have been found in Hall, and other sections of Georgia, and arrangements are being made to commence washing for them.

A new variety of coal, exceedingly oily, has been discovered at Parkersburg, Virginia. It is very gaseous and fit only for making gas or oil.

At Syracuse, N. Y., there is a capital of \$2,000,000 invested in salt works. The amount of salt sent to market this year is stated to be 6,800,000 bushels.

The quantity of boots and shoes used in the United States, yearly, is 75,000,000 pairs.

A Paris letter says the places of worship there are crowded by Americans on Sundays.

The Southern Methodist Church has a membership of 655,000 persons; the Northern, 956,555.

Since the improvements in Paris, the daily mortality has been reduced from 75 to 40.

The police force of New York has been increased to 1250 men—a full regiment.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has just decided that the use, in public, of a single oath, is an indictable offence.

Rev. P. N. Ewing, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Bloomington, Ill., has recently inherited a fortune of \$100,000.

Hudson's Bay Company allow eight pounds of buffalo meat as the daily ration of their employees.

In Sacramento County, California, there are 213,658 peach, and 132,514 apple-trees, all of which will be at least in half bearing in 1860.

By an order of the Emperor of Austria, the right hitherto exercised by military commandants to inflict corporeal punishment has been curbed.

In the twenty years between 1831 and 1851, the city of Manchester, in England, increased from a population of 261,584 to 439,797.

A suspension bridge has been completed over St. John River at Grand Falls, at a cost of seven thousand dollars.

Some of the English papers say that Sir James Brooke, of Sarawak, is as much of a filibuster as William Walker.

Last year the total expenditure of the British government amounted to the heavy sum of \$365,000,000.

The population of Minnesota, according to the last census, is over 150,000. Number of voters about 49,000.

The population of Brooklyn, Long Island, is about 220,000. Scarcely a city in the United States has grown more rapidly.

The Roman Catholics of Cincinnati have adopted a regulation that but six carriages shall be permitted at funerals.

In the Chicago post-office mails are received daily from twenty railroads. Thirty-five hundred mails, the Press says, are made up every day.

During the past five years, there has been constructed in California 4405 miles of artificial canals for gold washing, at a cost of \$12,000.

Mule meat resembles beef in flavor. A fat mule makes very palatable eating. Young fawns are fine. Terrapins, rattle-snakes, prairie dogs, and pole cats are very good.

Pears and apples cut into quarters, and stripped of the rind, baked with a little water and sugar, and eaten with boiled rice are capital food for children.

Two centuries ago not one in one hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement in this wonderful age.

## Merry-Making.

Is there any harm in a fellow's sitting down in the lapse of ages?

"I know," said Topsy, "water is a fine thing, but it is so dreadful thin."

In a convention of females, whatever is voted upon is always passed by a handsome majority.

To cure the toothache—let an omnibus run over your foot.

What letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Letter A.

"What did you give for that horse, neighbor?" "My note." "Well, that was cheap enough."

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.

The person who "stole a march," has been put in the same cell with "Procrastination, the thief of Time."

The speaker that pursued a subject got a bad tumble over a pile of bricks, and the subject escaped into the bushes.

"Pleading at the bar," says a Western editor, "is trying to persuade a bar-keeper to trust you for a three-cent nipper."

You may always know a young lady that has been to a boarding school, by her want of education.

Mrs. Hollyhock was presented with a plate yesterday. There was beef and potatoes on it. No speeches were made.

If a man fails to the amount of a million, it is all right; but let him fail to the amount of his board bill, and he is a scoundrel.

"One of the anomalies of our language," said Dr. Spooner, "is revealed in the assertion that a stove is the hottest when it is most coal'd."

A witness in an assault and battery case, at Hartford, Conn., in describing a wound on the head of one of the parties, said it was "about as large as a three-cornered stone."

You may always distinguish an Englishman by two things—his trousers and his gait. The first never fit him, and he always walks as if he were an hour behind.

A little boy upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement, said: "Give me two or three licks more, mother, I don't think I can behave well yet."

An artist painted a cannon so naturally the other day, that when he finished the touch hole, it went off. A friend accounts for it by saying that it was taken by the sheriff.

A London witness having told the magistrate that he was a penman, was asked in what part of literature he wielded his pen, when he replied that he penned sheep in Smithfield market.

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no henery." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your chickenary."

When you see two young ladies walking with their arms round each other's waists, you may be pretty sure that they have just been ending a quarrel, or are on the point of beginning one.

The man who took our advice has just brought it back again.

"Paying dear for good company," as the rook said when he was put into the pigeon pie.

*A new Name for the Atlantic Cable.*—A loyal haberdasher suggests "The Victoria Tie."

Why is a youth like a church robbed of its Bibles, prayer-books, etc.? He is in a state of pewpilage.

Miss Dobbs says the sweetest line she ever read, was her Simon's name, written in molasses on her front stoop.

"Be collected," as the printer said to the huge batch of old newspaper bills, vat wasn't paid, lying scattered over his desk.

A countryman was dragging a calf by a rope in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him if that was the way he treated a fellow-creature?

Horne Tooke being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied, "I cannot, your majesty, toll a king from a knave."

Dr. Holland, in his new poem, entitled "Bitter-Sweet," makes two of his characters clope in a balloon! The very latest method, that.

When Nicholas talked of Turkey being a "sick man," he knew well enough that the sultan was secretly pledged to Schamyl (sham ill).

An exchange paper asks why the Atlantic cable is like a turnip? Because the thing never was beet. (Chorus of groans from indignant readers.)

Insinuating little boy (to young gent, who is making calls)—"Give us your cigar, mister, wont you? You can hook a whole pocketful at the next house you visit!"

It is reported that a boy in Vermont grows so fast that his clothes are too short before they are put on, and he has lately grown three inches through the crown of his hat.

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

A man boasting in a company of ladies that he had a very luxurious head of hair, a lady present remarked that it was altogether owing to the mellowness of the soil.

"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?" "O, it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

A lot of fellows, teasing a large and fat companion, remarked, that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," he said, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

Sometime ago there might be seen on the window of a dirty shop, in an obscure corner of London, this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beat, and poetry composed on any subject."

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### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

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M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

# BALLOU'S. DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 52.

## ARCHITECTURE OF THE WORLD.



We propose in the following pages to present some notions of architecture, in a popular style, divested of all technicality, making use of our pictorial illustrations for reference. It will be seen that our engravings cover a wide field, starting with the president's mansion at Washington, and closing with a street scene in the gorgeous East. The origin of architecture has formed a theme for many and diverse opinions. That man would form a building to shield him from the weather, before he sought to give it beauty of appearance, is natural enough; but when, and where, and how the transition from convenience to beauty, or the combination of the two, took place, is not so easy to determine; for it was in all probability one of those examples of gradual transition which marks the growth of most of the arts.

Mr. Gwilt observes on this point, that "Protection from the inclemency of the seasons was the mother of architecture. Of little account at its birth, it rose into light and life with the civilization of mankind; and proportionately as security, peace, and good order were established,

it became, not less than its sisters—painting and sculpture—one method of transmitting to posterity the degree of importance to which a nation had attained, and the moral nature of that nation amongst the kingdoms of the earth. If the art, however, be considered strictly in its actual utility, its principles are restricted within very narrow limits; for the mere art, or rather science, of construction has no title to a place among the fine arts. Such is in various degrees to be found among people of savage and uncivilized habits; and until it is brought into a system grounded upon certain laws of proportion, and upon rules based upon a refined analysis of what is suitable in the highest degree to the end proposed, it can pretend to no rank of a high class. It is only when a nation has arrived at a certain degree of opulence and luxury that architecture can be said to exist in it. Hence it is that architecture, in its origin, took the varied forms which have impressed it with such singular differences which, though modified as each country advanced in civilization, were in each so stamped, that the type was permanent, being refined only in a higher degree in

their most important examples." It is an object with some writers to show how the architecture of early nations arose out of the customs which necessity had imposed upon them in the mode of building their huts. Thus Mr. Hope, taking the central plains of Tartary as a starting-point, imagines the roving hordes of that country to have spread themselves by degrees eastward to the country now known as China, and southward to Hindostan. The first of these took with them the tents which form the only houses of the nomadic Tartars; and in the forms of these tents Mr. Hope thinks we can discover the type of the pagoda—the characteristic building of the Chinese; while the second group of wanderers, arriving at a climate hotter than that to which they had been accustomed, dug caves to reside in, which caves became the progenitors of the mighty excavations at Elephanta and Ellora.

Whatever may be thought of the reasonableness of the conclusion, that men would arrive at the ornamental forms of architecture gradually from their first rude dwellings, there must necessarily be much that is fanciful in the attempt to

ment; some evincing a greater and others a less advance in taste and refinement, but all retaining some analogy, bearing upon the same point, and tending to what may be called architectural arrangement. None of those countries, however, nor any other with which we are acquainted, presents anything intended for the personal accommodation of man in the early ages; nor is there anything in the sacred structures that could for a moment induce the idea that the disposition of architecture arose in the construction and composition of domestic buildings. Everything rather leads to the belief that devotion and superstition were the originators, carriers on, and, it may almost be said, perfectors of the science."

The writer just quoted is of opinion that *monoliths* or stone altars were the progenitors of all the temples in all countries. There are many passages in the Bible alluding to the practice of setting up stone pillars, sometimes as altars, and sometimes as memorials of sacred engagements. The single stones which are found standing in many parts of the world, the Cromlechs of Britain and Ireland, the huge stones arranged in



follow the steps of such a progress. Indeed the conclusion itself is disputed by some writers. Thus Mr. Hosking would trace architecture up to religion, rather than to domestic dwellings, as its source. He remarks, "Although it is very probable that men built houses to shelter themselves from the inclemencies of the weather before they constructed temples to the Divinity, yet it must be obvious to all that have studied the early history of the human race in connection with its antiquities, and have considered the analogies afforded by the rude and simple nations of the world at the present time, and particularly by those who occupied the western side of the Americas on the discovery of those continents, that though the art of building may have originated in the personal wants of man, the science of architecture was the result of his devotional feelings and tendencies. In Egypt and in India, in Greece and in Italy, in Gaul and in Britain, in Mexico and in Peru, structures connected with the worship of the Divinity existed, and still exist, of the earliest date, or rather of dates beyond the range of positive chronological arrange-

definite forms at Stonehenge and at Darab, all are regarded by him in much the same character as the stone altars or pillars of the ancient Hebrews; and he thinks that from these rude masses as a starting point, rather than from the huts or houses inhabited by the early nations, the forms of temples were gradually developed. But whatever may be the difference of opinion on these conjectured points, it is agreed on all hands that Egypt displays the most mighty examples of structures which were built ages before Greece and Rome were numbered among the nations of the world; and that all other very ancient structures may be best viewed by comparing them with those of Egypt. The vast monuments of that country will therefore demand a brief notice.

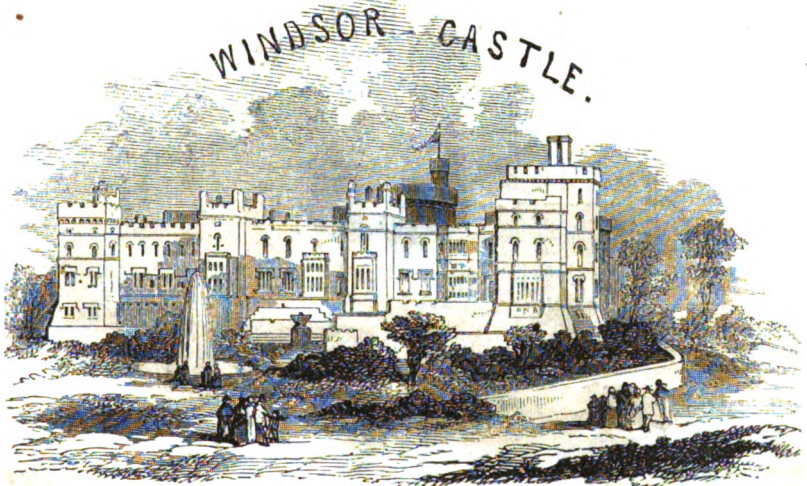
The architectural remains that have attracted so much notice in Egypt, within the last few years, are scattered along both sides of the river Nile, for a distance of perhaps a thousand miles. They consist chiefly of temples, pyramids, obelisks, and monoliths or large single stone pillars. Very discordant opinions have been expressed as to the periods when these various monuments

were built; but it is generally agreed that their construction must have embraced the long period of at least two thousand years—some, situated near the mouth of the Nile, having been constructed after the commencement of the Christian era, while others, high up in the country towards Abyssinia, are believed to have been built nearly two thousand years before the Christian era.

At various points on the western bank of the Nile, extending southward from Grand Cairo to a distance of about seventy miles, are specimens of those wonderful structures the *Pyramids*, objects which present the sublimity of vastness, whatever else may be said of them as objects of architecture. They are many in number, some larger than others, and in various states of preservation; some are built of sun-dried bricks, and some of stone; some have crumbled nearly away by the effects of time and the atmosphere, while others have been pulled piecemeal to supply materials for modern buildings; and others, again, are still in tolerable preservation. Besides those in Egypt, properly so called, there are others in

The pyramids which Americans and Europeans generally visit are those of Jizeh, near Cairo. The group comprises three large ones and several smaller ones, all or most of which are visible from Cairo. The four faces are towards the four points of the compass. Near to them are remnants of causeways, which are supposed to have served as roads for the conveyance of the building materials; and some of them are so vast in their dimensions, as to be little less wonderful than the pyramids themselves.

The greatest of these Jizeh pyramids is that of Cheops. It covers an area of nearly eight hundred feet square. The vertical height, when perfect, was about four hundred and eighty feet; but as some part of the apex has crumbled away, it is now somewhat lower. The sloping height, measured from the middle of one side up to the apex, is about six hundred feet; while the sloping height, measured along one of the edges from a corner of the pyramid, is seven hundred. This vast structure thus covers an extent of more than thirteen acres; each face exposes an



Nubia, much further southward. But wherever situated, they have invariably attracted attention.

With regard to the object of such structure, it has been remarked: "The mound of earth, among nations less advanced in the mechanical arts, appears to occupy the place of the pyramids. In many parts of Europe and in North America, those earliest and most enduring of all monuments still exist, and many of them may perhaps outlive the massy stonework of the pyramids. Such mounds as these are the tombs of the Scythian kings on the banks of the Borysthenes, the great mound at Halyattes near Sardis, and Silbury Hill in Wiltshire, England. Silbury Hill is in the form of a truncated cone: the circumference of the base is two thousand and twenty-seven feet, the diameter of the top one hundred and twenty, the sloping height three hundred and sixteen, and the perpendicular height one hundred and seventy; it covers an area of five acres and thirty-four perches. The practice of raising a great mound over a dead body seems to be almost universal."

area of more than five acres. The solid material in the pyramid is over three million cubic yards.

Sir J. G. Wilkinson ("Modern Egypt and Thebes"), after quoting the account which Herodotus gives of this pyramid, thus speaks of the immense amount of human labor which must have been bestowed on its construction: "We have seen, according to the statement of Herodotus, that one hundred thousand men were employed in the construction of this pyramid, and in cutting and transporting the stones from the Arabian mountains, who were relieved every three months by the same number; and besides the twenty years employed in erecting the pyramid itself, ten more were employed in constructing the causeway, and a considerable time in making the subterranean chambers, and in clearing and levelling the hill on which it stands. This last may also include the nucleus on which it is built. Herodotus says the whole time employed in building the two pyramids was one hundred and six years, without stating how long the third took for its completion; but Pliny only

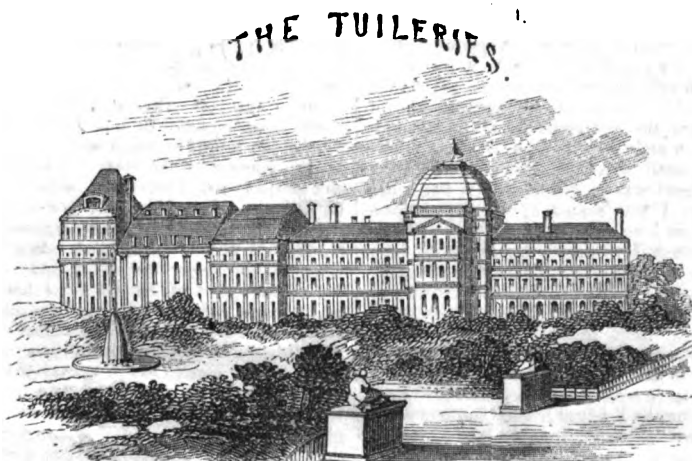


gives seventy-eight years and four months for the whole three. The number of men employed about the great pyramid he reckons at three hundred and sixty thousand, which is forty thousand less than the calculation of the historians, whose one hundred thousand every three months require a total of four hundred thousand men." However discordant may be the number of years expended and of men employed given by the early writers, and even if we take the lowest of the estimates, the stupendous nature of the undertaking cannot fail to excite astonishment.

The second of the Jizeh pyramids, named after Chephren (as the first is after Cheops), is rather smaller in size. The side of the base is about six hundred and eighty feet in length; the perpendicular height about four hundred and fifty; and the sloping height from the middle of one side five hundred and seventy. The angles which the sides bear to each other give to this pyramid a steeper appearance than the others. The first pyramid is built upon a rocky tableland, on a higher level than the surrounding country; but the second is built in a sort of ex-

ings of those who visit the pyramids, says:—"The ascent is by no means difficult, though fatiguing to some unaccustomed to climbing, from the height of the stones, while others ascend with the greatest ease; and I have known one, an officer of the 'Cyclops,' reach the top in eight minutes. Ladies, who are often dragged up rather than assisted by the Arabs, will find a great advantage in having a couple of steps or a footstool, to be carried by the Arabs, and put down where the stones are high, and this would not be less useful in descending than in going up the pyramid. The easiest side (of the great pyramid) to ascend is the east. On the summit is a space about thirty-two feet square."

Mrs. Lushington, a lady who has written an account of an overland journey from India to England, ascended the great pyramid; and her description will convey a good idea of the present state of this huge mass, so far as regards the external stonework. "On my arrival, I saw some persons nearly at the top, and some just commencing the ascent. They were all at the very edge; and certainly their apparently perilous sit-



cavation on a rock somewhat higher, so as to make the bases of the two pyramids almost on a level. The third pyramid is about three hundred and thirty feet along the side of the base, and the height about one hundred and seventy. All the other pyramids at Jizeh are much smaller in size.

These are the pyramids to which the attention of travellers has been more particularly directed. Let us next see in what way the sight of these enormous masses seems to have affected European travellers, and by what means the ascent is made.

It is generally found that the first glance at the pyramids scarcely equals expectation. The atmosphere is so clear, that the angles or edges retain much sharpness of appearance, and this circumstance leads to an impression that the pyramids are smaller bodies at a smaller distance. When the traveller finds, however, that he has still four or five miles to go before he can reach objects which seem close at his feet, his mind begins to appreciate their vastness.

Sir J. G. Wilkinson, speaking of the preced-

nation justified me in the conviction that I never should be able to mount. However, determining to make the attempt, I commenced outside from where the entrance has been formed, and walked along the whole length of one side of the square, about forty feet from the ground, to the opposite corner; the ledge being narrow, and in one place quite broken, it required a long step to gain the next stone. As the pyramid itself formed a wall to the right hand, and consequently an apparent defence, I felt no want of courage till I reached the corner, where the ascent is, in many places, absolutely at the angle, leaving no protection on either side. About this time I began to be heartily frightened; and when I heard one gentleman from above call to me to desist, and another tell me not to think of proceeding, right glad was I to return, and to attribute my want of success rather to their advice than to my deficiency of spirit. Each of the gentlemen, as they descended, told me the difficulty and fatigue were great, and they evidently were heated and tired; but at length, in answer to my question—a hundred times repeated





—of, Do you think I *could* go? they proposed to me to try at least, and kindly offered to accompany me. Away I went, and by the assistance of a footstool at some places, and the aid of the guides, and the gentlemen to encourage me, I succeeded in arriving half way, all the way exclaiming, 'I shall never get down again;' and, indeed, my head was so giddy, that it was some minutes after I was seated at the sitting-stone halfway, before I could recover myself. Being a little refreshed, I resumed the ascent, but the guides were so clamorous that I turned back, finding their noise, and pushing, and crowding, as dangerous as the height. The gentlemen at length brought them to some degree of order, partly by remonstrance and partly by carrying the majority to the top and leaving only two with me. This quiet in some degree restored my head, and my footing, as I advanced, becoming more easy, I reached the summit amidst the huzzas of the whole party. It was a considerable time, however, before I gained confidence to look around, notwithstanding I was on a surface thirty feet square. The prospect, though from so great an elevation, disappointed me. I saw, indeed, an immense extent of cultivated country, divided into fields of yellow flax and green wheat, like so many squares on a chess-board, with the Nile and its various canals which cause their luxuriance, and a vast tract of desert on the other side. I must, however, acknowledge that this scenery I enjoyed in recollection; for I was too anxious how I was to get down, to think of the picturesque."

Belzoni, from having been better able to conquer all sense of timidity, was in a better mood to appreciate the scene which met his glance from the summit of the pyramid, and he describes it in enthusiastic terms: "The scene here is majestic and grand, far beyond description; a mist over the plains of Egypt formed a veil, which ascended and vanished gradually as the sun rose and unveiled to the view the beautiful land once the site of Memphis. The distant view of the smaller pyramids on the south marked the extension of that vast capital; while the solemn end-

less spectacle of the desert on the west inspired us with reverence for the all-powerful Creator. The fertile lands on the north, with the serpentine course of the Nile, descending towards the sea; the rich appearance of Cairo, and its numerous minarets at the foot of the Mokattam Mountain on the east; the beautiful plain which extends from the pyramids to that city; the Nile, which flows magnificently through the centre of the sacred valley, and the thick groves of palm-trees under his eyes—altogether formed a scene of which very imperfect ideas can be given by the most elaborate description."

The pyramids, then, are vast masses of stone or brick, with sides sufficiently sloping and sufficiently jagged with steps to afford in some cases facilities for ascent.

The knowledge obtained of these stupendous monuments is derivable from two sources—the descriptions given by ancient writers, and the explanations made by modern travellers. The former, so far as they may be relied on, relate to the arrangements for building; while the latter relate more fully to the chambers which have been discovered within the pyramids.

Herodotus (as translated in the 'Egyptian Antiquities,') speaks thus of the formation of the pyramids: "The pyramid was made in the following manner, in the form of steps which some call *crosses* (battlements), and others *bomides* (little altars). When they had first built it in this fashion, they raised the remaining stones by machines or contrivances of short pieces of wood. They raised them from the ground to the first tier of steps, and when the stone had ascended to this tier, it was placed on another machine standing on the first row; and from this row it was dragged upon the second row on another machine. As many tiers of stones as there were, so many machines also were there; but according to another account (for I think it right to give both accounts as they were given to me), they transferred the same machine, it being easily moved, from step to step as they raised each stone. The highest parts were accordingly finished first; then the parts next to the highest; and last of all, the parts near the ground and the very bottom."





There is an obscurity about this description; but it is supposed that by "remaining stones" Herodotus alluded to an outer casing of smooth stones, given to the pyramid to remove the step-like appearance which its mode of construction would otherwise exhibit. The stones used in the great pyramid were said by him to be not less than thirty feet in length; but this is now known to be erroneous, the size being much smaller, yet still vast when considered in reference to the height to which they had to be raised. Nine feet in length, six in width, and from two to four in thickness, are said to be very usual dimensions for the larger stones.

If the object were here to treat of pyramids in respect to their antiquity and contents, much fuller details would be called for; but as it is only in respect of their relation to architecture, enough has been said. They can hardly be called architectural at all; since they rather astonish by their vastness than please by their beauty; but they furnish a convenient link between mere masonry as a mechanical operation and architecture as a matter of taste. Mr. Alison, in illustrating the effect of vastness on the mind, brings the pyramids to his aid: "Magnitude in breadth is expressive to us of stability, of duration, of superiority to destruction. Towers, forts, castles, etc., are sublime in consequence of this association.... The pyramids of Egypt are strikingly sublime in point of form, from this expression, as well as from the real knowledge we have of their duration. We are so accustomed to judge of the stability of everything by the proportion of its base, that terms borrowed from this material quality are in every language appropriated to the expression of some of the sublimest conceptions we can form; to the stability of nations, of empires, of the laws of nature, of the future hopes of good men."

The Egyptians were famous for the construction of obelisks, formed generally from single pieces of stone, and covered at the surface with hieroglyphics.

It has been remarked that "of all the works of Egyptian art, which, by the simplicity of their form, their colossal size and unity, and the beauty of their sculptured decorations, excite our wonder and admiration, none can be put in comparison with the obelisks. As lasting records of those ancient monarchs, whose names and titles are sculptured on them, they possess a high historical value, which is increased by the fact that some of the most remarkable of these venerable monuments now adorn the Roman capital. The Cæsars seem to have vied with one another in transporting these enormous blocks from their native soil; and since the revival of the study of antiquities in Rome, the most enlightened of her pontiffs have again erected those which had fallen down and were lying on the ground in fragments."

When we consider that the Egyptian obelisks are formed of a single piece of granite, it is clear that the quarrying and transport must have been matters of great difficulty. One of the modes in which large blocks of granite may be severed from a rock is exemplified by what takes

place in some parts of India at the present day. The quarryman, having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks on it a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated; immediately on which a number of men and women, each provided with a vessel of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, which causes the rock to split with a clear fracture. Blocks of granite eighty feet in length are severed by these means. It is supposed that the ancient Egyptians followed a plan nearly similar to this.

The removal of such a mass from the quarries and the transport down the Nile must have been arduous undertakings. As to the power of floating such a weight, it is obvious that a raft, if strong enough to bear it, might be made large enough to possess the requisite power of flotation. The greatest difficulty lies in conveying the block from the shore to the raft, and from the raft to the shore; but this is possible where there is an unlimited command of men to aid in working the levers and ropes. Belzoni on one occasion brought down the Nile a granite obelisk as large as that in St. George's Fields, London. When the blocks for the Egyptian obelisks were transported from the quarries down the Nile, and chiselled and polished to the proper form, they were raised to the vertical position by ropes and levers worked by a large number of men, in a way which is explicable by those who have attended to the means of removing or lifting great weights.

At Luxor are, or rather were, two beautiful obelisks, of which Sir J. G. Wilkinson thus speaks: "Their four sides are covered with a profusion of hieroglyphics, no less admirable for

the style of their execution than for the depth to which they are cut, which in many instances exceeds two inches. The faces of the obelisks, particularly those which are opposite each other, are remarkable for a slight convexity of their centres, which appears to have been introduced to obviate the shadow thrown by the sun, even when in a line with a plain surface. The exterior angle thus formed by the intersecting lines of direction of either side of the face is about three degrees; and this is one of many proofs of their attentive observation of the phenomena of nature. The westernmost of these two obelisks has been removed by the French, and is the one now in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. Being at Luxor when it was taken down, I observed beneath the lower end on which it stood the names and prenomen of Remeses II., and a slight fissure extending some distance up it; and what is very remarkable, the obelisk was cracked previous to its erection, and was secured by two wooden dove-tailed cramps. These, however, were destroyed by the moisture of the ground, in which the base had become accidentally buried."

The transport of one of these two obelisks to Paris was a very remarkable enterprise. When Napoleon accompanied the French army to Thebes, he was so struck with these magnificent towering masses, that he conceived the idea of sending one of them to France; but his subsequent reverses prevented the idea from being carried out. Thirty years afterwards Charles X. obtained from Mehemet Ali permission to make the transfer, and he and his successor Louis-Philippe, proceeded with the necessary arrangements. A vessel was built of fir and other light wood, strong enough to bear the sea, but shallow enough to descend the Nile and ascend the Seine. The expedition, comprising about one hundred and forty persons, sailed from Toulon in April, 1831, and arrived at Thebes in August of the same year. The difficulties of navigating the vessel up the Nile were very great, and the men suffered much from heat, sandstorms, ophthalmia, cholera, and other visitations of that climate. The officers, on landing at Luxor, superintended the erection of barracks, sheds, and tents; the building of baking-ovens and provision-stores; and the establishment of such arrangements as should ensure the comfort of the men during the operations for the removal of the obelisk.

The obelisk was upwards of seventy feet high, weighed two hundred and forty tons, and was situated twelve hundred feet from the Nile, with a difficult intervening space of ground. The first work was the formation of an inclined plane from the base of the obelisk to the edge of the river, a task which occupied about seven hundred Arabs and Frenchmen for three months.

The obelisk was then cased in wood from top to bottom, to prevent the hieroglyphic sculptures from being injured; and it was safely lowered to the ground by a careful arrangement of cables, anchors, beams and other apparatus. It was lowered on a kind of stage or cradle, and then dragged along the inclined plane by manual labor. The bow end of the ship had been meanwhile cut off in a singular manner, so as to present a wide

mouth into which the obelisk gradually glided, while the ship lay high and dry on the sandy shore of the river. The severed bow of the ship was then adjusted in its proper place, and the obelisk was thus housed for the present.

Although the obelisk was thus placed in the vessel in November, 1831, it was not till August, 1832, that there was sufficient water in the Nile to float it. A period of more than three months elapsed before they reached the mouth of the Nile in safety, after a voyage of great difficulty and tediousness. The voyage from thence to Toulon occupied them, with various delays, till May. But as the land journey from Toulon to Paris (four hundred and fifty miles) is one which would have been insurmountable with the obelisk, the vessel sailed round to Cherbourg, where it arrived in August, 1834, the vessel being towed by a man-of-war all the way from Egypt to Cherbourg. From Cherbourg the vessel was towed to Havre, and from thence by a steamboat up the Seine to Paris. During the year 1835 preparations were made for the obelisk in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, or Place Louis XIV. (for it has had different names at different times); and in the summer of 1836 it was placed in the spot destined for it.

The temples of the ancient Egyptians, of which many mutilated remains exist in Upper and Lower Egypt were vast structures, of a massive style of architecture, and profusely ornamented. Of the Temple of Denderah, in Upper Egypt, Belzoni says: "The front is adorned with a beautiful cornice, and a frieze covered with figures and hieroglyphics, over the centre of which the winged globe is predominant; and the two sides are embellished with compartments of sacrifices and offerings. The columns that support the portico are twenty-four in number, divided into four rows, including those in front. On entering the gate the scene changes, and requires more minute observation. The quadrangle





gular form of the capitals first strikes the eye; each capital consists of four quadrilateral faces, on which are represented a temple with a divinity, under the portico of the sanctuary: under each square face we see a colossal head of Isis with a cow's ears, and the usual head-dress of females on the monuments. There is not one of these heads but is much mutilated, particularly those on the columns in the front of the temple facing the outside; but notwithstanding this disadvantage and the flatness of their form, there is a simplicity in their countenance that approaches to a smile. The shafts of the columns are covered with hieroglyphics and figures, which are in baso-relievo; as are all the figures on the front and lateral walls. The front of the doorway, which is in a straight line with the entrance and the sanctuary, is richly adorned with figures of smaller size than the rest of the portico. The ceiling contains the zodiac, enclosed by two long female figures, which extend from one side to the other of it. The walls are divided into several square compartments, each containing figures representing deities, and priests in the act of offering or immolating victims. On all the walls, columns, ceiling, or architraves, there is nowhere a space of two feet that is not covered with some figures of human beings, animals, plants, emblems of agriculture, or of religious ceremony. Wherever the eyes turn, wherever the attention is fixed, everything inspires respect and veneration, heightened by the solitary situation of the temple, which adds to the attraction of these splendid recesses."

With respect to the character of Egyptian architecture, as objects of artistic effect, Can remarks: "The effect of the Egyptian temples is, in general, imposing; their appearance is magnificent. But this results more from the simplicity of their divisions than from their real magnitude. Some are of opinion that Egyptian architecture may fairly be blamed for being too massive and heavy; but to form a proper judgment, we ought to view the monuments of Egypt in connexion with the *scale* of the country. We ought to see them surrounded by those immense deserts which, presenting no character but monotony and extent, still possess that of

grandeur. In the midst of such localities, it was necessary that the effect of the monuments should be in harmony with them: all small subdivisions would have appeared mean. Those columns of an enormous diameter, those doorways beyond all usual size, and the lofty propylæa, are perfectly in unison with the places which surround them. In fact, their uniformity of nature explains, still better than the unchangeable rules of Egyptian religion, the general resemblance in character which we observe in the edifices of this country."

The result of investigations in Mexico and Central America has been to bring to light the existence of pyramids, having a larger base than any of those in Egypt, though not of so great a height. One such is the pyramid of Cholula; the base of which is more than fourteen hundred feet square, and having a height of nearly two hundred: it consists of eight graduated square towers, rising one above another, and terminating at the top in a kind of sanctuary. It has been remarked that this pyramid, thus constructed of several towers one above another, "exhibits a singular identity with the model of the Temple of Belus, described by Herodotus, and which, by many scholars, has been considered to be the scriptural Tower of Babel." Another vast memorial consists of a pyramid tower or temple at Xochicalco, which consisted of five stories, and had four terraces; its sides were ornamented with rude bas reliefs, the figures of which were about four feet high. Some of the pyramids appear to have been not only temples, but contained sepulchral chambers and apartments for the priests; they had also descended galleries leading down into caverned recesses or halls, used probably either for religious mysteries or as depositories for treasure.

Mr. Prescott, in his 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' makes the following remarks on the temples of this district:—"The Mexican temples were called *Teocalli*, or *Houses of God*, and were very numerous. There were several hundred in each of the principal cities, many of them, doubtless, very humble edifices. They were solid masses of earth, brick, or stone, and in their form somewhat resembled the pyramid

structures of ancient Egypt. The bases of many of them were several hundred feet square, and they had staircases leading from the base to the summit, on which stood the temple with altars, on which fires were kept as unextinguishable as those in the Temple of Vesta. There were said to be six hundred of these altars, in smaller buildings, within the enclosure of the great Temple of Mexico, which, with those in the sacred edifices in other parts of the city, shed a brilliant illumination over its streets through the darkest nights. From the construction of their temples, all religious services were public. The long processions ascending their massive sides, as they rose higher and higher towards the summit, and the dismal rites of the sacrifice performed there, were all visible from the remotest corners of the capital, impressing on the spectators' mind a superstitious veneration for the mysteries of religion, and for the dread ministers by which they were interpreted."

There are doubtless other countries which might engage a little of our attention in respect to the early forms of architecture there adopted; but it will be better to proceed at once to that important region which has done more than any other to stamp a character and value on the Fine Arts, viz., Greece. By the general sanction of all Europe, the temples of Greece and the sculptures with which those temples were adorned, are regarded as the finest models of the two great branches of art to which they relate. Politics may change, wars and tumults may succeed each other, commerce may spread, the national religion of a nation may undergo modification; but these temples and these sculptures—mutilated and time-worn as most of them are—still occupy the first rank, as they ever have done.

The consideration of Greek architecture has given rise to a large variety of inquiries, many of which are far from being yet satisfactorily answered. What are the qualities which render the temples of Greece so universally admired? Were those qualities the result of accident, or were there any principles of beauty recognized and systematically acted on by the Greek architects? Did the Greeks take a monolith altar, or a wooden hut, or an excavated cave, as the type from whence their first temples sprang; or were their temples copied from temples erected elsewhere; and if so, to what country did they owe their model? If the Greek temples were so beautiful and so perfect, does it not follow that buildings in our own age should be copied from them; and if any conditions should be attached to this imitation, what are those conditions? These are some among the many questions which architects and men of taste are canvassing, and on which a good deal of diversity of opinion prevails; but it is only by a candid interchange of thought that such problems can be solved; and the very circumstance of attention being so strongly directed to the matter, is a proof of the value attached to it.

Notwithstanding the research which has been made into the antiquities and history of Greece, in this direction,

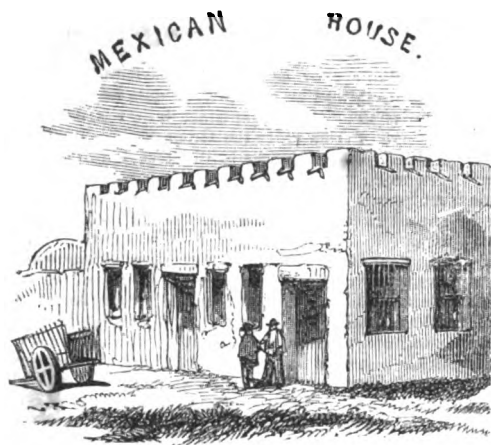
scarcely anything has been determined as to the origin of the styles, or the period of the building, of the earliest Greek buildings. It is at about a period of six or seven centuries before Christ, that anything like certainty of date begins to be admissible. From that time, however, down to the age of Alexander the Great and his immediate successors, was the brilliant period of Greek art, when those buildings were erected, and those sculptures worked, which still remain to claim the admiration of mankind. When the Romans began to exercise power in Greece, the chief characteristics of the Greek architecture were gradually departed from, partly by a misuse of those rules which the Greeks seem to have adopted, and partly by the introduction of new and important features unknown to the Greeks. Although it is known that the brilliant era in Greek history, when wealth, power, and art had all assumed a lofty position, lasted from about the sixth to the third or fourth centuries before Christ, yet scarcely a vestige remains of the palaces or houses of the Greek cities, nor anything, in fact, except the temples. The same would be true of Roman architecture were it not that besides the splendid temples, circuses, baths and aqueducts that remain to us, we have, in Pompeii and Herculaneum, the buried cities, perfect specimens of the houses, workshops and palaces of the Latin people.

During a period of several centuries, after the better days of Roman architecture had begun to decline, and before the establishment of Pointed or Ecclesiastical Architecture, the structures built throughout Europe exhibited a strange mixture of different elements. Nothing like the unity of purpose observable in the ancient Greek, or in the later (so called) Gothic, was to be found; but in most cases an incongruous assemblage of scraps and fragments, comprising something that was Roman with a good deal that was new. This new portion was in some instances acceptable; but the greater part of the new additions were deteriorations from pure taste; perhaps the best was that established by the Saracens or Moors. These variations may be classified as the Byzantine, Mohammedan and Romanesque styles of architecture.

In the early Christian countries, as in the

## CUBAN PLANTERS HOUSE.





ancient Greek, the chief application of architecture was to buildings devoted to religion. Constantine was influenced by deeply religious feelings in his proceedings at the new seat of empire; and it is not surprising that cathedrals and churches should have attracted a large measure of his attention. He did not, however, limit his exertions to that object, for he speedily covered Byzantium with a vast mass of splendid buildings, giving it the name of Constantinople, the "city of Constantine." A circus, a hippodrome, a forum, palaces, triumphal arches, public baths, all speedily arose, and he adorned them with the choicest fragments yet obtainable from the ancient structures. His zeal was, however, so indiscriminating, that he destroyed many ancient temples and statues, much to the regret of later ages.

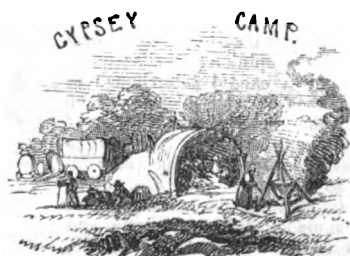
Until the time of Constantine, temples or religious buildings were mostly built quadrangular; while a form more or less pyramidal or conical was often adopted from tombs. When a circular or domed building, such as the Pantheon at Rome, was constructed, the dome rested on the top of a circular wall, which thus afforded a sufficient support. But the Byzantine style, as gradually established by Constantine and his successors, was characterized by a remarkably bold employment of the dome or cupola, without any supporting wall beneath: the support being afforded by pillars or columns. The Byzantine architects, in adopting the cupola, inscribed it in the centre of a square, having slight projections at the four sides, and forming in plan the figure of a Greek cross; that is, a cross with four equal arms. Of the immense number of churches built by Constantine and his successors, more or less in this style, none now remain but the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and the church of St. Vitale at Ravenna, an Italian city which was under the dominion of the Greek emperors during a long period.

St. Sophia still remains at Constantinople, but sadly shorn of its glory. It has been despoiled of nearly all its valuables, and is now used as a Mohammedan mosque. "Such has been, and such is at the present day," says M. Batissier, "the celebrated cathedral of Justinian. Improv-

erished and naked, this temple may yet, perhaps, one day recover some of its splendor; Christianity may yet one day again display the magnificence of its worship. Who knows but that the event noticed in the Turkish legend may be realized in the future? When the Mohammedans became masters of Constantinople, says this legend, Mohammed II. entered Santa Sophia on horseback; the Christians were assembled at prayer, and a priest was celebrating mass. The people, struck with terror, dispersed; and the officiating priest, quitting the altar, hastily made his escape. Scarcely had he gone out when the door by which he had escaped became suddenly blocked up by a wall of stones. When the Christians, continues the legend, shall again retake Constantinople, this door will open by itself, and the priest will come forth again to finish his mass." The Mohammedan style of architecture differed from the Byzantine, and was characterized by quaint devices and florid ornaments. Until the time of Mohammed, the Arabs had made but a very small progress in civilization: so much of their country is occupied by desert, that the tents of a roving tribe have been always the chief homes among them; while the inhabitants of towns, in the more hospitable regions, contented themselves with a very humble and even mean sort of structure. When, however, Mohammed and his successors took arms, and proceeded to promulgate their religion by the edge of the sword, the Arabians or Saracens were brought into contact with nations more polished than themselves; and this intercourse showed its consequences in architecture among other things.

When the sovereignty of the caliphs was established, they sought the aid of all the science and art which Constantinople—still a Christian city—could afford. Astronomers, mathematicians, linguists, grammarians, physicians, architects, all were invited from Constantinople to settle in the Saracen cities, and all seem to have been received in a very liberal spirit. Even when a Mohammedan dynasty had been established in Spain, so far from the central seat of empire, a Byzantine architect was employed in the construction of some of the buildings at Cordova.

Mr. Hope has traced and pointed out the characters in Mohammedan architecture as following those previously adopted at Constantinople. After alluding to the wide extent of kingdoms and countries between India and Spain, he says: "While in some of the various and distant countries here named we observe, previous to the





adoption of Islamism, the slightest approach to those inventions, the pride and stay of architecture—the arch and the cupola—in all of them alike, in the very first settling in them of Mohammedans, we see these noble features immediately appearing, from the application of Greek skill, in the full maturity of form they had attained among themselves. Indeed, in every Moslem dominion which continued to flourish during a sufficient period, we even see the arch and the vault keep pace in their further developments and changes with those which they experienced at the fountain-head; as the pointed, the depressed, the scalloped, nay, the horse-shoe arch, successively, gained favor at Constantinople and the rest of the Greek empire; and thence, also, in the cities of Italy connected with that empire by trade or by vassalage, each successively prevailed. In like manner, in the various regions under Mohammedan rule, and throughout India, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain; at Agra, at Ispahan, at Damascus, at Cairo, at Tripoli, at Tunis, at Fex, and at Granada; in mosques and in medrasses, in palaces and in pavilions, in bazaars and in bridges, in the sepulchre of Mohammed at Mecca, as in the tomb of the Holy Virgin at Jerusalem, or the Hall of Saladin at Cairo, we already find the arch, not only with the double curve forming the ogive sharpness in the centre, but the low-spreading at the sides, which we consider, in the north of Europe, as the last modification of the pointed style. This ogive arch seems even to have become, and lately to have remained, with the Mohammedans of India, a favorite almost exclusive. In Spain, on the other hand, the horse-shoe arch became the universal favorite, was employed in all the later Moorish buildings, and from these again became imitated, still later, by the Christians in their neighborhood.”

As specimens of the oriental style of architecture, we refer the reader to the last engraving embraced in this article, a “street scene in Hindostan,” which embraces a great variety of detail, and also to the picture of the “Russian Cathedral of Moscow,” which is based on the Mohammedan style of architecture. The “Russo-Greek church at Bucharest, Moldavia,” depicted in another engraving, is an unique building, and can scarcely be referred to any particular style.

The Romanesque architecture, which, as its name indicates, was based upon the Roman, preceded the Gothic architecture, which, with various modifications, has been the ecclesiastical style for many centuries of the Christian era. There are various styles of Gothic architecture, each having something to recommend it. Some Gothic buildings are very plain, others loaded with ornamental carvings within and without.

To go into a detailed history of architecture, would require volumes, and a mere enumeration of the different styles would occupy a very extended space. Contenting ourselves with the general outline we have sketched, let us now glance at some of the engravings to which we have not alluded. The first represents the president's house at Washington, universally known as the “White House.” It is a spacious but unpretending building, suited to the republican simplicity of our form of government, and is situated one mile from the capital. It is of free-stone, 170 feet long and 86 feet deep, ornamented on its north front, facing Lafayette square, with a portico of four Ionic columns. The garden front on the south, has a circular colonnade of six Ionic columns.

The President's house certainly affords a striking contrast to the Emperor's palace at St. Petersburg, a representation of which follows it. This is a vast pile of building, large enough to accommodate the population of a good-sized town. The architecture of the city in which it stands is very fine. Russia always has been dependent on foreign countries for her architecture; and until the last century all or most of the buildings were more or less in the Byzantine style. Recently, however, St. Petersburg has become quite a city of marble palaces; and it now displays a large number of magnificent buildings, some of which call for notice here.

On the southern or left bank of the river Neva is a continuous range of handsome buildings; and the quays and streets generally are on a magnificent scale. For instance, a street called the Nevskoi Prospekt is nearly three miles long; another called the Great Prospekt is two miles long; and eight others are upwards of a mile long each; all of these are from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet in width. A writer, in speaking of one of these streets, says: “The Nevskoi Prospekt is confessedly the finest street of St. Petersburg; and its length is enormous considered with regard to the extent of the city. It may be described as a long and wide street, in which a line of trees on each side separates the foot-path from the carriage-way. The houses, which adjoin each other instead of standing apart, as at Moscow, have their fronts covered with stucco, often ornamented with columns,







pilasters, and bas reliefs. The elevation of the houses does not so much arise from the number of stories as from their height; so that a house of three stories at St. Petersburg is as high as one of four or even five in London. The basements of most of the houses are occupied as shops, even when persons of distinction reside in the upper stories."

The public buildings of the city, together with the royal palaces, and the mansions of the nobles, are mostly in the revived classical or Græco-Roman style, erected principally from designs of Italian architects; the style as adopted, though often magnificent, is considered by many critics to be better adapted for the bland climate of Italy than for the rigors of a Russian winter. The southern bank of the Neva, where many of these buildings are situated, has been formed into a fine granite quay for a distance of two miles—a magnificent work, which will ever redound to the credit of the sovereign, Catherine II., who caused it to be constructed. Foot pavements, parapet walls, flights of steps leading down to the water, and semi-circular seats, all of granite, serve to make this quay one of the finest terraces in Europe. In the centre of this quay is a large pile of building comprising the Admiralty; eastward of this is a portico called the Quay of the Court; and westward of it is the portion called the English Quay, so named because it is chiefly occupied by houses of the wealthy English merchants.

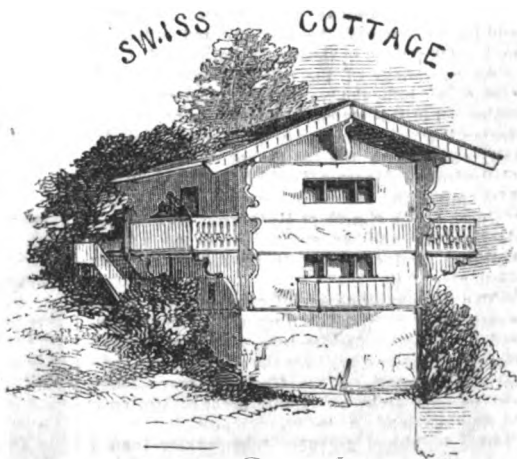
The Admiralty is a pile of vast extent. It extends along the river for a distance of nearly half a mile; while the two sides, running at right angles with the river, are between six and seven hundred feet long each. The building is surrounded with broad gravel walks planted with trees; and several fine streets branch off from the walks thus formed. In the centre of one façade is a tower, with a delicately-tapering gilt steeple; but there are near it many emblematic figures executed in plaster, which detract greatly from its otherwise fine effect. The building comprises much more than we are in the habit of

associating with the word "Admiralty," for it encloses a dock-yard, school-rooms for naval cadets, and all the offices and establishments connected with the royal marine.

The Winter Palace, one of the most gigantic buildings in Europe, has been burnt down within a few years, and another one built in its place; but we will here speak of the former one. This immense pile is said to have been the largest palace in Europe, being three times as large as the royal palace of Austria, and twice as large as that of Naples. It formed nearly a complete square, with the angles towards the four points of the compass. The façades presented no great unity of design, for each story possessed a different order from the others. On entering within, visitors from the western countries were usually struck with the small doors, and the narrow and awkward staircases. One of the buildings formed the Imperial Chapel, the walls, roof and screen of which presented one mass of gilding. Another was the Hall of St. George, where the emperor gave audience in solemn state to foreign ambassadors; this was a noble room, but furnished in bad taste. Another room was the Gallery of the Generals, the walls of which were filled with portraits of all the distinguished officers who served Russia during the French war; they were all painted by an English artist, Mr. Dawe. From this gallery entrance was obtained to another called the Field-Marshal's Saloon, containing portraits of the higher officers in the Russian service. Another room of gigantic dimensions was the White Hall, the only decoration of which were groups of military standards in plaster of Paris, arranged over Russian stoves of earthenware. From the description of those who have obtained admission into this palace, it seems to have been on the whole more remarkable for vastness than for beauty.

Another of the royal residences at St. Petersburg is the Marble Palace, which was built by Catherine II. Outwardly it preserves some remains of its former splendor, but within it is a heap of ruins. The basement story is of granite, but the two succeeding stories are of grayish marble, with red columns and pilasters.

The Hermitage is another royal palace. It is





connected with the Winter Palace by several covered galleries, and forms a sort of continuation of that vast building. The principal façade faces the Neva, and consists of three distinct parts, the work of three different architects. The first of these, which is united to the Winter Palace, and somewhat similar to it in style, was built by Lamotte about 1765; the central part was commenced by Velten in 1775; the third part consists of a theatre, which is joined to the rest of the building by a bridge and covered gallery. "It was in this palace," it has been remarked, that Catherine II. resided, and frequently casting aside the robes of royalty with the etiquette of a court, condescended to receive her subjects as her equals. She gathered around her in this retreat those who were most distinguished for their talents and learning. Her agents were sent into every state of Europe to collect objects of worth and rarity. She laid the foundation of that gallery which is now almost without a rival in Northern Europe." The gallery here alluded to is a beautiful collection of more than fifteen hundred pictures by the first masters.

Windsor Castle, the residence of Queen Victoria, is a picturesque building in the fortified Gothic style. The French royal palace, the Tuileries, is cumbersome in architecture, but imposing in its vast extent. The ground occupied by this palace was formerly called la Sablonnière. Manufactories of tiles (*Tuileries*) were established here, and the name remained. In the 14th century the property was owned by Pierre des Essarts, who gave it to the hospital of the Quinze-Vingts. Nicolas de Neuville had a country house there in the 16th century. The mother of Francis I. came here to enjoy fresh air, and persuaded her son to purchase it in exchange for his estate of Chanteloup. She was soon dissatisfied with it, and made a present of it to Jean Tiercelin, one of her grandson's officers. Finally, when the queen, Catherine de Medicis, widow of Henry II., left the palace of Tournelles and took up her abode in the Louvre, she purchased the Tuileries, and commanded Philibert Delorme to build her a palace on the site. The illustrious architect set to work in 1564.

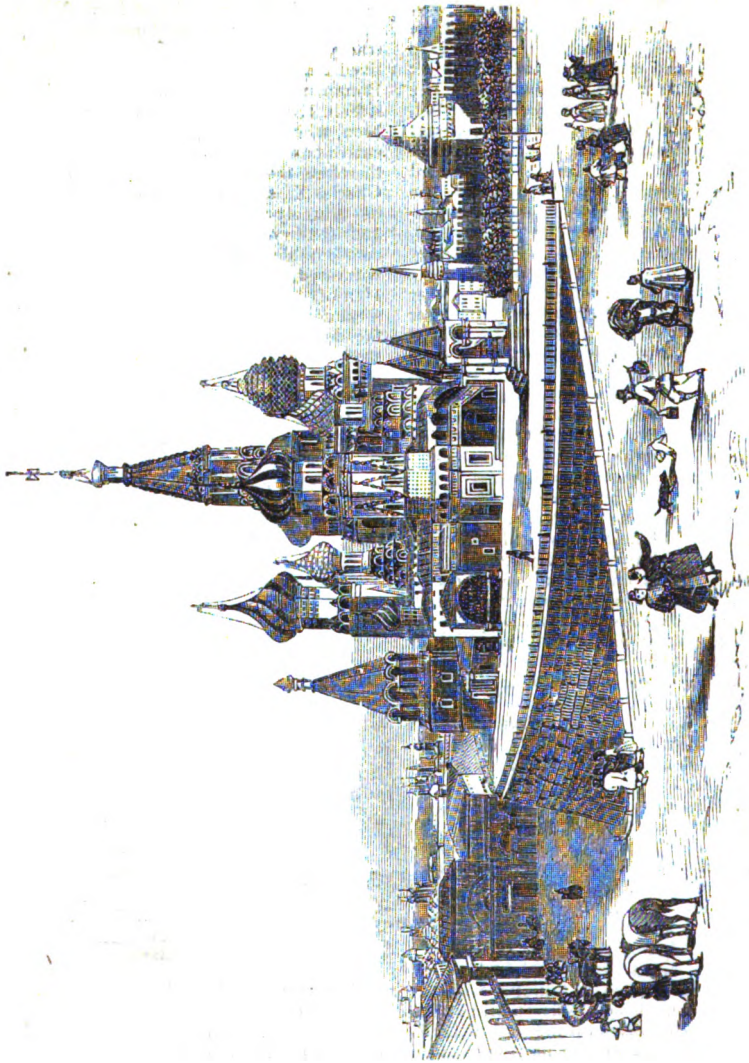
A large portion of the present building is of that date. Henry IV. made additions to it, but the building was not completed till the time of Louis XIV. Each architect seems to have worked on a plan of his own, with scarcely any reference to those of his predecessors, so that the general aspect of the Tuileries has neither unity nor originality, and, with the exception of some elegant details, vastness is the only merit that can be conceded to it. It is generally supposed, from its being a royal residence, that the interior of the Tuileries must present an aspect of unexampled splendor, and the visitor is surprised to find the apartments so inferior to the magnificence of Fontainebleau or Versailles. The truth is that Catherine de Medicis and her sons never lived in the Tuileries, that it was only a transient residence for Henry IV., that Louis XIII., when he was in Paris, principally lived in the Louvre, and that, under Louis XIV., the Tuileries was the habitation of Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston, and afterwards of Monsieur.

The Tuileries only began to be the royal resi-

dence under the minority of Louis XV., and this king, as soon as he was master of his actions, transported his court to Versailles. Louis XIV. lived there only after October 5, 1789. Finally Bonaparte, the First Consul, took possession of it Feb. 1, 1800, and since then the palace has been, without interruption, the seat of the executive power. The memories attached to it are, therefore, those of Napoleon, of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, and the Tuileries has scarcely a place in the political history of the 18th century. On the other hand, it has played a considerable part in the French revolutions. It witnessed, under Louis XVI., the day of the 10th of August, 1793. At that time it sustained a cannonade, and some balls were lodged in the façades. The commune ordered them to be left there, and inscribed round each of them the words "tenth of August." They were removed seven years afterwards, by order of the First Consul, at the same time that two liberty-trees were planted in the courtyard.



As you enter the palace by the clock-tower, from the courtyard, you find on the left, under the vestibule, the apartments of the basement, usually occupied by the queen, and princes of the royal family. On the right is a guard-room, and further on, on the same side, a straight staircase, built by Mr. Fontaine under Louis Philippe, in the place of the beautiful staircase built by Leveau and d'Orbay, under Louis XIV. This stairway opens directly on the Chapel. On the same side is a hall for the Council of State, and in the rear a theatre. The chapel was repaired by Napoleon I. It is ornamented with two orders of columns in stucco and stone, forming a range of tribunes on three sides of the first story. The imperial tribune is opposite the altar over which the orchestra is placed. The principal decoration of this chapel is the ceiling, which represents the entrance of Henry IV. into Paris. The "Hall of the Marshals" contains full length portraits of a large number of the marshals of France, and many busts of celebrated generals. The Throne-Room is hung with Gobelin tapestry.



RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL AT MOSCOW

The Gallery of Diana is lighted from the courtyard. It is ornamented with Gobelin tapestries, representing episodes in the life of Louis XIV., and eight small pictures representing episodes in the life of Louis XVI. There are also two Egyptian vases six feet high. The private apartments look out on the garden, and are entered by the staircase of the pavilion of Flora. They are composed of an ante-chamber serving as a guard-room, a dining-room called the Blue Saloon, the emperor's private cabinet, a second cabinet, a bed-chamber and a dressing-room. The first of these apartments has a painted ceiling, executed under the first empire, and representing Mars making a tour of the globe, and marking each month by victories. In the basement were the queen's apartments, inferior in decoration and furniture to more than one Parisian hotel. Among the numerous em-

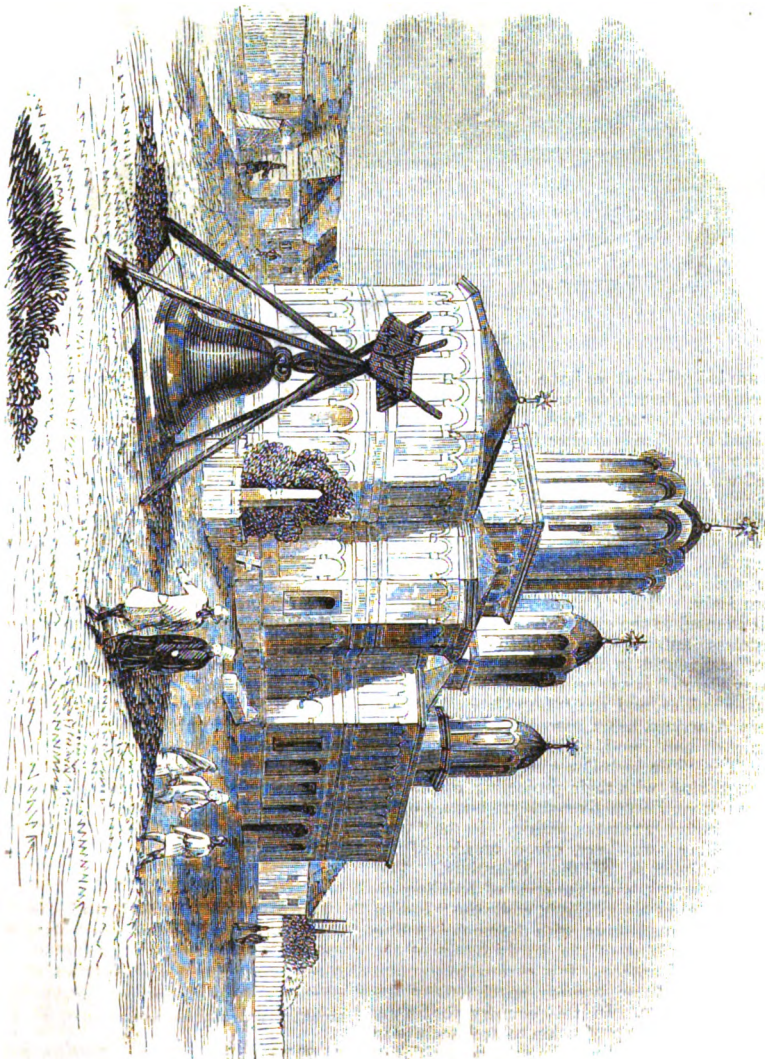
bellishments added by Louis Napoleon, is the empress's room, which is splendidly decorated and fitted up. The wing of the Tuileries running along the quay upon the Louvre, is entirely occupied on the second story by the Picture Gallery. Below are barracks. In the Marsan parlor, on the Rue de Rivoli, the late Duchess of Orleans resided in the reign of Louis Philippe. The hotel and offices of the ministers of state occupy a gallery built by Napoleon I. The garden of the Tuileries was laid out by Le Notre. It is filled with trees, shrubs, fountains, statues and vases. Many of these statues of bronze are modelled on celebrated antiques, such as the Crouching Venus, the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, the Antinous, Venus de Medicis, Diana, etc., but there are many original works by French artists. The Rev. Mr. Prime says of the Tuileries: "How many strange and fearful, as well

as brilliant spectacles have been witnessed within these walls! The gayest courts have revelled here, and the mob again and again filled it with violence and blood. It has been a hospital for wounded soldiers, and the Republic determined to make it an asylum for invalid workmen. It is fresh in our memory when Louis Philippe and his family fled from these splendid halls, and the mob rushed in and feasted in its banquet-rooms, and emptied its wine vaults. Marie Antoinette reigned in the apartments where we are passing. We now go through the private library of Louis Philippe, and into the royal bed-chambers, and through numerous apartments into the chamber where Louis XVIII. died, and thence onward to the throne-room. On a platform raised one or two steps, is a chair with the initials of the emperor wrought upon it in gold. The throne of Louis Philippe was pitched out of the window

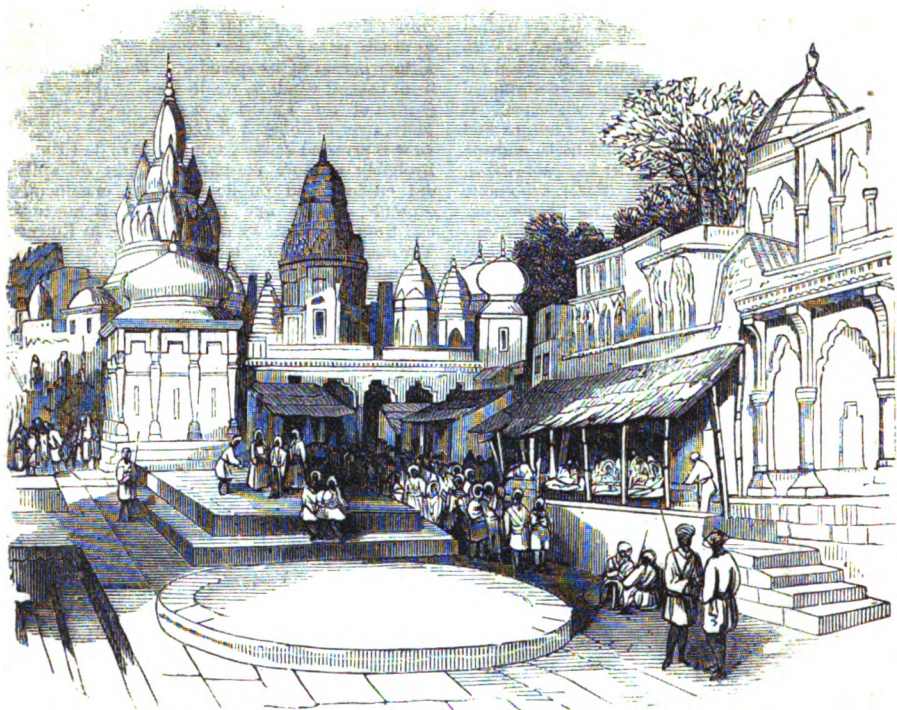
and burned in the Place de La Bastille. Then comes the ball-room, 140 feet long, the scene of as much gaiety in the present reign as in any former period of its splendor. Standing in the front central window, we look away through the garden of the Tuileries, across the Champ de Mars, over the obelisk of Luxor, till the splendid view is arrested at the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile. Probably a more magnificent sight of splendid edifices and public buildings, ornamented grounds, statues and monuments, is not to be had from the windows of any palace in Europe. Yet one feels, as he looks out upon its beauty, blooming under the skies of peace, that a single year may behold the same convulsions which have so often shaken Paris to its centre. Uneasy is the head on which now rests the imperial crown."

We have seen with what architectural pomp

RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH AT BOCHAROFF, WALLACHIA.







STREET SCENE IN HINDOSTAN.

kings are lodged—but we have devoted some of our pictures to the representation of the dwellings of the poor. Yet the “Irish Cabin” and the “Lapland Huts” may shelter far happier hearts than the proud “Tuileries,” or the “Feudal Castle” whose towers meet our eye on the following page. The “Arabian Tent” is a specimen of the primitive dwellings which first sheltered men, and which are the only homes of the nomadic tribes. The “Italian Residence” shows us the style of a vast number of buildings in modern Italy. The “Cuban Planter’s House” is well adapted to the climate he lives in. Utterly tasteless and repellant is the “Mexican House,” delineated in another engraving. The “Gipsy Camp” is suggestive of pleasant woodland associations, and the “Log Cabin” is dear to every American heart, associated as it is with souvenirs of hardihood, gallantry and true manhood. The “Turkish Dwellings” shown in another engraving, with their projecting upper stories, are not very attractive without, but are often comfortable and luxurious within. In the “Chinese Dwelling” we have given an idea of the quaint architecture of the Celestials. The “Swiss Cottage” shows the style of building almost universal in Switzerland, while the “Indian Lodge” of painted skins, with the smoke curling from the top, tells us of the hardy habits of the wild children of nature. It is curious to contrast in one view, all these various specimens of domestic architecture. In this country for many years we made little pretension to architecture in our edifices. For a long time the necessities of

life rendered any attention to the arts impossible. The great task of felling the forests, draining the lands, establishing churches, schools and a form of government, occupied every moment of time which the colonists had at their disposal. Afterwards, the want of cultivated taste led to cumbersome public and private edifices. Whatever buildings possessed any beauty or merit, were modelled directly on some similar building in the old world. As wealth increased a better style was first manifested in private buildings; many of the old mansions in the vicinity of Boston are still picturesque and agreeable to the eye, because constructed on immutable principles. It is only quite lately that a taste for architecture has been generally diffused. Men, other than mere builders have been employed to plan churches, dwelling-houses, and public halls, and now every city and large town can boast of beautiful architectural ornaments. Yet there is a lack of originality still manifest. The success of our countrymen in the other fine arts makes us hope that they may yet distinguish themselves in the department of architecture.

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[ORIGINAL.]

## AD ABSOUTHS.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

We sat in the dying light,  
Which faded mid the gloom,  
As it crept in silence through  
That quaint and ancient room.

And the fire it rose and fell,  
With a strangely blended glow,  
As the curtains, swaying, moved  
Soft rustling, faint and low.

With the world of light without,  
The world of care within  
Seemed fading, like the light,  
In shadows faint and dim.

We thought of years that had passed:  
Like waves they seemed to be,  
Which roll from the shores of time,  
Into the eternal sea;

As they bear the hopes of youth,  
A freight of joy and pain,  
As ships in the distance fade,  
But ne'er come back again.

We thought as our paths had now  
Together seemed to blend,  
Where perchance again they'd meet,  
And where at last would end.

We gazed through the deepening gloom,  
With longings undefined;  
While our lips refused to speak  
The voices of the mind.

Yet we clasped each other's hands,  
And breathed an earnest prayer,  
That our hearts might still be strong,  
Our skies might yet be fair.

And we parted when the night  
Gave up its solemn reign,  
And o'er all the rosy east  
The flames of morning came.

But my soul felt not the light,  
As marching to the tomb:  
It's passing through the vestibule,  
In silence and in gloom.

[ORIGINAL.]

## The Lone Tent of the Colorado.

## A ROMANCE OF TEXAN LIFE.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

It was a lonely place on the banks of the Colorado—that in which Mark Graham had stopped his cumbersome emigrant wagon, and pitched the white tent that had so often served for a shelter during his long and toilsome journey to the Southwest. As far as human ken could sweep, stretched a wild region of country,

where the hungry wolf prowled amid the deep shadows, cast by tangles of grape-vines and Spanish moss, and the serpent went rustling through the tall cane-brake, and the fiercest birds of prey swooped and screamed among the great trees; but no settler's cabin—nay, not even an Apalachee watch-fire was to be seen. And yet, Mark Graham's daughter stood regarding the prospect with a stern satisfaction.

"You like this, Margaret?" said the old man, turning towards her as her glance roved over the dismal landscape—her large and strangely sorrowful gray eyes kindling with a sudden gleam, her thin hands nervously threading the chestnut hair, which blew in tangled masses about her face.

"Like it?" she echoed; "O, yes—yes! I suits me a thousand times better than any other spot I have seen in our wanderings. Not a house for miles and miles around—the solitude will be unbroken, save by a chance trapper, or a remnant of some Indian tribe, people as savage as we are growing! Why, 'tis just the place for such outcasts as we, father!"

There was a wild but mournful vehemence in her manner, which touched the old man's heart.

"O, my God!" he groaned; "a year—a little year ago, I could not have dreamed we should ever have been driven to seek such a refuge!"

For an instant, the blood surged over his daughter's pale face in a crimson torrent; her lip quivered, her breath came in short and sudden gasps. Then, with a strong effort, she regained the mastery, and replied in an unwavering tone:

"Neither could I, father; but since it is so, we must meet Fate boldly—make the best of loneliness and privation—yes, even den like the wolves we hear howling yonder, if need be."

"And Margaret," continued the old man, "do you really think we had better unlade our wagon, and try and make ourselves a home in these wilds?"

"I do indeed. I begin to tire of the life we have led, of late; I want some resting-place."

"Well, well, child—be it as you wish. I see the propriety of what you say, and will go and tell Jake our decision."

And while the old man hurried off to the gray-haired negro who was busy with the jaded horses, Margaret made the aromatic coffee so grateful to the weary emigrant, and drew forth from a portmanteau the corn-bread and honey they had procured, at the last cabin at which they had stopped.

A few moments later, the three gathered around the camp-fire to take their evening meal. As they sat there, in the strong lurid glow, they formed a most striking group. Mark Graham

had been a man of stately presence; but now his stalwart frame was bowed, not with age, as our readers will yet see, but by a heart heavier than the nether millstone. There were deep lines of care in his once proud face, and the hair, sweeping back from the hollow temples, was white as snow.

Traces of rarest beauty were still visible on Margaret's countenance, and a queen might have envied the graceful dignity of her bearing; but the shadow on her white brow—the large, red eyes—the convulsive working of her features, now and then, told of some great grief. And Jake, though evidently bent on keeping a placid exterior, had a troubled eye and a restless lip.

Their supper over, Mark Graham stretched himself out upon a blanket, and fell asleep. When the sound of his heavy breathing told that his senses were indeed wrapped in slumber, Margaret beckoned the negro to her side.

"Well, missus, what you want of old Jake?" he whispered.

"Unlade the wagon," replied the girl; "unlade it to-night."

"Well now, missus, I jes as liv do dat ar as not, but I can't tink you'll stop here longer'n than till the mornin'. You'll be for moving on by dat time."

"No, no, Jake—we are going to settle down, at last. Do as I tell you."

"Sartin—sartin, missus. You go right to bed, and I'll get everyting onpacked 'fore you wakes up."

Margaret Graham shook her head.

"There will be no rest for me to-night, Jake," she said, in a somewhat tremulous voice; "I have something to fulfil. Listen! you will find in the wagon a large black trunk—bring it to me!"

"What! here by de fire?"

"No, into the tent yonder." And she glided away to the place she had designated.

Ten minutes afterward, the trunk was set before her. She motioned Jake to retire, and then, trembling all over, unlocked it and began to examine its contents. And what were they? Relics of other and brighter days, when the dew of youth glittered on the unfolding petals of her heart, and all around her life-path lay freshness, and bloom, and beauty. There was all the varied paraphernalia which goes to make up a young girl's wardrobe—rich robes, jewels that flashed with rainbow hues, as the torchlight struck upon them, the bright plumes of tropic birds, and gloves small enough to have fitted a fairy hand—and these she tossed carelessly aside; but over a mass of drapery, crowded into one corner, Margaret Graham wept and sobbed like

a child. It was a snow-white robe—a bridal robe—and as she unrolled it, she found among its folds a ring which had once been the seal of betrothal vows, a bunch of withered pansies, and a miniature painted in ivory, and set in an exquisite frame-work of gold. The picture was that of a man in life's earliest prime, with a high, pale brow, shaded by wavy masses of ebony hair, a well-cut, finely-chiselled mouth, and large, dark eyes so full of thought and feeling, that the lady's tears gushed forth afresh, as she gazed into their clear depths.

"O, Hubert—Hubert!" she murmured, brokenly; "I have tried to give you up, but God knows you are yet dear to me—all too dear for my own peace!" And with a wild, wailing cry, she sank down on the cold rock which formed the floor of the tent, and abandoned herself to the terrible storm of grief that came sweeping over her.

In that hour, thought went back to pleasant trysts beneath the lindens which shaded the roof of her early home—to sails on the throbbing sea, and long rambles where blue bells of the forget-me-not swung in the summer breeze, and the mountain-brook seemed singing love-songs—to all the scenes associated with Hubert Remington. At length, however, she sprang up, and smiting her pale brow, cried:

"I must not stay here alone with Memory! If I do, I shall go mad!" And she started out into the open air.

The howl of the wolf no longer rose from the rustling cane-brake—the fierce scream of the buzzard and the hoot of the owl had ceased, and very calm was the face of nature even in that lonesome spot. The Colorado murmured musically—as if a fairy's harp had been dropped into its waters—the wind whispered softly among the dark cedars, and overhead the young moon seemed like the face of some good angel. In the midst of these tranquillizing influences, the storm which had raged in Margaret Graham's soul began to subside. Looking upward, she prayed the fervid prayer which finds an answer in heaven, and under that quiet sky grew strong and brave once more. Again she glided into the tent and bent over the memory-haunted chest.

"I must not linger among these things—must not have them near me in my exile," she said, half audibly; "the sight of them always unnerves me, and it is absolutely necessary that I should command myself, for my poor father's sake. Henceforth, I must live for him."

In spite of her resolution, however, her hands trembled as she put back the fleecy robe, the ring and the miniature, and ere she closed the heavy

lid of the trunk, she cast upon them one long—long look of yearning agony, like that with which we regard the white ceremonies which shroud our dead. When she had re-locked the chest, she stole forth, and moving to Jake, who sat dozing by the smouldering fire, whispered, as she shook him by the arm :

"Come—take your spade, and follow me! Softly, too, so as not to disturb my father."

The negro obeyed, and Margaret led the way to a glen at a little distance.

"Here," she said, "I want to make a *cache*—you understand what I mean?—a place to put some of our goods in. You have seen travellers make them since we have been journeying?"

"Yes, yes, missus—Jake knows!" And the old negro went on digging most lustily.

A half-hour later, the chest, which held so many things that had once been precious, was lowered into the excavation Jake had made, while Margaret stood near, her face cold and stony, her lip rigid, and only the light burning in her large eyes to tell of the struggle of passion through which she had passed that night.

"There!"—she said aloud, regardless of the negro's presence—"there! I have buried betrothal-ring, bridal-robe, and even the 'counterfeit presentment' of him who was once almost my husband. In like manner I have buried my love for him—Hubert Remington shall hereafter be to me as the dead!"

"But missus," interposed Jake, "I'm sure Massa Remington ollers seemed the best-fellow in the world—none o' your 't'other lovers can hold a candle to him, in my 'pinion. Now, Mr. Paul Huntley pretends to be something berry nice—"

"Silence!" interposed Margaret, with a sternness she seldom used when addressing Jake; and with a stately step, she moved away to the tent.

The negro crept back to his post by the fire, and Mark Graham slumbered on; but there was a loud rustling in a thicket not far from the spot in which the *cache* had been made, and two men cautiously rose and moved forward a few paces.

"You see," said one, "you see how 'tis, Remington—she has ceased to care for you; she has even gone so far as to put out of her sight all that could remind her of you! Why, you have her own confession that you can henceforth be nothing to her! You have also heard her indignantly silence Jake, when he was berating your rival; the truth is evident enough—Paul Huntley has supplanted you!"

"Yes," replied the other, gloomily, "I have been a fool to follow her, night and day, in the wild hope of a reconciliation; but the dream is

over!—no more shall I hover about her, ready to throw myself at her feet, to make myself doubly her slave, to share her disgrace even! Let us leave this place at once!"

"With all my heart!" rejoined his companion.

In a single moment, they had taken their seats in a little boat, rocking on the Colorado, and were pushing out into the stream. When they had emerged from the dense shade cast by the tall trees on the river-bank, the light of the rising moon glimmered across their faces. Hubert Remington's was stormy with pride and sorrow; but that of the young Spaniard beside him bespoke only fiendish triumph. Meanwhile, Margaret Graham stood in the lone tent of the Colorado, never dreaming that he whose love had been the day-star of her dreams, had just stood so near her—not that a false construction put upon her words, had driven him from the place where she had bivouacked, with a heart as heavy as her own.

Hours had passed since the events narrated above; night had gathered her shadowy robe about her, and, with a crown of stars on her dark brow, gone to meet the morning, whose blush was already brightening, whose smile of sunshine was beginning to play over rock, and river, and prairie, and the little encampment of Mark Graham and his daughter. The old man and Jake had wandered away on an exploring expedition, while Margaret was busying herself in preparing breakfast. Suddenly the bark of a dog attracted her attention, and looking round, she saw, close by, a short, thick-set man, with a pair of bold, black eyes and the thin, curling lip which betokens a villanous nature. At the sight of him, the lady grew paler than was her wont, and every feature told as plainly as words could have done that he was a most unwelcome visitor.

"Paul Huntley!" she gasped, in her regret and surprise.

"Ah, I see you are astonished at meeting me!" he began, moving towards her; "but such love as mine cannot brook separation. I was in an agony of suspense till I heard that you and your father had managed to escape, and were journeying westward, and then I started in pursuit of you. Margaret—dear Margaret! idol of my soul! such devotion must awake a response! Surely you will listen to me now?"

"No!" replied Margaret, with stern emphasis.

"Leave me—let me not find you here again!"

"But this is no place for so fair a lady as you—one, too, who has revelled in luxury!"

At his allusion to *what had been*, a spasm of pain contracted Margaret's brow, and the eyes, which had flashed so indignantly, grew mournful

and moist. Paul Huntley thought he had gained an advantage, and went on :

"It is in my power to give you back more than your olden splendor—a princely home—servants to come and go at your slightest nod, a wardrobe that a queen might covet—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Margaret, impatiently. "Do you think I am to be bought with these gauds—I, who have known what love is? No, Paul Huntley! I would rather live and die alone on the sands of the Arabian deserts."

It would be in vain to attempt a description of Huntley's countenance, as she spoke, for conflicting passions made it hideous.

"Lady!" he said, in a tone of bitter irony, "you talk as if you were yet the queen you have been! But remember—you are not! Instead of being the belle of a great city, you are a poor outcast in the world. And what has made you so? Ay, I know—"

"Stop!" again interposed Margaret; "in God's name, I implore you to stop!"

"This strikes home—does it?" he continued. "Well, it is best it should! If my love arouses no kindred sentiment in you—if my wealth does not dazzle you, then I will try threats. Listen to what I have to say: So notorious has your father's crime become, that the governor of every State has issued full descriptions of himself and daughter, and warrants for his arrest!"

Margaret shivered, and a bitter groan broke from her white lips. Little as she wished to reveal her actual feelings to that man, she found herself quite overmastered by this grief. She could not speak, and her tormentor went on :

"You didn't dream that Argus eyes were watching for you far away from your old home—that even here in Texas I have already seen two or three of those placards posted in the low bar-rooms of wayside inns—that a few words from me could send an official to your encampment in twenty-four hours?"

Once more he paused for a reply; but the girl still stood silent before him.

"Had you known this," continued Huntley, "you would not have felt so secure in your tent."

"No, no," faltered Margaret; "I thought we had found a solitude that would scarcely be broken from one year to another. But, Mr. Huntley, you will not betray us?"

"I do not profess to be above the weakness of human nature," said the visitor, with a sneer; "I have set my heart on winning you, and if I cannot do it by fair means, I shall try foul ones! Unless you become my wife within three days, the county sheriff shall be apprised of your father's hiding-place!"

Margaret Graham started.

"O, Paul Huntley!" she cried; "you cannot be so cruel as to drive me to the altar?"

And she leaned towards him, her eyes fixed on his with such a wild, appealing look, as would have moved any man in whose soul every generous impulse had not died out; but the harsh face of Huntley did not soften.

"Cruel?" he echoed, in the same chilling tone; "it is you who have been cruel! Had you not slighted a love which has burned on for years in my heart—which has made me many a time a suppliant at your feet, and at length become the absorbing passion of my life, I might, perhaps, have been generous—but now you will find no such word as mercy in my catalogue! I repeat it—you must be mine before the present week shall have gone by, or see your father dragged back to meet the doom he deserves!"

As he concluded, an indignant flush mounted even to Margaret's temples.

"Dastard!" she cried, drawing up her fine figure to its utmost height; "I cannot degrade myself so much as to wed you—I know we are in your power, but I cannot buy your silence at such a sacrifice!"

"Very well; since this is your final answer, there is no need that I should stay a moment longer. Ere I leave you, however, I would advise you to make ready for the visit of a posse of officials! I should also suggest some preparations for a long overland journey; for remember!"—and now his eyes blazed with fiendish passions—"remember! mine is no idle threat—I shall neither eat, drink nor sleep till I set the sheriff on your track!" And bowing with much deference, he turned away.

The poor girl still stood where he had left her, absorbed in deep and troubled thought, when her father came hurrying to the camp—his whole manner betokening extreme agitation.

"Margaret—Margaret!" he gasped; "look at this!" And he thrust a paper into her hand.

That paper was a placard, describing Mark Graham, and offering one thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of the fugitive murderer! As she read it, the girl's brain swam, and it seemed as if she must sink to the earth in utter despair; but the terrible groans of the old man pacing to and fro, recalled her senses.

"Where did you get it?" she asked, hoarsely.

"A traveller, on his way to the frontier, brought it from Galveston, and happening to meet Jake and me, stopped for a bit of talk and gave it to us! O, Margaret! what shall we do?"

"Do?" echoed the girl, suddenly gaining fresh courage, as women will in such emer-



gencies; "strike our tent and move on again, taking the loneliest routes we can find, and perhaps disguising ourselves as Indians! Come, come, Jake—make ready for flight!" she added, as the faithful servant joined them; "we must be off in an hour's time!"

"Yes, yes, missus—I'll harness the horses afore you get ready!" And he shuffled away.

With Margaret's assistance, Graham struck the tent and packed the portmanteaus, and then both stood impatiently awaiting Jake's return. At length he came back without the horses.

"Good heavens!" cried the girl; "has anything happened to Kate and Bess?"

"Can't find hide nor hair of 'em, missus, and I've sarched and sarched—"

"What! are the horses lost?—and at this crisis too?" said Graham, hoarsely.

"Yes—'tis a wild place here, and I 'spects that a pack o' wolves come down on 'em, for I see a lot o' fresh bones on the prairie yonder!"

Mark Graham burst into a passion of tears—such tears as men shed when they see their last hope drifting away, away, away into darkness and silence! During their long agony, Margaret had never before seen him weep, and her heart sank. As her enraged suitor's threat came flashing back upon her, she clasped her hands and moaned out:

"God has forsaken us—we cannot fly—we must be discovered—there is no help—none!"

"You might have had help," interposed Paul Huntley, once more springing to Margaret's side; "but you rejected it with a scorn equal to that which used to freeze me of old, when I dared sue for your favor!"

"Do not taunt me now?" exclaimed the girl, trembling in every limb.

"I did not come to taunt you," rejoined Huntley, "but to give you a chance for retraction. I have been lurking where I could watch your camp ever since we parted, two hours ago! I have seen and heard all that has passed between you and your father. Be my wife, and I will provide fleet horses to take us to the nearest seaport. There we will all take passage on board the first vessel bound for Europe, and ere many weeks, the ocean shall roll between Mark Graham and his pursuers!"

Margaret glanced at her father. He was leaning forward in the most intense anxiety; his broad chest heaved with the wild throes of the restless heart beneath; and his dark, burning eyes were eloquent with appeal. For one moment more she hesitated—the next she faltered:

"Paul Huntley, I will be yours!"

A smile of savage triumph curled the villain's

lip, and he would have kissed her; but she drew proudly back.

"No, no," she said, in a husky tone; "let there be no such mockery. Over a betrothal like this, there should be nought but mourning. I promised to be yours, but you know that from my soul's depths I despise you!"

"So you have more than once told me, my lady fair," replied Huntley; "but I trust that time, and my own attractions, will change your mind. But we must not, however, waste an hour in bandying words—we must be off before noon. When I return, I hope everything will be in readiness for our journey." And with a demoniacal exultation quickening his tread, he left the camp.

Paul Huntley was shrewd to plan, and prompt to execute; and at sunset, the fugitives had found themselves many leagues from the spot where they had pitched their tent the evening previous. All night they travelled along the most secluded paths, now and then decrying in the distance the lurid glow of an Indian wild-fire, but not once coming in sight of a pioneer's tent. The following morning, however, they emerged into a region of country sparsely settled, and then, as the day wore on, passed many a *ranch* and some pleasant hamlets. It was late in the afternoon, when, through the golden haze that slumbered in the atmosphere, they perceived the roofs and spires of a village, and further on, the blue outline of the sea. Huntley's eyes kindled, the old man's cheek flushed, but Margaret's aspect was like that of a victim moving to her funeral pyre. Her husband elect had told her that at the first chapel they reached, the marriage ceremony was to be performed, and as she rode on, she was trying to banish the memories that would haunt her, and nerve herself for this terrible ordeal. She was aroused from her painful reverie by the voice of the dreaded Huntley.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, "we need not wait to have our wedding rites solemnized at a church. See! there is a priest!" And he pointed to a priest whom the girl now, for the first time, saw coming towards them.

"What could be more fortunate?" he continued. "Some good saint must have sent him along! I'll stop him and have the ceremony performed at once!" The next moment he drew rein and shouted: "Ho, there, holy father! whither are you going?"

"To visit the sick, my son."

"You are not in haste, I hope."

"No, not in such haste that I cannot stop to do a stranger a kindness. What would you with Father Ignatius?"

"I will tell you in a few words. I wish to be married."

"Married? Then I will go back to the chapel, whose cross you see glistening yonder."

"No, there is no need of that; you doubtless have a prayer-book about you, and can read the service here."

The priest looked astonished at this strange request, but after a slight hesitancy, avowed his willingness to comply.

Huntley assisted Margaret to dismount, and led her into the shadow of a group of trees. Mark Graham followed them with an unsteady step, and Jake and a white servant of the bridegroom's were commanded to act as witnesses. The priest was just beginning the solemn ritual, when a horseman came dashing toward them at a furious pace—it was Hubert Remington!

"Stop!" he cried—"stop, sir priest—stop!"

"What right have you to interrupt a father of the church in the duties of his holy calling?" exclaimed Huntley, with an oath. "Off with you!" And he laid his hand on a bowie-knife which had hitherto been concealed in the folds of his garments.

"Not yet, not yet," retorted Remington; "before this lady becomes a bride, I must ask her one question. Margaret,"—and a world of tenderness gushed forth in that word—"Margaret, do you love Paul Huntley?"

"No; I have told him the truth—from my soul's depths I despise him!"

The girl had scarcely uttered her reply, when the group were again startled by the clattering of horses' hoofs, and in a few moments found themselves surrounded by a band of armed men.

"By all the powers!" ejaculated Huntley, to Mark Graham, "your flight has been discovered—you're a doomed man."

Margaret uttered a low cry, and sprang to Remington's side, while he, turning to the foremost of the officers, demanded haughtily:

"Whom do you seek here?"

"Paul Huntley," was the reply. "Ay, I know him, sir." And springing from his horse, he laid a heavy hand on the villain's shoulder.

"It's an old saying that murder will out," he continued, "and though you have kept your secret closely, your accomplice has betrayed you. Miscreant, you are arrested for the murder of the rich miser of Chicago!"

"What, what?" cried Mark Graham, staggering forward; "is my innocence then to be established?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Huntley and a mere tool of his committed the murder, and then by their

emissaries, managed to throw the stigma of the crime upon you! The world will soon know that you are innocent. And now we will leave you to the joy this knowledge will afford." In another instant the band of officers had swept away, bearing their prisoner to his doom. The priest passed on, and the two servants moved off, and Graham, his daughter, and Remington were left together beneath the cedars. What passed there, I feel myself at a loss to describe; tears of joy and fervent thanks to Heaven, told how grateful they were for their deliverance from a villain's power. At length, however, the old man felt that his presence might be dispensed with, and moved away, and while the southern gloaming stole softly on, the re-united lovers talked over the past.

"Margaret," murmured Remington, "you remember we were in the midst of preparations for our bridal, when the blow fell upon us! I was superintending the improvements in our future home, when I received a brief note from you, releasing me from my engagement, and telling what a stigma had been cast on your once honored name. I hastened to your home in Chicago, but when I reached the city you had fled. I left no means untried, to learn whither you had gone, and at last succeeded. I followed you at my utmost speed, travelling night and day, and overtook you the evening you pitched your tent on the bank of the Colorado. I was near you when you made that *caché*—I longed to clasp you to my heart and tell you my love was unchanged, but a Spaniard whom I now believe to have been the tool of Huntley, managed to poison my mind with the belief that he had joined you on your journey and won your love."

Margaret Graham listened with tearful eyes, and when the evening bells sent out their sweet chimes, she left the altar of the village church the happy bride of Hubert Remington.

#### EASTERN FILIAL AFFECTION.

We dismounted at the door of a spacious tent in the centre of the encampment. No sooner had our sheikh touched the ground than he was affectionately embraced by his son, a fine boy of about fifteen. This scene at once brought to my mind some incidents recorded in Scripture, and seemed, in fact, to realize the interesting narratives of patriarchal times. The youth placed his hands on his father's neck, and kissed each cheek, and then they leaned their heads for a few seconds, while embracing, on each other's shoulders. Precisely similar was the scene at the meeting of Jacob and Esau nearly four thousand years ago. "And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE TWO CRIMINALS.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

Before the bar, arraigned for crime,  
Two youths together stand;  
One with a palm made rough by toil,  
One with a lily hand.  
One has a home where luxury  
And ease would weave their spell;  
The other grew mid want and sin:  
And these together fell.

Within the rich man's home at eve  
Was heard the voice of prayer;  
And never did a rich man's son  
Receive more tender care.  
The other grew as does the plant  
That springs within the shade—  
No sun of love had shone for him,  
No light around him played.

They met—loved and neglected met,  
And they together fell;  
And what shall be their fate? I ask:  
O human nature, tell!  
Shall they who have together sinned,  
Together suffer now?  
Shall shame and guilt alike be stamped  
Upon each youthful brow?

O, no!—for station, wealth and friends  
Assert their worth and power;  
And they shall be the safeguard now,  
For one in this dark hour.  
Alas! alas! poor erring youth,  
There's none to plead for thee;  
A cell within the jail anon,  
Thy dismal home shall be.

Thy fate is sad—they judge thee hard,  
And loudly cry, "Condemn!"  
But there's a "King of kings" above,  
In judgment over them.  
Thy heart is tender—loving words  
Would work within thy breast;  
Perchance a kind word to thee now,  
Would make thee ever blest!

"None plead for me!"—that bitter thought  
Shall haunt thy soul through time;  
The desolation of thy life  
May prompt again to crime.  
E'en now thy spirit crieth out,  
"I'd drain my Father's bowl,  
That, draining it, I might forget  
None careth for my soul!"

(ORIGINAL.)

## CABIN AND FORECASTLE.

## A TRUE SEA YARN.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

"I TELL you what, foul winds and weather  
aint to blame for all the shipwreck that occurs,"  
said Mr. Barton, an old messmate, as we lingered  
at the tea-table one night not long since, com-

menting upon the loss of the gallant ship Cathedral, which, as my readers may remember, went down off Cape Horn over twelve months ago, carrying down with her the gallant seaman who commanded her. "No, sir, from what I have seen during my experience, I am inclined to give masters and mates their full share, and a large half at that. But I'll give you a case in point, which came under my own observation, when I was much younger than now. In fact, on my first voyage."

"A yarn! Let's have it," exclaimed several, one of the number adding, "only, while illustrating your point, Barton, just spice it with all the particulars."

The tea-table was soon deserted, its late occupants gathering round my old messmate, who, having disposed himself satisfactorily, proceeded as follows:

"'Twas my first voyage, and being a decided greenhorn, I encountered numerous difficulties in obtaining a ship, or berth, rather. But finally succeeded in obtaining a berth as boy on board the Tamerlane, of New York, a staunch Indianman, of some eight hundred tons register.

"The day I joined her, the mate was arrested on a charge of murder, which nearly set me adrift again, as he had shipped me without the master's knowledge. But the latter confirmed the former's agreement after some hesitation, and I took possession of my berth. I was awakened next morning by the clanking of the capstan palls, as the long-shore men commenced to move the ship from her berth, and an hour later, we were hanging to the end of the pier by single lines, our crew on board, and every preparation made to let go. At noon we had discharged our pilot, and were standing to sea under a cloud of canvass, all hands being employed in stowing the anchors, spare spars, and making everything snug for a passage to India.

"As I have said, the Tamerlane was a staunch ship, and being of the most approved Dutch model, was an excellent sea-boat, though one of the dullest sailers I ever sailed in. Her commander was a genuine Knickerbocker—none of your Cape fishermen or down-east lumbermen, as he derisively termed the active and hardy seamen of New England—but a New Yorker by birth, who, claiming to be of Dutch parentage, wrote his name Herrick Van Wert. Her crew were collectively such a body of men as you don't meet often on a ship's deck at the present day, every man being a well-built, able and hardy specimen of the genus amphibious, and as such, likely to inspire all true brothers of the profession with confidence.

"But Captain Van Wert was a tyrant, and as such unwilling, if not unable, to appreciate good men when under his control. But of that anon. A fair wind and fine weather sufficed to keep him quiet for the present, and until we made thirty degrees and forty minutes west, when I unfortunately afforded him an opportunity for an outbreak, by dropping overboard the binnacle lamp. I had slung my hammock in the second cabin, on joining the ship, but I was now ordered to vacate the premises forthwith, and take up my abode in the fore-castle. These orders were rather a source of pleasure than otherwise, which fact did not escape the old man's observation long, when he adopted various methods of punishment, which generally proved so effectual that I enjoyed but little respite thenceforth. From that time a decided change was visible in his treatment of the crew, who soon began to grumble at the usage, manifesting a degree of discontent which by no means lightened the old man's tyranny. But we were doomed to witness scenes of violence, such as exceeded all our expectations.

"We were well up with the Cape, at which, I believe Captain Van Wert intended to touch for a supply of fresh provisions, when the first serious trouble with the crew occurred, to which might be attributed much of our ill-fortune. It was then, and is now a rule, to allow seamen bound round either Cape two months' wages in advance, and our crew having received it as customary, resolved on having the usual frolic—which marks the termination of that period on board of most long voyages, and which in many instances exceeds the old and time-honored ceremonies so peculiar to the equinox—not dreaming of any interference on the part of the captain, so long as they discharged the duties required of them on that day.

"Having completed their arrangements on the evening prior to the advent of their third month, they collected and produced all the liquor saved for that occasion, and were all on hand at sunrise that morning, to commence on the good time they had so long viewed in perspective. The upper limb of the sun was just visible, when three loud raps on the fore-castle-scuttle, with the summons, 'Ah hands, a—ho! Rouse the dead horse\* overboard!' brought up the watch below, who had individually shipped a generous supply of the stimulant, which was again circulated, when a fourfold purchase was rove, sent aloft to the slings of the foreyard, and overhauled till the lower block reached the deck of the lower fore-castle, when it was attached to a strap round

the foremast, and the fall being rove through a leading-block, all hands tallied on, one of their number commencing to sing the well-known heavy-drag song:

"Our horse is dead, O, so they say,  
Chorus—Drag him up from down below,  
O yes, he died this very day,  
Chorus—Rouse him up from down below."

In the chorus of which all joined, when the tackle was hauled taut and belayed, the singer continuing the song, and the crew giving the chorus with a vengeance for full five minutes, when the mate came forward demanding the meaning of the hubbub.

"On'y gittin' the tarnal ole dead hoss up, sir," responded one of the crew, with the most serio-comic phiz imaginable, whereupon the mate returned to the quarter-deck convulsed with laughter. Ere he could regain his composure, however, he received a summons to attend Captain Van Wert in his state-room, from which he returned almost immediately, and coming forward, ordered the tackle to be taken down, and the watch to go below.

"An' is it go below ye mane, with that baste of an old dead horse in the fore-castle, Mr. Armstrong? Shure, an' I'm one that wont go till he's out o' that," exclaimed Ned O'Reilly—a genuine son of Hibernia—adding, 'bad luck to me, it's the faver and ager we'd have in less than no time. Indade, an' I wont do it, so there now, Mr. Armstrong. It's mesilf thought ye had more regard for us than that.'

"Silence, Ned!" exclaimed the mate, biting his lips to prevent the smile which lurked in his eye, from spreading over his countenance. 'Unreeve that fall one side! Go below, the star-board watch! You hear, men, I give you five minutes to obey. If I find you on deck at the end of that time, you can bid farewell to your watch below.'

"Och, tear an' ages—is it kape us up in the marnin' watch ye mane, Mr. Armstrong," demanded Ned. "Now by the pipes o' Moses, but that would be a mane thrick of ye, when it's only a bit of innercent diversion we're havin'."

"You have heard the orders, men—will you obey?" demanded the mate.

"None replied, or moved a muscle. But that was sufficient answer for the mate, who instantly turned from the group and repairing to the cabin, reported the crew as disobedient of orders.

"Captain Van Wert demanded no explanation, but arming himself to the teeth and coming forward, demanded why the mate's orders had been disobeyed. None replied, but several grasping the fall, one of the number commenced the song anew with the following words:

\*The term applied by seamen to advance wages.

"O here's the skipper, mind your eye,  
*Chorus*—Hoist him up from down below,  
 No soger drags while he is by,  
*Chorus*—But rouse him up from down below."

The enraged captain waited to hear no more, but drawing a pistol from his belt, cocked and presented it point blank at the head of the singer, at the same time muttering: 'I'll send you down below, my men, if you don't belay that lingo!'

"The object of his aim was a rough specimen of humanity, and had spent no inconsiderable portion of his life among the 'beach-combers,' or land pirates on the Pacific, or southwest coast of America. On beholding the muzzle of the weapon within six feet of his head, he dropped the fall, crossed his arms coolly and confronting the captain, said, boldly:

"'Because we don't choose to obey! It's our watch below, and as we're off duty, I take it we've a right to do as we please, provided we don't interfere with the officers. If you know when you're well off, captain, you'll take yourself off with that shooting-iron. If you don't, you may happen to wake a tiger up round here that you'll wish you'd let sleep—see.'

"While uttering the last sentence, he drew his sheath-knife, which movement the old man detected on the instant, barring the execution of any design he might entertain, by the instant discharge of the pistol, the ball taking effect in Lorrimer's right shoulder, when he fell backward with a deep groan—Captain Van Wert making all sail for the quarter-deck, where he was joined by the officers and a passenger, seven in number. For nearly a minute all hands remained mute with amazement at the aspect assumed by their frolic; but as soon as they could collect their scattered senses, they rushed aft in a body, determined to avenge the fall of their messmate. Their indecision, brief as it was, had afforded the captain time for preparation, however, and they were met at the foot of the poop ladder by such vigorous resistance as resulted in their defeat, when several had fallen beneath the well-directed fire of their adversaries. Perceiving the folly of the struggle in which they had engaged, they surrendered, when the majority were placed in irons; the wounded—with the exception of Lorrimer—being confided to the care of our passenger, who claimed to be a physician. Lorrimer's wound he pronounced mortal at once, declaring his inability to do aught for him, when he was consigned to the care of his messmates, under which he died the third day.

"His death was the signal for the release of the prisoners, who expressed contrition for their conduct, and returned to their duty with evident

cheerfulness. But their cheerfulness was only assumed. It is preposterous to suppose that men could be happy in a ship after such an occurrence. But they studiously veiled their discontent, while they indulged hopes of a speedy release, being determined to desert in a body, as soon as the ship anchored at Table Bay. Unfortunately for them, Captain Van Wert changed his intentions after the fracas, either because he divined their intentions, or anticipated unpleasant investigations regarding Lorrimer's death, which at that time would prove disadvantageous to the owners; therefore, it was with no little chagrin they saw the ship's head gradually hauled to east by north half north, substantial evidence that we were doubling the Cape.

"Six days later, we hauled up northeast by north, being in the longitude of Cape St. Mary's, the southern point of Madagascar, when they resolved to remonstrate, and addressed a request to the captain, asking fresh provisions and water. Of this, the latter took not the slightest notice, whereupon they entered into a league to compel him to concession.

"Our water casks on deck had been empty some time, the principal portion of our supply being stored in the runs, and of this circumstance our crew availed themselves, several of the most reckless proposing to spile the casks and waste the water, as the most effectual means of gaining their end. It was done, most of the casks being emptied by this means. The loss was soon discovered, but, contrary to their expectations, failed to exercise the desired influence on the captain, who merely placed them on short allowance, and kept the ship on her course. It was evident from the old man's manner, that he suspected the true cause of the scarcity, but he forbore comment, although the severity of his manner rather increased. Half allowance of beef and pork soon followed the decrease of the water ration, while we were permitted an unlimited ration of bread, every movement of the captain betokening his determination to continue at sea at all hazards. As a natural result of our unbounded extravagance in the bread line, our lockers were soon nearly empty, when the mate, acting under the captain's orders, broke bulk in the tween decks, in order to reach the supply reserved for the homeward passage. The store-room was reached, and ten or a dozen casks of bread passed up and opened. Judge of the consternation which seized upon all, when their contents were found to be so thoroughly worm-eaten as to be useless. Our whole store proved to be in the same condition, being evidently condemned navy stores, purchased for a trifle, and turned over to the Tam-

orlane by the villanous ship-chandler who had supplied her.

"Here was a predicament. We had abundance of beef and pork and flour, but the use of either involved an expenditure of water, which we had no means of meeting, added to which, the change of the monsoons was at hand, an event which we would be but ill-prepared to meet under the circumstances.

"At the council of officers summoned by the captain, it was voted to run for the nearest port, to which the latter consented, naming Ceylon as the nearest land, and shaping a course for it forthwith, its bearings being north northeast half east by compass—distant eight hundred miles.

"As we had but little water left, our allowance was diminished to a pint to each man, at which rate it was believed our supply would hold out, as we were blessed with a fair wind, which engendered strong hopes that we might escape the typhoon, by reaching port ere it came on. But we were doomed to disappointment. The evening of the third day after the reduction of our allowance, was fraught with every indication of the scourge of the Indian seas, and ere the morning of the fourth day dawned, we were tossing to and fro a dismantled hulk, being obliged to cut away our spars in order to relieve the ship, when hove down by the sudden shift of the tornado.

"In this helpless plight, we drove at the mercy of the gale for twenty-four hours, when the typhoon broke and began to abate, at which time the captain's reckoning placed us but a few leagues east of Dondra Head. As soon as possible, we rigged jurmasts, and showing some canvass, soon obtained control of the ship to such a degree, as engendered a resolution on the part of the captain to attempt to haul the ship on a wind. Unfortunately the attempt proved futile, resulting only in the loss of our jury foremast, with three of our number who were employed aloft on the spar, at the moment it went over the side.

"It was still blowing heavily, and continued to do so twenty-four hours longer, which, as the wind was now portheast, the regular trades having set in, baffled all our efforts to close with the land, and drove us to the west'ard of the ordinary track of home and outward bound Indiamen, thereby rendering timely aid a matter of horrible uncertainty. After much labor, for we had become weak in strength as well as in numbers, we rigged a second jury foremast, and set on it the last sail in our possession. We had already a spare mizzen topsail set on the mainmast, a main royal and spanker on the mizzenmast, with

a spare foretopmast staysail, and the maintop gallant sail—the last spare sail on board—on the foremast. This constituted our whole spread of canvass—a small affair under which to make a passage of some twenty-five hundred miles, to the coast of Africa—Africa being that distance, and we supposed the only land we could reach in our crippled condition. But even that we had little hope of reaching, as we lacked the most necessary sustenance of human life—bread and water. Recent events had caused quite a relaxation of severity on the part of the captain, who having assembled the crew after the last sail was set, informed them of their actual position as regarded the land, and his intention to steer for the African coast, expressing a belief that we should find the heavy dews which must soon set in, a sufficient protection against thirst. To this, the mate objected, assigning as his reason, a belief that we could make the Maldives, or should we fail therein, we might, by hugging the wind, fall in with some trading coasters, from whom we could obtain relief. The crew coinciding with this opinion, the worthy captain, who was at heart a coward, resigned command, and betook himself to his cabin, where, having a secret supply of liquor, he sought to drown his senses in intoxication. And he succeeded so well that a fit of delirium tremens set in, in which he put a period to his existence with his own hand.

"This event occurred on the sixth day after his resignation, and served to cast additional gloom over all, our courage being already at a low ebb, our prospect of reaching the land growing daily less cheering. The next day Mr. Edgerly, our passenger, manifested a strong tendency to insanity, and becoming quite fanciful towards night, declared that he saw land on our lee, and upon the mate refusing to keep the ship away, leaped overboard, avowing his intention to swim ashore. No effort was made to rescue him from the fate to which he had consigned himself, and he sunk to rest in the deep sea, unmourned and almost envied by those who witnessed his last struggle on the surface.

"That night, a malignant fever broke out amongst our enfeebled crew, prostrating three of our number ere the return of dawn, which discovered to our dim eyes the low, sandy shores of the most southerly of the Maldivé group, bearing about three points on our lee-bow, and about eight miles distant. Two hours later the ship was hard and fast aground on the beach, the mate having held on too long ere he let go the anchor, which he did only when the ship struck. The next sea raised her, heaving her a short distance, when she came down on her anchor and

bliged instantly, the upper palm of the anchor penetrating her starboard bilge, affording the water free ingress. Assured of this fact, we could only abandon her, which was done as quickly as possible, in the only boat which survived the gale, and which we had the utmost difficulty in launching. Into it we removed the sick, and embarking with but few of our effects, we cast off and made a feeble attempt to pull towards or round a low, sandy cape, which would have afforded us shelter from the surf could we have gained it. But we were obliged to give up through sheer exhaustion, when, putting the boat before it, we suffered her to enter the surf, through which we passed in safety and effected a landing, thirteen in number, including the sick.

"But I did not promise you a history of my career, neither did I intend to spin this yarn to such length, my only object being the illustration of the fact which I assert, namely, that the loss of many ships may be traced indirectly to their officers rather than the elements.

"Such was the case in this instance. The *Tamerlane* was a wreck, and we were adrift among barbarians, after suffering every species of hardship and privation, each and all originating in the one simple act of tyranny on the part of our commander, which I have already described."

"But what did you do on the island—or how did you get off?" demanded one of the party, observing Barton about to light a cigar.

"The best we could under the circumstances. Made friends of the natives, and remained with them until a passing ship touched at the island, when we were taken off and carried to Bombay, from which several of us sailed soon after for Calcutta, where we shipped for home. But I must repeat that I have no desire to inflict upon you a detail of my career at sea, so, with your permission we will bid adieu to the subject, with a reiteration of my firm belief that all the marine disasters which occur, are by no means chargeable upon wind and weather."

#### HONOR TO LABOR.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with an earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand,—crooked, coarse,—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two, in all their *degrees*, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wherever it listeth.—*Carlyle*.

#### WINTER SOLES.

Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and we may snap our fingers in joyous triumph at disease and the doctors. Put on two pair of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary everyday use, as they allow the ready escape of the odors, while they strengthen the ankles, accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to an habitual boot wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses legs, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions, also, to have no cork or India-rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that cork does, and after a while becomes "soggy" and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time, they will feel as "easy as an old shoe," and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

#### BEAUTIFUL FIGURE OF LIFE.

Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon: "Life bears on us like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short-lived enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal."

USE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge: but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man.—*Lord Bacon*.

#### MENTAL ANGUISH.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIE H. PAROB.

Soft and low the accents go,  
Down the grooves of feeling speeding;  
So sweet and slow they gently flow,  
To where some human heart is bleeding;  
And in the ebb, and in the flow,  
Sweeter the low words seem to grow.

We do no wrong to twine in song  
The hope that on life's path is beaming;  
We grow more strong as fancies throng  
The mind, across its mirror streaming;  
They seem to say, "Strive and be strong,  
Love shall triumphant be ere long!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## ALMOST A HEROINE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

PRETTY Miss Anderson had just emerged from the petty thralldom of a boarding-school—that nursery of shallow affectation in which she had been taught waltzing, lacing, attention to externals, a trifle of French, fashionable piano thrumming, and a great deal of elegant frivolity. Common sense and the English language had been mutually neglected. Reading—of the pseudo-sentimental stamp—comprised her literature, and every pernicious habit and influence had combined to bury the one solitary talent which she by nature possessed.

From this hot-bed of folly—hallowed by fashion and parental delusion—issued Miss Anderson at seventeen years and a month—full of foolish romance and artificial ideas of life, imbibed from mistaken training—and with a simper, and that species of uncertain carriage supposed to be elegant, she slid out in the exact angle prescribed by monsieur, the French dancing-master, and took her first step in the genteel world.

This step, unfortunately, brought her in direct conjunction with an empty-headed and empty-pocketed young gentleman, of the school denominated fast—who rejoiced in flashy waistcoats, broad plaids, and serpentine lengths of galvanized chain. He swaggered at trotting-matches, staked at billiard-rooms, and ogled at theatres, with the perfect *sang-froid* of the bravest, and yet—to make a disagreeable exposition of facts—his unfortunate pocket rarely boasted advance capital to the amount of a shilling; and many were the confiding landladies,

tailors and washerwomen who had cause to deplore their too ready reliance upon his fair promises and prepossessing exterior.

This uncomfortable state of purse—this perpetual vexation of being "hard up"—compelled our hero to look about him for some more settled and secure means of living than that for which he blessed luck at the gaming-table. On reflection—as nothing else seemed to indicate fairer for his future ease—he resolved to purchase freedom from pecuniary annoyance at the altar; in other words, to marry some genteel estate in the country, or equally respectable establishment "up town" (no matter if encumbered by worse than Petruchio's shrew), which should enable him in future to carry his head above even high water mark—and to the accomplishment of this intent, he bent all his energies.

In an evil hour, his eye fell upon our languishing *debutante*, and he straightway proceeded to lay determined siege to her heart, having first ascertained satisfactorily that the "plum," which was authentically ascribed to the plathoric Captain Jacob Anderson, her father, would eventually drop, ripe and plump, into her expectant lap; therefore it became at once his design to secure to himself the figurative receptacle of the golden favors—which he felt would indeed prove to him the "lap of fortune."

He found little labor in capturing the citadel of the young lady's affection. How should he, since there was no resistance? and he suddenly discovered himself master of the field without a struggle. "Lightly won, lightly prized," was the air of victory, whistled carelessly between puffs of offensive smoke, as he resumed the jaunty tip of his hat and swaggering gait, which, out of forced consideration for his future prospects, he had forborne while playing the escort to the lovely Miss Anderson (feeling that, had not his present comet a golden tail in prospective, he would hurl it derisively back to the sky from which it had dropped, almost unsolicited, upon him); but a renewed pressure of the solitary sixpence, in his attenuated pocket-book, convinced him that he could not afford to indulge his very natural sentiments of disgust, and he prudently resolved to patronize the fortune which seemed thrusting itself upon him, and if Fate had determined to place him on the list of the uncomfortably rich, it could in no extremity be more inconvenient than his present condition of *opposite* uncomfortableness!

Upon this, he paused, resigned, and allowed himself to dwell fondly upon the projected renewal and enlargement of his plaids, the widening of his weed, and the addition of a ponderous



seal to his attractive chain—all of which, and many more shades of improvement, would attend, like satellites, upon his approaching change of station.

As he crept into his narrow attic, and bestowed himself under a dirty counterpane, still encased in coat and boots, he viewed his coming princeliness with the eye of anticipation, and gloated tipily over the realisation—for he could see no end of brandy smashes, stretching away, steaming and hot, into the infinite distance.

As he attended Miss Anderson in her daily walks, doing the amiable with heroic grace, he reflected how rapidly they would resolve themselves into the one grand crowning walk to church, and immediately his mouth watered with a foretaste of the rich old wines which would sparkle at the wedding banquet.

As he handed Miss Anderson to a seat in his phaeton (such occurrences invariably denoted a successful night at the dice-box), ambition whispered rare prophecies of the splendid turnout which he would soon be able to display to the astonishment of "the boys," and the envy of Tom, Dick and Harry, who now sported their respective nags, and looked with compassionate contempt upon his utter inability to retain possession of a fine trotter purchased the season previous. Here a smart crack of the whip, of rather too professional a tone to be practised in the feminine presence, announced his exultation in view of such a triumph; while imagination even hinted at fancy stables and a stud!

As for the lady herself, who was destined to confer all these rational enlargements, she was too giddy with the consciousness of a real lover, and the rapture of being exalted to the position of an actual heroine of romance, to feel a suspicion that she could be second to anything else in the devotion of her adorer; and as she had been schooled to believe herself created for the distinct purpose of being married, both appeared in a fair way to realize, each the darling project of their lives—she a husband, and he a fortune!

But the wooing did not prosper! Old Jacob Anderson was not the man to be deceived by false pretences; and when he surprised Mr. Emanuel Zephyr (so read our hero's cards—pardon, reader, that we have so long neglected a nominal introduction), he instantly expelled him from his house, with a peremptory command never to enter it again, and a timely warning never to dare the effrontery of another approach to his daughter!

Emanuel muttered extravagant curses on the "meddlesome old cur," as he strode down the street; and Amantha Ann, in tears and despair,

retreated to her chamber, to pine in secret over her cruel fate, and meditate daggers and the poison-bowl—those tragic benefactors to love-lorn maidens oppressed by unrelenting fathers.

In the morning, however, as a billet from some mysterious source appeared attached to her window-blind, and on opening which she joyfully recognized the somewhat uncertain signature of her Emanuel, her feelings suddenly underwent a very material process of change, and she decided to live for his sake, and trust to time for the abatement of the paternal severity! The note, written in the most impassioned style of superlatives, assured her in one breath that he could not tear her image from his soul—he could not exist without her; and in another, implored her to take pity on his breaking heart, and consent to see him once again, for the last time, if it must be so, that he might at least have the sad satisfaction of bidding her farewell; and ending by appointing a time and place of meeting in a very rational manner, and cheerfully recommending her to hope for the best—all would yet be well.

Miss Anderson compared notes with a score of her favorite novels, whose Amantha Anns were cruelly placed in scenes of even direr tribulation than her own, and yet who invariably appeared upon the concluding page satisfactorily married—amicably reconciled to obdurate parents, and felicitously happy—and she could not fail to regard her lover's final assurance as prophetic! In the full strength of this confidence, she stole forth to the romantic clandestine meeting, which she was a little disappointed in being obliged to enjoy by gaslight, instead of the more appropriate rays of the tender moon, universally accorded to such occasions.

Emanuel received her rapturously. Two or three turns up and down the retired street he had chosen, sufficed to unfold his plan of action, which was nothing less than the felonious design of carrying off the bride of his heart without the consent of her natural guardian—since it was folly to indulge a hope of obtaining it! This added the final touch to Amantha Ann's cherished conviction that she was indeed a real heroine, and it was therefore jointly arranged that they should be prepared for flight on the following evening.

Emanuel, greatly solicitous of the paternal blessing, knowing that through this lay his only present means of paying his respects to the paternal coffers, charged her in advance with the doubtful embassy of conciliating the offended parental majesty, and obtaining the all-important pardon, as soon as they twain should have become one flesh—tenderly assuring her that he

could not live in a state of alienation from the father of his adored (thinking it unnecessary to reveal the reason *why*), and laying to her vanity the flattering unction that the veriest heart of stone could not resist the eloquence of her entreaty, if she but besought with tears! This she determined to do.

"Papa cannot refuse his forgiveness, when he sees how devotedly Emanuel loves me, and how noble and ingenious he is!"—"The old bear won't hold out long, when he finds the business is over!" were the respective reflections of the ardent couple as they parted, lingeringly, on a shady corner—he having first suggested and effected a very affectionate exchange of rings, which *might* have been premeditated on his part, hers being a real diamond, while his was merely a block of first-water glass, in very suspicious setting. At all events, it seemed a happy move for him, as an immediate disposal of it for genuine bank-notes resulted in extreme repletion of purse, and great consequent self-indulgence, which, however, proved eventually very treacherous to his interest.

Miss Anderson's blissful visions of elopement were somewhat marred, that night, by the intrusion of a frightful monster, which appeared, with glaring eyes and savage teeth, to claim her in place of her darling Emanuel, and which finally resolved itself into a hideous dragon, and was on the terrible point of flaying her alive and devouring her by inches, when she awoke in a cold perspiration, and found it was morning!

For a moment, her resolution to elope was a little shaken; but the reflection that this was the last great test of her affection, and especially that it was in itself the feather's weight which would turn the balance and place her beside the brilliant Paulines and Cynthia Elizabeths of pasteboard and muslin existence, overcame her superstitions, and she was again firm; and arranging her wardrobe, and collecting her jewels, as the Lady Blanche or the Countess of Blouse had done, on the day of her flight with some chivalrous peasant or banished prince, she proposed to follow in their shining wake!

The appointed hour at length arrived; but Emanuel did not. Impatience gave way to fear in the mind of the watcher, when an hour had expired and yet he did not come; but at that very moment, had she possessed the Asmodean optical power of penetrating bricks and stone, she might have beheld him in one of the chief saloons of the city, tipping his glass with a very peculiar-looking one-eyed gentleman, whose intimacy he appeared to enjoy, and carelessly hazarding a fabulous bet on the result of the game

then in hand, while the vicinity of corks and empty bottles indicated that they had already imbibed as much as was necessary for the stomach's sake. But this rare virtue of vision she could not command, and suspense was torture.

Two hours waned, during which the wretched Miss Anderson had passed through every successive stage of agony up to the final point of despair. Meanwhile Emanuel was making many attempts to ascend the genteel street which contained the imposing "stone front" of his future father-in-law, and which treacherously rose before him in continuous steps, upon which, if he set his uncertain feet, they immediately vanished into thin air—bringing him in contact with an opposing lamp-post on one hand, or a stubborn brick wall on the other, with a violence proportionate to the height of the step attempted.

Reaching the house at last, which stood a little isolated from its neighbors in solitary grandeur, he staggered to the wall, and essayed the preconcerted signal upon the lady's chamber-window, ranging in the second story. In a state of sobriety this might have been safely attempted, as our hero had himself satisfactorily tested; but now, alas, at every fresh effort, the fickle window eluded his reach—now mounting to the extreme end of the pointed gables, now playing undignified antics across the grave expanse of brick, and now indulging in animated hide-and-seek among its lively fellows!

But Emanuel still persevered, with a misty consciousness that fortune, fast horses, and an infinitude of champagne bottles, waited upon a successful tap of the flighty casement. His steadfastness was rewarded, for at length the giddy object of his pursuit inclined to something like its proper position, and he made a rapid plunge forward, with a triumphant—"Hic—old fellow, I—have you now!" But the deceitful window played him false—his hands slipped from their straining grasp upon the naked wall, precipitating him, with a terrific crash, headlong through a lower casement, against which he had unwittingly leaned.

In his rapid descent into the interior, he was thrown in painful contact with some resisting substance, which subsequent revelations proved to be the depository of the family silver, with an alarm-bell attached, which immediately sounded a sonorous peal that might have awakened the dead—throwing our hero into a state of doubt as to whether he had not suddenly fallen upon the deck of some steamer outward bound, just thundering forth its brazen note of departure.

"*My plate! my plate! Thieves! thieves!*" roared the frantic voice of the excited captain

from the parlor above—rolling his vast rotundity from a comfortable position upon his favorite sofa, and shuffling as rapidly as possible to the scene of action, heading a promiscuous group from the region of the kitchen, armed with pokers, carving-knives, or whatever description of weapon could be soonest secured.

Rushing down upon the fated door, they forced an unanimous entrance, and the light of the foremost taper discovered the supposed burglar, bungling and groping, with the utmost gravity, for the delusive window—the scene of his late disastrous ingress—through which he no doubt meditated a safe retreat.

"Seize him—bind him—call the police!" shrieked the infuriated proprietor of the assaulted treasure. "I'll teach you the cost of invading my premises, you house-breaking rascal!" was the parting assurance, as Emanuel, pinioned and guarded, was dragged away in speechless terror.

Amantha Ann was discovered to have fainted, and was conveyed insensible to her chamber—in which state she found it proper to remain during the entire night. She subsequently revived, however, to learn by the morning paper that one Emanuel Zephyr was that morning examined before the police court, and convicted on the double charge of drunkenness and attempted burglary—and again relapsed into insensibility. She eventually returned to a permanent state of consciousness, and begged to be permitted to share her dear unfortunate Emanuel's captivity; but as this touching request was not granted, she subsided into a gentle melancholy, passed her time in solitude, and was observed to walk often along the smooth borders of the Frog Pond, with no apparent object, gazing intently into its crystal basin.

As she continued to survive, however, alarm for her safety abated; and in proportion as this anxiety decreased, her former habits resumed their ascendancy. True, Miss Anderson had romantically resolved to cling to her lover through evil and good report, bravely performing various vows to this effect; but on reflection, finding that none of her approved heroes were convicted of the grossness of drunkenness, she finally abandoned him to his convict dress and prison fare, in place of ideal plaids and fancy wines, and consoled herself with a more respectable, but not more disinterested suitor, who happily met the entire approbation of the eccentric Captain Anderson, and who ultimately succeeded to the care of his treasury, and assumed the control of his deposits and percentages.

Amantha Ann has caused the seventy-five musty volumes on the "Science of Gain,"

"Practical Life," and "Duties to our Fellow-Men," to be removed to the attic for the accommodation of the steady increase of her elegant fiction. She still dotes on heroines, and educates her only daughter at the fashionable school of the Mesdame Tinsel, where she herself acquired her own feminine graces.

#### DUTCH CUSTOMS.

In Broeck, no one enters a house by the front door, nor is any one seen at the front window. The front of the house is where the best "parlors" are, which are sacred to cleanliness and solitude. Irving's description of such an apartment is rigidly true: "The mistress and her confidential maid visit it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights; always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling the floor with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up till the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day. The people of Broeck always enter their houses by back doors, like so many burglars; and to insure the front door from unholy approach, the steps leading to it are removed, never to be placed there but when three great occasions open the mystic gate, and these are, births, marriages, and funerals—*Art Journal*."

#### MAHOMET'S BIBLE.

The Koran was written about A. D. 610. Its general aim was to unite the professors of idolatry and the Jews and Christians in the worship of one God—whose unity was the chief point inculcated under certain laws and ceremonies, exacting obedience to Mahomet the prophet. It was written in the Kordish Arabic, and this language, which certainly possessed very fine quality, was said to be that of Paradise. Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him, during a period of twenty-three years, by the angel Gabriel. The style of the volume is beautiful, fluent and concise, and where the majesty and attributes of God are described, it is sublime and magnificent. Mahomet admitted the divine mission both of Moses and Jesus Christ. According to Gibbon, the leading article of faith which Mahomet preached is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, viz., that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God. The Koran was translated into Latin in 1143, and into English and other European languages about 1763. It is a rhapsody of 3000 verses divided into 114 sections.

#### VIRTUE.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.  
Go, search, if there, where to be born and die,  
Of rich and poor makes all the history;  
Enough that virtue filled the space between,  
Proved by the ends of being to have been.—*Pope*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## EVELYN GRAY.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

Was it thy voice I heard plaintively calling,  
Through the long night as I lay alone?  
And when I awoke, how my wild tears were falling:  
For O, with my dreaming the music had flown!  
Flown like the hopes that I cherished in gladness!  
Flown like the bloom of life's morning away!  
Leaving me lonely as death in my sadness;  
For O, thou art lost to me, Evelyn Gray—  
Lost to me ever, my Evelyn Gray!

Where the night-wind through the willow is sighing,  
Leth my love in my rival's embrace;  
The rose on her grave is the smile that, when dying,  
Stole like the glory of heaven o'er her face.  
O, my lost love, in thy lowly bed sleeping,  
Hearst thou not the wild words that I say?  
Knowest thou not the lone watch I am keeping  
Over thy rest, my lost Evelyn Gray?—  
Ever beside thee, my Evelyn Gray?

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DAY OF DOOM:

—OR,—

## THE BORDERER'S PERIL.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

In the early days of the settlement of Western New York—in fact, when scarcely half-a-dozen white men had located themselves in the vast forest region between the Genesee and the Niagara, a sturdy pioneer had built his cabin and settled his family upon the left bank of the former stream. The name of this man was Matthew Hylton, and he was, in truth, well fitted to cope with the wilderness and its treacherous inhabitants. He was of the middle age, tall and muscular in form, and of a rough exterior; yet his stern and bronzed features were by no means repulsive, and in the very gravity and thoughtfulness of his face, there was something that gave assurance of the natural kindness of his heart.

The family of the pioneer consisted of but two persons besides himself, his wife, and a daughter of almost mature years. Lydia Hylton was a beautiful being; the fairest flower that blossomed upon the banks of the lovely Genesee. She seemed, in truth, too fair and frail to be so rudely transplanted from the haunts of civilization to the unbroken wilderness; but her lot was cast with the parents whom she loved, and no urgent solicitation had been sufficient to induce her to remain in her eastern home after her father had decided to emigrate to the wilds of the West.

After the settlement had been effected, the first summer of the pioneer family was passed in peace and happiness. If at first Matthew Hylton had looked forward forebodingly to troublous days with the Indians, the tranquillity with which each successive day visited his cabin, speedily dissipated such fears from his mind. Each morning his wife and daughter saw him shoulder his axe and enter the forest beyond their little clearing, with manifest concern for his safety; but as each sunset saw his safe return, they easily dismissed all fear from their hearts.

"I cannot account for this strange state of things," Matthew Hylton remarked, as he entered his cabin at the close of a day in the following spring. "Almost a year has passed since we came to this spot, and thus far I have seen hardly a red face. I am sorely troubled to account for it."

"I hope this state of affairs may always continue," his wife rejoined.

"Ay, if one could only be sure of that; but I am troubled lest this strange silence of the redskins should mean mischief. I well know their nature, and I am prepared to say that but for some powerful motive, we should long ere now have received a visit from them, either hostile or friendly. A short time, I think, must determine their designs in regard to us."

"But surely, you have no cause to think them hostile?" Mrs. Hylton asked, in alarm.

Matthew Hylton shook his head doubtfully, and remained silent for a short time.

"I know not what to think, as I have before said," he at last replied. "From the pains they have evidently taken to avoid us, I am inclined to think they act under the express commands of one of their powerful chiefs. What their ultimate objects are, time alone can show. We know, however, that they can have no other cause for hostility than the general jealousy with which they almost invariably regard new comers."

This conversation had the effect of re-awakening the fears of Matthew Hylton and his family, and the following night was passed in sleepless watchfulness. Nothing occurred, however, to give the slightest color to any suspicion they may have formed; although the dark forest around them might have been filled with hostile savages, their watchful and anxious eyes failed to detect the slightest indication of the fact.

"We must try to banish these fears," Matthew Hylton said, with a forced smile, as morning at last broke and found them still wakeful. "If any danger lies before us, there is no additional preparation we can make; and until it does really come, let us comfort ourselves with the

thought that we have suffered our fears to get the better of our reason."

"If we could only believe it!" Mrs. Hylton sighed.

"Ah, but we must believe it! What need is there of borrowing trouble, when, in reality, no danger exists? Let us be brave, and dismiss these silly fears from our hearts."

Matthew Hylton uttered these words in a tone of forced gayety, and kissing his daughter, strode cheerily into the forest, where through the whole day the sharp ring of his axe roused the slumbering echoes.

Night came at last, and the pioneer ceased his labors, and prepared to return to the anxious watchers at the cabin. Resting himself for a moment upon the trunk of a fallen tree, his thoughts turned to the subject which was now rarely absent from his mind—the safety of himself and his family.

"If I were but sure," he uttered, musingly, "that these cunning savages mean me no harm, I should—"

A hand was at that instant laid upon his shoulder, and starting from his seat he saw with astonishment and dismay the majestic figure of an Indian chief close behind him! The intruding and unwelcome savage was dressed out in all the adornments of paint, eagle feathers and moccasins, while the mystic devices wrought upon his leggins and blanket showed him to be one of the chiefs of the Six Nations, whose hunting grounds, it will be remembered, occupied at this time the whole of Western New York.

Rallying his faculties in a moment, and under the impression that imminent danger was at hand, Matthew Hylton stepped back and resolutely brandished his axe; but he immediately perceived that his visitor had no other than kindly intentions. The Indian threw open his blanket to show that he had no concealed weapons, and then advancing, proffered his hand, with the words, spoken in intelligible English:

"White hunter, let us be friends!"

The agreeable surprise of Hylton upon hearing these words may well be imagined; but he hastened to extend his hand to his savage friend, with the reply:

"So be it, red man; we will be friends. Matthew Hylton never yet lifted a weapon against one of your race but in self-defence."

"The white hunter speaks well; Calamuck knows the truth of his words. He has watched him, and seen the truth of his ways, and rejoices to learn that his heart is inclined to peace. Does the red man judge rightly?"

"He does," Hylton replied, adopting the In-

dian's peculiar manner of speech. "Let there be no enmity between us; the red man and the white shall live together in peace."

With a nod of assent, the chief turned and pointed towards Hylton's cabin, the smoke of which could be discerned through the trees.

"Will my white brother take me to his wigwam?" he asked. "Remember—Calamuck is now his friend!"

Matthew Hylton unhesitatingly complied with this request, and together the two moved across the clearing. Mrs. Hylton started in fear and surprise as she saw her husband's dusky companion; but a few whispered words from the pioneer served to explain the matter, and she endeavored to give the strange guest a cordial welcome.

The chief refused the chair which Matthew Hylton proffered him, and for a moment stood near the door, looking keenly around the apartment.

"The white hunter has a daughter," he said, abruptly. "Calamuck would see her!"

Somewhat startled by this singular request, Matthew Hylton was still unprepared to refuse; and turning to his wife, he said, in a hasty undertone:

"We must comply with his wishes; but do not be alarmed; his designs are all peaceful. Tell Lydia to come hither; but first let her know whom we have here."

Mrs. Hylton entered the other room of the cabin, returning after a moment, leading forward her half-terrified, half-amused daughter. The Indian chief regarded her silently, and with evident admiration, concentrating his gaze upon her for so long a time that she involuntarily shuddered as his dark, flashing eyes met hers.

"Let not the pale-flower be frightened; Calamuck will not harm her," he at last observed. "The Pale-Lily is lovely; She is more beautiful than any of the maidens who grace the lodges of the Six Nations. Calamuck has watched her many times when she knew it not, and never has he beheld her but with love! The pale-flower must bloom in the lodge of the Iroquois chief!"

Lydia Hylton cast a glance of terror and entreaty towards her father. The latter stood motionless in mute astonishment at the audacity of the Indian's declaration; through the ambiguity of his words he plainly perceived the object of his visit, and trembled in anticipation of the consequences which he well knew a refusal of the implied demand might produce. But before he could utter a word, the chief turned to him and addressed him as follows: "The white hunter would keep the friendship of the red man?"

"Yes, but the Iroquois chief must—"

"White hunter, stay!" the chief sternly interrupted. "When the white hunter came hither, the warriors of Calamuck were angry; they would have driven him forth, or killed him, had not the red chief threatened the first warrior who should molest the white man, with a shameful death! The red men obeyed, and the white hunter has been left unharmed, even while the Iroquois thirsted for his blood! Would the white hunter still be safe in the home he has made for himself! Let him give his Pale-Lily to be the bride of the bravest of the Iroquois, and no hand shall molest him! Calamuck has spoken; let the white hunter make his answer."

"This is little less than treachery!" Matthew Hylton fiercely responded, while his eyes blazed indignantly. "Chief of the the Iroquois, your words are those of a coward; no brave man would speak thus! My daughter can never become the bride of a red man—least of all, of such a one as the words of Calamuck proclaim him to be."

The anger of Hylton aroused a corresponding emotion in the breast of the chief. Stalking to the door, he flung his hatchet down upon the threshold; the meaning of which significant act Matthew Hylton readily comprehended.

"The white hunter has sealed his doom!" the chief sternly exclaimed. "Calamuck sought to be his friend; let the white man now know and fear him as an enemy! The Indian chief will speak but one word, and the forest shall be filled with howling Iroquois warriors! Mark my words, white hunter; to-morrow shall be a *day of doom* to those who dwell beneath this roof! *Ons* will be spared: nothing shall keep the Pale Lily from the wigwam of Calamuck!"

With these fierce words the chief drew his blanket haughtily about him, and turning away, strode into the forest. Matthew Hylton watched him until he could no longer be seen, and then turning to his trembling wife and daughter, he said, firmly:

"This terrible danger cannot be averted; but we must strive with all the means in our power to meet it firmly, and do what we can for our salvation. Let us spend no time in useless lamentation, but prepare ourselves for the work of to-morrow."

"But can we not escape?" Mrs. Hylton asked, in a tremulous tone, turning her eyes imploringly to her husband.

"No; I grieve to say that is impossible, but such is the fact! Too soon would our blood-thirsty foes trail us, should we attempt to flee; our safety lies in defending our cabin. Let us

do this with firm hearts, relying upon Him who alone is able to save us unharmed from this fearful peril."

The calm courage of Matthew Hylton quickly imparted itself to his wife and daughter; and during the next twelve hours their active hands were employed in fortifying and barricading the cabin. In this task they succeeded well; the structure was built of stout logs, and of itself was almost a miniature fortress, while the preparations which the defenders were able to make, visibly strengthened it and rendered it more secure.

Hardly had the morning dawned before Matthew Hylton became aware that the woods adjacent to the cabin were filled with savages. A kind of energetic despair had taken possession of the mind of the pioneer, in view of his desperate circumstances, and in this mood he resolved to become the aggressor. As one of the savages exposed his head for an instant, a quick report came from the cabin, while the yell of rage which instantly followed it, spoke of the death of one, at least, of the assailants.

Like a band of demons the Indians now rushed from their concealment, and surrounded the cabin, joining at the same time in a frightful chorus of whoops; but the cool courage of the brave defender quickly taught them caution. One after another fell under his rapid and fatal discharges, and the assailants soon retired precipitately to the forest, to arrange a more feasible plan of attack.

During the several hours following, the Indians gained no advantage over the obstinate pioneer. Hardly an Indian had emerged, although but an instant, from his cover, without paying for his temerity with his life; and the shower of balls which they constantly directed towards the cabin sunk harmlessly into the logs. There was another cause, also, which aided in the temporary discomfiture of the Indians; with an exhibition of rare heroism, Lydia Hylton had brought forth a spare rifle, and being well skilled in its use, more than one painted Iroquois fell before its leaden messenger.

"Well done, my girl!" Matthew Hylton cried, as he witnessed one of her fatal discharges. "Should Calamuck ever force you to enter his wigwam, he must be careful to remove his rifle from your reach!"

The Indians next tried to fire the cabin, but the attempt was ineffectual. The logs were solid, and almost fire-proof, while the roof was damp from recent rains, and not at all inflammable; and the party which had been detailed for the attempt retired with considerable loss.

But the attack now assumed a new aspect.

Burning with rage against his stubborn adversary, Calamuck led his party upon a run straight towards the cabin, and brandishing their hatchets, fiercely assailed the door. Their blows at first seemed ineffectual, and half-a-dozen fell before the fire of the defenders; but a still fiercer assault caused the door to quiver ominously, and in a moment it was carried forcibly from its hinges! Two more of the Indians fell as the whole body rushed across the threshold; but this was the last effort of the defenders. Matthew Hylton stood before his wife and daughter with brandished rifle, but a blow from the hatchet of Calamuck laid him senseless at his feet, and with a wild cry of satisfaction, the savage seized the form of Lydia Hylton in his arms.

"The Pale-Lily must bloom in the lodge of the Iroquois!" he triumphantly exclaimed. The captive maiden closed her eyes with a shudder of despairing agony; when suddenly the sharp ring of a dozen rifles came to her ear. The arms of Calamuck slowly relaxed, and without a groan he sank down—dead! Nor was he the only one harmed by that fatal volley. Four others of the Iroquois, and among them, one who was swinging his hatchet above the head of Mrs. Hylton, who knelt imploringly at his feet, fell dead where he stood; and with a repetition of the discharge, with similar effects, the confusion and terror of the remaining savages were complete. With wild cries, they fled to the forest, drawing after them a scattering fire, hardly less fatal in its effects than the previous ones.

Matthew Hylton slowly revived, recovering his faculties completely as he recognized the body of men who had advanced from the river-bank immediately upon delivering their last volley, to the panic-struck savages. He recognized them, for they were brother pioneers with whom he had been closely intimate, and who had made their houses further up the river; and as he grasped the hand of each successively, his choking voice refused to utter the words of gratitude for their timely efforts in his behalf, which sprang to his lips.

"We understand what you'd say, if you could, Matthew," one of the honest borderers remarked. "But you owe no thanks to us; what we've done might well be accounted a recompense for some of the wrongs which we've suffered from the cruel and treacherous redskins. I'm afraid there'll never be any love lost between us!"

Thus ended the day which the vengeful Calamuck had denounced upon the head of Matthew Hylton, as a "day of doom;" but its issue, as we have seen, had been far different from that anticipated by the chief.

The sequel to the story is easily told. Among the rescuers of Matthew Hylton and his family, was one upon whom the beauty and heroism of Lydia Hylton made a powerful impression, which, amid the increasing perils of the backwoods, quickly ripened into love. That this was reciprocated, there is no better proof than the fact that not many months thereafter, the maiden's lover became her legal protector, and that thenceforth his arms constituted a powerful and sufficient defence of the fair "flower of the Genesee," as she was universally called, against savage treachery and violence.

Were fiction the basis of our story, we might give it a more dignified, though hardly a more befitting end; but within its limits we have dealt only with facts, which the memory of more than one venerable settler of the Genesee Valley can at the present day substantiate.

### EARTHQUAKES AT SEA.

A recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences was held, at which reports from two masters of merchantmen were read, stating that on the 30th of December, 1856, the vessel of one was rudely shaken as by a shock of earthquake, in ten degrees south latitude, and twenty-one degrees thirty-five minutes west longitude, and that of the other when under the equator, at twenty degrees west longitude. The first vessel experienced several other shocks, though slighter, accompanied by a rumbling noise until four o'clock in the afternoon; the second only experienced one shock. The weather was perfectly calm at the time, the sea tranquil, and the temperature remained unchanged. After the conclusion of the reports before the academy, M. Beaumont, the geologist, remarked that it had been long supposed, from preceding observations, that a volcano existed in the Atlantic, at about the latitude and longitude mentioned, and that it was no doubt an explosion of it which had caused the sea captains to imagine there had been an earthquake.—*Scientific American.*

### CROCODILES.

Few reptiles are more disgusting in appearance than crocodiles; but, nevertheless, their utility counterbalances their bad qualities, as they cleanse the water from all impurities. So numerous are they that their heads may be seen in fives and tens together, floating on the top of the water like rough corks; and about five, P. M. they bask on the shore, close to the margin of the water, ready to scuttle in on the shortest notice. They are then particularly on the alert, and it is a most difficult thing to stalk them, so as to get near enough to make a certain shot. Around the margin of a lake, in a large plain far in the distance, may be seen a distinct line upon the short grass, like the fallen trunk of a tree. As there are no trees at hand, this must necessarily be a crocodile. Seldom can the best hand at stalking them get within eighty yards of him, before he lifts his scaly head, and listening for a second, plunges off the bank.—*Baker.*

[ORIGINAL.]

**NOT ALL A DREAM.**

BY EDWIN LISCOMB.

Not all a dream—for in that time of sleep  
 Came back unto the senses each refrain  
 Of life's most thrilling passage—echoing o'er the deep  
 The quivering music of that mortal strain.  
 First dipped in moonlit lakes of early love,  
 The metred oars a liquid song revealed,  
 In shivered peals sent to the stars above,  
 Or scattered far across the painted fields.  
 Strangely sweet upon the throbbing heart  
 Fell drippingly those notes—their holy thrill  
 A lasting impress to the soul impart;  
 For ne'er again its presence may they fill,  
 As when, in floating measure, through each hour  
 They cast upon the sense their wondrous power.  
 To memory only, or, in lingering dreams,  
 Live faintly o'er again those early flowers;  
 And to the musing heart each faded blossom seems  
 A lasting hope, endowed with blissful powers.

Not all a dream—for, hovering fondly there,  
 My mother's spirit cast its lifelong spell,  
 Beseeching as of old—and teaching to beware  
 Of bordered paths that lure the soul to hell.  
 Her face so meek—and trembling fingers laid  
 Upon the fevered, passion-heated brow;  
 Back slant the rays of prayers as then she prayed—  
 Ah, they reach me only through my memory, now!  
 What worldly treasures ever gave the gift  
 Of love thus pure, thrown from a mother's heart  
 Upon her child, ere clouds in sadness drift  
 Across the sunlit sky, whose hues impart  
 Those golden images of youthful joy,  
 While life still beams a gem without alloy.

Not all a dream—arrayed in brightness there,  
 Lived o'er again the friendships once so pure:  
 Dear eyes that flashed with love, and faces fair,  
 Passed one by one, the dreamy brain to lure.  
 True were the emotions then that fondly fell  
 From bosoms heated not by worldly lust;  
 Their store of bliss no earthly lips can tell—  
 But many mourn the friendships in the dust.

[ORIGINAL.]

**SERVING UP A COTTON MASTER.****AN INCIDENT OF ENGLISH MILL LIFE.**

BY MARTIN SYMINGTON.

WITH the exception of the slavery of the mine, there is no condition in England more deplorably wretched than that of the phase usually denominated "mill life." I remember one mill in particular, in a retired district of Derbyshire, the property of the Canstone brothers—three of them—Edward, Charles, and William; and report said that within a few years they had grown immensely rich from the profits of pauper apprentices, procured from the overseers of va-

rious workhouses. My present limits will not allow of my entering into details of the misery and wretchedness which walls in and crushes down that helpless class of operators.

But by this system of pressing in youthful and inefficient help, the agent is often obliged to offer great inducements to obtain what competent assistance they require, in order to keep the poor pauper children constantly and profitably employed. On the occasion to which I refer, there was a scarcity of competent help at the Canstone Mills, and the owners had advertised in the Manchester Chronicle to do great things for a few orderly, well-disciplined, well-recommended hands. I saw the notice, and being flattered somewhat by their promises, and seeing, likewise, that I might leave where I was without giving serious offence, there being at that time, in the mill where I was employed, a full complement of help, and some to spare, I at once determined to give the Canstones a trial. Their mill was situated some four leagues from the one in which I was then employed, and their general reputation as mill owners, I was also aware, was none of the best; which circumstance would have deterred many from going, I know, though it did not me. Accordingly on a fine spring morning I started in a pleasure boat which made regular trips up and down the Peak Forest Canal, approaching in its downward course to within a mile or two of the point of my destination. The remainder of the way I should be compelled to travel on foot.

The point where the boat stopped was called Aqueduct Landing, and a few rods removed from it was a wayside tavern, known as "Junction Inn." Here I partook of some slight refreshments before journeying further. After swallowing my ale and muffins, I took up my bundle and started on again, having now nearly two miles further to go before reaching the mills.

The Canstone Mills are situated in a deep gulch between two hills, and to the right, on an ascending plateau of the most beautiful green-sward, ornamented with flowers and beautiful shade trees, stood the Canstone mansion, the joint property of the Brothers Canstone, all residing under the same roof with their lemans, and a middle-aged housekeeper, whose situation depended on her winking at whatever moral enormity she might chance to witness. I gave my note of recommendation to Charles, the second brother, who was the cashier of the establishment—Mr. Edward, the elder, and Mr. William, the younger, being absent—and was shown immediately to my post of duty. At first sight the chance seemed a good one, but I failed on the



start to take into consideration the important difference between a competent assistant at fifteen shillings a week, where an allotted task was given, deducted from my own wages of thirty-six, and a dull pauper boy, fresh from the hands of the parish beadle, who had never before seen the inside of a factory.

In consequence of this fact, the labor was unusually severe. I was not only obliged to keep up my own end, but was likewise expected to make good any deficiency in the lad, who was so obtuse and stupid that it took double the time to teach him, that it would have required me to perform the little labor which he so imperfectly accomplished, without further assistance than my own individual hands; so that before the expiration of two days, my situation had become as irksome to me, as the condition of any mill-slave might well be, and live. I was heartily sick of the idea of doing two days' works in one, and then paying the wages of another out of my own, who could do little less than stare at me in idiotic wonder. So I resolved to sit down and write to my late employer in Ashton, and see if I could have my old situation back again if I desired. Two days after I received an answer which informed me that if I came on the day but one following, my place would be restored to me. In order to be back in time, I should be compelled to take the one o'clock boat, which would make my time at the Canstone Mills one half day short of a week, and my pay could not be drawn till the usual hour of payment, five in the afternoon.

I informed the Canstones of my intentions to leave, and my reasons for so doing, but received only abuse for my candor; so without making more words, I left my check with one of the mill hands to collect on pay-day, and forward to my address at Ashton-under-line, and turned my face once more in the direction of home. On Tuesday I received a letter from my friend in Marple, informing me that the amount of my check had been paid over for me to Mr. Edward Canstone, instead of him, and therefore I should be compelled to go all the way to Canstone Mills to get nineteen shillings sixpence.

I informed Mr. Bukeley of my trouble with the Canstones, and he advised me to go to them, in person, on the following Saturday and get it. Accordingly at the proper time, I secured a hand in my stead in the mill, and took the earliest boat for Marple. Arrived at my destination, I went immediately to Mr. Charles Canstone, whom I found at his usual stand in the counting-room. I had had no trouble with Mr. Charles, therefore I addressed him respectfully, stating that I had

come that morning from Ashton for the money due me for the labor performed at their mill on the preceding week. He took down his ledger, and running his eye over the page for a moment, pointed his finger to a spot, and said:

"Paid!"

I explained that his brother, Mr. Edward Canstone, had been paid, not I.

"Then," said Mr. Charles, blandly, "you had better call and see my brother Edward. You will find him at the house."

I now recollected that I had previously heard that this was one of the numerous dodges employed by this exemplary firm to cheat honest labor of its due—keeping the victim running from pillar to post; but nevertheless I was determined to do as I was bid—Mr. Charles, no doubt, thinking I would not have the hardihood to trouble Mr. Edward Canstone in his fine abode. But, contrary to his expectations, in three minutes I was jerking at the bell-wire.

"What do you wish, sir?" said a young woman (it would be imprudent to call her a lady, surrounded by such associations), flinging open the great hall door with a smirk.

"I wish to see Mr. Edward Canstone—on business—please tell him on particular business."

"Your card, if you please, sir?" she persisted, gazing at me with a toss of the head and a simper.

"I have none; but to give you my name, will perhaps do as well!" And I gave it without much considering, and with another smirk and a fling, the young woman disappeared.

She left the door ajar, however, and I heard her deliver the errand. The next moment, I heard Mr. Edward Canstone's laugh—then his voice.

"Tell the hodious creature I am sick, and cannot receive visitors."

The answer came back with a preface.

"Tell Mr. Edward Canstone," cried I, raising my voice to its highest natural pitch—it was my intention that the poltroon should hear me—"that I have come ten miles to transact this business, and three minutes will suffice to do it."

The girl went back, charged. We were sparring at a distance, with no prospect of approaching nearer, our only weapon—the tongue; but the cotton master was shrewd, and took advantage of his position to mock at the necessities of those who were dangling a few rounds below him on the social ladder. He felt he was safe from personal assault in his impregnable fortress, and might taunt me with impunity, so long as there were none present but intended witnesses.

"Tell the Cheshire hog, or Lancashire pig, or whatever title he rejoices in, that he must come

again. I never do business at the house. Brother Charles is at the mill; if he is disposed to pay him, he can. But if he don't leave the house, I'll set the dogs on him!"

I saw there could be nothing gained by parley, and so without waiting for a repetition of the smirk and fling, I posted back to the counting-room, resolved to practise a little excusable deception upon Brother Charles, if I could, in order to obtain my object.

"Your brother is very much engaged," said I, on approaching the province of the latter, "and so he requested me to come to you for my pay."

"Very good! But I have paid Brother Edward," said Mr. Charles Canstone, with a bland smile, "and it will be necessary to obtain an order from him to the effect you have stated, before I can pay it a second time."

"But consider," said I. "I have come ten miles solely on this errand. I lose my time and money; I can't afford to come to Marple every day in the week for nineteen shillings sixpence."

"I see," returned Mr. Charles, thoughtfully. "I will send one of the lads in the mill to see if Brother Edward will forward me an order to pay it." And with this, Mr. Charles Canstone retired, leaving me waiting in the counting-room.

For ten minutes, I waited very patiently; but no Brother Charles came. Then I grew impatient, for it wanted but an hour to the departure of the boat.

"Perhaps he has gone in person to see Mr. Edward," mused I, simply. And with this I bolted into the yard, where there was more air.

Presently I saw a person, whom I mistook for Mr. Charles, coming down the avenue from the house. As he drew nearer, I saw it was neither Mr. Charles Canstone, nor Mr. Edward Canstone, but from the strong family resemblance—he was younger looking, more foppish—I concluded it was the younger brother, William.

I saw by his swagger, before he came within twenty rods of the mill, that he was an arrogant and conceited coxcomb, and determined—partly on that, and partly on his brother's account—if he molested me, to teach him the difference between a Lancashire pig, and a Derbyshire ninny-hammer, before taking my final leave of them.

"Sir," said he, accosting me in a pompous tone, after passing leisurely by—pretending at first not to notice me—and then swinging suddenly round; "sir, what brings you here, sir? What is your business here, sir, at these mills—the Canstone Mills, sir?"

"I have come for my pay, sir—for labor, sir—in the Canstone Mills, if you have no objections, sir!" answered I, glaring at and imitating him.

"Insolence, sir! Who are you, sir, that dare to repeat the language of your betters?"

There were two or three pieces of court plaster adhering to his face, and it was easy to suppose that some one had done a good deed by leaving his mark upon him.

"Look to yourself!" cried I, blazing up with sudden wrath; "for behold you cannot wipe out from your cowardly face the marks already left by some indignant hand!"

This exasperated the puppy; I meant it should.

"By my honor!" cried the flaming coxcomb, springing forward, and cutting circles in the air with his cane; "I'll chastise your insolence."

"Thank you!" exclaimed I, advancing half way; but before he could effect his purpose, I administered one blow which sent him spinning ten feet, where he remained doubled up for half a minute, a prostrate bundle of egotism.

I knew there would be no safety for me in Marple after this, so I turned and fled for the boat-landing as fast as my legs would carry me. As luck would have it, I arrived just in season for my fare, for had I been two minutes later, I should have missed the boat, and been compelled to walk home. I never after heard anything in relation to the assault, or my money.

#### LIGHTING THE DESERT FIRE.

A strange Bedawy, with an idiotic cast of features now came from the neighboring tent, carrying in his hand an instrument like a pointed pickaxe. Passing through the circle of spectators, he advanced towards where we sat, and, when within a yard of us, raised his weapon and sank it deep into the soil at our very knees. The whole thing was done with such deliberation and quickness that we both started back as if the blow had been aimed at our head. The Arabs laughed heartily at our fright, but the operator took not the slightest notice, and labored away as if frantic, till he had excavated a considerable hole. Another Arab now came up, and threw in a handful of the dry prickly shrubs that grow so plentifully in the desert; and then, applying match and tinder, soon had them in a blaze. A third threw in a cloakful of dry camels' dung over the burning mass. The skirt of his under garment supplied the place of bellows, and fanned the heap into a brisk, leaping flame. Thus they kindled the desert fire, and the half-naked Arabs gathered round it, spreading out their thin, bony hands to catch the genial warmth, and then rubbing them with evident satisfaction. Ever and anon one of the circle would add fresh fuel, while others stirred up the smouldering embers with their hooked sticks or massive clubs. The night wind, too, sweeping round the tent, made the flame leap and play like a thing of life, and sometimes sent showers of sparks and hot ashes into the beards of the little circle, occasioning a momentary confusion, followed by a hearty laugh.

—Porter's Five Years in Damascus.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LADY MARIAN.

BY MARGARET VERNÉ.

Look out to the west, Lady Marian!  
 Fling open your languid eyes,  
 And see the sun, like a golden fish,  
 Swim down through the crimson skies.  
 Unbind for a little while the gems  
 That flash in your braided hair;  
 Put off your robe of satin and gold—  
 'Twas gingham you used to wear.

Come out of your home, Lady Marian:  
 Your home so stately and grand,  
 And walk where the feet of the restless sea  
 Climb up on the silver sand.  
 Do you remember a night like this,  
 When you wandered here with me?  
 And the hand you nestled in mine was white  
 As the wild froth of the sea.

The heavens were red, Lady Marian,  
 Where the fiery sun had set;  
 The ocean under it looked like blood,  
 But your mouth was redder yet.  
 Its bait of kisses was sweet; my heart  
 Was caught in the honeyed mare;  
 And the wind, as if envying me, came up  
 And played with your golden hair.

Poor fool that I was, Lady Marian!  
 I called you fair and sweet,  
 And held your white hands over my heart,  
 To show you how it beat.  
 I praised your eyes and your milk-white throat,  
 The length of your glimmering curls;  
 And I said there was murder in your mouth,  
 With its double blade of pearls.

Go back to your home, Lady Marian!  
 Your home so stately and grand!  
 Go back, for I see the golden gleam  
 Of a marriage-ring on your hand.  
 I know it burns like a thread of fire,  
 For your face is white and cold;  
 And they say your lying heart has grown  
 As hard as your husband's gold.

What!—tears on your lids, Lady Marian!—  
 And tears on your haughty face?  
 They cannot dissolve the gilded chains  
 That hold you in your place.  
 The scorn and hate that was on my lips  
 Is melting to tender speech:  
 Go back, for my heart can never learn  
 The lesson those tears would teach.

Go back to your home, Lady Marian!  
 The red glow fades from the sea;  
 In the vine-wreathed porch of our cottage home,  
 My young wife waits for me.  
 Ah! clasp your jewelled hands in pain,  
 Avert your darkening brow;  
 For an old man's gold you sold my heart,  
 And yours is breaking now.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BAL MASQUE.

BY A. M. GILMAN.

INTENSE application to study having impaired my rather delicate constitution, I was induced in the fall of 184— to leave my home in the "boreal realms" of Vermont, to seek in a milder clime recreation and health. My destination was New Orleans, but stopping in various cities on my way, I did not find myself there till near the close of the year. Soon after my arrival on the memorable eighth of January, a grand bal masque was to come off. Numerous invitations were given, and every precaution taken by the managers to exclude the uninvited. The set to whom I had been introduced and with whom I had become somewhat intimate, were eager for the fun—and notwithstanding I had been brought up in the strictest sect of New England orthodoxy, in which all balls, and especially masked ones, are looked upon as the veriest inventions of Satan to lure souls into the downward road—their urging, and a fair share of mother Eve's world-renowned quality, which—candor compels me to say it—she transmitted quite as liberally to our sex as her own, caused me (not at all reluctantly, I confess,) to go. I was curious to see a bal masque—curious, like all, big or little children, to see the folly of it too.

My friend Leamington, who had formerly resided in New Orleans, but was now, like myself, a transient visitor, accompanied me. We went early, as much to see the splendid decorations of the hall, as the entree of the motley revellers. Splendid indeed they were!—gorgeous and tasteful too! Flowers were everywhere, trailing from pillar and chandelier, wreathed here and there in quaint device or patriotic motto. Banners (stars and stripes and fleur-de-lis) with oak-leaves intermingled, were festooned above the windows and mirrors, while a full length portrait of the "Old Hero," crowned with a chaplet of amaranths, looked grandly down from the further end of the hall. Soon there entered lords and ladies, Highlanders, Turks, brigands, Bohemian peasant girls, Spaniards, senoritas, grisettes, students, gipsy maids and gipsy men, sailor boys and soldier boys, a few famous generals, nuns, monks, etc., etc., in most democratic juxtaposition, all shone upon by the light of immense chandeliers, with their ten thousand prismatic

Every unmerited affliction becomes the parent of some Persian tale.  
 of pleasure, and the daughter outlives the father. I send and myself went without masques,

but intended to assume them if the humor took us, in the course of the evening. Very soon I missed him: He had masked I presumed—but as we had very carefully concealed our costumes from each other, it was in vain for me to seek him. Wishing to feel as much at home as possible in my character, I assumed that of Jonathan, fresh from the Green Mountains, and with my swallow-tail coat, short vest, short pants and short stockings, white hat under my arm, and “granther’s” silver watch and a jack-knife in my pocket, fancied I did Jonathan pretty well. I had hob-a-nobbed with some of the nobility in a quadrille, polked twice with a charming little grisette, and once with a gipsy maid, when a piratical “Lafitte” looking fellow, whom I suspected to be my friend Leamington, came up with, and introduced to me—Mr. Smith—a young German woman, as Bettine Van Stahl. I saluted her with a *wie gehts* (nearly all the German I knew), offered her my arm for a waltz, and we were soon whirling up and down among the motley crowd, the observed of all observers. My fraulein was costumed in the primitive style of her countrywomen—dress of dark blue calico, spotted with white, made high in the neck and very short-waisted, a Sunday-best black silk apron, very wide and very long, the strings of which passed close under her arms and tied with a bow behind. A white kerchief in the style of our grandmothers, was crossed over her bosom, and the ends concealed beneath the apron, while suspended from her neck by a black ribbon, hung, over the kerchief, a large golden cross—her only ornament. Long, close sleeves and gloves of white linen concealed, and yet disclosed, an arm and hand which I could not help knowing were of very fine proportions. The dress was quite too short for the present fashion, to sweep the sidewalks, or to hide, even through the coarse shoe and stocking, a foot and ankle fit for the Venus de Medicis herself. Her abundant flaxen hair was put up in the simplest style with a large comb behind, and over all sat an air of demure and modest gravity quite befitting a *Deutsche Madschen*, but quite foreign, I was sure, to the one under her masque. As I have indicated my own costume, which the reader can easily fill out, he will imagine the figures we cut as we passed round and round, up and down the long hall. She seemed to understand but little English, and as I knew no German, our conversation was rather stilted, and yet it was wonderful how soon and perfectly we understood each other. We kept excellent time, though we occasionally forgot ourselves, and displayed more grace than we intended to do, or than might have been ex-

pected from us. I was conscious of provoking many a smile—even an old Shylock-looking Jew drew back the corners of his mouth as we passed, displaying his fine teeth for our admiration.

Bettine was seated for a little rest after our long bout of waltzing, and I, like a charmed bird—charmed in spite of her ugly costume—was hovering near her, leaning against a pillar at the farther end of the hall, with my hands in my pockets and my feet crossed, engaged in guessing, “but no syllable expressing,” as to what was the alias of Bettine Van Stahl—whether she was a thing of evil or a thing of beauty, and resolving to find out, when the Wandering Jew advanced, and threw himself in sullen attitude against an opposite pillar near to me. Regarding the crowd for a while in silence, he at length muttered, as if to himself:

“O that my woes, my wanderings, might cease soon as the mirth and joy of these revellers!”

I accosted him by asking, “if he wasn’t almighty tired—where he hailed from now?” and a few other questions of civility.

“Tired!” he echoed, with a gesture indicating real agony—words could not have expressed it. “I am last,” he answered, “from Japan, via California.”

Just then a gipsy woman came up and requested to tell my fortune.

“My fortune,” I said, “will tell itself,” but being in for anything that might turn up, I held out my hand.

She pored over it a minute with her sharp eyes, talking about a light-complexioned and a dark-complexioned lady I was in love with—both of them at that same time—saying, finally, that there was nothing very remarkable in my destiny, that I should be married to both of these ladies at the same time, and that I was in great danger of getting into some high office—that of President,” she suggested.

I said I wasn’t a “mite afraid of that, but to be a Mormon—bah, that went agin my notions.”

She gave me a malicious smile, and turned to the Jew.

“My fortune,” he said, with a sigh, “was told ages since.” Yet he crossed her little palm with silver, and held out to her his own. She pored over it for a long time in silence.

“Very lately,” she said, at last, “you have met and loved a lady older than yourself—”

“Jeriminy!” I exclaimed.

Salathiel gave me a look which shut my mouth, and the gipsy continued:

“You saved her from drowning, and she stole your heart. You think she belongs to another, but you will again meet her, under the same cir-

circumstances—in the water—and will again save her life. She is your destiny. You will marry her and live happily to a good old age."

The Jew must have had faith in the gipsy, I remarked, for he was cheerful, even gay, the remainder of the evening, condescending to relate to me several interesting passages of travel in Northern Asia and elsewhere.

The evening, like all evenings, and the ball, like all balls, came to an end. I had waited upon my fraulein to the supper-table, where I made myself conspicuous by my gawky gallantries. I tried by many roundabout questions to identify my fair one with the flaxen locks, but in vain. *Nich verstehen*, was her continual reply. Yet she understood quickly enough when I gave her a bon-bon with the motto, "thine only," and asked for one from her in return, which she immediately gave me. "A souvenir," I said, "until we meet again," and many soft nothings I uttered (it was late in the evening then), which I do not now recall. I would have given a fabulous sum for her real name. "At any rate, I will see you home, my fair one," I said to myself, "without your permission."

She must have *verstehen* my thought, for somehow she eluded me. She was gone, and I was obliged to go home in the dark about her, though not in the darkness of night, for the cold gray of the winter morning had dawned, as my friend Leamington and myself met in the private entrance hall of the St. Charles Hotel.

"Ah, Jonathan," he exclaimed, "you are admirable!"

We were talking over the ball a few days afterwards, when he told me what I had not suspected, that he was the Wandering Jew. He had, indeed, been a wanderer, a traveller—and the character was appropriate.

"And who was the gipsy?" I asked.

"The devil, I think," he replied, "for she told me the truth about the past. Her image and her words still haunt me."

We had found out many of the masques among our acquaintances, but could get no clue to the gipsy, or the fraulein, Bettine. I began strongly to suspect, as I told Leamington, that she was an angel in disguise—a human angel, reader. He made himself very merry at the idea of my demure flaxen-haired little wretch being an angel. I often jested with him about my angel, still, the ugly little image, with its sad, twining arms, was ever present to my imagination. I could not account to myself for the pertinacity with which I dwelt upon it. Indeed, there are very few things in this world one can account for—so I set her down at last for a

witch, and myself as bewitched, which was not, as some might suppose, unpleasant, except in my not being able to find out who the dear little witch was.

A month or more had passed after the ball, when we were invited to a large and brilliant private party, given by one of the merchant princes of the city. All was elegance, and beauty. Soon after our entrance my hostess presented me to Miss D—, a brunette of very striking style, quite the opposite of the lady of my dreams. She had large, glorious black eyes, full of meaning and mischief, flashing a thousand things in a glance. I was fascinated at once. There was no disguise here, and I always own up (as the modern phrase goes), to the truth. Before a half hour had passed, Bettine had retired into the far, dim background of my memory, save now and then, something as impalpable as airy nothing—*Je ne sais quoi*—in Miss D—'s air or manner, would, strangely enough, recall her to my mind. Kindred souls we must have been. We seemed immediately to recognize each other, though to our mutual knowledge we had never met before. I had seen her often in my day-dreams and reveries, but not in flesh and blood reality. With the softest links of witchery she chained me to her side, as much, even more of the evening than the proprieties of society and the fact of my strangership allowed. We danced and promenaded and talked together—spoke of the bal masque. "Was I there?" "Was she there?" She was. "As who?" I impudently inquired. She looked "none of your business, sir," but said, slightly blushing, "that is my secret, sir."

My eye at that moment fell upon a golden cross, that "on her fair breast she wore," when the exceeding applicability of the other line of the couplet, and the similarity of the cross to Bettine's flashed together into my mind. It was like, and if not the same, was very suggestive. I at once instituted a comparison, and found, if it was possible to judge under the transformation of dress, that the demure Bettine and the sparkling Miss D. might be the same. I now convinced myself that they were the same.

I saluted her with "*wie gehts*," she blushed, but said nothing, keeping her large, lustrous eyes upon the floor. I saw that my surmise was correct, and leading her to a quiet corner, a chapter of explanations was rehearsed to the merriment of us both.

"I have thought and dreamed of you continually since that night," I said.

An arch expression of countenance was the response she made to this.

I saw that this signified quite as much as if she had spoken a volume of assent, and so I whispered—no matter what in her ear, and somehow the color on her sweet cheek, in place of subsiding, only deepened the more, and—and—and—well it might have been four months from that time that we came north together.

Two years after our marriage we were again in New Orleans for the winter, where I, one day, soon after we arrived, to my surprise, met Leamington in the street, with a lady on his arm; a very distingue, stylish-looking person, but evidently no younger than himself, whom he introduced as Mrs. L. We met frequently afterwards, and one evening, as we were recalling some of our former experiences there, he told me that six months after the bal masque, he was at Memphis, and there, late in the evening, went on board an up-river steamboat, and retired to his berth without seeing any of the passengers; that, just before morning, the boat struck a snag, when, of course, all was fright and confusion. Screaming, running hither and thither; some even jumping overboard, no one exactly knowing what was the matter, nor what they were doing. He rushed for the ladies' cabin, when, as he passed the open door of a state room, he saw the gleaming of a white dress as it went over the guards. Instinctively he plunged in after it, seized and dragged on board a lady, carrying her almost by main strength to the hurricane deck, where the passengers eventually found themselves in safety, as the boat only sank to that depth.

"Heavens!" said he, "what do you suppose were my sensations, when I discovered that the lady whom I had rescued, was Mrs. E., the same person whom I had, not a year before, saved from drowning (by a similar accident), in Sacramento River, and who, you will remember, the gipsy said had stolen my heart? Her husband was then, as we supposed, on his way from China to San Francisco, where she had come to meet him. That she was *more than pleasing* to me, I will not deny; but as my conscience did not approve my making love to another man's wife, even in California, I made it in my way of business to come to New Orleans. In short, I ran away from temptation, of which fact, please remember, she was profoundly ignorant.

"Instead of meeting her husband, Capt. E., as she expected to do at San Francisco, she met the tidings of his decease on board his ship, a few days out from Hong Kong, and she was now on her way back to her friends in St. Louis. I met my destiny, and she is mine, tells the rest of my story, the gipsy's fortune is fulfilled to the letter, except the living to a good old age."

"And mine too," I responded, "except that I am only president of a bank, instead of the U. S. A. Still, as old Mr. Smith, our neighbor, said, after one of the presidential nominations, 'Nobody can feel safe now.' If I am not at least talked about as a candidate, I shall have no faith in gipseys or fortune-telling hereafter."

#### DR. JOHNNY'S STORY TRUMPED.

In the ancient town of Newburgh, on the Hudson, there resides an old Scotchman by the name of John Smith, or as he calls it, *Smuth*, whose vocation it was to supply buttermilk to families in the mornings. Johnny Smuth is well known in Newburgh, as Washington's statue is in New York; he has worn the same old coat for the last forty years, and gone the usual diurnal round, without a day's absence, for the same period. You would know the old coat if you should meet it anywhere; the collar covered with age and snuff—for Johnny Smuth is a great snuffer, and in this respect he is only excelled by one person in Newburgh, and that is Mrs. Smuth.

One day Johnny having delivered his thick beverage as was customary, made a second call upon his customers, which was not. The reason of this unusual visit can best be explained in his own words. "You see," said he, "Mrs. Smuth put her night-cap this morning, in the buttermilk to bleach it, and forgot to lift it, and I'm looking for it." Our informant says, the lady who told him the story, happily fished up the cap, rolled in a wet swad, from her buttermilk, and returned it to the anxious John, and both parties were satisfied.—*Cozzen's Wine Press*.

#### KINDNESS.

A well-meant act of kindness shown towards one who is superior in station, however trifling in itself, is always felt to be of real value. Such tokens are always well received, and tend greatly to promote that heartiness of kindly feeling which it is so important to maintain between the different orders of society. Those in humble life should therefore consider and cultivate this practical manifestation of good will towards the more elevated, while, on the other hand, the high in station may do as much, or more good, by the character of their personal acts of benevolence, as by any amount of alms-giving. The feelings, the tastes, the circumstances, the position of our humbler brethren, should be respected in every work that is undertaken for their benefit.—*Rev. F. W. Naylor*.

#### RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds. Thus 14 direct muscles, alone, or together, produce 16383; 30 indirect muscles, ditto, 173,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity. A man's voice ranges from base to tenor, the medium being what is called a baritone. The female voice ranges from contralto to soprano, the medium being termed mezzo-soprano—whereas a boy's voice is alto, or between a tenor and a treble.—*Musical Journal*.

[ORIGINAL.]

**'TIS EXPERIENCE MAKES US WISE.**

BY BEATRICE BURNETT.

There is much of wisdom hidden,  
Even to those who close their eyes  
To the truth in this one motto,  
" 'Tis experience makes us wise ! "

Joy, and all things pure and holy,  
Which we prize most in our hearts,  
May be offerings from the lowly—  
May be gleaned from sundered parts.

Joy is oftener gained through sorrow :  
Pleasure oftener gleaned from pain ;  
All the brighter seems to-morrow,  
For to-day's refreshing rain.

Off the rivers of affliction  
Must be crossed where breakers roar,  
Ere we gain the blest fruition  
Which awaits on heaven's shore !

Many a soul hath breathed its sweetness,  
Many a lip hath sung its strain,  
Leaving, as their lone memorial,  
To the heart a haunting pain !

All things that our hearts most cherish  
We know not how much we prize,  
Till we know that they can perish—  
'Tis experience makes us wise !

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE BRIDES OF VENICE.**

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

UNDERNEATH the sky of the soft and luxurious Southland, where, thirteen hundred years ago, a few fishermen fled from the fearful Hun, Attila, and reared a home, like the sea-bird, among the rushes and ledges of those marshy isles, to-day

"There is a glorious city in the sea.  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt seaweed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces."

And this is Venice, the Beautiful !

"Throned on her thousand isles,  
She looks a Sea-Cybele fresh from ocean,  
Rising with her dars of proud towers !"

Though her ancient glory has departed, yet still she is rich in olden association and memory ; still San Marco rears its towers, and the Winged Lion typifies the olden power of the sea-city ; still the gondolas glide through its water-streets out upon that broad canal whose tide ebbs and flows with the swell of the Adriatic ; and still the frescoes of Tintoretto and the grand works of Paul Veronese and Titian emblazon the by-gone triumphs of Venice by land and sea.

And still is Venice rich in legend of the past, when, in the days of her prosperity and splendor, she was the scene of gorgeous pageant and princely magnificence. Such an one was the *feta* of "The Brides of Venice," the site of its ceremonial marked by the Church of the Santa Maria Formosa, especially interesting to modern tourists in connection with the old legend, which they are sure to hear repeated while wandering through its sounding aisles and gloomy nave.

It was many centuries ago, on the eve of St. Mary's, when, in accordance with the Venetian custom,

"The noblest sons and daughters of the state,  
Whose names are written in the book of gold,  
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials,"

that the beautiful but humble Ariana Nicoletti attired herself for her own bridal with great joy and happiness, since the noble doge had selected her as one of the twelve from among the most lovely and virtuous of the poorer classes to whom, as was the custom, the state gave dowries of marriage portions, while on that day the great doge himself gave them to their lovers.

Therefore was it that, as Ariana, the gondolier's daughter, bound up the braids of her long hair, and neatly attired herself in the pure white bridal costume, her dark eyes sparkled, and her whole countenance beamed with happiness. For did not her brave Agastino await her in his gondola ? and were there not other gondolas, with gaily decked prows, out on the lagunes, all pointing toward the church Santa Formosa, where, at high noon, the marriage rites were to be performed ?—and what maiden should not smile and blush upon her bridal day ?

And in the great church had not the crowds began to gather ? for this was a *festa* day in all Venice ; and was not the high altar hung with gorgeous draperies of cloth of gold ? and had not the priests borne thither the caskets of jewels for the maiden's dower ? and from the three tall red masts before San Marco fluttered not three gold and silken *gonfalons* on the blue air ?

And that sound of martial music, and burst of cannon, and the merry peal of bells ! O, it was high holiday throughout this city of the sea, to which came thronging from far and near the dark-eyed Venetians, to look upon the marriage rites of the noblest daughters of San Marco, and the humble daughters of fishers and gondoliers, so widely separated in rank, yet differing scarcely any in the dower bestowed by kindly mother Nature—youth and beauty !

"Come, haste thee, Ariana !" said the stalwart, bronzed gondolier, Pietro Nicoletti, entering the little apartment of the hovel where stood,

before a tiny mirror of burnished steel, the fair young girl, looping up her white veil with a snowy flower. "Haste thee! the bells have begun their peal—and Agustino's boat is at the water steps. But thou hast not forgotten, *Cara*, in thy bridal tiring, to thank the holy Mary mother for this great blessing to thyself? Who was Pietro Nicoletti, the humble gondolier, that the doge should do him this honor, but that his hut shrines the fairest lily that ever bloomed in this sea-washed city? Ay, my Ariana, in Santa Maria Formosa, there will stand no fairer among nobles' daughters than thou! O, that thy mother, child, had lived to see this day!" And with his rough hand, the Venetian brushed aside a tear that fell on his dark cheek.

"Yes, would that my mother's eyes could have beheld the happiness of her daughter!" fervently echoed the girl, as she raised the crucifix, suspended from a small golden chain upon her neck, to her lips. "*Mia padre*, do not think your Ariana has forgotten, in her exceeding joy for the great doge's kindness, to thank the blessed virgin. And Agustino?—I am sure he has counted the beads of his rosary many and many a time, this happy morn; for will not my wedding dowry buy us a vine-covered cot among the purple hills? and will not our own grape-fields yield us, and thee, my father, a better and more bounteous subsistence than the scanty earnings of the gondolier? How blest the life that will be ours, afar from Venice, in our own plentiful home! Surely, never maiden had more cause for gratitude than Ariana Nicoletti on her bridal morn. But hither comes Agustino! I should know that gondola—for see! there are wreathed about its prow the water-lilies we gathered yesterday for the *festa*!"

And down the marble steps leading to her lover's gondola, followed by her proud father, went the fair Ariana, "The Lily of Venice," to her bridal.

"Why this cloud upon thy brow, Agustino?" she said, playfully, as she sank upon the cushions he had placed for her.

"It is nought, my lily!" he replied; but, when the boat drew near the steps leading to the church Santa Formosa, and he had handed out Ariana, turning, and apparently busying himself with the fastenings of his boat, he strained his eyes over the waters beyond the verge of the point where the canal mingled with the sea.

"Why lookest thou thither anxiously, boy?" asked old Pietro. "There is nor cloud nor speck in the heavens, nor hearest a murmur from the sea betokening storm. Thy bridal morn hath brought thee disquietude, lad—but, by Saint

Marco! thou must wear a more smiling face, or thou art not worthy of the gift thou wilt receive from the noble doge in yonder holy walls!"

"Nay, pardon me, good Pietro! Mayhap I am oppressed with idle bodings, but—listen;—this way, lest *she* suspect!—last evening, while rowing under the Bridge of Sighs, there floated out over the waves the strangest whisper, terribly distinct and clear—and thou knowest, Pietro, 'tis said the astrologer, Giovanni Antonio Magini, walks there oft at night, and I dare swear 'twas *he* who came to warn me—terribly clear and distinct the whisper came: '*Let the Bride of Venice beware of the pirate who lurks beyond the island*!' This I heard, plain and clear as yon pealing bell in the tower; and, good Pietro, I confess it hath put to flight my last night's sleep and filled my mind with boding fears. Thou knowest how terrible and lawless is this dreadful Barbaro, the Scourge of the Seas; and if, perchance, he hath but heard the fame of 'The Lily of Venice,' and knoweth how, this day, the doge hath decreed the nuptials with gifts and jewelled dowry, to what deeds of daring may not his thirst for beauty and gold urge him on? What thinkest thou—dare he come thither, mayhap behind yon island, and lie in wait and then swoop upon his prey? Might not deed so bold be done this day, when all Venice gathers within the church walls? Thou smilest, Pietro; thou wilt say the joyous bridal morn hath crazed my brain."

And the young Venetian scanned the face of the old gondolier, turning from his prolonged gaze over the waters.

"'Twas but a jesting prophecy spoken by some one—thy unsuccessful rival for Ariana's love, perhaps—thou heard'st last night, Agustino, under that gloomy Bridge of Sighs. Some one but sought to frighten thee with such tale. When was the gallant Agustino believer in superstitious prediction like this? Thinkest thou the pirate, though we know him bold and insolent upon the sea, would dare invade our mighty Venice and wrest her richest treasure from yonder holy walls? Nay, much happiness hath weakened thee, my boy; thou art jealous of thy prize. Such fear illy becomes the bravest gondolier upon the waters. But see! the crowd presses, and Ariana comes hither, wondering at our delay. Your hand to her, Agustino; and now hasten to the ducal palace, where the procession is forming. When next I see thee before the altar in yon church, be banished that cloud from thy brow; else thou art not worthy of The Lily of Venice, who plights her faith to thee this day."



An hour later, a splendid pageant wound its way through the spacious aisles of Santa Maria Formosa. First came the Pope himself, surrounded by his cardinals and bishops, the chief of whom, among the former, was to perform the bridal ceremonials—then the Doge of Venice, with a brilliant retinue of Venetian officers of state—then the twelve noble young daughters of San Marco and their titled lovers, succeeded by the same number of young, beautiful girls and gallant youth selected from among the humbler ranks of life, whom the good doge himself was about to bestow upon each other, with suitable marriage portions from the caskets of jewels kept before the altar.

And while the magnificent train wound on up to the high altar, amid the chorus swelling from the deep-toned organ, and the thronging crowds grew denser—all pressing eagerly forward to gaze upon the file of beautiful maidens who bent their eyes to the marble floor—still, about the heart of Agustino, deepened that dread presentiment of coming evil.

The ceremonies began—waned toward their close—till at last but one couple stood unwed; and toward them, the patriarch advanced to speak the marriage rite. "'Tis the fair Lily of Venice!" ran in murmurs throughout the crowd; and even the holy man himself looked with fatherly admiration upon the tall, slight girl, with head drooping gracefully like a bent lily-cup, pale, creamy complexion, and bands of raven hair, who, when the words were said that made her the bride of the lustrous-eyed young gondolier, knelt before him for his benediction.

At that moment, while the eyes of that vast assemblage were bent fully upon them, a faint shriek came from a singer in the *coro*, who, looking down upon the crowd, saw a strange, fierce man, clad in armor, followed by six others similarly arrayed, glide stealthily up the aisle, insidiously threading his way toward the altar.

That shriek started the multitude; but higher yet rang a fierce, trumpet tone from that mail-clad man, as he snatched the casket of jewels from its resting-place, then bounded wildly before the patriarch.

"Ho, there! my merry men! Help each himself from these rare Brides of Venice!" he shouted, as a horde of armed men poured up the aisles. "Help each himself to his own liking, but Barbaro chooses for his own queen the beauteous Lily of Venice!" Then, grasping the fainting Ariana, and dashing aside the brave Agustino like a reed, he strode down the aisle, bearing away his booty.

So sudden had been this descent on the aston-

ished and affrighted throng, that for a brief space none dared stir, but stood apparently lifeless as the sculptured statues in the niches overhead; but suddenly out stepped a noble young Venetian count, who had just been numbered among the bridegrooms, and spake with pale face:

"Brothers, who follows me to rescue our dear brides from the violating grasp of the terrible pirates? Let them keep the jewels—but, by San Marco! I swear to bring back the Contessa Ricci, or die before him who bears her from my arms! Brothers—wedded and separated by worse than death this self-same hour—let us go!"

And, with hoarse murmurs of vengeance, those anguished men, with the great doge himself at their head, hastily sought their arms and set sail, ere another hour was sped, upon the blue Adriatic.

"Agustino, I wronged thee, my poor boy!" said Pietro Nicoletti, as, armed to the teeth, the two met upon the vessel.

"It were folly to talk of that now!" said the young gondolier, with terribly pale face; "none would have believed me had I uttered to them what I did to you—that the great astrologer warned me! The past is like a horrible dream; but, Pietro, if my lily be soiled by lawless hands, it were better Barbaro the pirate had never been born! I shall not sleep, Pietro," he added, with husky voice, "till his grim head lies fathoms deep beneath the Adriatic."

A strange and motley group was that upon the galley's deck—all armed, and with the air of men resolved to fight to the death in behalf of those just snatched from joy and happiness—brave young Venetian nobles, with glittering stars and jewelled orders gleaming beside their daggers—gallant, stalwart gondoliers and artisans, with weapons hastily girt over their marriage suits—venerable priests, officers, and the dignified doge—all united in a common brotherhood to rescue the young and pure and beloved from the lawless grasp of rapine and lust.

It seemed, indeed, as if the very elements were propitious; for a light wind sped the galley onward in pursuit, till, as the rosy sunset fell over the waters, they came in full view of the pirate's little fleet running down to the island of Friuli, where, it was said, Barbaro made his headquarters.

"And now," said the captain, addressing the excited pursuers, "I counsel a brief delay—for, should Barbaro espy a crowded sail bearing full down upon him, he will readily divine our purpose, and in his fury spare none whom his ships bear away; but lie we here, or sail slowly to the

south, till the thick twilight falls, when, as comes the lightning from the rent cloud, we will double on our track and rescue our fair brides. What say you, signors, and most noble doge?"

"It is the best course, and our only warrant for their deliverance from a worse fate than death," replied the doge. "In patience, friends, bide the night; for I dare affirm that our powerful San Marco will not suffer this great wrong to come upon the Brides of Venice!"

But among all who walked that galley deck, chafing with the delay, none felt the iron of revenge eating into his soul more fiercely than Agustino—for ever in his ears rang that terrible cry, "Barbaro chooses for his own queen the beautiful Lily of Venice!" And with keenest eyes, he looked upon the long blade of Damascus steel he wore in his belt; and, feeling its stiletto-like point, he muttered—"This to thy heart, if harm hath come to her, Pirate Barbaro!"

"My good friend, this is sad business—and in this hour, noble and plebeian meet on the same footing. Your hand, good Agustino, for if the bride you seek to rescue be half as good as fair, thou wert a happy bridegroom—happy as I before yon fiends burst upon us!" And the noble young Count Vittorio Ricci wrung hard the hand of the humble gondolier, as they stood side by side near the bulwarks of the galley.

And while night deepened over the Adriatic, and the vessel was once again headed toward the island of Friuli, the two bereft bridegrooms, patrician and plebeian, stood there, with husky words and thick breath, side by side. Sorrow is a mighty leveller.

Red and lurid fires, kindled in an opening among the dwarf trees in the centre of the island, cast a flickering radiance over the spot where the pirates sat in a circle, dividing their booty. The night had closed in, starless and cloudy; a moaning wind went soughing through the trees, herald of a coming tempest, and the flickering flame-light, now leaping high, now apparently expiring, ever and anon lighted up the wild, fierce faces of those lawless men.

Until night, they had feared pursuit, and even fancied the distant ship upon the waters what it really was—an avenging vessel! But when they saw her stand away in a southerly direction, Barbaro had cried, scornfully:

"'Tis but a trader to the Archipelago! The cowards! they fear the terrible Pirate of the Adriatic, and will not dare pursue us! Let us run down to Friuli, and count our booty—then revel in the charms of our more precious prizes! *Per Bacchus*, we must bring forth the choicest

wines, and drink deep and long—for when did ever Barbaro or his men win jewels and bright eyes like these?"

And thus, deeming themselves secure, the bold pirates had anchored and transferred their captives to a large cavern in the hill, where, on nights of storm, they were wont to revel; and, kindling a huge fire, they sat around to divide their spoils and warm their chilled limbs, for the gathering night had brought cold winds, with token of rain.

And in the large apartment of the cavern, crouching down in all the apathy of despair upon piles of cushions and silken stuffs in the corners, or weeping wildly in one another's arms, with dishevelled hair and bridal veils floating down their shoulders—looking like white ghosts in the dimly-lighted cavern—were gathered the pale, fear-stricken Brides of Venice.

What a bridal night was this to those four-and-twenty maidens—all young and beautiful, many high born and bred—and each snatched from the altar to a pirate's arms! O, horrible! Where were the lovers of yesterday—the bridegrooms of the morning, that they did not come to rescue them?

"Must we die here, in this dreadful place?" sobbed the noble Contessa Bianca Ricci, grasping the hand of a pale, calm girl, whose touch, but yesterday, she would have deemed unworthy, for she was but the humble gondolier's daughter, Ariana. "You do not weep—you are calm! Do you believe we shall be left to perish here, or live a horrid, horrid life?" And she clung to her, as though the calmness of the young girl could bring her succor.

"The virgin can save us even yet," said the girl, enthusiastically, kissing her crucifix with reverent lips. "This morning, ere I went to the church where we were all wedded, dear lady, I prayed long to the Mary mother, and her blessed face seemed to smile upon me in answer to my prayers; and now I cannot believe she will give us over to the power of these terrible men who have brought us hither. Let us pray to the virgin; let us say the *Ave Sanctissima*, noble lady!" And kneeling on the stone floor, side by side, the patrician lady and the gondolier's daughter looked to the same holy mother above.

"Are you not she whom they call 'The Lily of Venice?' said the noble lady, as they rose. "They should have named you 'Saint,' for you have inspired me with your own high faith. *We shall be saved!* I know it now! I seem to feel rescue coming nearer—it is *here*, close upon us. *We are saved—I knew it—Vittorio!*" And with

a wild scream of joy, the young contessa wildly threw herself upon the breast of him who came foremost over that rocky threshold.

"Ariana, my lily, look up! It is Agustino!" sounded faintly in the ears of the swooning girl, who felt her husband's arms close tightly around her for one moment, only to be succeeded by the kisses and cries of her father, Pietro Nicoletti.

It were needless to relate how, in the darkness and the storm, lured by the red smoke ascending from the incautions and half-drunken pirates' haunt, the galley softly dropped anchor alongside the island, when its eager crew, armed with deadly blades, quickly threw themselves upon the lawless horde, and, after a brief but terrible encounter, left the last weltering in his gore and sought the prisoners in their rocky cavern.

And quite impossible were it, too, to describe the joyful raptures of those who met thus—the rescuers and the rescued—the bridegrooms and the brides—who had been parted, how rudely! that morn in the distant church of Venice. What an age of anguish each had lived, since then! And what a world of bliss was experienced there, in that lonely, sea-girt island, with the voice of the storm moaning outside, while, clasped in each other's arms, they knelt upon the rocky floor, and the worthy and venerable patriarch, with trembling voice, thanked God for their merciful restoration to their husbands' hearts, and then pronounced the heartfelt and solemn benediction.

Next morning, while the blue Adriatic ran smooth as glass, and the bright sun flashed on the hundred isles which studded her bosom, the galley stood back to Venice, the glorious "City of the Sea!" And thunders of applause, and tears and sobs of joy, welcomed back to her bosom those rescued daughters.

"On the anniversary of that day," says Madame La Vert, in her charming "Souvenirs of Travel," a gilded barge, with twelve virgins clad in bridal robes, with long veils, glided along the great canal under the Rialto, up to the ducal palace, where a banquet was served for them—"The Brides of Venice."

In a dingy old quarto of the library of the "Frari," where are kept the archives of the Venetian State, closely guarded by an aged monk, who loves to show the record to strangers, is found this story of "THE BRIDES OF VENICE." But they are all dead and turned to dust now, and

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier."

It is chiefly young ladies of narrow understanding who wear shoes too small for them.

[ORIGINAL.]

## COTTAGE HOME.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

All day the sun-rays kiss its low white walls,  
And deep-voiced winds, or gentle zephyrs, come  
Forth from the echoing dome of Eol's halls,  
To make sweet music round our cottage home.

And when the moon re-lights her silver lamp,  
Throwing soft, quivering splendor o'er the scene;  
Or darkness shutteth down her curtains damp—  
Still cheerful glows our cottage light serene.

In summer's heat, or when the winter snow,  
With white, wierd fingers creeps o'er roof and sill,  
With skill no human architect may know,  
Moulding fantastic ornaments at will,

A fairy picture, then, our cottage home!  
Each cornice, porch and trellis wreathen round;  
And from its spreading eaves a spotless dome  
Rising with mimic towers, by sunlight crowned!

Within, despite the changeful sky and air,  
Fair sister hours glide by on peaceful wing;  
And though—God-sent—may enter grief and care,  
Shall reign supreme the heart's un fading spring!

O, home—sweet rest!—the purest type of heaven!  
Be it, or mansion fair, or humblest cot,  
One of earth's choicest blessings art thou, given  
By the Divine, dear, cherished, Eden spot!

[ORIGINAL.]

## HILDA, THE JEWESS.

A Historical Incident of the Reign of Richard I.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "LOCKEDEN," "NIGHT YEARS ABROAD," ETC.

ON the death of his father, Richard, the immediate heir to the throne, who was then residing on the continent, either in Normandy or at the French court, hurried over to England with all convenient despatch, to take possession of the crown, the treasures and royal demesnes of the late king. Richard had already achieved considerable renown both in England and Normandy as a martial and warlike prince, and the fact of his having previously announced his determination of speedily uniting with Philip in a crusade against the Saracens, for the recovery of Jerusalem and the relief of the Holy Land, it had a tendency to pave his way into favor with the See of Rome, as well as the warlike and adventurous barons of those feudal ages. His zeal against the infidels was soon communicated to the populace, and the unfortunate Jews of London, whom the prejudices of the age, in consequence of their usurious habits, and particularly their religion, had rendered objects of especial hatred and con-

tempt, were the first to suffer. It seems, even at this time, that the industry of these people, seconded by their frugal habits, had, in the language of the historian, already put them in possession of all the ready money which the idleness and profusion common to the English with other European nations, enabled them to lend out at exorbitant interest.

Henry II., it appears from the annals of monkish writers of that *data*, made laws for the especial protection of this much-abused race; and those bigoted chroniclers assure us that this was the darkest stain upon the wise and equitable government of that monarch. But we should consider that this act of itself speaks volumes in favor of the pre-existing administration. Richard was known to be violently disposed toward these foreigners for various reasons, foremost among which was their eastern origin and peculiar religious tenets. These he affected to despise in the same ratio as he overrated the corrupt Christianity of the times. The populace wanted no stronger inducement to crush these extortionate but defenceless people.

"What parcel are you making up, father?" inquired Hilda, a beautiful Jewess, whose charms of person had already attracted the notice of many improvident gallants who honored her father in the way of business—or, usury, more commonly termed.

"A present, my daughter, a present—or propitiatory offering to our new sovereign," answered the old man, nervously, as he folded and deposited in his pack one after another of the costly articles intended as a gift to the king, who was, unhappily for them, to be crowned with due solemnity on that day.

"But, father," interrupted the girl, "are you not aware that this evil disposed prince has already issued a proclamation prohibiting our people from attending his coronation? The rabble, too, headed or encouraged by designing priests, are already meditating violence against us."

"The more necessity then, for softening this obdurate hearted young tyrant. O, many's the time we shall sigh for his poor dead father gone!" cried the old Jew, with a sudden burst of emotion. "He was the protector of us all, Jew or Christian. He was a wise and good prince, Hilda, the wisest and best we shall ever see in England—peace to his ashes!—peace to the ashes of Henry II! Such souls will be missed in heaven. I wish, Hilda, he had been born a Jew, to have insured his salvation."

The old Jew had made up his pack while he

was speaking, and was now prepared to sail forth on his propitiatory errand. Every street was alive and swarming with the populace. In every square you might hear the furious yells and shouts of the gathering mob, the clash of small swords, and the terrible cry of, "Death to the infidel dogs! Down with them!—down with the Jews! Long live Richard!"

"Go not forth, father," cried Hilda, shuddering. "Do you not hear the execrations of the terrible mob? Surely it can bode no good to our people. Prithce, good father, stay where thou art safe. Thou art an old man—a defenceless old man, and while this fierce excitement prevails, there is no safety but in our houses for such as we."

"It is our only hope, Hilda," answered the old man, shuddering. "They will break into our houses, if we venture not forth. We may as well suffer martyrdom in the streets, as to be put to the sword in our own dwellings. I can defend myself with my rapier against a dozen of these swaggering bullies. Remember, child, and keep the outer door safely locked during my absence."

Jacob Iornthorp was the richest Jew in London, and Hilda was an only child. He was a staunch old man of sixty, and in going forth as he was now going, to crave protection for his oppressed countrymen, where every man's hand was against him, he exhibited more true courage than did the ambitious monarch on the fields of Palestine, with a vast army at his back to defend him. It is doubtful if the lion-hearted king would have dared to venture forth single-handed, amid a blood-thirsty and fanatical mob, for the common weal of his subjects, as did old Jacob Iornthorp on that day in behalf of the oppressed Jews.

The old man went staggering down the street of the "Jews' Quarter" underneath the load of costly presents; but Richard, who had issued his cruel and cowardly proclamation against the Jews, was destined never to receive them, for as Jacob Iornthorp left the "Jews' Quarter," the mob began to increase, and prolonged hoots and threats of utter extermination assailed him on either hand. At length his course conducted him near one of the public squares, where a large concourse of people were assembled, all eagerly listening to the excited denunciations of one of their worst orators, a fierce, blood-thirsty looking fellow of giant frame. He was exciting the populace to visit the "Jews' Quarter" and exterminate them "root and branch," and all this in the name of Christ our Lord, who died on Calvary—assuring them that Almighty God

demanding at their hands the blood of the impious tribe in extenuation of their manifold sins. Just at this point of his terrible appeal, his basilisk eyes rested on old Jacob Iornthorp toiling along on his noble, self-sacrificing mission to the king.

"Behold him!" he shouted, waving his arm aloft—"the enemy of Christ—the old Jew Iornthorp—the infidel dog! Down with the usurer—beat out his accursed brains on the pavement! Fly to the 'Jews' Quarter,' tear down their dwellings—exterminate them—leave not a stone unpraised of their ungodly fabrics!"

The mob caught up the sentiment, "down with the enemies of Christ!"—and dashing forward they assailed the brave old Jew, who defended himself in the most dauntless manner till he was borne down by numbers and trampled under foot. The crowd pressed on and over his prostrate body, led on by the blood-thirsty fanatic who had harangued them in the public square, and when the street was at length deserted, the silver-haired old man who had defended himself so bravely, lay crushed and bleeding, with every spark of life long since trampled out of him. Poor old man! And on the mob pressed to the destruction of the Jewish quarter. Suddenly the crowd stopped and swayed back for an instant. One of the knights of the realm had reined in his horse at the entrance of one of the cross streets and accosted the leader. He whispered a few words in his ear, and then turned and dashed swiftly down the street. At length the mad crowd gained the "Jews' Quarter" of the town, and a scene of human butchery began, which would beggar the most eloquent description. Doors were smashed in, houses pillaged—some of them burned, where the opposition had been fiercest—and mangled bodies strewn in every direction. It was a scene well calculated to make even the most depraved nature recoil with horror, could they have stopped for a moment to reflect upon their bloody work. On pressed the mad rioters, brandishing their weapons, and breathing the direst vengeance. The house of the old Jew, Iornthorp, was at length reached, and the bolted and barred doors were torn from their hinges in the twinkling of an eye.

"Hold!" cried the leader, as the mob were about rushing in. "Remember, no violence to Hilda, the Jewess. I will hold that man responsible with his life, who injures a hair of her head. When I have secured her, you can do as you please with the rest. She is for the Marquis of Terrain, remember!" And with this admonition, he rushed in with a few of the fore-

most of the rioters. Hilda, who had heard the warning words of the leader, rushed to her own chamber in the greatest excitement, and when the rioters forced the door, they beheld her standing in front of them with a glittering poniard upraised in his hand.

"Stand back!" she shouted; "for the moment you step foot forward, that moment I plunge this dagger to my heart! Go, tell the Marquis of Terrain, whose vile tool thou art, that Hilda, the Jewish maiden, has the courage to die by her own hand, rather than live the despised mistress of a wretch like him!"

She raised her hand aloft as she ceased speaking, and before any one could rush in to defeat her purpose, she struck the glittering poniard deep into her white bosom, and the next moment sank upon the floor, a corpse!

#### WHAT IS A LIBRARY?

While recently engaged in arranging a large library, a friend came in to lighten our labors by pleasant conversation.

"What is the most common idea of a library?" said he.

"A workshop, perhaps, in which are all manner of tools."

"What is your idea?"

"A dictionary, in which we can turn to any given subject, and find the information we desire."

"Very fair, both these definitions, but I think I know one much better. When a lad about sixteen years of age, living as a neighbor of Dr. Muson, and also a member of his congregation, I was engaged in helping him to move and arrange his valuable library. 'Hamilton,' said he, 'you bear a great name, a very great name; but it is still more honorable to bear the name of Christ! Hamilton, do you know what a library is?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, sir, it is an army. Do you see those books? They are my soldiers. I am the centurion. I call them down, and make them fight for me, my boy. Now you know what a library is, which is more than most folks do. Don't you forget it.'—*American Press.*

#### NENA SAHIB.

A description of Nena Sahib and his wife is given in the India Homeward Mail, showing that neither of them is remarkable for personal attraction. The wife, who has reached the generally attractive age of seventeen, is described as being fat and short in stature, of fair complexion, with a broad face, a large nose, and round eyes; while, to add to her charms, she walks with her head bent, and her face is pitted with the small pox. The Nena is thirty-three years of age, of fair complexion, corpulent, and of middle height, with a round face, straight nose, and round eyes. He has black hair on half of the head, and a mark of a doctor's lancet on his great toe. He is said to have recently grown a beard, and has the appearance of a Mahomedan.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains for it.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SPIRIT LINGERING.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYS.

I am lingering on my journey  
 For the loved ones on the shore,  
 So that they may hear the murmur  
 Of the unknown ocean's roar,  
 That when they are called away,  
 Over that sea to meet the gale,  
 They will fear no wind or storm,  
 And their stout hearts never fail.

I am lingering at the portal  
 Of the Eternal City's gate,  
 That a sound of heavenly music  
 May be heard by those who wait;  
 And when faint and sad and weary,  
 In their life of toil and care,  
 They may hear that angel anthem,  
 And their cross of suffering bear.

Yes; I am lingering—loved ones round me  
 Bid my clinging soul to stay;  
 But I quell each earth-born feeling—  
 Angels beckon me away.  
 Hark! I hear the seraph voices,  
 In a chant of holy praise,  
 And my spirit waits to enter  
 Scenes of bright and endless days.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HERALD OF DEATH.

BY EDWIN W. APPLETON.

"You say you don't believe in ghosts, apparitions and sich like, Frank," said an old mess-mate, upon hearing me express a general disbelief in the supernatural, a few evenings since, when domiciled in his residence in Gardiner, Maine, having accepted his invitation to become his guest during the late Kennebeck agricultural fair holden in that town.

"Believe in them—of course not! When I hear of anything which cannot be accounted for, either scientifically or otherwise, I may become a convert to the faith, but not till then."

Mine host replied to my blunt avowal of incredulity by a gesture of disapprobation, but remaining silent, I resumed:

"Would you have me consider you a believer in the supernatural? If so, to what must I attribute the change—for, if I do not err, I have heard you in years bygone denounce such belief as superstitious, ay, and hold up the subject to ridicule by frequent practical illustrations of various methods by which the credulous might be imposed on."

"You have, Frank; but that was long ago,

when we were mere lads. I have had reason to change my faith since then, as would you, had you passed through the same scene."

"Tell me all about it," said I, well aware that his reason must have been a weighty one, and eager to profit by his experience, at the same time sanguine of being able to break up the hallucination under which I believed him laboring.

"'Tis a tale I seldom tell, Frank, probably because I cherish such a vivid recollection of my former incredulity on the subject, added perchance, to a sense of the glaring improbability which must characterize it in the estimation of the public generally. Neither can I say that I am willing you should become an exception, since on the score of old acquaintance, you might prove the first to question my veracity."

"Never!"

I knew the man too well to doubt him, and so I told him, assuring him, if I failed reasonably to account for the cause of his change of faith, I should adopt his faith unhesitatingly. Whereupon he moved his chair up to the table, and commenced as follows:

"Nine years ago this month, I sailed from Boston in command of the ship Geneva, bound to Rio, and one or more ports round the Horn. I never left port in my life so anxious about home and my family as on that occasion, yet without apparent cause. My wife was in excellent health, and our two children as hearty and playful as kittens, while I had made ample provision for all their probable or possible wants for two years, while I did not expect my voyage to extend over one. Aware of this, I endeavored to shake off the foreboding of evil which oppressed me. But in vain—my anxiety only increased as the hour of sailing drew nigh, until as a last resort therefrom, I applied to my owners for permission to carry my family. They refused it point blank, nor could I blame them. Still, my resentment carried me so far that I tendered my resignation, which they refused to accept, and finally obtained my reluctant consent to proceed.

"We sailed, and being favored with fair wind and plenty of it, had a prosperous run to the south'ard of the line, when we experienced a violent hurricane, in which the ship was dismasted and driven some thirteen degrees to the east'ard, most of which had been made while scudding before the tornado, in which we found lying to a matter of impossibility. The wind settled in the west'ard on the abatement of the hurricane, effectually barring our return to the American continent, and absolutely obliging me to make the best course I could to the coast of

Africa. As we had saved none of the wreck of which all three lower masts formed a portion, we were but scantily provided with means wherewith to replace them, being unable to rig more than two juremasts, on which we could scarce carry sail enough to give the helm control of the hull. To this cause alone did we owe our protracted passage to the Canaries, which we made on the fifty-second day after the gale, and into which we were towed three days later by an English barque bound in.

"It was the evening of the second day after I anchored in the harbor. My mate and a boat's crew had gone ashore after supper, and I was seated on the taffrail puffing a cigar, and musing on the trying situation in which I found myself, when I fancied I heard my name uttered in a low tone at my side. I turned hastily, but seeing no one, resumed my musing attitude, when I thought I heard it the second time. Again I looked round with the same result as before, when deeming it an hallucination and the result of mental excitement, I rose and began to walk the quarter deck, endeavoring to change the current of my thoughts, in which I proved successful; but a brief period elapsed ere my prolific fancy bore me to my distant home, calling up in review the forms of my loved ones, and portraying to my mental vision the suspense my wife was doubtless, even then, suffering on my account.

"The arrival of the mate interrupted my reverie, when I retired to the cabin and turned in, leaving the lamp as usual, burning brightly. Some time elapsed ere I fell into a dose, from which I was awakened by the word, 'Henry!' repeated twice in rapid succession. Hauling the berth curtain aside, I looked out, and seeing no one, bounded out of my berth and made a tour of the cabin, unable to divest myself of the idea that some one therein had uttered the word which awoke me. Satisfied at length that I was the victim of my fancy, I again turned in, but had scarce become quiet in my berth, when my name was again uttered in a tone as loud as that I now adopt, and at the same instant a hand, cold and clammy as that of the dead, was laid lightly on my brow, where it lingered full five seconds, sending an icy chill through every vein, and causing me to bound from my berth a second time.

"Nearly a minute I stood spell-bound on the spot on which I landed, trembling in every limb, and expecting to see I knew not what; but failing to discover the slightest vestige of either natural or supernatural intruder, I hastened to don my clothing, and repairing to the quarter-deck, was surprised to find the mate there, when I demanded

if he intended to keep anchor watch himself, whereupon he rejoined:

"'I shouldn't be surprised if I was obliged to. What the deuce can have got into the crew, I can't think, but three or four of them will have it that there's a woman in the ship, and they swear it's a spirit, ghost, hobgoblin, or something of that sort.'

"'Nonsense!' exclaimed I, forgetting for the moment my own recent fright.

"'So I told them, but they stick to it. Three of them swear they've seen her, and that she is not an inhabitant of earth, so you can form your own opinion of any more single anchor watches being kept in this ship.'

"One of the men came aft at this instant requesting permission to search the ship.

"'What for?' demanded I.

"'A woman, sir. Tom Sawyer, old Jack and Dutch Harry have roused out all hands, and say the ship's haunted—and I say, if they've seen a woman, there's one got aboard somehow, and we can find her.'

"Much to the mate's surprise, I accorded the desired permission at once, when the strictest search was instituted, which resulted in the discovery of nothing unusual on board, whereupon one portion of the crew avowed openly their belief in the assertion of their messmates, and another, as openly disavowed it, declaring the supposed apparition to be a practical joke, and offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrator, in which I joined, adding the offer of immunity from all punishment to the guilty party, if they would only come forward and confess the fact. But in vain. All joined in asserting their innocence, the known practical jokers—of whom we had several before the mast—falling under the suspicion of the majority, including the mate, who uttered threats of dire punishment against the guilty one, should he ever be discovered.

"What to think I knew not, but I was half prepared by my own recent experience, to adopt the creed of the minority, and regarding the cabin with an emotion akin to terror, resolved to keep the deck myself during the remainder of the night. I did so, but heard nor saw nothing confirmatory of my fear, or the men's assertion, throughout that night.

"Next night the men kept anchor watch in pairs, and for seven nights in succession, when I had learned to treat the whole thing as an hallucination, deeming the coincidence strange, of course, but still believing it—as regarded myself, the result of extreme mental excitement.

"'Twas our twelfth evening in port, and I had been ashore all day engaged with the riggers

and a part of my own crew, who were engaged in fitting a new suit of rigging, and being rather tired when I reached the ship, soon after dark, retired as soon as tea was over. I soon sank into a sound slumber, from which the clang of the bell striking eight in the mid-watch, aroused me, when I turned out, and donning a wrapper, was in the act of issuing from my state-room, when I heard my name mentioned as distinctly as I now hear myself speak, and looking in the direction of the voice, saw as palpably as I now see you, the figure of my wife advancing, and holding in her arms the form of our youngest child. I started, terrified beyond measure at the apparition of beings whom I knew to be over four thousand miles distant, and as the recollection of the clammy pressure which had froze my blood on the former occasion, flashed across my brain, I closed my eyes to shut out the horrid vision. But almost simultaneous with the act I felt the chilling touch again, and losing all strength on the instant, reeled forward endeavoring to grapple with the phantom, which evaded my grasp, and tripping against a chair leg I fell senseless to the floor. When I recovered my consciousness, both mate and steward were bending over me, applying restoratives, while my whole form was dripping with cold perspiration the result of my terror. To the mate's demand as to the cause of my swoon, I returned a vague reply, and accepting his aid, assumed a sitting posture on deck, when a confused sound of hubbub on the maindeck fell upon my ear.

"What's that fuss on deck, Mr. Waters?" demanded I.

"O that woman's been visiting the boys again. Two more of them have seen her, with the addition of a child this time, and of course the belief in the presence of ghosts—But for God's sake, captain, what ails you?" he exclaimed, as I sank back in his arms. 'Steward, some brandy—call the second mate—he's dying!'

"No, no—call no one," I exclaimed, in a faint whisper. 'I'll be better soon. But I believe the men have seen a woman, for I have seen her, and not only seen her, but felt her clammy hand upon my brow.'

"Seen her—where?"

"Here, in the cabin!"

"Fancy—only fancy, sir," rejoined the mate, betraying an agitation that belied his words.

"Call it what you will, I've seen and recognized her."

"As who, sir?"

"My wife!"

"Impossible!"

"What—that I should recognize her?" de-

manded I, somewhat touched by the contradictory exclamation, when Mr. Waters hastened to add:

"No, no, sir—but that she should be here."

"Who said that she was here?"

"You, sir."

"Mr. Waters, you're—a fool, I was about to add, but recollecting myself, continued—'will oblige me by calling those two men who assert they have seen this woman, into the cabin. I wish to compare their description with the appearance I witnessed.'"

"He obeyed, when I found the men's description corresponded in every particular with my wife's general appearance, even to the style of dress in which I had seen her, and afforded convincing evidence that I was not, as I would gladly have believed, the victim of a horrible phantasm."

"Requesting my mate to enter the strange occurrence in the log-book, noting the exact minute, I sought my state-room once more, but not to sleep. My mind was racked with dire forebodings of evil to the dear ones at home, whom my disordered fancy portrayed as suffering from a thousand causes combined, against which I had made no provision. I verily believe, had the ship been in sailing trim, I would have foregone the voyage and returned at once. As it was, could I have obtained a passage home in any other manner, I am certain I would have resigned the vessel to the mate and returned myself. Night after night for the next three weeks, I watched almost incessantly for the re-appearance of the spectre. But in vain—when I again began to doubt the evidence of my own senses, and finally, treating the whole affair as an illusion, strove to banish it from my memory."

"At length, the ship was refitted throughout, when having received a supply of such stores as were to be had on the island, I sailed, shaping my course for Rio, with a leading wind just fresh enough to give our light canvass a holiday, and at the same time, afford ample employment to all hands, taking in the slack of our new rigging."

"We had been ten days at sea, the tenth being set apart by the mate for a last pull on everything in the shape of standing rigging, for which purpose he had turned all hands out at six o'clock in the morning, with the agreement to insure them watch and watch during the remainder of the voyage, save when the safety of the ship demanded the reverse. At four o'clock in the afternoon his task was completed, when the decks were cleared up, and the crew dismissed, with the understanding that for that night a regular watch would be dispensed with, and an anchor watch only required, to be relieved every second hour."



In order to afford both men and officers the rest they really needed, I volunteered to stand one watch for each mate, and summoning the idlers—carpenter, cook and steward—to join me therein, took charge of the deck at eight o'clock in the evening.

"The wheel had just been relieved by the second watch, when I went below to obtain a cigar, with which I was hurrying back to my station on the quarter-deck, when a stifled exclamation from the carpenter, who was standing in the weather-waist at the moment, caused me to glance that way, pausing for that purpose on the lower step of the poop-ladder. Observing me pause, he came towards me, apparently gazing awe-struck at some object on the opposite side of the main-deck, and upon reaching me, grasped my arm firmly with his left hand, pointing with his right to the starboard chess-tree, when he exclaimed in a thrilling whisper :

" 'Heavens ! Captain S—, there's that woman again !'

" 'Where ?' demanded I, bounding backward, and following the index of his finger with my gaze—'where ? I see nothing.'

" 'Right in the wake of the foretopsail brace-block. Not on deck, sir. She's outside the rail, and seems to be coming this way.'

" 'Fudge—you're crazy, chips,' said I, with assumed calmness, which was in reality but outward show, as I shook off his grasp and turned away.

" 'Fore Heaven, I'm neither, sir, and have all along been skeptical on the subject of her appearance, but what I see I cannot doubt. Strange you can't see her, sir ! Here she comes over the rail, right in the gangway, and towards you, holding in her right arm an infant, and leading by the hand an older child. Can't you see her now ?' he added, with his lips to my ear. 'She's within ten feet of us, and has halted, regarding you with about the saddest expression I ever witnessed on the countenance of mortal. For heaven's sake, speak to it, whatever it is. Captain—O—I can't stand this !' And the terrified man bounded past me and up the poop-ladder, leaving me scarcely less the victim of terror than himself.

"Resolved to follow his example, rather than remain in such close vicinage to my unseen visitors, I was hastening after him, when I heard my name distinctly uttered, and simultaneous with the word beheld the appearance of my wife—not a solid, substantial body, such as we would look for in mortal, but a thing of air, through which I could with ease discern objects in its rear, yet which bore to her an exact resemblance. You

may rest assured my gaze never wandered from the airy group for an instant, during the few moments they remained visible, while in the infant pair I recognized my infant son and his elder brother, the expression of the latter's countenance indicating extreme pain, and that of my wife extreme sorrow. Relinquishing her grasp on the hand of the elder, she placed her hand on his head, then touched lightly the shoulder of the younger with her finger, and finally extended her hand towards the zenith, when the forms of all three began to dilate with astonishing rapidity, until that of my wife seemed on the point of enveloping me ; when the terror which had hitherto deprived me of speech, found vent in a piercing scream, and rushing up the poop-ladder I hurried aft as speedily as my failing strength would permit, falling senseless beside the wheel.

"When restored to consciousness, I was an inmate of the hospital at Rio, and upon questioning those who had me in charge, learned that I had been there ten days under treatment for a malignant attack of brain fever, in which my life had been despaired of.

"When my mate called that afternoon, I demanded if he had received any letters for me, when in reply he handed me three, which the physician, who was by at the moment, would not permit me to read, and taking them into his possession, assured me he would retain them until I grew stronger. And it was well he did so. Had I read even one of them then, my life had doubtless been the forfeit, since each contained intelligence of the death of one of my treasures, and on dates corresponding to a minute with the appearance of our mysterious visitor on each occasion.

"You said, if you were unable to account for the cause to which my present belief in the supernatural is attributable, you would adopt the latter. The cause you know, and are welcome to view it in what light you will, but let me assure you, that all the arguments you can devise against it, will prove signally ineffectual in changing my present opinion."

He paused, or ceased rather, and I, knowing him to be a man of unimpeached veracity, remained silent, alike unable to account for the phenomena, or offer an opinion regarding the same, though I resolved on the instant, to lay before my readers at the earliest opportunity, the strange tale I had just heard of the mysterious visitor, or **THE HERALD OF DEATH.**

**A PRETTY GIRL'S GIRDLE.** — Waller says :

A narrow compass ! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair ;  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY LYDIA H. GOULD.

[Written on seeing a fine painting representing the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.]

The painter's art may well preserve the scene  
 Where those brave men, heroic and serene,  
 At tyranny the deadliest missile hurled,  
 And gave our "Declaration" to the world.  
 In language simple, nervous and sublime,  
 Man's sacred charter through all coming time.  
 Freedom!—the dearest word that lips can frame:  
 It lit on every hill a tongue of flame;  
 It poured its music from the old church-bell;  
 From the grim batteries its accents fell;  
 It was the people's voice—the nation's life:  
 Born of the storm, and cradled in the strife.  
 'Twere long to tell how on the land and wave  
 That word, that hope, new inspiration gave.  
 Old England heard it in those narrow seas  
 Where Paul Jones gave our banner to the breeze;  
 That tallman was breathed along the line  
 At Trenton, Princeton and New Brandywine;  
 Wherever Freedom's foes in strife were met,  
 It sped the ball and fixed the bayonet.  
 It roused the old world from its torpid trance:  
 It fired the soul of sympathetic France;  
 Her fleets, her troops, it winged across the wave,  
 And to our arms her youthful hero gave.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TWELVE BRIDES:

—OR,—

## THE DAUGHTERS OF ST. MARK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE family of Jacopo Galibert, a Venetian peasant, were seated around a small, eight-cornered table, at the morning meal. It was in that portion of the ninth century when Sanudo III. was doge, and in the full height of that power which he established over the people, not by deeds of blood and tyranny, but by the exercise of clemency, benevolence and moderation. One of the daughters of the peasant Galibert, named Lauretta, was missing from the table—an unusual circumstance; for she had been the unfailing provider of the simple early repast.

"Lauretta is late this morning," remarked the father, whose appetite seemed affected by her absence, while the children re-echoed his words, and refused to eat, until the good sister should take her accustomed place beside them. Two of the little boys, who, according to the custom of the day, were to eat from the same plate, seemed most anxiously awaiting their sister, with the plate turned down between them. The mother,

who sat nearest the fire, in her long dress of coarse wool and thick double cap, which was also covered over by a large cloth, laid down the rude knife with which she was cutting the boys' food, and laid herself back in the straight high-backed chair.

"As well wait for her, Jacopo," she said, to her husband. "The children will never learn to live without her—and it is lucky that Orto has taken the next house, for as the time draws near, I find myself unable to bear the parting under any other terms than to have her beside me."

"Thou art a foolish woman, Lida," said her husband, affecting an indifference he was far from feeling. "Lauretta will be happy enough away from us, and why should we care, if—"

The words were stopped on his lips by a shower of tearful kisses. An arm was thrown round his neck, and a hand parted the long hair from his forehead. He smiled on the fair creature who had thus assailed him, and drawing her gently into the chair left vacant by his side, he said:

"There, help your little brother, Lauretta—your marrying must not starve them."

The boys frantically assailed her with questions about the approaching ceremony, all of which she answered patiently and sweetly, and the breakfast passed off in renewed cheerfulness, sweetened by the kind words of domestic love. Indeed, few others were ever heard in this humble but peaceful dwelling.

Jacopo Galibert was a poor vine-dresser, with a family so numerous that had he not received assistance from their little hands, in his labor, he could not have supported them. Especially had Lauretta's services as the eldest and most active, constituted his chief dependence. Almost constantly at his side in the vineyard, with a countenance always beaming with cheerfulness, her ready and willing help to her father had attracted the notice of a young vine-dresser, Orto Fari, and after a probation of two years, she had at length consented to become his wife. This year, too, she had been selected as one of the twelve young girls, which the state each year endowed with marriage portions. This beautiful custom was celebrated at each return of the eve of St. Mary, and the place of celebration was at St. Peter's church, on the island of Olivolo.

Already the little barks, with wreaths of flowers and bright-colored streamers, had begun to float over the water toward the island, and soon after the morning meal, Lauretta began to prepare for the interesting occasion. The little barges were soon filled with the friends of the betrothed, bearing the marriage presents, while six of the most gaily decorated were reserved for

the brides and their lovers, each of the young girls bearing about her person a silver-netted purse, in which was the generous dower bestowed by the state.

Lauretta and a young neighbor who had wrought by her side among the vines, were in one of the boats, attended by Orto Fari and the girl's lover. The long, open dresses of simple white, which they wore, were looped up with flowers, and wreaths of the most beautiful Provence roses adorned their fair heads. Beyond these simple ornaments there was no display. Not a gem, or even an imitation of one, was to be seen upon any of the twelve—but all was pure and perfect simplicity. The fairy boats arrived safely at the opposite side, and, followed by a crowd of interested spectators, the bridal procession walked over pathways strewn with flowers, into the church, and the ceremony, conducted by Sanudo himself, who acted as proxy of the patron evangelist, commenced.

It was a lovely sight—the twelve fair Venetian girls, young, and nearly all beautiful—in fact, all of them looking so on that occasion, when feeling and sentiment gave a new beauty to every face. The dim church with its stained windows, the rich paintings uncovered for the occasion, the altar crowned with fresh flowers, and the dignified form of Pietro Sanudo, the “good doge,” all gave a charm to the scene, to which the most punctual of the yearly witnesses of the ceremony could remember no parallel. Already the group of bridegrooms and brides were kneeling around the altar, each with the calm and beautiful expression of a love mingled with devotion. A noise as of bursting open doors, and the tramp of heavy feet, broke in upon the moment of holy prayer which silently precedes the marriage vow. The frightened brides tried to keep quiet upon their knees, until they felt their lovers starting up from beside them. Then they turned round with faces from which every tint had faded, and saw that every aisle was filled with armed men, whose dark visages and heavy beards gave them a terrifying appearance. They were filing up towards the altar, forcing their way through the crowd of men, women and children, who seemed paralyzed at the sight. At the very foot of the altar they paused, gave an insolent look at the doge, and while twelve of their number seized their brides, others held back the furious young men who tried to rescue them. Followed by the helpless and unarmed people, they made on, bearing their victims as easily as if they were infants, to the edge of the island. There lay the boats from which they had landed.

“The corsairs of Trieste!” said an agitated

voice among them. It was that of Sanudo himself, who looked with rage and indignation upon the unprecedented outrage.

It was true. These lawless ruffians, aware of the custom, had banded together to surprise the bridal company, and to carry off the daughters of St. Mark. Gaiolo, their chief, conducted the enterprise, and watched with them through the night from the shore, where they were concealed in an uninhabited quarter of the island.

When the last, lingering footstep had entered the church of the apostle, the corsairs had followed unseen, and it was the work of a moment to burst in the heavy doors. The doge knew there was not a moment to be wasted in unavailing regrets or vain menaces. He strode through the streets, calling the people to arms—a call which was readily taken up and responded to.

In the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, dwelt a corporation, called the Trunk Makers Company. A young man belonging to this corporation had been rejected by one of the prettiest of the twelve brides. He gave way, not to rage, but to the deepest melancholy in consequence, and for the last year had wandered about, taking no interest in any occupation. He had stationed himself behind a pillar at St. Peter's, feeling a desire to look, unseen, once more upon the face of the cruel maiden who had almost broken his heart by her rejection. When the outrage commenced, he followed the pirate who was bearing away the beautiful Julietta, and saw, with unavailing rage, that she was placed in the first boat that sailed. To overtake them he thought not wholly impracticable, if the attempt were carried out by strong hands and willing hearts; and, as if this sudden misfortune had restored sense and spirit to the youth at once, he promptly took measures for possible rescue.

He thought of the vessels of the corporation, and felt assured, that could they be manned immediately, and a quantity of arms put on board, there might yet be hope. To the generous activity of this youth, the swift and efficient measures were mainly owing; and when the pirates, apprehending no such event as pursuit, were cruising in the lagoon of Caorlo, they beheld the Venetians close upon them. Escape was impossible. The pursuers knew every turn of the waters, and having chased them into a creek which still bears the name of *Porto delle Douzelle*, they succeeded in capturing the corsairs. Not an Istrian escaped the terrible but deserved vengeance of the bridegrooms and their friends—and the brides were borne back to St. Peter's amidst the eager congratulations of all who witnessed the assault and its ending—all but poor Angelo

Salvi. He dared not mingle his words with those of the excited crowd, but retired to a lonely part of the church, from whence, however, he had the mournful joy of hearing his name mentioned as foremost in rescuing, and saw Julietta's face overspread with a faint blush at the sound.

That night Lauretta and Orto took possession of their peaceful home. Jacopo's wife was so excited by the events of the day, that for weeks she did nothing but huddle a succession of night caps and napkins on her head; and it was even reported that in passing under a wall, a huge stone fell directly upon her, but owing to the innumerable bandages which protected her cranium, she was wholly unconscious of the circumstance. Angelo was consoled a few years after by the hand of Julietta's youngest sister, who had attained to more than her beauty, and to far more than her kindness toward the no longer melancholy youth.

Every year until the battle of Chiozza, a procession of young and beautiful girls, accompanied by the doge and the clergy, were seen winding their way to the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, to visit the trunk makers. They were received with great hospitality, and a little feast always celebrated the happy conclusion of that event which so terrified the Venetian brides.

Thenceforth the yearly ceremony was conducted under the escort of armed men, and nothing more was feared from the too fond attentions of the Corsairs of Trieste.

#### INFLUENCE OF A HOLY LIFE.

There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world and bring in everlasting righteousness, than all other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world, than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.—*Chalmers.*

#### THE HERO.

Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye  
Had that compelling dignity,  
His mien that bearing haught and high,  
Which common spirits fear.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### THE FLOWERS I CHOOSE.

BY AMANDA HUNT.

I seek not gay or bright-hued flowers  
To nestle near my heart;  
But such as will with modest grace  
A purity impart.  
I seek not from the rose's bower  
On beauty to regale,  
But love the pale, sweet snowdrop best,  
And lily of the vale.

And thus in life I would not seek  
Among the proud and gay,  
To find the happiness I need  
To banish care away;  
But choosing those as good and pure  
As these my flowerets pale,  
I'd love the graceful snowdrop best,  
And lily of the vale.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### MIRIAM.

#### A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY EDWARD C. MACKINTIRE.

WHERE is now one of the finest dwellings in Boston, and standing at the corner of two of its most aristocratic streets, once stood at the time of the Revolution, a low building, only ten feet in height, and covering but a small portion of land. Behind it was a large garden, in which grew many choice flowers and several fine fruit trees, and in its midst was a giant oak, which had stood there long before a white man had pressed his footstep on the possessions of the Indian.

Within the shadow of this mighty tree, the family of Manasseh Broadstead often assembled when the weather was fine and the small house seemed too confined and close. The venerable father of Manasseh, whose long, white hair glistened like silver, and his mother, in whose aged face might yet be seen the remains of great personal beauty, added not a little to the charming picturesqueness of that family gathering, while the younger Mrs. Broadstead with her band of beautiful children, formed an attraction which few people could have passed by without feeling.

The mutterings of that thunder which was soon to break louder upon the ear, in the hostile storm of the Revolution, had already been heard. Already the warlike spirit had been stirred, and was still growing more and more restive under the new insults which every message from the mother country contained. It manifested itself,

alike in the three generations that inhabited the low dwelling of the Broadsteads. Alike they stood prepared for any revolt which might be raised—the old men with white locks, on which the snows of more than sixty winters had fallen—the son whose manly figure was now in the full vigor of middle age, and the stripling of eighteen, Manasseh's eldest son, and a gallant and brave youth.

Not more deeply in all these hearts did the fire of patriotism dwell than in that of Miriam Broadstead, the lovely and affectionate daughter, sister, and grandchild of the three. When they talked of resistance, her eyes would light up with a brilliant gleam, and the crimson flush come upon the cheeks already so beautiful, and if the courage of her father and brother could have flagged, there was that in the brave and heroic girl that would have inspired them again to bravery and deeds of daring. And yet the maiden was gentle and kind to all around her—as indeed, when were not gentleness and true courage inseparable?

Soon Concord and Lexington told the story of brave deeds, and Bunker Hill took up the refrain of that grand poem—that inimitable drama at which the shackled countries, enslaved by despotism, stood wonder-struck and mute. During the absence of the male members of the family, and the continual occupation of Mrs. Broadstead with the children, assisted by her mother-in-law, Miriam performed all the duties that related to out-door affairs. Not a thing was neglected. The planting and hoeing were done by her own hands; the two cows were milked and the butter made, often before the neighbors were stirring—and in every emergency, the girl was the stay and hope of the family.

One thing troubled the serenity of the maiden. She had been from a child the object of attachment to a son of their nearest neighbor, Colonel Howard, and her own feelings towards him had ripened into a love as deep as mortal could desire to receive. The projected union was perfectly agreeable to all concerned, Colonel Howard rightly judging that in an affair of the heart, money or station were of little consequence. He had always valued the Broadstead family for their sturdy independence, their strong, practical good sense, and the high and generous liberality, which, while it kept them poor, brought them abundant reward in the happiness it bestowed. No one but a cynic could have disliked sweet Miriam Broadstead. Her beauty was of that peculiar style which grows and grows upon the eye, and is ever new and fresh, because changeful in its expression. The bright, lustrous eyes,

sometimes full of mirth, could overflow with tears of pity, and the cheek was now crimson, now pale, from the emotions of her sensitive heart. Her form, straight and elastic, always appeared to advantage in the simple garments which she fashioned for herself, and the most perfect neatness atoned for the absence of all superfluous ornament.

One thing troubled her. Colonel Howard was a rank Tory, and had imbued his son Gage with the same sentiments. Of course, when the Revolution actually commenced, there was a bar to the intercourse of the families—Colonel Howard desiring his son to keep away from all rebels, and Mr. Broadstead as strenuously advising Miriam to have no more to say to one who was opposed to the principle of liberty. It was a very sad time when the young people parted, after these injunctions from their elders. The manly heart of Gage Howard despised the narrow principle which could not bear a difference of opinion, and he felt that the whole territory of the King of England, abroad or at home, could never compensate to him for the love of Miriam. His father's loyalty was not to be compared with the allegiance that his heart gave to the queen of his affections. On her part, though loving him with all the strength of a first attachment, she believed that she could not marry one so opposed to the feelings which animated her own and her father's hearts. The parting was indeed a sad one, for with it fell the airy fabric which her love had built. And it seemed, too, to be a final one, for when the king's troops left the town, Colonel Howard and his son were among the many devoted loyalists who accompanied them.

Yielding to the father who had been so kind and indulgent, the youth gave up the thought of being united to Miriam, until at least, these troublous times were over—and although the pain of separation was tugging at her very heart-strings, the brave girl gave no sign, shed no tear. But the moment after he was gone, she was in her chamber and on her knees by the bodyside, weeping such bitter tears as only disappointed hearts can induce.

But after this paroxysm was over, Miriam rose up bravely. A hurried visit snatched from the grim duties of the camp, was all that she knew of her father or brother, and the only solace that she found in their absence, was the thought that she was sweetening the desolation of her mother and grandmother. Before winter, her grandfather was sent home sick, and he was never able to join the army again. Exposure and fatigue had hastened the disorder which age had begun, and he was now prostrated entirely. Still, it was

a comfort to have him at home, even though he was gradually failing.

It was a touching sight to see the devotion of the young girl to the aged soldier. His wife was feeble, and all the waiting was performed by his granddaughter. It was with her, only the rising two hours earlier, and all went smoothly. Little Alice and her brother did all they were able, but the chief burden was upon Miriam. A letter reached her from Gage Howard, the only one she had ever received in all her life. It was handed to her by a young officer belonging to the British army. It told of his sufferings in regard to her—his regret that he had not stayed to protect her, and his reasons for leaving America. To stay and aid the cause which his father espoused—to join the British army against those dear to her—was not to be thought of for an instant. He had chosen the only path which honor had left to him, and although his life and peace depended on her, he felt obliged—regret it as he might—to stay where he was. Some day, he added, when time had healed these troubles, he should return. Was it a true heart that would welcome him, after leaving that heart to grieve?

The young lieutenant had waited in the next room until Miriam had read her letter. She went in with the flush still upon her cheeks, and a tear in her eye. He talked to her of his friend, and wondered how he could leave America. His eyes told even more than that. Again and again he came, and as he talked chiefly of Howard, he was welcomed by Miriam, although she would not have dared to let her grandfather know that a British officer was visiting the house. Unconsciously to herself, she became interested in Howard's messenger. The evident interest which he showed in her, the admiration which his eyes and sometimes his lips expressed, made her sometimes forget that he belonged to a race whose object it was to crush down the aspirations of freedom in her native country—forgot Gage Howard, or remembered him only to wish that she had never thought of him as a lover. In sober truth, Miriam Broadstead was loving another better than she had loved the companion of her childhood.

No one was more quick to follow up an advantage than Lieutenant Crawford. His military tactics had taught him this, and he thought all arts were fair in love, as in war. It will scarcely surprise the reader to learn that ere many months went by, all Miriam's affection was transferred to Howard's friend. Despising to do anything secretly, she wrote to Howard, announcing the change in her sentiments towards him, but

as the communication at that time was necessarily interrupted and broken, the letter never reached him. Wound up to agony by the thought, that in the absence of her natural protectors, Miriam might be exposed to insult and distress, Howard wrote to his friend. No answer came. Sick with apprehension, he sailed in the first French ship from Calais, and arrived just six months after he had left America.

The vessel arrived in New York, but Howard did not delay an instant. It was a cold, wet, drizzly night when he arrived, and his spirits were at the lowest ebb. Impatiently he urged the driver to hasten, and yet, when he came near the well-remembered street, he dreaded to approach it, and would gladly have been driven back to the hotel again. But the carriage stopped. The driver knocked at the door, and Howard entered. A moment's delay occurred in paying the man. Another instant, and the door of a room hastily thrown open revealed Miriam and Crawford standing together, apparently just risen to see who had come. She caught a glance of his face, wan and pallid as it was, and fell to the floor. A stream of blood issued from her lips. Crawford raised her, while Howard pushed him aside, and knelt by the chair. Mrs. Broadstead came in with a frightened look, and wildly asked what was the matter. Miriam's situation answered her. So occupied she became in her restoration that she did not observe Howard, who drew Crawford to the door. Once out in the damp and chilly darkness, he charged him with his baseness.

Crawford replied in an insulting and abusive tone, and Howard, unable to bear more, drew his sword and called upon him to defend himself. There was no one in the street, usually so populous at all hours of day and night; and Crawford, cooler and more collected than the other, had the advantage. There were hard words and harder blows, and ere many minutes Howard fell. With that fall, Crawford's anger gave way. He raised him from the ground, carried him to the room he had left, and laid him upon the floor at Miriam's feet, imploring him to live for her sake. One glance of the fast-glazing eyes upon her face, and the spirit of Howard was gone. Crawford had knelt beside her in agony. One dying look she cast upon him, and then the blood again flowed from her lips. A moment more, and she had joined the being she had once loved so well. Crawford lived for many years, but his mind was ever haunted by the sad tragedy of that night. The mother did not long survive her child, whose grave on Copps Hill is now undistinguishable.

[ORIGINAL.]

## QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

BY ELLEN S. BALL.

How vast the realm the warrior's ruthless steel  
 Won for the sovereignty of fair Castle!  
 What gentle, unoffending thousands died  
 To brim the chalice of her regal pride!  
 They died the victims of Imperial Spain,  
 The wide world's marvel, mistress of the main.

Where is she now? Fallen from her high estate,  
 Too weak for insult, and too poor for hate.  
 Not unavenged her helpless victims bled,  
 Nor prayed unheard for vengeance on her head.  
 Lost, one by one, the priceless gems that set  
 Their signet on her starry coronet,  
 Her haughty banner trailing in the dust  
 Attests the truth that Heaven is ever just.

One transatlantic pearl remains alone  
 Of all the wealth she boasted as her own.  
 'Tis guarded as the miser guards his gold,  
 Or as the shepherd watches o'er his fold.  
 But vainly guarded, for the hand of fate  
 Points to the warder at the rocky gate;  
 In vain the Moro rears its battled pile,  
 In vain the cruisers belt the enchanted isle,  
 In vain to rebel eyes malignant Spain  
 Points out the vile garrote, the galley's chain,  
 Lower she yet must kneel—'tis fate's decree,  
 And justice wills that Cuba shall be free!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RIVAL OF MARY MODENA.

BY ELLEN H. FOSTER.

In one of the most splendid apartments of King James's palace at Whitehall, the curtains were closely drawn, so as to resemble twilight. The hangings of this room were of dark green velvet, spangled with gold stars. The furniture was massive, and rich in decoration. Two immense windows were curtained with superb draperies, fastened back by heavy gold cords, at the end of which hung a large tassel of the same material. These overlooked the park, where several deer were straying unmolested under the shadow of the fine old English oaks; but the view was now closed by the drawing of the heavy curtains, and silence and dimness reigned within the splendid apartment.

The perfume of fresh flowers filled the air, mingled with various foreign scents, almost overpowering. Near the door, on a beautiful cushion of emerald velvet, lay a spaniel of the smallest and most delicate proportions, of the breed now called King Charles's. The longest and most silky ears betrayed the rarity of the species, and the perfect beauty of color and limb and graceful

head seemed only fitting to mark the favorite of a queen.

She who sat there in that royal place was no queen, although she assumed more state than did she who, as rightful sovereign, occupied a suite of apartments at the extreme end of the palace. The occupant of this was a woman somewhat past thirty, with no beauty in her face save two brilliant, black eyes, whose glances penetrated the very soul of the gazer. Her figure was destitute of roundness or plumpness, the tall, lean form exhibiting angles that did not comport with grace or majesty. A bold, insolent expression dwelt in those lustrous orbs; and a scornful curl was upon the full, pouting lips. Evidently there was anger or anxiety brooding within.

Her dress was a pale, straw-colored satin, trimmed with a rich lace, quite open at the front, showing a neck by no means white or delicate, but corresponding with the pallid hue of the face. Diamonds glittered on her hair and around her throat and wrists, and a cross of untold value hung at her girdle. The small shoes were ornamented with rosettes made of pearls, and corresponded in color with her dress. On the arm of the couch where she sat, was thrown carelessly a superb purple velvet mantle, the fastenings of which were gold buttons that would not have disgraced the workmanship of Benevenuto Cellini.

A page entered and brought her a note on a silver salver, which he presented on his knees. She took it with a trembling apprehension that something was wrong. For a moment that bold spirit quailed before some unforeseen evil which she had not wit to comprehend nor power to elude; but she mastered the emotion by a strong effort, and opened it to read. At the first lines she grasped the arm of the couch with almost supernatural strength. At the close, she tore the paper into atoms and trampled it under her foot.

"This from him!" she said, while the flashing eyes seemed to emit flame. "This from him! What, does the king think that after all that has passed, I will now give way to that pitiful Mary of Modena—that insipid apology for a queen—who is not worthy to unloose my sandal? And he, too, he thinks that he can slink back into his old ties of matrimony, and throw me from the height to which he once strove to raise me. Leave Whitehall, forsooth, and go to a house in St. James's Square? Never, my lord king! See, you dare not come like a man and ask Catharine Sedley to give you up, that you may repent and be forgiven for those sins which you believe she will be eternally punished for in hell

because she is a woman. Never ! and I will tell you so quickly."

She drew a richly chased desk towards her, bade the little page light a silver lamp, filled with perfumed oil upon it, and commenced writing. She wrote a few hasty words, enclosed it in a white silk envelope, tied around it a thread of gold wire, and gave it to the page, bidding him to bear it directly to the king without entrusting it to any intermediate hands. It was evident that she was deeply moved, for she rose from her seat, and walked backward and forward in the long room, with hands so tightly clenched that the nails were completely embedded in the palms, and thin as the hands were, and apparently bloodless, the red stream gushed out.

"Ha, they will see that neither confessor nor wife can make me give way. I will achieve still greater power over him than I have yet attained ; and they who now prophesy the downfall of the favorite, shall find their own hopes forfeited, not mine."

She stopped suddenly in her wild walk, for she heard footsteps in the corridor, and then her door was flung open and one clad in the semblance of royalty was by her side.

"My brave, strong-minded Catharine," he began, "your love for me supersedes all ambition—desires no home save the one that shelters me—disclaims all compromise with my loving queen ? By my faith I can admire thee for thy courage and affection, if not for thy beauty, Lady Catharine !"

"Beauty ?" repeated the woman, scornfully. "Look at me ! did I ever aspire to be called beautiful ? When the rose and lily were blending in almost every face but mine within your palace, say, did I ever try to win you to call me so ? Did I ever steal their arts to beautify this haggard countenance ? Do not talk to me of beauty."

"Thou hast something better than beauty, Catharine ; thou hast wit and intelligence, which our court beauties lack."

"Humph ! you have not wit enough to know that I have any."

"Now you are angry, Kate ; but I will tell you the truth. The queen and my old confessor have been working upon me all day, and I finally agreed to make a proposition to you which I knew well enough you would never accept. In their eyes it was a renunciation of you. In mine, it was simply a trial of the affection I knew you possessed and would show for me."

Catharine's face, well as she had learned to train it to disguise her emotions, could not hide the triumph of the moment. She turned away

that exultant look which she could not suppress, and which was heightened when the king, in the plenitude of his repentant love, offered to make her Countess of Dorchester in her own right. Even that woman's ambitious heart stopped its fierce beating at this offer. She knew all the danger involved in accepting such an honor, and she lost little time in declining the dangerous bribe.

But the king was in the full tide and madness of a passion which sought to elevate its favorite to a station, of which, perhaps, he had not sense enough to see the perils to her whom he wished to exalt. He would accept of no denial, and the unwelcome honor was proffered again and again. Catharine Sedley paused one moment longer on the brink of the precipice which hung, flower-crowned above an abyss that might be fatal. Slowly she then said :

"I will accept it, my king, upon one condition. Promise me one thing, and I will be this unenviable thing you wish to make me."

"Name any condition you please, fair one," he answered, gallantly.

"That whenever you are tempted again to give me up, as you were this day, you will not write, but come manfully to me and announce your determination yourself, and give me one last, parting hour."

"We promise," was his response ; "but there is no such thing as parting hours in our love calendar. Talk not of parting." And with a greeting to her as Countess of Dorchester, the king left the room.

Catharine drew back the curtains and the red stain of the sunset sky reflected from the west on her sallow countenance, making it almost beautiful with its flush.

"All things are beautiful save this face," she murmured, half in sadness, half in defiance.

Three days after, Mary of Modena sat in the recessed window of her own apartment. To her the palm of beauty was never denied. With her it was the highest type of Italian loveliness. The pure, pale face whose hue was that of the rich, creamy leaf of the Egyptian lily—the eyes not so flashing, but as black and liquid as her rival's—the graceful curve of the neck, the exquisite whiteness and beauty of the hands, were all as perfect as even a king might ask. A look of supreme sadness dwelt upon her countenance, as it reflected the full beams of the moon shining through the window. She did not order lights, and when the attendant who sat beside her proposed it, she said gently :

"Cease, Rosa, I will not have these miserable things that we call lights. They put out Heav-



en's own light, that of this lovely moon. Heigho, this is weary, this life of ours. Even to a sovereign it is intolerable enough. But hither comes my own dear Leonore Caracci, and by her breathing I discover that she has something agitating to impart. Courage, Leonore, I can bear it all."

The maiden came close to the chair of her royal mistress, and stooping over it, she whispered a few words in her ear. The queen started.

"Is it so, indeed, Leonore? Well, it is but adding one more of those burdens which, in the aggregate weight are so intolerable. Countess—"

Nerved and brave as she thought herself, the poor queen had overrated her strength, and when next the king and Lord Rochester were present, she burst into mingled agonies of sorrow and rage before them. The spirit nursed in the glowing atmosphere of Italy could not brook desertion and insult for a rival like Catharine Sedley. The king was dismayed at the prospect before him, until Rochester soothed and comforted him by the precedents given by other queens.

"Remember, my liege," he said, "how after an interval of struggle, Catharine of Braganza condescended to treat the favorites of King Charles."

And strange to say, James hugged this saying of his wily courtier to his heart, nor deemed that Rochester, the acknowledged champion of the church, had done grievous wrong to religion by suffering the influence of Catharine Sedley to mingle with that of the Protestant ministers who were seeking to bring him into their faith.

Such however were the characteristics of that court. The lowest means were employed by the highest, and even Ormond, who stood for the representative of virtue itself, did not blush to enlist her exertions, while the wife of Rochester took a part in the bad design which must forever cloud her name with infamy scarcely exceeded by that which surrounds the memory of Catharine Sedley.

But they had counted falsely upon the temper of Mary of Modena, if they believed she would even swerve from her principles. Nor did she silently conceal her emotions, but resigned herself openly to despair. She tasted no food, and abandoned herself to the wildest grief.

"Let me depart," she said, "I will go to some convent, where I shall not be blasted by the hateful sight of that vile woman. Take my crown and place it, if you will, on her head. Pity that she cannot be a queen as well as a countess."

It was not in the nature of James to be insensible to these repeated remonstrances. If the penances which he inflicted on himself could have healed the wounds of his queen, there was no lack of that kind of balsam. He scourged himself constantly. Poor Mary, she kept that rope until she died, and then bequeathed it to the convent of Chaillot.

Catharine sat alone in her magnificent apartment. She had been for hours expecting her royal lover, and she was now impatiently tapping the little foot that rested on a silken cushion. The little dog had crept to her arms, but she did not heed his caresses. Rage and mortification were visible in her countenance, and the storm was ready to burst upon the first person who should enter. It proved to be only the little page, and even Catharine's vindictive heart could not conceive wrong against the fair, curly-headed child, who dropped gracefully on one knee before her, and held up his missive. It was another royal note, and she threw Fidele from her arms while she read it. The dog moaned with pain at the hasty fall which she had given him, and crept to the side of little Robert Howard, who soothed and caressed him into silence. She read snatches of the note aloud, making a running commentary on each.

"I know that I promised to bid you farewell in person." "Curse on them who have prevented it!" "I know too well that the sight of you would destroy my resolution, I cannot see you again. One look would bring me to your feet."

"O God, he gives me up—it has come to this!"

She looked round the apartment with wild, burning eyes, in whose black depths seemed concentrated all passions of the soul. Such misery and such rage were mingled there! Human nature could not long have borne that tension, and the big round drops, seemingly too large for mortal eyes to shed, came slowly plashing down upon the marble slab where she leaned her head.

There came a bright summer morning on which all things looked too pure and holy for mortals to touch or disturb. The blue sky and the emerald grass, the richly-laden trees, all spoke a better language than the voice of any preacher could have uttered. A splendid yacht lay rocking on the Thames, and a gilded and painted boat was rowed towards it. A lady, richly dressed, was handed from the boat to the yacht, which in a few moments, was sailing rapidly down the river, whence it steered towards the Irish Channel. It was the parting hour for Catharine Sedley from England.

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN MEMORIAM.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

The stars are out, and Night hath set  
Each radiant one upon her crown;  
And this young moon but lingers yet  
A moment till it goeth down.

And on this night I'm gazing far  
Beyond the sky to upper heaven;  
And fondly dream in some bright star,  
To one I loved, a home is given.

I cannot think that one whose bright  
And peaceful life was nobly true,  
Is not, in that fair land of light,  
A dweller, and an angel, too.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A CURIOUS STRATAGEM.

BY JAMES F. FRANKLIN.

I HAD been some years connected with the Detective Bureau (so the thief-taker commenced his story), and had naturally arrived at a great degree of proficiency in the calling at the time when the strange matter occurred which forms the basis of my story. The chief officer of the Bureau called me to his private office one day, and without prefacing his words in any manner, began as follows:

"Guillot, I wish you to listen to what I am about to say with the utmost attention, for the service upon which I am about to detail you must be most thoroughly understood by you."

I bowed, and he continued:

"Perhaps you may have heard the name of Jacques Guichard?"

Before replying, I took a memorandum-book from my pocket and examined it thoroughly.

"No such name figures in my books," I at last replied. "I have here an alphabetical list, in which I will affirm there are the names of all the notorious rogues in Paris—each and every one of them has his place in this book—but Guichard is not among them. Still, the name sounds familiar—I must have heard it at some time."

"You have, without doubt; although I cannot say that its owner was ever within ten leagues of Paris. Jacques Guichard is a most extraordinary man, although a common thief, or he could never have thwarted the extraordinary efforts that have been made to capture him, as he has done. His place of operation is the sea-coast and the country in the vicinity of St. Malo,

and there he flourishes in the most extraordinary manner. The audacity of the man, according to all accounts, almost passes belief; his robberies have been for the past year extensive and heavy, and I am informed that all attempts thus far to arrest him have been utterly fruitless; for he has a strange faculty of trifling with, and eluding all who are sent after him. How he does this, I am unable to say. A correspondent of mine in St. Malo has at different times informed me of his various performances, and certainly, some of them almost pass belief. Why, actually, the man once entered the house of the mayor of the town, and finding him alone in his parlor, he walked in, took a gold watch and purse from the table, and after informing the mayor, who was absolutely stupefied with astonishment, of his real name, and politely begging the loan of the articles he had taken, he walked coolly away, and escaped, spite of the instant pursuit which was instituted!"

"He is an adroit rascal, at all events," I ventured.

"He is so—and if you can succeed in beating him with his own weapons, you will have the credit of doing what no man has yet been able to accomplish, in addition to the various large rewards which are offered for his apprehension."

"Well, I will try," I said, "and if Master Jacques manages to outwit me, it will certainly be by no advantage which any carelessness on my part might give him."

"Do so," the superintendent replied; "I can ask nothing more—and I have in some way acquired a belief that you will be successful in this matter. But I was about to refer to a letter which I have just received from Monsieur Auguste Beauville, sub-chief of the St. Malo police. After recounting several of Guichard's late audacious exploits, he goes on to inform me that, in utter despair of ever apprehending the fellow, he invites me to ask the assistance of one of our most skilled detectors. I have decided to comply with the request, and, as I have intimated to you, I have selected you for the service."

I bowed again, and he continued:

"Monsieur Beauville will co-operate with you, and with the knowledge which he has of Guichard's character and habits, will render you valuable assistance. He will meet whoever I may send, he says, at the village of Auvergne, some distance this side of St. Malo, and there arrange a plan of operations. You will start as speedily as possible, and report to me when you return."

After a few more unimportant instructions, the superintendent dismissed me with the renewed injunction to lose no time in repairing to Au-

vergne, and to put forth my best efforts after I had arrived there. These, however, needed not to be repeated. I had already begun to feel as though my professional reputation was at stake upon the issue of the business which I had undertaken; and every incentive was upon the side of its faithful and successful prosecution.

I left Paris the same night by diligence, and after two days of monotonous journeying, arrived at Auvergne. My first inquiry was for Monsieur Beauville, and ere long I found him. He had come to Auvergne the previous day, and was only awaiting my arrival. He was a somewhat elderly man, tall and spare in person, and evidently extremely nervous and excitable. A remarkable feature in his general appearance was his white powdered wig—and this, as also his immense gold-bowed spectacles, gave him a peculiarity which at once identified him. I introduced myself, mentioning my name and occupation, and he immediately shook me cordially by the hand, exclaiming, at the same time:

"Ah, yes—I know who you are, and I am under a thousand obligations to Monsieur Berret for complying so promptly with my request. But I must tell you, Monsieur Guillot, I have been on thorns for the last twenty-four hours, waiting for your coming! We need go no nearer St. Malo than we are now—the scoundrel was seen in this vicinity no later than last evening! But he was not to be found three minutes afterward, of course. Upon my word, I have thought at times that the rascal was leagued with Satan himself! I should not consider his conduct so outrageous if he merely robbed and stole successfully, but to trifle with the agents of the law as Jacques Guichard does, is an unpardonable sin!"

This remark was so much in keeping with the rapid estimate which I had formed of the character of the sub-chief, that I could hardly repress a smile. The observation was made in a tone of grief and sorrow, clearly indicating that the speaker felt most keenly the insults which the audacious Guichard had cast upon the police department of St. Malo, of which he was a distinguished member.

"We have a keen-witted man to deal with, Monsieur Guillot," he continued, "and a late discovery which I have made, serves to confirm the fact. You saw the letter which I addressed to Monsieur Berret?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, in conformity with my usual custom, I copied that letter into a book which I keep for that purpose. Yesterday I had occasion to consult the book, and to my astonishment, I discov-

ered that the copy to which I have just referred had been cut out and abstracted!"

"And what inference do you draw from the fact?" I asked.

"Simply, that that letter or copy, is now in the hands of Jacques Guichard!"

"Do you think so?" I asked, in deep surprise.

"I know it—I would wager fifty gold Napoleons, that either Guichard or some one of his accomplices committed the act. It is a sample of the rascal's boldness—and as we are sure that he knows of your presence here, we must act with double wariness and circumspection. And now listen to me, monsieur, and I will inform you of my plan."

I listened attentively, while the sub-chief thus stated the course of action which he thought it best for us to pursue:

"The principal operations of Jacques Guichard have been confined to the district covered by the forest of Marne, which surrounds this place, and lies between it and St. Malo. As I have stated, I know that Guichard was in this vicinity last evening, and in the absence of any other hypothesis upon which to act, we must suppose him still in this vicinity—at least, until we are positively informed to the contrary.

"One of his haunts, as I have discovered from my own efforts to capture him, is the neighborhood of a farmhouse, perhaps a league from this place; and there, I think we had better commence our operations. The persons at this house will afford us all facilities which they are able to furnish. We will stay with them while we are in the neighborhood, and if you are not too much fatigued by your journey, perhaps you had better ride out to the farmhouse to-night. It is a short hour's gallop—and I will give you a letter of introduction to my country friend."

"Shall you not accompany me?" I asked.

"No—but I will shortly follow you. I have some correspondence which imperatively demands my attention for a brief time—an hour perhaps. This attended to, I will immediately take the road, and—but ah, I had almost forgotten one thing. There is a small hut halfway between here and the farmhouse—you will see it on the road. It is a kind of depot which I keep for my official use; my spies and detectives often leave their reports and communications there, where I find them whenever I am in this vicinity. It is a good arrangement, as it saves much time, and of course, it is a profound secret."

The sequel, however, proved most conclusively that there was one person who was perfectly informed on the subject.

"I was about to say," Beauville continued,

"that doubtless, there are at the present time, many important papers in this repository awaiting my attention. I must, therefore, stop there and attend to them, and should I be able to despatch this business before eleven o'clock—and it is now seven—I will join you at that time at the farmhouse. If not, I will pass the night at my hut. But in either event, you may be sure that I will rejoin you before breakfast to-morrow. Do these arrangements suit you?"

"In every particular, Monsieur Beauville," I replied. Some few minor arrangements were then projected, and we parted until the morrow.

Mounted upon a horse furnished by the sub-chief, I left the village and wended my way easily towards my destination. The farmhouse was easily found, and my letter of introduction at once secured me a welcome from its honest proprietor. I should mention, however, that upon the way I noticed the hut to which Monsieur Beauville had alluded. It was situated in the forest, being almost surrounded by it, and standing some distance back from the highway.

Mindful of his agreement, upon descending to the breakfast-room upon the following morning, I found that the sub-chief had already arrived. A cordial salutation passed between us, and after the meal had been despatched, we walked out together some distance.

"We are now ready for our preliminary investigations," Monsieur Beauville remarked, "and perhaps we had better separate, and prosecute them singly. I have reflected upon this subject, and it appears to me that this will be the better way. Of course, I need not advise you as to your course and manner of proceeding—your own experience will suggest whatever is needful."

I assented to his proposition, and we separated at once, each pursuing a different route. Upon leaving Paris, I had adopted the blouse of the common laborer, and consequently no suspicions of my official capacity could attach to the conversations which I held that morning with several persons upon the road, and in various houses at which I stopped. Guichard, I of course mentioned incidentally, and every person I saw had something to say concerning him. Many rumors were in circulation as to his whereabouts, but I could only find one person who had positively seen the man. He told me unsuspectingly, that he had known Jacques Guichard at one period of his life, and could consequently identify him without hesitation. He had seen him, he said, two evenings before, just at dusk, almost on the corporate limits of Auvergne, and had immediately informed Monsieur Auguste Beauville, who happened to be in the village, of the fact. But

upon immediate search by a number of policemen, no Jacques Guichard could be found!

"He must be a wonderful man," I remarked, after I had listened to his account with innocent and open-mouthed astonishment.

"*Le diable* himself couldn't catch him," was the reply. "Monsieur Beauville and his men had better give up the game at once. Guichard could steal the hair off their heads without their knowing it, if he made up his mind to do it."

With the exception of the information which I gathered from this person, I could obtain no positive intelligence of the object of my search; and as the hour of noon had now arrived, and I had wandered back to the immediate vicinity of the farmhouse, I repaired thither at once, where I found Beauville just commencing his dinner.

"Well—and what success?" he inquired, after the domestic had left the room.

"Very little," I replied—and thereupon gave him a brief summary of my proceedings.

"Why, my dear fellow, you underrate yourself," he exclaimed, when I had finished. "You have already taken one step forward—while as for myself, I am ashamed to confess that I have discovered nothing. You will probably return to-night leading the unlucky Guichard by a halter."

"I hope I may," was my simple reply.

This last remark of Beauville, as also the manner in which it was spoken, struck me as being widely different from anything I had thus far heard from him; but the incessant conversation which he kept up prevented me from following up the train of thought which it suggested.

We set out again after a brief rest, and separated as before. This time my efforts were more vigorous, although made with no relaxation of caution, which with me had become almost habitual. But strange to say, these efforts were attended with not the slightest degree of success; although I took a different direction, and made use of extraordinary means to obtain information, my labors were utterly vain.

"Hang the fellow!" I soliloquized, as I came to a full stop in the middle of a by-path which I was pursuing. "Hang the fellow—if I may believe the stories I heard this morning, there are no less than a hundred Jacques Guichards—and I'll be bound not one of the hundred is within a dozen leagues of Auvergne at this moment!"

The afternoon was not half gone—by the position of the sun, I judged that it might be three o'clock—but I had by this time come to the conclusion that I would prosecute my search no further upon that day.

"I need time for reflection," was my thought, as

I directed my steps towards the farmhouse. "I will return, shut myself up in my room, and endeavor to concert some peculiar measure, which once put in practice, cannot fail of compelling Master Guichard to disclose in some way his whefeabouts."

Buried with cogitations like these, I presently reached the house, and was just entering, when I met my worthy host.

"Monsieur Auguste has returned before you," he remarked, as he saw me.

These simple words had an instant effect upon me. They re-excited the train of thought which the conversation of the agent had dissipated when I last saw him. It instantly occurred to me that it was somewhat singular that Beauville should return thus early. True, the same supposition might be applied to myself—but I reflected that his knowledge of the country and its inhabitants should give him facilities for discovery which I did not possess, and I instantly decided that upon these grounds, his primary efforts towards our common object should be protracted longer than my own.

"Aha," I said, in answer to the above observation, "how long since he returned?"

"About an hour, I should say."

"And where is he now?"

"In your room—he desired me to conduct him there."

In my room! There are many occasions in the experience of a detective when he is forced to receive conclusions—but the conclusion which those words produced in my mind was the effect of no guess-work! With the rapidity of lightning I recalled each particularity which I had noted in the manner and bearing of the sub-agent since his arrival at the farmhouse; and the rapid deduction which I was instantly able to draw from them was such as almost to defy belief.

"What is he doing?" was my next excited question.

"Examining some papers, I believe."

"Examining papers—my papers?" I almost shouted. "Jean, do you hear me?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Take off your shoes then—instantly!"

"My shoes—take them off!" the man reiterated, staring at me as if he wished to say he thought me crazy.

"Yes—off with them!" And I kicked mine vehemently from my feet. Jean did the same—probably from the force of example, for he could not certainly have understood my meaning then.

"Now follow me, and be sure that you make no noise!"

Thus admonished, Jean obeyed, and we as-

cended the stairs together, passing thence along the hall, until we had reached my chamber. The door was open—but its occupant was kneeling on the floor, with his back towards us, and consequently we remained undiscovered. My valise was upon the floor by his side, and from it he was taking papers, which he as quickly stowed away in his pockets. I looked but for one instant—then I acted! Advancing noiselessly behind him, I inserted my fingers in his white wig, and lifted it from his head. As I did so, he sprang to his feet, but he did not escape my grasp, until I had also clutched the gold-bowed spectacles. And then the effect was precisely what I had supposed it would be. The wig had covered a closely-cropped head of hair, and the spectacles had served as a mask to a face, which although not certainly wholly unlike that of the sub-chief, was as certainly not his! The exclamation of Jean, however, disclosed the true state of the case. Starting back in astonishment, as he saw the person whom my act had revealed, he cried out:

"Wh—what, in the name of heaven, is this? Jacques Guichard himself, as I live!"

At the sound of his name, the man sprang past me, but Jean was on the alert. Catching him by the collar, he tripped his feet from under him, and as he came down heavily upon the floor, I enclosed his wrists in a pair of irons, and the next instant had his feet similarly confined.

"Now, Jean," I said, "don't leave this room till I return. Watch him as if your life depended upon it while I am gone. I will return in less than an hour."

Taking with me one of the farm servants, I repaired to the roadside hut as quickly as Jean's best horse could carry me—and there I found a truly pitiful, though at the same time, a laughable sight. Monsieur Auguste Beauville—minus his wig and spectacles, of course, and also his long gray overcoat—was strapped firmly to a chair, while a large gag was thrust into his mouth. The latter I immediately removed, and while I was casting loose his fastenings, he eagerly asked:

"Monsieur, in the name of mercy, tell me that you have got the villain in your power!"

"I have, indeed," was my reply. "I have just detected his strange transformation, arrested him, and have hastened to free you from your disagreeable situation."

"Disagreeable indeed!" he rejoined, grinding his teeth. "The scoundrel!—this rascally trick ought to add at least five years to his sentence! You must have conjectured before this, how the scamp operated. He surprised me here last night, bound and gagged me before I could make any resistance, and then, after he had arrayed

himself in my coat, hat and spectacles, he actually asked me, gagged and helpless as I was, if I did not think he might pass for the sub-chief of St. Malo!"

The idea of the ludicrousness of the situation of the worthy agent at that moment strack me so forcibly that I burst into an irrepressible peal of laughter, in which he, contrary to my expectations, joined—remarking a moment after:

"Well, as this matter has turned out so well in the end, we can afford to laugh about it; but I verily believe that if the rascal had escaped after this exploit, I should have shot myself through vexation. As it is, you have done admirably—no person on earth could have avoided being deceived by his almost incredible transformation. His voice, too, was the exact re-production of my own. I have often heard that Guichard was a ventriloquist, and now I am satisfied of it."

Notwithstanding the very weak condition to which his long fasting and forced constraint had subjected him, the agent insisted on being immediately conveyed to the farmhouse; and when introduced to the presence of Guichard, his satisfaction was most edifyingly demonstrative—although when the latter maliciously inquired as to his reasons for preferring a sitting posture, the rage of the worthy agent became so excessive, that I was forced to interpose from fear of the consequences to the prisoner.

From a knowledge of the singular character of Jacques Guichard, I was enabled without difficulty to assign sufficient reasons for the bold and very nearly successful step he had taken; and these inferences were afterwards confirmed by the prisoner himself, in the various conversations which took place between us while he remained under my charge. There was, in the first instance, the natural and characteristic audacity of the man, which was constantly urging him to do some act which might gain notoriety for him. Then there was the indignity which he wished to put upon his old enemy, the sub-agent, and in addition to these, the possession of the papers I had with me, containing as they did, some of the most important secrets of the police department, would, it may be well believed, have been of itself a sufficient inducement to attempt the deception, and especially to such a person as Jacques Guichard. I had almost forgotten to say, that upon searching him, the letter which had been abstracted from Monsieur Beauville's letter-book was found upon his person. The result of my mission, it may readily be supposed, was amply satisfactory to myself. Guichard was sentenced to a term of twenty years' labor in the galleys—which term he is still serving out.

[ORIGINAL.]

MARY.

BY SYBIL PARK.

She hath passed the darksome valley,  
Where the death-cold waters flow;  
She hath left the land of shadows,  
In the morning's sunny glow;  
And her maiden feet are pressing  
Paths beyond the vale of night,  
Where the shining river floweth  
Close beside the throne of light.

Ye who watched the pure heart fading  
In its youthful bloom away,  
Saw ye not the patient waiting  
Of the spirit, day by day?—  
Waiting for that peaceful slumber  
Death the angel kindly brings,  
When he bears each new-born seraph  
Upward on his snowy wings?

When ye saw his holy signet  
Resting on that gentle brow,  
Murmured not each warm heart, fondly,  
"Our beloved sleeps sweetly now?"  
Like a rose-bud half unfolded,  
Waking softly into light,  
Thus you left the maiden sleeping  
In her shroud of vestal white.

O, 'twere joy to die thus early  
In the fresh and morning hours,  
When our rainbow-dreams are brightest,  
And the dew is on the flowers.  
Sweet to sleep and be forgotten,  
In the green earth's quiet breast:  
Calm abode, serene dominion,  
Where each weary heart shall rest.

Sometimes at the hush of even,  
When the wind-harps faintly sigh,  
And the crimson glory dieth  
Faintly from the summer sky,  
Will a spirit, free, exalted,  
Earthward plume her snowy wing,  
And with love and peace unbounded,  
Round the loved her presence fling.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SERF'S TRIUMPH.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE orchestra at the principal theatre at Moscow had lately declined in interest. No new singer of any note had appeared for some time; and the citizens voted the whole affair a mere bore. It was at the commencement of the nineteenth century, too, when the *fior* for musical talent was increasing, and when young men harnessed themselves to the carriages of great singers or great actresses, who perhaps preferred,

after all, to be drawn by noble horses, rather than by the asinine substitutes.

Suddenly, a new star appeared. After the dull calm of several months, her fame woke up the slumbering hearers to the requisite pitch of theatre-going; and, once within the walls, the enthusiasm was beyond all bounds. Her voice riveted the charm.

No one knew who the singer was; but report ran that she was a great princess, who wished to try the effect of her rich voice upon the multitude—who wished, for once, to feel the delicious excitement of applause and bouquet-catching, and to find out whether rank or genius brings most happiness to the possessor. This report increased the interest wonderfully. The homage paid to the queen of song was all the deeper from the belief that rank and wealth were beneath the simple robes of the singer; for, unlike her predecessors on the stage, the new vocalist dressed in the plainest garments.

Her beauty, however, could have scarcely received any additional lustre from dress. She was of a form so slender and willowy, that every motion was that of wavy grace. Her hair fell about her in heavy curls, dark and glossy; and her eyes, those interpreters of the soul, were large, black and lustrous, yet swimming in a liquid tenderness that softened and subdued their color.

The plain gray robe, made with nunlike simplicity, but fitting her perfect figure most beautifully, had not a single ornament, nor were her arms and neck exposed. This dress delighted the people, because it was a refreshing contrast to the brilliant colors and glittering gauds which they were tired of admiring. Here was undorned beauty, at least. So said the changeable crowd who, in the next favorite, would praise splendor and gorgeousness, and think nothing equal to the meretricious and half-clad wonder of the hour.

Among the many who saw and admired her, was Count Von Stralenheim, a young noble whose influence with the czar excited the envy of all others. Determined to pierce the mystery that surrounded her, he went, disguised as an ordinary youth, wishing to take lessons in music from the master connected with the theatrical corps. Here he met her constantly, and under his disguise, he won her love.

She frankly acknowledged to him her rank. Far from being a princess, she was only a serf belonging to the Prince Lodroff, and subject to his recall at any moment. The vanity of possessing a superior singer made him willing to loan the girl; but even his influence could not in-

duce her to array herself in the trappings that usually decorate the class to which he temporarily consigned her.

A petted favorite of the Princess Marie, only child of Prince Lodroff, she was allowed to follow her own whim of dressing like a nun; and her sweet and amiable temper had actually endeared her to her mistress so much, that she was free to take her own way in many things.

The season wore away; but not with it passed the thought of the beautiful singer from the count's mind. Across his memory came the delicious moments in which he had felt sure that the downcast eye and timid blush were signs that he was beloved. But the maiden knew him only as the youth who was so earnest to study music as a profession; and when recalled by Prince Lodroff, she wondered that the ardent attachment, so apparent, had not resolved itself into words.

And yet why should she expect to be loved or wooed? Beautiful as she was, she was only a serf; and her native delicacy forbade her seeming to ask for pity from him she thus worshipped.

The count was awakened from his dream by a summons from the czar to attend him. He had two things to propose to him—one was to marry Prince Lodroff's daughter, the other was to go on an embassy to England. The czar petted and trusted Stralenheim. Of all the throng of courtiers that surrounded the imperial presence, none seemed so good, so pure, so trustworthy as he.

Stralenheim heard him through. It was a new thought—this question of marriage—and with Marie Lodroff, too, of whose temper he had heard some odd things. He begged for time to reflect, which the czar graciously granted him. He returned to his house—the most beautiful residence in St. Petersburg—and retired to his library to meditate upon the subject suggested. The presence of his secretary, Armol, did not disturb him. He was accustomed to seeing him in that distant corner, and would have been more disturbed at missing him.

After an hour's silence, the count addressed him. "I think, Armol, you have once been married?"

"You are right, count," answered Armol.

"A state of great happiness, it is said. At all events, my friends seem anxious to get me there. I do not know that I wish to change my condition, being contented with my present one. Still, I suppose one must follow in the beaten track."

"Who is the lady, sir?"

"The Princess Marie Lodroff. She is very beautiful and witty. What do you think of marriage, Armol?"

"I have heard a saying, count, that it is as if a man were to put his hand into a bag of snakes, where there is only one eel; and that a man generally draws back his hand *without the eel*."

"Indeed! Armol, that must have been uttered by some one whose bitterness has transformed his eel into a snake, and thenceforth was a woman hater. I think I have some idea of what love is, although, perhaps, I could not so well describe it. And somewhere, perhaps, too, is the one I might love; but *where* she is, I think, is still a mystery. I do not myself believe it to be this princess, who is to unlock my heart."

"The singing girl at Moscow, count! You have not forgotten her?"

"Indeed, no! But if I loved her, Armol, it would be wrong to marry her under the existing prejudices of society. Lovely and good as I know this Alita to be, I should only make her unhappy, to place her in a sphere where she would not be recognized as an equal. But I must not think of her. Armol, you must go with me to Lodroff's chateau, seven leagues from St. Petersburg. Show off as well as possible, with men and horses, and all the trappings which women like so well."

Armol retired, with a shade of dissatisfaction upon his brow, which the count perceived.

"Strange," thought he, "that Armol should be so petulant and bitter about marriage! Ah, I think I know why he is so! Multorf, the Chief of the Police, has been pumping him, recently, about my private affairs, and Multorf is a good paymaster. Most likely he has corrupted my secretary, and the fellow is compunctious about letting me fall into the net which Multorf has provided for me; for I cannot doubt that the marriage and the embassy have both emanated from him. He is jealous of my love of freedom, and he knows that I am anxious to have this whole system of espionage cease. If this cessation should take place, Multorf's power would cease with it, and Russia would owe me something. But Armol—it is easy to see that the fellow is in the pay of the chief. Ah, well! this is gratitude! I saved him from a watery bed, and the first temptation to betray me succeeds."

At the chateau of the Prince Lodroff, all was anxious expectation. The princess, a really admirable and noble woman, save for the one fault of temper, was nervously awaiting the advent of the husband, whom her father and the czar had so kindly provided for her without seeing him. The attendants were all busy in preparing for the count and his large retinue, and the

prince himself was in high feather, boasting what a splendid ambassadress his daughter would make.

Mocking and jesting at every one's expense, Miholas, the dwarf, was strutting round in his absurd dignity, cutting hither and thither with his strong sarcasm that might pass for nonsense, but was really embedded in a real truth. Afar off, was the train of Count Von Stralenheim. As it neared the long avenue that formed the principal approach to the chateau, the count alighted, bidding Armol go on with the attendants and horses, while he wandered awhile through the forest.

He threw himself down upon the ground, thoroughly enjoying the elastic spring of the thick carpet of mingled leaves and moss. He had been there for several minutes, and the sound of the horses' feet had quite subsided, when the voice of singing fell on his ear. A little simple ballad, like those sung by the Russian peasants, sounded strangely familiar; and, as the singer approached, he felt that there was but one voice in the world that could give it that touching expression. She came upon him like a spirit, a moment after; but already the voice had told him who it was that had thus moved the springs of feeling within him. The singing girl of Moscow stood before him.

He knew her instantly; but it was long ere she recognized the pupil of her old master—for as such only had she known him. His altered dress puzzled her. She could not believe him really the same, but one strangely like him.

He rose and bowed as reverently as though she were a queen; but, passing into a light, familiar strain, he praised her singing, and asked her to repeat it. His likeness to another puzzled her—for she could not believe him to be the same who had spoken such loving words to her at Moscow, although he so much resembled him. He saw her puzzled look, and comprehended it. She spoke of the count's expected arrival, and he told her that he belonged to his retinue.

"Ah, then you can describe him to me, sir! Believe me, I am already dying with curiosity to know what sort of a husband the princess is to have."

"A very natural curiosity," remarked the count, "and one I am quite willing to pardon. I am the count's foster-brother, and have been said to resemble him greatly in person."

"It is the same," thought the girl, as she sat down on a stump, at some little distance, and surveyed him. "But why does he not recognize me?"

"There was a sound of gushing water, that



came like soft, sweet music on the ear. Its murmurings were well known to Alita; for, when the serf chain bound her spirit too deeply, she would come hither, and the low melody of its liquid sounds came to her heart like the voice of one beloved. But Stralenheim heard them for the first time, and they surprised—enchanted him.

He listened long, and then, in a few words, expressed his deep sense of the beauty of this little mimic waterfall, sparkling up in the lone wood, and mingling with the music of birds and bees and the waving of trees.

"Ay, sir—but do you know what gives them all this beauty?" she asked, blushing.

"What is it?"

"It is because they are *free*—because the life is not crushed out of them by slavery. O, I could envy the lightest insect—"

She stopped, abashed. The stranger had arisen, and now came towards her.

"Girl!" he exclaimed, in his own noble manner and voice, which he had hitherto tried to disguise, "thou shalt be free! Remember! I swear it. Some time, I myself will free thee. Wait and hope!"

In a moment, he was gone. His course lay towards the chateau; and thither Alita followed him, after waiting a sufficient time not to appear to seek him. That it was he whom she had met at Moscow, she could not doubt; but she could not guess at his motives in not appearing to recognize her. But he had sworn to make her free. That was enough. After that, love might come. She would do as he bade her—wait and hope.

The day was drawing to its close. The count had arrived, had seen the prince, and had kissed the hand of his promised bride. He had pleaded fatigue and retired to his room, attended only by Armol.

"How many horses have we here, Armol?" asked the count.

"Twenty," was the answer.

"Is the Arabian here—the black one that I named St. George?"

"Yes, my lord. We brought it, thinking the bride might like it."

"Well, well," said his master, impatiently.

"Is Stevan here—the serf that personated a merchant so well at our Christmas festivities?"

"He is."

"Did you ever love any one, Armol?"

"I have, my lord. When you rescued me from the Neva, did you not see a picture on my breast? That was my wife. She died not long before that time."

"Was it? Then indeed I may trust you. Now look me in the face, Armol. I have a

promise registered, which you may help me to keep. Answer me as if you were on your death-bed—will you serve me or Multorf?"

Armol started. "Did you know that I was his spy, to report your words and actions, my lord?"

"Of course I did. But your burden must have been light, Armol. You had little to carry him, my good fellow! But to the point—are you mine or Multorf's?"

"Yours, count, and forever."

"Good! I take you at your word. Armol, I used to sneer at love; but I have seen one to-day that I am mighty near loving. After you left me in the wood, I met—whom do you think? The singing girl, Alita. She is Prince Lodroff's serf; but shall be so no more. I have sworn to free her, and will do it. Stevan must disguise himself, play the merchant, and buy her from the prince, who prides himself upon owning her, just as he prides himself upon his horses. Remember this one thing, Armol—Alita must and shall be free."

At the last glimmer of twilight, the bell at the outer gate of the prince's residence was rung furiously. An attendant soon entered, saying that a merchant had arrived from Moscow who wished to see the prince, who gave orders for his admittance.

The man entered, bowing to the prince and Count Von Stralenheim, who was present.

"Your business, my friend?" asked the former.

"Your highness must know that I am the director of the Grand Opera at St. Petersburg. Our emperor's feté day approaches, and, as we have heard that your highness has a singing girl here, whose voice does credit to your judgment, I have come to see if your highness will part with her to me. But first, with your permission, I would gladly hear her voice, as I am too fastidious to abide second-rate talents, and my reputation for musical taste would be impeached."

"Confound the coxcomb!" whispered the prince to Stralenheim; "I will let him hear what a girl, who is my serf, can do. Believe me, he will find his grand opera thrown into the shade by this Alita."

He then ordered to call Alita, and to ask the princess to come with her.

"Alita," said her master, "here is a man who thinks it possible that a Russian girl may sing. Still, he is not quite sure; so perhaps you had better convince him. Sing the song you sang when the grand duke arrived. No, don't speak to her, count; you will be apt to frighten her."

Alita sang this song, and afterwards another—the last a love-ballad—the count trembling all the while because she sang so well, and fearing the prince would not part with her.

The pretended director assumed a still more consequential look.

"Hum!" said he; "tolerable—quite tolerable. I think I could make something of her, your excellency. Perhaps I might give thirty thousand roubles for her."

"O, father!" exclaimed the princess; "surely you will not let this man carry off my little Alita! What should we do for singing, if the czar came, as he may, at the approaching festivities? Remember!"—she whispered—"the count is to be first ambassador, and the czar may honor our marriage by his presence."

"True, Marie! No, not for twice that sum shall Alita be sold. Merchant—you are answered! Our singing girl remains with us."

After they had all left the room, except the princess and her attendant, the former reproached Alita for singing so well.

"Did you not promise me to dress awkwardly, and to sing with false notes? Why did you break your word?"

At this moment, Mikella, the executioner belonging to the prince's household, passed through the hall, and, catching the princess's last words, he seized the opportunity to revenge an old grudge against Alita.

"This girl, your highness, went out into the wood, by the Fairy's Fountain, to meet the count, on the very day of his arrival. Peterkin says they often met in Moscow."

"And yet the count called her ordinary. It must have been only her own forwardness—"

Alita's face crimsoned with wounded pride and indignation.

"You know me better, princess. Your sneer is unwomanly. You know me to be no seeker after admiration."

"Unwomanly! You forget your place, slave. Here, Mikella—to-morrow this girl must be chastised."

Without deigning a word to her favorite, the princess left the room.

"I thought there would come a reckoning between us," said Mikella. "You remember calling me a brute, for scourging the Polish boy? Now it will be on your own pretty shoulders."

"Begone, base wretch. I do not fear thy lash," answered the maiden, going out of the door opposite where he stood. The executioner followed her, without seeing that the count and Armol had long been standing at the other door, concealed by a heavy screen.

"Will you suffer this punishment to take place, my lord?" asked Armol.

"Suffer it? No—though twenty thousand princes and princesses commanded it. A gentle damsel—this Princess Marie—whom the czar is so anxious for me to wed! But never mind, Armol! she shall not wreak her vengeance on that fair girl. They may kill her; but scourge her—no, never! This night, we will bear her away. The case admits of no paltering."

Alita passed on in her dreamy, absent state. Some one spoke her name. She looked up and saw Andretti, the prince's steward, who had often vexed her by his protestations of love. He stopped her progress, told her that he knew what was her apparent destiny, and offered to screen her from it, if she would but promise to marry him.

The girl's scorn was visible in her speaking countenance. Her large, lustrous eyes seemed almost to emit sparks of fire, as she replied in terms of immeasurable contempt.

"You do not know what awaits you, Alita."

"Do I not? Do I not remember the little, delicate page, Vitelli? Yet all the agonies inflicted on that poor boy—the wounds which I thank God I was permitted to make easier by my sisterly care—would not be so hateful to me as your love. Are you answered?"

"Think!—is my wealth nothing? Is freedom—for, as my wife, you will be free—is it nothing to you?"

"Much!—the freedom, I mean—but nothing, when another and more hateful chain is proffered, instead of that I now wear."

That night, there was a grand banquet in honor of the Princess Marie's betrothal to the count. The latter was ill at ease; but strove to carry off the miserable pageant with a calm face. If Armol should fail!—the thought was misery. He strove to think if a single point in the secretary's ingenious plot could be left unguarded. He chatted gaily to the princess, by whose side he was placed; but he spoke no word of love. There, indeed, he was not deceitful. A calm lover, she thought him; but then she was not susceptible, unless her jealousy was aroused, and the trifling affair with Alita was forgotten, or only remembered when a song was called for. Then she bethought her of the maiden whom she had petted so much, and would gladly have recalled her to take the first part in the performance. She was about to whisper her wish to the prince, when a bright light flashed across the windows of the banquet-hall. Every one sprang up at once. The left wing of the chateau was in flames. In a mo-

ment, all was confusion; and although the attendants, aided by the count's retinue, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, it was not until the entire household was in the deepest alarm, and the company broken up for the night.

The sun shone brightly on the snow-clad streets of Moscow. Within the prince's winter palace, to which he had removed after the fire—which, fortunately, did no great injury—sat the Princess Marie. She was folding her hands listlessly on her lap, and seemed anxiously awaiting some one. A footstep near, roused all her energies; and when the door was opened, she looked the impersonation of beauty, but with a touch of savageness about her, that reminded the count—for it was he who entered—of a magnificent panther or tigress. He brought her a diamond tiara, for the emperor's ball.

She put it aside, with faint commendation, and eagerly asked him if he had heard the news. No, he had heard nothing, save the emperor's arrival.

"Better than that, count. That wonderful police—How strangely you look, count!"

"It is nothing. Proceed! That wonderful police, you say."

"Yes. Multorf is great, that is certain. He has tracked Alita, and will soon discover her. If he can but find her, we will have her life."

"We! what we?"

"Why, count, you would not spare her? Would you forget her insult to me? I see! I see! Yes, count—her life!"

"Then you shall have mine. Princess, listen to me calmly: I see you doubt me. Well, what if those doubts were certainties? What if a man—I do not say a count or a prince, but a man—had sworn that an innocent girl should not be subjected to a cruel scourging? should be rescued from that horrible system of private tyranny which is the plague-spot of Russia?—what if this man was the betrothed of one woman, while he loved another? Marie! I will not justify myself by words; but look into your own heart, and if there is anything like nobleness there, you will exonerate me from all blame. We cannot now be friends. After this avowal, we shall be enemies; but let us be noble ones. Farewell! I go to seek one who is as beautiful, though not so fortunate, as yourself."

He left her, without another word. For her life, she could not have spoken. There was a grandeur in his confession that made her love him a thousand times more, than if he had flattered her, or denied his love for Alita. Every way she looked, his greatness forced itself upon

her. But, with all his greatness, he loved a serf better than herself! That was the bitter drop in the cup which he had given her to drink, and, proud as she was, the haughty princess bowed her head upon her hands, and wept such tears as had never fallen from her before.

In an apartment of the imperial palace, the czar was seated in conversation with a man who bore in his countenance a mixture of craft and ferocity, which, in that presence, he strove to subdue. He had succeeded so far as to work his coarse features into a cringing expression, far more hateful and disgusting than his real, natural look. It was the chief of the Russian police, Multorf.

"You hate the count, I see," remarked the emperor, evidently in answer to what Multorf had been saying; "and yet he was the truest friend I had. Strange enough, that he whom I deemed so great, should all at once commit crimes worthy of being denounced by the police."

"I did not hate the man, my liege—only his theories. You see how he has carried them out. His practice has but too fully agreed with them. He has been guilty of many high crimes. Think, my liege, of the count's setting fire—"

"There—don't rehearse that again, good Multorf. The count is on his way to Siberia, an exile, through your means. Is not that enough? And yet I would to God my friend were back again to court! Methinks he has left but sorry substitutes in the other courtiers."

"My liege, he would have overthrown your authority."

"Fugh, man! Not mine—only yours. For me, I shall never find another Stralenheim. Why did I banish him? Well, as years go on, I may harden, too. Multorf, you may go."

The officer gathered up some papers which he had brought for the emperor's inspection, and retired. The emperor bowed his head upon his hands, and a tear—a real, genuine tear—actually forced its way through his fingers. Hearts may beat nobly beneath the trappings of state. From this touch of nature, he was aroused by the entrance of an officer, who said:

"My liege, there is a woman at the door who insists upon an audience. She declares that she will kill herself, if not admitted."

"Let her come in."

She entered—a pale, slight girl, with long, flowing hair and brilliant eyes, shining even through tears.

"Who are you?" asked the emperor.

"I am Prince Lodroff's serf, but loved by the Count Von Stralenheim."

"Then you are she who has robbed me of my friend. Come hither!"

Alita approached. The emperor took both her hands and looked earnestly into those large, swimming eyes, which, though tearful, were still full of resolution and courage.

"You are beautiful—Alita, I think they call you! Such was the name they mentioned. Yes, you are very beautiful; but still he ought not to have loved you."

"Some who are greater in rank than the count, have loved where they should not."

"You are insolent!" said the emperor, dropping her hands.

"Nay, only too truthful, mighty czar! It is the tallest tree which tells how the wind blows."

"Yes, we know our kind subjects mark all our movements. It was reserved for you to tell us what they did not dare to speak of." He took her hands again, and said more kindly: "I can see why the count loved you. You were of his stamp—truth-telling and bold. What more?"

"The count swore to make me free. He did so, at great risks."

"Great crimes, too."

"Not so. The fire was a sham. The damage was made up from the count's own purse, in a few short days. No one was injured save Mikelli, the executioner, and he drew his weapon against the count, who of course defended himself. Now, my liege, if that beautiful woman whom the world says *one* values so highly—"

"Stop, Alita! I shall grow angry."

"Nay, my liege, hear me—I am beyond fear. If *she* were sentenced to be scourged—to be the jest of a coarse crowd—coarse men and coarser women—and *he* should fire a town to save her, would you esteem him less?"

"Audacious!"

"Nay, sire—only true! True to your majesty and to the count himself."

"Girl! this is the first time that any one has dared to speak thus in our presence. Do you expect to be pardoned?"

"I do not seek it, my liege; but I have heard that *he*—the best, the noblest of your subjects—is banished to Siberia. O, mighty emperor!—think you it is a wise thing to send a true heart from you?"

"By heaven, no! You touch a chord which vibrates strangely to your voice, although your words are over bold. For once, I will trust a woman. See that you deserve the trust."

The emperor wrote a few hurried lines, to which he affixed his signet, and put the paper into the hands of the now trembling Alita. She glanced at its contents, as he bade her and fell on

her knees before him. It was a recall of the count from Siberia! The maiden spoke not a single word, but her countenance expressed her feelings more than words could do.

A moment after she had left the presence, and was on her way to the frontier, with the precious document in her hand. Fortunately the jewels with which the count had presented her in her brief stay in Moscow, after her escape, were still concealed about her. These were ample for the expenses of her journey, and she spared neither time nor money to execute her purpose.

She overtook the band of exiles, of which Stralenheim was one, and with all the rapture of a fond heart she gave him the paper containing the recall, without a word. Sitting by the wayside, worn and weary, he had not recognized her as she passed along the line of exiles. When his eye fell upon the words, he sprang up to thank the bearer of the welcome news, and saw Alita!

On one of the pleasantest streets in St. Petersburg, an old man sits in a large window, surrounded by a troop of grandchildren to whom he is relating the story of his life. Beside him is his wife, younger than himself, and still beautiful in her serene decline. At the close of his tale, he clasps her hand and whispers—"Mine still—my own Alita—now and forever!" And as the children scamper off into the garden, she lays her head upon his breast, while he kisses again and again the dear eyes that are almost as bright as when she sang his heart away, sixty years ago, at Moscow.

Perhaps the Count Stralenheim planted the first seed of that freedom which is slowly ripening over the barren wastes of Russia. Recently, the emperor has decreed that the serfs shall be set at liberty after six months' labor in the mines—certainly a long step from the perpetual serfdom that stained its early history.

#### TURKISH PARABLE.

A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels; one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything wrong, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight; if before that the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!' the angel rubs it out, and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel on the right shoulder weeps."

Superficial knowledge is like oil upon water—it shines deceitfully, but can easily be skimmed off.

[ORIGINAL.]

## CRAZY NELL.

BY BELL RUTLEDGE.

"WELL do I recollect the time," said my grandma to me, one cold winter evening, as we were seated by the bright hickory fire whose ruddy flames leaped cheerily up the wide-mouthed chimney, shedding a cheerful light upon the old-fashioned furniture of my grandmother's room, and casting flickering shadows upon the ceiling,—“when Crazy Nell was young and fair as any girl in all Westfield. Yes, young and beautiful—you would hardly believe it now, would you, child? But, deary me, time and sorrow make sad changes!” And my grandmother passed her hand slowly over her forehead, and absently let fall her knitting, and I knew by the kindling of her faded eye that her thoughts were wandering back to that past when her own youth-time was fair and bright.

It was snowing fast without—a wild storm—and the driving wind sifted the white flakes against the window panes, into every crevice of the shingled, gabled roof—and sometimes a sudden gust whirled down the chimney, and sent a shower of sparks out all over the nicely swept hearth.

I had come down to grandma's to spend my short winter vacation, with my seventeen-years-old head filled with boarding-school romance; and the prospect of a story, where the heroine promised to be “young and beautiful,” seemed very delightful. Crazy Nell seemed at once invested with an interest which an hour before, I had not thought it possible the poor village wanderer could have inspired. Already imagination had converted her matted hair, wild eyes and bent figure, into a vision of youth—her faded, gown and crooked bonnet, which before I had regarded as antiquities worthy of Barnum, into relics of better days and fallen fortune.

“O tell me the story, grandma!” I exclaimed eagerly, drawing my chair nearer her own, and disturbing her favorite tabby cat at her feet, who purred a decided negative to such advances. “What! did you know *her*—Crazy Nell?—and is that the reason you are so kind to her, and always set apart food for her?” For I had noticed ever since I had been at grandma's, a nicely filled basket set out just at dusk on the platform of the old well at the back door, which the strange woman came and took away, creeping back in the winter morning's twilight to replace the basket where she had found it. And grandma had told me in answer to my queries regard-

ing her, that she had never crossed any threshold, save her own tumble-down hut by the river's side, for many years.

“Tell me the story—do, grandma?”

“Well, Isabel, child,” commenced my grandma, “it is near to thirty years now, since Crazy Nell first came to our town. Then, the boys would follow her through the streets, calling after her, and vexing her, for such a straggler was before unknown in our village. I was walking over from the store one day, when I first saw her. A crowd of boys were standing by the wall where she had sat down to rest. I stopped and looked at her too, for there was a familiar look in her face; but it was a long time before I could bring myself to believe that poor creature was one whom I had known in my youthful days—Nelly Simpson, the beauty of our village. And when I had looked at an old, faded miniature which she held, gazing steadily on it, while the boys stood by in wonder, then I remembered something which I had heard since I was married and left home—that Nelly Simpson had gone crazy and been shut up in a mad-house. The picture she held in her hand I remembered too. It was the face of Edward Carey, a handsome young man who had come to our village one winter to keep singing school in the old school-house at the Point.

“Edward Carey had not been in town a week, before he was a favorite with every one—and singing school nights, the old school-house was crowded with young folks from far and near, the country round. Right pleasant it was, child, on moonlight nights to hear the sleigh-bells jingling, and by-and-by the good old-fashioned tunes ringing out from the old school-house.

“At first, the new singing schoolmaster seemed shy and bashful—though all along, there was a wicked, hidden look about him which I never liked, and your grandfather, dear, who then first began seeing me home, used to say that Edward Carey was a ‘good singer,’ but I could never get him to say anything better in his favor. I declare, child, it makes me young again to think of it!” And my grandmother's cheeks kindled with the crimson flush of youth.

“I don't believe young folks enjoy themselves so well now-a-days, with their new-fashioned balls and parties, and levees, and fairs. There were huskings and apple-bees, and a ball Washington's birth-night in the Lafayette tavern, over to North Hampton, where your grandfather and I led off at the head of the set, followed by Nelly Simpson and Edward Carey, and Jerry Morrison played the violin, and we had a great supper.

“Well, all that winter Edward Carey went round with Nelly Simpson—and one evening she

came to a party with his picture round her neck—the same which I saw her looking at that day, sitting by the wall. Well, by-and-by they were married by old Parson Abbott, and Carey took Nelly off to a distant city, where he said his father and mother lived, and where she should have a beautiful home of her own.

"About that time your grandfather and I were married, dear, and moved over to Greenland, where we have lived together for so many years. About a year after, the strangest story came out about Carey. Somebody read it in a paper, that some people had come on from the South and arrested him for bigamy! Nobody could believe it till one day poor Nelly came back with her baby in her arms, pale and broken-hearted. Her mother had died that year, and farmer Simpson was a changed man, and his health was failing fast, when Nelly came home a poor, betrayed woman. She went about the house pale and melancholy, shunning the neighbors who came in to see her, and a smile was never seen upon her face. The doctors said she was in a hopeless state of despair—and days and weeks went by and yet she was no better.

"Then the baby, a little wan creature who lay and moaned all day long, died. Then poor Nell went crazy—the blow was too much for her failing mind, and Dr. Williams said it would be necessary to send her over to the asylum. Five years passed, before I again heard from Nell, when somebody visiting me from Westfield, told me that she had come home to live with her old father; that the doctors said her mind was gone forever, but as she was harmless it was cruel to keep her shut up there.

"I heard no more, until I read Farmer Simpson's death in the country newspaper—and a few months after, saw Crazy Nell sitting there by the roadside. I took her by the hand, and said:

"Nelly, don't you remember me? You are tired with your long walk—wont you go home with me?"

"She looked up with a strange look in her black eyes, and smiled in a way that made my heart ache, and said, sadly:

"Go away! go away! I will not go in to the ball to-night—Edward is not here to go with me—they have carried him off to prison! They have got my baby, too. They killed it! This is all I have left me—you shall not have it! And she hid the picture in her bosom.

"I could not get her to go home with me; but I persuaded the boys to go away, and then followed Nell to the old house by the river's side, from which I could not coax her away. The next day your grandfather sent word over to the

selectmen of Westfield, and they came over and took her back, for Farmer Simpson had left enough to maintain her. They hired a woman to take care of her at the old farmhouse, but she slipped away and came again over here. They carried her back, but it was of no use, she came here again, when they concluded to let her remain, as she was harmless.

"They fitted her up a few rooms, where she has ever since lived her lonely life—and she has never crossed a threshold, or entered any doorway but mine all these long years. I always set out her basket of food, which she comes and takes, as you saw her last night. Poor Nell! Hers has been a hard lot, but she is getting old now, and will soon go to the land where sorrows never come, and 'the weary are at rest.' Well, father," looking up, as my grandfather entered the door, leaning on his cane, "I have been telling Isabel about poor Nelly Simpson."

"But what became of Nelly's husband—Edward Carey?" I asked. "What did they do with him?"

"Well, he was sentenced to State's Prison for ten years," answered my grandfather; "but his friends were rich and powerful, and some think they bribed the jailor and other authorities, for one day his cell was empty and the bird had flown. I suppose they got him off to foreign parts, as he was never heard from since that day. Phew, how the snow blows! This nor'easter is a pretty tough one! We shall have six inches of snow by morning. Isabel, child, bring me the almanac—let's see what old Dudley Leavitt says about the weather these days. 'More snow may be expected.' I declare, the old gentleman is right. Now just hand me my slippers, Bell. I hope old Nell will keep close till this storm's over, or she'll be likely to suffer. I'll go over there in the morning, mother, and see if all's comfortable. 'Taint right for her to be left there alone to herself, to my mind. Now hand your poor old grandfather his glasses and the newspaper, Bell—I want to look at the Brighton Cattle Market."

I obeyed my grandfather, and then sat down in a cosy arm-chair by the hearth, thinking of poor Nell's sad story—so like a real romance I had read in books.

It must have been an hour later, and grandma's knitting-needles and the storm without had lulled me into a quiet doze, when suddenly the stamping of feet was heard on the doorstep, and I awoke to behold grandpa hastening to the door with a candle, and Mr. Saunders and John Armstrong, two of the neighbors, lifting a form all covered with snow into the entry.

"I b'leve, neighbor Rutledge, we've got Crazy Nell here stark and stiff! Stumbled over her out here on the turnpike, right in the road, and the snow drifting all over her. My horse stopped stock still, and John and I got out to see what the matter was, for it's so dark you can't see your hand before ye. Jest bring some camphire, Miss Rutledge."

Grandma and I ran to the closet for restoratives, while they brought poor Nell to the fire.

"Better go after Dr. Kittredge, neighbor," said my grandfather, looking into old Nell's white face from which grandma had just put away the tangled gray hair all dripping with the melting snow.

But the message was in vain. All our rubbing, and blankets, and hot water which grandma brought, could not bring poor Nell back to life. And when old Dr. Kittredge came, he only shook his gray head, and said, solemnly:

"It is all over! Poor Nell—she's got home at last!"

Then the neighbors came in, and the sad event of the evening was talked over. One had seen her walking slowly along the turnpike at nightfall, apparently toward her home, the hut by the river. But, alas for poor Nell—perhaps blinded by the drifting snow, she had become bewildered and sank down where it had woven its soft, white mantle around her—that soft, white mantle underneath which she calmly went to sleep. For a smile was on her aged, wrinkled face; and when the women unloosed her tattered gown, they found a *faded miniature* upon her breast—the beautiful but false face of the betrayer of her youth!

Perhaps on the threshold of the unknown land they met again—the betrayer and the betrayed—and Edward Carey's guilty soul shrank back with bitter self-accusations, as he turned away to his own world of darkness, while up to the white courts of heaven the Redeemer led, "clothed and in her right mind," one whom we knew on earth as **CRAZY NELL**.

#### WEIGHING A THEFT.

A Connecticut Yankee missed two pounds of fresh butter. The maid, however, had not only stolen it, but fastened the theft upon a kitten; averring, moreover, she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The wily Yankee immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh but a pound and a half! 'This mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime, and the fair fame of Kitty was relieved from the malicious impeachment.—*New York Picayune*.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE INTERCEPTED BOUQUET.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

SOME years ago, when I first began to go round loose by myself, and was consequently as green as a leek, I passed a summer, or rather part of a summer, at a fashionable watering place in the State of New York. It was quite early in the season when I first located myself at the hotel, and but little company had as yet arrived. Among the few who proposed stopping for the summer, however, was a Miss Jones, a tall, thin, oldish young lady, who dressed in the most juvenile of costumes, and wore her hair in the most astounding little curls and frizzles all over her head and down her neck. She was an unusually "accomplished" young lady, was Miss Jones; she played and sang of course, and was profound in foreign tongues—at all events, she was eternally lugging about the house some outlandish work or other that I couldn't make head or tail of. She was great, too, in the noble sciences of psychology and phrenology, and mesmerism, and such like highly useful and beneficial branches, and the way she could and would chatter about "temperaments," and "organs," and "influences," and conditions of the mind, was something bewildering.

Besides all this, she was by no means to be sneezed at in the poetical line; and the way gilded note paper, and all such rhymes as love and dove, and morning and dawning, and fawning and warning, and scorning, and the rest of 'em, had to do duty, was a caution to old folks. Her muse was rather a sombre muse than otherwise; her effusions mostly hinting that she had found the world as hollow as a pumpkin, and that she should probably put her relatives to the trouble and expense of planting her while she was yet in the spring time of youth. Vague insinuations sneaked along the lines to the effect that some appalling and mysterious sorrow had overshadowed her young life; and though the dreadful secret, whatever it might be, was, and for the present must be, locked and bolted in her own stricken heart, yet when the time came that they should lay her beneath a certain willow on the banks of a certain river, then—then the unsympathizing world would be struck flat aback to find what a hard-hearted old rip of a world it had been, to abuse the poor, suffering dear so shamefully.

Miss Jones not only wrote poetry, but she acted poetry too. It was fine to see her of an evening when a company was collected in the

parlor, how she would withdraw to an open window and enthrone herself in a big stuffed chair, with the traces of a sad smile upon her pensive countenance, her eyes dreamily fixed upon a star, one arm drooping across the arm of the chair, with the long, slender fingers gracefully depending, while all the curls and frizzles tumbled negligently about her neck. And so she would sit for a long, long while without moving a muscle, completely absorbed in a dreamy poetic reverie, a spectacle for angels and for men—the latter especially. I used to think, I remember, what a singularly gifted creature she was, to be sure; but as I have before taken occasion to remark, I was fearfully and wonderfully green at that time. I was like a boy at his first visit to the theatre, everything seemed real. Since then I have seen hundreds of girls come the melancholy and interesting a hundred times better than she, some of them, indeed, succeeding so well in the same part as to appear almost natural and unaffected.

I don't remember exactly how it happened that I first became intimate with Miss Jones, but I do remember that by the time I had been a fortnight in the house she had monopolized me so completely that I scarcely dared call my soul my own. If I ventured into the parlor of a morning, it was sure to be, "O, Mr. Jinx, how do you like this new waltz?" Or, "O, Mr. Jinx, wont you please help me with this translation—there's a good fellow?" And there I would be fixed for hours beside the piano, or with a jaw-breaking lexicon in my fist, making myself cross-eyed over the horrid, straddle-bug type with which the Teutons delight to torture their vision, and disfigure their pages.

Although my fair friend was an unmitigated old fright, I blush to own that I was rather pleased than otherwise, at first, by such marked preference as she manifested for my society over that of all others, but a few days convinced me that there could be altogether too much of a good thing, and I found myself, unconsciously as it were, dodging round corners, or hastily retreating to my room when she loomed in the distance. But she was not to be dodged, not she. If I meditated a stroll through the town, or a visit to the village circulating library, Miss Jones was sure to be ready bonneted and shawled on the piazza, and by the most singular coincidence going precisely where I was going. If I tried—as I often did—to steal a march upon her by slipping slyly out of the back door and off into the woods to enjoy a cigar and a walk by myself, she was sure to dart out at me from some unexpected path, with an exclamation of surprise in

her mouth, and some detestable weed or other in her hand, which she would unblushingly affirm to be one of the rarest plants known to botanists. And then there would be nothing for it but to throw away the cigar and tag round through the wet grass after her in search of some confounded four-leaved clover or the like, while she poured forth an uninterrupted flow of sentiment or learning, as the spirit chanced to move at the time, till it fairly gave me a pain in the stomach to listen to her. And worst of all was it when we slouched homeward, the polish off our boots and bedraggled with damp, and she prattling like a venerable infant, to see the fellows who sat smoking on the piazza look at us and wink knowingly at each other.

That I was terribly bored by all this ceaseless attention may be supposed, and, innocent that I was, I didn't know how to rid myself of her without absolute rudeness, of which at that weak period of my existence I was incapable, and I had about made up my mind to grin and bear it as an unavoidable infliction, when a conversation that I chanced to overhear decided me to make a desperate effort to relieve myself from the disagreeable yoke.

"So that old gal has got a cavalier at last," remarked one of the young gentlemen of the house, to a friend at his elbow, "and, by Jove, I'm glad of it, for our sakes as well as hers. She made such a dead set at me when I first came here, I positively was obliged to snub her."

"Yes," returned his companion, "it's a providential beau for all of us. What a sap-head that Jinx fellow must be to stand it to be trained round by that old humbug. I don't believe he half likes it though, green as he is."

I was not at all charmed by this peculiar style of conversation. On the contrary, I was exercised by a sort of blushing and shamefaced indignation, and I resolved that if these plain-spoken gentlemen—who of course I did not blame for their somewhat personal remarks—had found it necessary to, and actually had snubbed my tormentor, I would go and do likewise, and that forthwith, and no longer be a sap-head. But, bless you, it wasn't the likes of me that could snub an old campaigner like her who had withstood the battle and the breeze ever since the days when I toddled about in red plaid frock and stockings, and went otherwise bare-legged. She doubtless saw what I was driving at in an instant; and the masterly way in which she showed me that such a thing was not to be done by any manner of means, removed all doubts, if I ever entertained any, as to her being unmistakably the "gray mare."



There was but one alternative, either I remained to be known to all the house as that Miss Jones's Mr. Jinx, or I must break up my camp and depart out of those coasts. Need I say that I unhesitatingly froze to the latter horn of the dilemma, and forthwith packed my trunks with the intention of starting bright and early next morning. "But man proposes," etc. That very afternoon no less than four stage loads of new guests were emptied into the hotel, which had the effect to give our previously rather dull caravansary quite a lively and social air, and rendered me decidedly averse to being driven out of it.

As I was prowling about the house shortly after supper, taking a last look at things in general, a sound of music was wafted to my ear, or rather my ears, for I have two pretty good long ears for music, and I sometimes fear for other things also. "The Johnny-come-latelys are disposed to be jolly," I said to myself, going toward the parlors and pecking cautiously in, for I was apprehensive that Miss Jones might mitten me. No, Miss Jones was in the big chair by the window, the curls down her neck, her hand drooping gracefully over the arm of the chair, her eyes on the starry firmament, and a pensive smile on her countenance, doing the pathetic and interesting for the benefit of the newcomers.

I was safe for half an hour at least, so I ventured in and stationed myself in a shady corner to look on. A fellow in a big pair of whiskers was drumming upon the piano; another fellow in another big pair of whiskers was harping upon a harp. Ladies in pink and blue and white and all other colored dresses, and gentlemen in endless rigs, were twirling round the room like so many tops. It was a refreshing sight, I assure you, to look upon such a bouquet of pretty girls after such an overdose of Miss Jones, and my famished eyes made up for lost time. Presently there was a pause in the dance, a vision appeared before my eyes. Two little bits of gaiter boots, one white muslin dress, with one blue ribbon round the waist; two diminutive, snug-fitting, white kid gloves, and inside of all, *such* a girl. When I say *such* a girl, I mean just what I say, *such* a girl. No other combination of words will do at all in this case. At first I supposed I had seen an angel. But as she completely took the shine off all the angels I had ever beheld, I decided that she must be a seraph, of course. But no, her cheeks were too rosy, and her violet eyes too mischievous for such cattle, she was manifestly a touch above either. She was, in short, *such* a girl. Nobody ever described to me my appearance while I stood gaping at

her, but from what I know of human nature and my own temperament, I have no more doubt that my under jaw hung down a fathom, and that my eyes stuck out a foot, as you may say, than I have that you will send me a piece of the cake when you are married, pretty soon.

While I thus stood gazing entranced, the music again blared forth, and a great overgrown villain in a moustache and a black-tail coat made a dive at my fairy, grabbed her round the waist and went galloping about the room. For two cents I would have slain the wretch on the spot, but as no one offered that, or any other sum, to have the deed done, I contrived to restrain my just indignation sufficiently to admit of my admiring her graceful dancing. What time, in the many turnings of the waltz, the great hateful black-tail coat came between me and her, it was like a total eclipse, and when again the graceful little white dress appeared in view, my eyes were dazzled, like an owl in the strong sunlight. At length it was over; she was led to a seat, and the villain turned toward the part of the room where I was standing. Could it be? No—yes, it was my old schoolmate, Jack Barnes.

"Good gracious, Jinx, is this you?" he joyfully exclaimed, shaking my hand in the most vigorously friendly manner. "I am delighted to see you here, positively delighted." And not satisfied with shaking one of my paws almost off, he made another grab at both of them and went to work as though they were pump handles.

To say that I was surprised at Jack's cordiality, is to draw it mild, for we had not spoken a dozen words to each other in a dozen years, our acquaintance having begun, and to all intents and purposes ended, at school, where he was several years my senior, and my recollection of him was mainly of the number of kicks and cuffed ears he used to confer upon me. I was not disposed to lay them up against him, however, so I let him shake me up as much as he liked.

"Who is that lady you are dancing with?" I asked, as soon as he gave me a chance to do so.

"That is my—ahem—that is Miss Bush—Miss Rose Bush. I came up with herself and her cousin Susan this afternoon. Come along and be introduced."

Ordinarily I should have jumped out of my skin at the chance of being introduced to a pretty girl, but somehow it was different with *this* girl; she seemed too beautiful and altogether too valuable an article to be profanely meddled with by such a sheepish youngster as I knew myself to be, and I hesitated, frightened.

"Come along," persisted Jack, hooking his

arm into mine, and dragging me across the floor. "What are you 'fraid of? She wont bite you (as if I was afraid of *that*). I have particular reasons for wanting you to get on good terms with the young woman as soon as you can—I'll tell you why, presently—now show yourself smart—Miss Bush, Mr. Jinx, my particular friend."

I haven't the slightest idea what I said to her when I made my bow and seated myself by her side. I only know that my eyes fell right down flat upon the floor, and that I blushed clear down to the tops of my blue woolen socks. Whether she thought me a goose or not, I can't say. It is reasonable to suppose that she did, for if it had been to save my life I couldn't have thought of a word that seemed worthy of saying to her. But she, as good as she was pretty, relieved my embarrassment by kindly leading the conversation, leaving little loop holes here and there for me to put in "yes" and "no," and gradually longer words, and even sentences, until, when the music called us to the floor, I had gathered courage to march up like a man and put one arm, rather tremblingly, around her waist, take one of her dear little paws in mine, and look into her beautiful eyes—O, my!

She danced with nobody but Jack and myself all the evening, and I am willing to bet two to one, any amount, that my feet did not touch the floor any part of the time.

"Now, Jinx, my boy," said Jack, as after the hop we tramped arm and arm up and down one of the garden paths, "I want you to do both her and myself a very great favor."

I gave a great jump in my natural anxiety to go right off and do it at once.

"You see, I'm placed in rather an unpleasant predicament," he continued. "Having brought Rose up here, I ought of course to stay and look out for her, but circumstances are such that I *must* return to the city by the late train, which goes in half an hour. I can't now explain to you fully why this is imperative, but I will in a few days. Now I know you to be a good fellow, Jinx, one that I can trust, and I want you to take my place for a week or so, and bean Rose round—mildly, you know, mildly—go down to the table with her, take her to ride now and again, and keep the fellows from plaguing her, you understand."

"Wont I do *just* that?" I gasped, in an ecstasy.

"I knew you'd be willing to do the friendly thing, Jinx. I've spoken to Rose about becoming your ward for a while, and she thinks as I do, that you are one of the very few fellows it

would do to make a brother of at an hour's notice. But I must be getting toward the depot, I hear the whistle in the distance. This rather unusual sort of thing must seem queer to you, Jinx," he continued, hesitating, "but I'll explain it all when I come back, and we'll have a good laugh over it."

"Never mind, Jack, never mind about explanations. I think I see through it all," I knowingly replied.

"Well, I guess like enough you do; but keep dark, Jinx, keep dark, you know."

"I will."

"Mind you take good care of her," he added, wringing my hand. "Good-by, good-by." And he started on the run for the station, his very much less hateful tail coat streaming in the wind.

I had intimated to Jack that I saw through his manoeuvres, and I did, for I recalled various rumors that I had lately heard concerning him, which were to the effect that, while he was head over heels in love with one miraculously pretty girl, his father threatened him with all manner of disinheretance if he didn't give her up and marry another very pretty girl, who Jack liked well enough, but not so well as the other. This made the matter as clear as a quill to my comprehension. Rose was the father's choice, Jack had thrown himself upon her generosity. She, not caring anything about Jack, and wanting to make everybody happy, like a dear good girl as she was, had consented to let Jack slip off for a week or two, to the presence of his beloved, while the old gentleman should be left to suppose that he was dutifully looking out for the welfare of herself and her cousin. That was it, sure.

I wondered at Jack's taste, for that there could be a prettier or better girl than Rose was manifestly impossible. I didn't let that trouble me much, however, for I was completely carried away in a whirlwind of extacy at the thought that, at my very first start in life, before I was fairly off soundings from the banks and shoals of boyhood, I should come to such unheard of and incredible good fortune as to be the familiar and confidential friend of the loveliest of created beings. Never did a youngster "feel his oats" as I did. By Jove, when I marched in to breakfast next morning with Rose on my arm, he hanged if I didn't feel seventeen feet high, and as though I had a bushel basket full of whiskers slung to my chin. There was no thought of quitting the hotel *then*. Not a bit of it. "A. Jackson, Esquire," with the whole army of New Orleans at his back, couldn't have started me a peg.

A detailed account of all that transpired during the ensuing ten days would be highly interesting, no doubt, but it would occupy too many columns of this paper, and interfere with that desirable variety of matter which it never fails to lay before you. Let it suffice, therefore, that for that period of time my spirits were in such an eminently satisfactory condition that I experienced no little difficulty in combating my propensity to sink the vulgar name of our hotel, and give my address as, "A. Jinx, Room 113, Paradise, third floor." Not that I was entirely and altogether happy; that is hardly to be expected, for there is most always a little grit in everybody's spoonful of sugar. Rose walked with me, rode with me, sang with me, and talked with me—and such delightful talk, it was the very dance and song of words. But then, somehow or other, I couldn't get over feeling the least little bit diffident and bashful while in her presence, though I was as bold as a lion, and formed all manner of daring resolves when away from her. For there were occasions when, to my great and grudging regret, I was forced to allow her a little time to herself, to sleep, dress, and so forth, which times I mostly spent watching for her reappearance as a cat watches for a mouse, ready to pounce upon her at the instant.

But where, you may ask, was Miss Jones all this time? did she allow me to escape without a struggle? No, marm, she did not. Whenever I would be thus watching and waiting, Miss Jones would bear down upon me under a press of canvass, send a shot across my forefoot, lay her main topail to the mast, and chase me into moorings under the lee of the sofa break-water, where I would ride uneasily at my anchor until my consort hove in sight, when she would say, very reproachfully, that she supposed I was dying to go to my new friend; to which I would reply, "No-o-o," and forthwith make sail. But Miss Jones was not long content with this ineffectual sort of persecution, and she shortly begun her old game of darting out at me unexpectedly in our walks, and it almost always happened that she made her appearance just when I had begun to wax sentimental and had got my spunk up to talk sort of lovingly to Rose, when the sight of her would lose me the precious opportunity and drive all the pretty speeches out of my head, which, of course, made me proper mad. Rose used to plague me some about Miss Jones, and say that it was really too bad in me to slight my old and particular friend on her account; whereupon I would call Miss Jones everything but a gentleman, and deny all possible interest in her with such ludicrous earnestness as to tickle Rose

half to death, and make her tease me all the more.

I set all this sort of thing down as the effect of a slight attack of jealousy; for that she was a good deal interested in me I had no sort of doubt. To be sure, she had never told me so in so many words, but, I argued, was it reasonable that such a number one girl as she, would admit me to be in constant attendance upon her, to the exclusion of all other fellows, unless there was a very decided preference? Besides, hadn't I watched her every word, look, and gesture; and couldn't I read a woman like a book—shouldn't I like just to see that female who could deceive me in the matter of affection (I was very green)—and didn't I know all the infallible signs?

"A blush—a sigh—  
Or a downcast eye,  
Or a semblance of careless scorn;  
A look askance,  
Or a frigid glance,  
Or the air of a spirit won!"

To be sure I did, all that sort of knowledge came natural to me. And now the only thing wanting was a formal declaration on my part, and I'd about it straight. It was in my own room and late at night that I thought the above thoughts, and I was rehearsing a very delicate and pretty proposal when I heard a scrabbling on the stairs, my door flew open, and in marched Jack Barnes.

"How are ye, Jinx?" "Hullo, Jack!" Hands were shaken, the bell rang for a couple of bottles of it, two cigars lighted, plenty more placed within reach, and we sat down to it.

Now I don't mean to say exactly that I lied right straight along to Jack about Rose and myself, because that would be stating it a little too tough; still, knowing how difficult it would be to make him comprehend all the thousand little marks and tokens so intelligible to a lover, I took the liberty of translating them and giving him the result in good strong Saxon, pretty highly colored at that. It was evident to me that Jack was very much interested and not a little pleased at the turn affairs had taken, for he was a real good listener, and never opened his head except to introduce pretty frequent glasses of it, and to stick in and haul out his cigar. When I had finished my glowing recital, he asked:

"So there's nothing definitely settled yet—you haven't proposed in due form?"

"Why no, not exactly."

"Well, I think I should do so at once, Jinx, if I were you, so's to have no uncertainty about it."

"I intend to do so to-morrow morning."

"That's right—hope you'll be successful—good night."

"Good night." And stripping off my integuments, I plunged into bed, drew my knees up under my chin, and the bedclothes over my nose, and "gave false death my hand and stole away to dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell among the fragments of the golden day."

Next morning I arose with the lark, or to speak more properly, I turned out at about the time these songsters are popularly supposed to commence operations, for there wasn't any larks thereabout to rise with, and if there had been they would probably have risen a trifle too high for me to follow. It would have been a great and a glorious spectacle could you have looked in upon me that morning as I stood before the mirror adorning myself for the sacrifice. When I viewed my reflected image, decked out in my fancy scarlet cravat, my blue velvet vest with the gold buttons, and all the rest of my prettys, I felt that it would be a gone case with Rose as soon as she beheld me. But notwithstanding this conviction, I began to feel excessively nervous about the business; I feared that I was not going the right way to work, that the affair had not arrived at the proper stage for decisive action, in short, that I was going to be rather too abrupt.

If I had not informed Jack of my intention, I should have put off the matter till a more convenient season, but having told him, there was no alternative but to go on, for it would be just like him to twist Rose about her offer, which, if she hadn't had one, would make it rather awkward all round. The nearer the time approached when I must unavoidably meet her, the more feverish and fidgety I grew. With a view to reducing the unpleasant excitability of my feelings, I left the house for a brisk walk, and without heeding the direction I took, soon found myself in the garden where we had so often rambled together. The dear little pinks and posies and morning glories and things were all up and dressed in their brightest colors, and nodding and laughing at each other to see how funny they all looked with their faces newly washed and the sparkling drops all over them. So I squatted down by the side of a flower bed and poked my nose in among them, and they all smelt so fresh and glad that I couldn't feel otherwise than pretty slick too. Then I went to work pulling a lot of them to make a bouquet for the object of my affections, and as it was utterly impossible to get too many or too pretty ones for her. I kept on pulling till I had pretty much covered myself up with them, and I grinned like a chessy cat to think that, if I only had a harpoon in my fist, I

should be a perfect image of "love among the roses."

Love among the roses! Good gracious, what a lucky thought. Why not put a love letter among the roses, and so in a measure prepare her for what was to follow? Of course that was the very thing. Picking up my posies and scampering back to my room as if a mad dog was after me, I forthwith sat down and wrote nineteen notes. The first eighteen were either too tame, or too glowing, or too something, and I kept tearing them to bits and chucking them out of the window till it looked as though there had been a small snow storm in the yard. The nineteenth wasn't a particle more to the purpose than the others, but I hadn't time to manufacture any more, so it had to go. It began, "My dearest friend," then followed a lot of stunning compliments, and an earnest request to see her *alone* about a matter upon which depended every bit of happiness I could possibly have in this world, and wouldn't she meet me in that beloved walk at the end of the garden, where we could converse without fear of interruption, and so forth. Eternal and unalterable affection, etc., A. Jinx.

Having carefully hidden this literary curiosity in the most conspicuous part of the bouquet, I rang for the young lady who "does the chambers"—and the lodgers too, sometimes. She came.

"Here, Bridget, my dear, take this to Miss Bush, right off," I said, placing the bouquet and a half dollar in her hands.

"Take which to her, sir?" she asked, looking alternately at the coin and the flowers: "D'ye mane the half dollar or the vegetables?"

"The vegetables—keep the coin—scamper."

I watched her down stairs and across the yard to the opposite wing of the house, where Rose's room was situated. At the door she was met by Jack Barnes, who took the bouquet from her, looked at it, smelled of it, and then turned his back so that I couldn't see exactly what he was up to. Confound the fellow, what was he doing? I'd bet a hat he was reading the note. He *was* reading it! However, he returned it to its place again, gave Bridget one or more pieces of money and sent her forward again with many directions and much pointing out of the place of destination. What a good fellow that Jack Barnes was to take so much interest in my welfare and happiness! How my heart smote me when I recollected that I had been so much taken up with my own joys and sorrows the night before that it never entered my head to inquire how he was getting on with his little difficulty.

It was a lovely day in the leafy month of June.

The soft south wind played musically amid the branches of the noble trees, and dallied lovingly with the fragrant flowers that beautified and adorned one of the sweetest little nooks to be found on the whole vast continent of the new world. Pacing slowly along one of the most secluded walks in this magnificent garden, there might have been seen a youthful cavalier of noble presence and exquisite beauty, and attired in the height of the fashion of that day. He appeared to be seeking or waiting for some one, for from time to time he paused to listen or to peer anxiously about him. Presently the light patter of footsteps in the distance fell upon his ear. He started, his eye brightened, the color rushed to his cheek, and he pressed his hand upon his heart, as he murmured :

"She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate;  
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';  
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late';  
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear';  
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

The footsteps approached, and a tall, thin, oldish young lady with sharp features, and with a bouquet like a little haystack in her hand, came suddenly into view.

"O, dear, Mr. Jinx, how you did startle me," she exclaimed, in a great flutter.

"Beg pardon, madam," said Mr. Jinx, with a monstrous frown, and he muttered to himself, "Deuce take the horrid old man trap, what does she want here? I wish she was in heaven."

There was a pause. Jinx peeking about in all directions, and Miss Jones, for it was "that fair she," playing with the flowers she held. Presently she lisped :

"I think you have a charming taste for the arrangement of flowers, Aristides."

"Eh—what? That bouquet—how did you?—that is—it contained—"

"Such a charming note from you, Aristide-ees. O, dear, I'm in such a flutter. O, I know—I—shall—faint—" She tottered, stretched out her arms, fell up against the petrified Jinx, and leaned her head upon his shoulder.

"Ha, ha, ha," rang out a silvery voice that made Jinx hop like a parched pea. "Don't allow us to interrupt so tender a scene. We'll run right away."

It was Rose, leaning upon the arm of that Jack Barnes.

"O, gracious," moaned Jinx, in the most picturesque confusion. "Rose—Miss Bush, I mean—don't go—let me explain to you and Miss Jones. There has been some unaccountable mistake—"

"A mistake!" indignantly exclaimed Miss

Jones, recovering from her faint with a jerk. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I—I—I— There was a note, I confess, but—"

"Yes, sir, a note in the bouquet you sent me—there it is, sir," said Miss Jones, producing the unlucky epistle, "and I wish you to recollect that there are laws, sir, to punish the trampler upon a woman's feelings, and to repair by adequate damages the injuries inflicted on a broken heart." And throwing the paper upon the ground she marched off.

"O, this is conclusive evidence," said Rose, as she picked up the note and glanced at the contents. "You can't deny your writing. O, what a sad naughty boy you are, Aristides. Who would have thought you such a perfect Don Juan?" And she laughed fit to kill herself.

"No, Rose—Miss Bush, I mean," faltered poor Jinx, "I don't deny the writing, but you will perceive the note is not addressed to any one, and it was intended for—"

"Dry up, Jinx," said Jack Barnes, taking him by the arm and moving a few steps away. "Rose don't know anything about the bouquet being meant for her, and for your sake I don't want her to. But why the deuce did you tell me that first night, that you saw through my manoeuvres? If you hadn't said that, I should have told you that Rose and myself had been married that very afternoon, and only wanted to keep it secret till I could slip down to the city and make it all right with the governor. I have done so, and—"

I stayed to hear no more, but breaking away, I fled to my room, packed my trunks and started in the first train for Niagara with the firmest resolution to jump right straight over, but having reached the fall, and seen how horrid wet and cold it looked, I went to the Clifton House instead, and the terrible sufferings that for the next six months I doubtless should have endured were greatly mitigated by just one of the nicest little girls that ever— But that is altogether too jolly an adventure to be tacked on to the tail of such a yarn as this, and besides it has nothing whatever to do with THE INTERCEPTED BOUQUET.

#### IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The practice of imprisoning for debt still prevails in England, though of late the law has been amended, and some of its worst features corrected. A portion of the English press is now agitating the repeal of the law, and the abolition of debtors' prisons. In these prisons a demoralization is constantly going on, which soon renders those who enter them unfit for the resumption of their duties in the great world.

## The Florist.

By the token-flower of long ago,  
Though withered every leaf,  
I know thy heart still keeps its glow  
Beneath the snows of grief.—MORRISON.

### **Hyalinths and Narcissuses in Pots.**

Hyalinths, polyanthuses, and jonquills make a beautiful appearance during the winter in the parlor. Bulbs intended for blooming in the winter, should be potted in October or November, and left out until it begins to freeze, and then placed in a warm room. They will want occasionally a little water, until they begin to grow, then they should have plenty of air, water and sun. Those bulbs, such as hyacinths, etc., which are designed to flower in glass, should be placed in them in the end of November, the glasses being first filled with rain water, that the bulbs may come in contact with it. Put them in a dark place for a few days, till the roots start, after which they may be exposed to the light and sun.

### **Fuschia, or Ear-Drop.**

This is a very beautiful genus of plants. With their pendulous corols they make a very graceful appearance, and are easy to cultivate. In winter they may be kept rather dry. In re-potting them, use a compost consisting of one third good loam, one third peat or live mould, and one third of decayed manure, well mixed together, adding some sand if the loam or peat be heavy, as the fuschia likes a loose, rich soil. When potted, place them in the light, and about sixty degrees of heat. They should be watered freely, and allowed as much air as possible.

### **Soil for Parlor Plants.**

The best soil for plants in pots is generally mixed with vegetable mould and sand; and the pots should be nearly a quarter filled with little bits of broken pots, called pot-shreds, so as to ensure complete drainage. When plants are shifted, they are turned out of the old pots into new ones, a size larger. Plants should never be re-potted when in flower; the best time, indeed, is when they are growing, before their flower-buds begin to swell—as when the flower-buds have appeared, they should be allowed to remain undisturbed until the growing season is completely over.

### **Flowers in the Greenhouse.**

Flowers in the greenhouse should have as much air as can be admitted on a fine day, as it will prevent their growing weakly. Any plants in small pots that begin to show their flower-buds, or whose roots begin to protrude from the hole in the bottom, such as geraniums, heliotropes, etc., should be shifted into larger pots, with the same kind of soil. The next size pots are large enough. As plants get into flower they may be brought into the sitting-room, which change is very beneficial to plants.

### **Oxananthe.**

Herbaceous plants, natives of the south of Europe. All the species yield very pretty flowers, though they are rather awkward looking plants, because of their long, slender flower-stalks. They endear themselves to any amateur gardener, because of their easy culture—growing best in poor, gravelly soil.

### **Loranthus.**

A kind of mistletoe, generally found on the oak—common in Germany, but not yet introduced into England. The foliage is of a very rich green.

### **Calceolaria.**

The calceolaria, or slipper-wort, is a very showy plant, comprising many varieties, and is easy of cultivation. They grow well in a mixture of sandy peat and loam, one-third peat and leaf mould, one-third decayed manure, and some sand. When the plants are in the conservatory for the winter, they should be placed in a cool, airy part of the house, and kept a little moist—but never saturated with water. When the roots push through the hole in the bottom of the pot, they should be removed to the next sized pots, being careful to disturb the roots as little as possible; and in a month or so the roots will again appear, and probably their flower-buds will be forthcoming. Then re-pot them as before, keep them moist, and let them have as much air as convenient. Tie them up to sticks, as the branches are easily broken, and they will soon come into flower. They are also very pretty plants to put into the garden; but when turned into the borders, should be shaded as much as possible, as they are apt to fade in the hot sun.

### **Hints regarding Parlor Plants.**

A few hints may be useful to those people who, not affording a green-house, keep parlor plants. During the most severe winter weather the greatest trouble is to keep the plants from freezing. There is a common belief—and I here do not vouch for the fallacy of it—that a pail of water set near the flower-stand will draw off the frost from the flowers themselves. It is a simple experiment to try. A lighted lamp placed among the plants will keep them from freezing. A very light thin cloth thrown over the flower-stand or table will protect them. That, together with drawing the plants from the window into the centre of the room, will be necessary and useful precautions.

### **Hybrid Flowers and Seedling Fruits.**

John Standish, of England, a distinguished gardener, has shown that hybrids from two plants which are poor flower-bearers make the richest flower-bearers. Those he obtained from the maximum and arboreum stand hot weather better than others, are very compact, and have the most beautiful shade of color. Vigorous hybrids are produced by two hybrids which have great affinity for each other. The celebrated Belgian gardener, Van Mons, says that the first fruits of all seedling trees from good fruit are degenerate, and he recommends sowing seeds of the worst fruits, for they will continue to grow better for several generations.

### **Billiardiera.**

The billiardiera, commonly called apple-berry, are half hardy plants, natives of Australia, with bell-shaped flowers, and long berry-like fruit, which tastes like roasted apples. The beautiful plant called soliya was at first supposed to belong to this genus.

### **Zygophyllum.**

The bean caper. Greenhouse plants and hardy perennials which will grow finely in any common garden soil that is somewhat loamy. They are propagated by cuttings.

### **Nepita.**

Catmint. A hardy herbaceous plant, with no beauty or anything to recommend it save the medicinal properties.

### **Samphire.**

A British rock plant, which grows on the sea-coast. It is used as a pickle.

### Preserving Seeds.

The gathering and preservation of seeds is an occupation particularly agreeable to persons fond of plants. The period during which seeds ripen varies in different plants. All seeds may be known as ripe, or nearly so, by the firmness of their texture, and by their changing from a white or greenish color to a color more or less brown. There are some seeds more or less whitish when ripe, such as the White Lupin and several varieties of sweet peas; and others are quite black, as the Barclayannas, Ranunculuses and Convolvuli; but in general a brown color is characteristic of ripeness. In general, the pods or capsules should be cut off with a portion of the stalks, and left to get thoroughly dry before the seeds are removed. For keeping seeds a lady should have a small cabinet.

### Cacti.

The cacti, which are succulent plants, are arranged in several distinct groups which require different treatment. The first of these comprises the various kinds of tree cactus, which have long slender stems thirty or forty feet high, without either branches or leaves. These should be kept only in greenhouse heat, even in winter. The Mammularias and Echinocacti, forming the group called Porcupine Cacti, grow in temperate regions, generally in loamy soil and among thick, short grass, passing half the year in perpetual rain. The Opuntias and Pereskiias are found on almost barren hills. All the cacti should be grown in pots well drained with cinders, and in soil composed of a little sandy loam mixed with lime rubbish.

### Gloxinias.

These are also very beautiful for the greenhouse. They must be kept moist, but always watered with care, as they do not like too much at once. The warmest part of the house suits them best. In potting, place the crown of the roots two inches nearly under the surface of the soil; keep the leaves free from dust, but they should not be syringed too freely. To have them in the greatest perfection, they require this treatment in a hothouse at an early season. They are so generally a favorite, on account of their beauty, that they are well worth the trouble of cultivation.

### Roses.

In spite of the infinite variety of flowers, the rose will ever maintain its realm as the queen. There are many valuable noisette roses. Almee Nibert is a pure white, Cerise, Jaune Desprez, and Cloth of Gold, are choice kinds. Jaune Desprez is a very sweet-scented rose, of a very exceptional color, neither to be described as fawn or yellow—quite a curious thing in its way, and very desirable as a climber. Any of the noisette roses may be turned to good account for almost any purpose. They are also late bloomers, and therefore tell well when the first blooms of the hybrid perpetuals have gone off.

### Watering Plants.

Succulent plants, such as cacti, require but little water; their outer covering is thick, and the evaporation from their surface is comparatively small. Their fleshy substance is a reservoir of moisture, furnished by nature, to enable them to supply their own wants, they being principally the produce of tropical climates.

### Tobacco Smoke.

Ladies who have husbands addicted to the use of the "weed," may turn them to good account by making these gentlemen smoke in the conservatory. Few insects are partial to tobacco-smoke.

### Protecting out-of-door Plants.

If out-of-door plants and shrubs are thought not to be sufficiently protected, it is not too late even now to add to the covering. In covering with straw or mats, especially in the case of evergreen shrubs, care must be taken not to sheathe or bind them tightly about the branches, as when this has been done, the branches, and sometimes the whole shrub have been known to be destroyed or stifled for want of air. The sheathing should be put on quite loosely, and in the case of low shrubs, rough frames covered with mats or coarse baskets, made for the purpose, and turned over the whole plant, are the best modes. Beds of carnations and other half-hardy plants may be very safely protected by a loose covering of evergreen branches.

### Love of Flowers.

It is in the winter, of all seasons, that the love of flowers brings its own reward. In a cold New England climate, when the mercury occasionally amuses itself by diving down to 45 deg. below, we should almost lose faith in the succession of the seasons, in the coming of spring and summer, but for the glowing evidences of the constancy of nature furnished by the brilliant blossoms which reward our toil. When the aspect of the landscape out of doors is all frigid and Polar, it is now gratifying to find within doors bloom and fragrance. The glory of flowers gives a new charm to home, and such an attraction as no mere costly triumph of art can furnish. Well may a lady who has employed her leisure hours in floriculture be proud of its results.

### Training Flowers.

Wire frames for training plants in pots are generally painted green, but a more artificial color would be that of stone, or of the bark of trees, or of young rods, because green too much resembles nature, and the object in imitating nature ought never to be to produce such a resemblance as might be mistaken. In supporting large flowers, such as dahlias, or shrubs, or standard roses, stakes of cast or wrought iron are frequently used, and the color they are painted is almost always green; but though this color, abstractly considered, is so agreeable to the eye, yet its use on stakes to be used among living plants is not well.

### Twining Plants.

Twining plants, such as the Convolvulus, are frequently encouraged to twine round cords made fast to the root of the plant at one end, and to some kind of fixed point or line at the other. Very handsome screens may be formed in this manner, and also very agreeable figures, provided care is taken that the figure shall not be much broader at the summit than it is at the base. A column, a cone, a pyramid, or a cross, may be thus covered, so as to produce a striking effect.

### Insects.

Greenhouse plants are very susceptible to the attacks of the green-fly, or aphid, and must be watched. The syringe is the best means of keeping it off, but care must be observed in using it in houses kept at a moderate temperature, for there the leaves are apt to mildew. Scotch muff in small quantity on the end of the shoots will kill them.

### Evergreen Plants.

Evergreen plants require a good deal of moisture, and water ought to be supplied them pretty liberally.

## Curious Matters.

### A curious Fact.

A correspondent of the Clinton Courier, in Westmoreland, relates a very singular cure:—"Mrs. B., some two years since, was thrown from her horse, and sustained an injury to her hip, which from that day to this has baffled the skill of the physicians of this vicinity. Gradually her limb shortened, so that standing upright her toes touched the floor; and by the aid of crutches it was barely possible for her to take a dozen steps, perhaps, each day. From painning her severely only at intervals, she came to be at last in constant agony; and at night it was only by her husband placing his feet around her foot, and pushing the limb towards the foot of the bed, that she could obtain rest. About three weeks since, as her husband was relieving her in this manner, as was his wont, the limb suddenly gave way, Mrs. B. uttered a fearful cry of pain, and the bone slipped into its socket! For two years she had been suffering from a hip out of joint. The lady soon regained the use of her limb, and is now almost as well as ever."

### Gutta Percha Type.

Gutta percha stereotypes, with gutta percha matrices, are among the objects produced from that wonderful article at the present day. The matrix is just taken by pressure from the block of types while the sheet of gutta percha is hot and soft, and a sharp and fine impression it is quite capable of taking. When cold and hard, this stereotyping plate of gutta percha is ready to have a like impression or reverse of itself, taken also by the pressure of a second soft and moist sheet of gutta percha upon it, and this, when cold and hard, is ready for the press, plate or cylinder. The specimens of printing from letters and engravings thus formed are as sharp as if taken in metal; and the flexible nature of the substance admits of its being curled round a cylinder, to adapt the surface more completely to the action of the cylinder printing machine.

### A Remedy for Drunkenness.

Dr. Beck, of Dantzic, has just made a curious discovery. He has found an antidote, or rather counter-poison, for ardent spirits. It is a mineral paste, which he encloses in an olive, and which, once absorbed, destroys not only the rising effect, but likewise the disastrous consequences of drunkenness. He tried several experiments on a Pole—an irreclaimable drunkard. The individual, named Radovil, swallowed three bottles of brandy in succession, and after each bottle ate an olive prepared by the doctor. He experienced neither the effect of drunkenness nor the slightest sickness.

### Gargle for Sore Throat.

On twenty-five or thirty leaves of the common sage pour a pint of boiling water; let the infusion stand half an hour. Add vinegar enough to make it moderately acid, and honey to the taste. Use it as a gargle several times a day. This combination of the astringent and emollient principle seldom fails to produce the desired effect.

### Remarkable Petrification.

The San Francisco Herald learns, from a private letter from Olympia, that a fir-tree, completely petrified and entire, had been discovered near that place, one hundred and twenty feet beneath the surface of the ground.

### Kentucky Rifle-Shooting.

A correspondent of Porter's Spirit of the Times writes from Comstock's Landing: "A tall Kentuckian entered the store in our village, and inquired 'if they kept good powder?' Being answered in the affirmative, he asked to see some of it. The powder was brought, and placed on the counter, and Kentucky proceeded to load his rifle with it. Having rammed home the ball, he stepped out in front of the store, when he saw a goose lying down in the road, about twenty rods distant. He slowly drew up his rifle, and fired. The goose fell over on her side, and expired without a struggle. We went down, and found that the ball had struck her just back of the eye! We were just on the point of exclaiming, 'What a shot!' when we were interrupted by the hunter, who exclaimed, 'I would not give shucks for such powder as that! If I had only had some of that I used yesterday, I should have hit her plump in the eye.' Can any of your readers beat that?"

### Tenacity of Life.

A singular instance of the tenacity with which life sometimes clings to the human frame occurred recently in a potter's establishment in Detroit. One of the workmen was in the room where the machinery employed in cutting the clay is situated. This machine is a large wheel, with heavy knives, placed at equal distances on its circumference. Some disarrangement of this wheel attracted attention, and he attempted to reach into the wheel and adjust it while it was still revolving, but before he could withdraw himself it struck him on the back of the head, low down in the neck, completely severing the upper and back portion of the skull, on a line close to the top of the ears, and cutting through and removing a considerable portion of the brain, yet, notwithstanding this, the unfortunate man, in this horribly wounded condition, walked into an adjoining apartment where other workmen were, and afterward walked to a carriage, in which he rode to his house, surviving the accident nearly half a day.

### Presence of Lead in the Brain and Liver.

M. M. Chatin and Bouvier, of France, being desirous of arriving at an opinion on this controverted point of medical science, have instituted examinations of the brain and liver of a man who had died by means of lead poisoning, from working in a white-lead factory. From their experiments it resulted that the brain, and especially the liver, contained lead. The process followed in the examination was that recommended by Orfila for detecting lead in cases of poisoning, to the exclusion of normal lead.

### Light.

The celebrated savant, Niewontyl, is said to have undertaken to count the number of particles of light that escape a burning candle. By this computation there are thus evolved, at every second of time, ten millions of millions times more than the number of grains of sand computed to be contained in the whole earth. If any mathematician can make a more nice and accurate calculation, it will be best for him to begin pretty soon.

### Soap Weed.

California abounds with an indigenous plant known as the soap weed, the root of which is used by the old Californians to wash clothing; and also in the preparation of a compound to grease the axles of their old-fashioned block wheel cars.



### Death from Phosphorus.

From Bingen, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, we hear of a singular accident from the use of friction matches, by which a physician lost his life. It appears that a Dr. Causse, of Budesheim, was recently visiting some patients in a neighboring village, and on the road concluded that he would smoke a cigar. In lighting a match, some of the ignited phosphorus flew upon one of his fingers, burning it severely. The pain extended, and became so intense, that the doctor, who had necessary instruments by him, cut out the wound, and let it bleed freely, but without experiencing any relief. He then returned to Budesheim and had the finger amputated. The poison had, however, by this time so inoculated his system, that the loss of the finger was of no avail. Meanwhile physicians had arrived from Bingen, who declared that his only hope lay in immediate amputation of the entire arm. The unfortunate man underwent this operation without a murmur, but it likewise proved useless—in a few hours he was a corpse.

### Impalement on an Iron Rod.

The last number of the Buffalo Medical Journal contains an account of a young man who fell upon an iron rod, used for stuffing horse-collars, four and a half feet in length, three eighths of an inch in diameter at the point and five eighths of an inch at the base. The rod entered the abdomen four inches below the umbilicus, one inch to the right of the linea alba, and came out at the back, on the same side, about opposite the last dorsal vertebra, two inches from the mesial line. The man pulled out the rod himself, and walked across the street to his house. He made a rapid recovery.

### Singing Shells.

Mr. Taylor, a tourist, when at Bathcules, in the island of Ceylon, on going at night on a lake near the fort, was struck by a loud musical noise proceeding from the bottom of the water. It was caused by multitudes of some animals inhabiting shells—at least, the natives call them "singing shells." The sounds are like those of an accordion, or æolian harp, vibrating notes and pitched in different keys. A swell, abundant in Corfu, if irritated by a touch with a piece of straw, will emit a distinctly audible sound in a querulous tone, and which it frequently repeats if touched.

### A Singular Story.

It is related in a foreign paper that during the attack of the English and French fleets on the Chinese forts at the mouth of the Pi-Ho river, an English purser was coming on deck from below, a round shot took off his hat in a most unceremonious manner. "Hillo!" he exclaimed, "that was a close shave," and the next moment he fell dead. The concussion of the atmosphere had destroyed his hold of life it seems, and yet left him time to make the exclamation. Similar instances of the effects of what is termed the wind of a ball have been recorded.

### Natural Curiosity.

In the town of Somerset, Vermont, is a singular curiosity, called the "pot-hole," formed in solid and hard rock. It is ten feet eight inches in depth, two feet six inches in diameter, circular, though not round. A saw-like thread winds from top to bottom, making three complete turns, giving it the appearance of an enormous saw. The hole was first discovered some five years ago, and is now visited by thousands.

### The Arctic Fox.

Dr. Rae, in a late lecture relative to the Arctic regions, says: "On this journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears and endeavored to make himself look as much as possible like a hare (which is an animal comparatively worthless). Another fact of this kind occurs to me. While being detained at a particular place, our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was by a spring-gun connected by a bait, which, when touched produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate, or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize it, and calmly permit the charge to pass harmless over his head."

### Remarkable Will.

An inhabitant of Montgallard, in France, who died in 1822, left the following curious testament: "It is my will that any of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth; but that on the day of my burial the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles and fifes. All the musicians of Montgallard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family "the misanthrope," on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

### A Nut for the Savans.

A Mr. Twombly has been sinking a well on the outskirts of our village, says the Brandon, Vt., Northern Visitor, in the progress of which the following astounding fact appeared. At the depth of twenty-five feet the workmen came upon frozen ground. Through this layer, some fifteen feet in thickness, they worked their way by dint of persevering effort, such as is always necessary in digging compactly frozen earth. At the depth of forty feet water was obtained, which nightly froze over, the ice forming three inches in thickness. Will some one account on any known or unknown principles of philosophy, for these astounding facts? We learn that the freezing of the water continues now that the well is "stoned up."

### Noah's Ark.

In Grafton's Chronicle, published in England by Richard Grafton, in the year 1569, the dimensions of Noah's ark are given as follows:—length, 2700 feet; breadth, 450. These dimensions, supposing her to have been a double-decker, and taking half the beam for the depth, would make her 2,589,938 tons and forty-nine fifths.

### Rapid Coinage.

The different United States coins produced at the Mint in Philadelphia, are cut out by a single machine, at the rate of two hundred and fifty pieces per minute, or four and one sixth pieces each second.

## The Housewife.

### Mustard Poultices.

Make a bag the size required of book muslin; and after mixing equal quantities of mustard and linseed meal (or a larger proportion of the former, should the case require it) in a basin with boiling water of the proper consistency, fill the bag; and, sewing it up, apply it to the part affected, covering it with a handkerchief, or piece of linen. The patient will find this a very clean and comfortable plan. After it has been kept on as long as desired, it only remains to remove it, and lay on a piece of old cambric handkerchief, no rubbing or washing being required. The poultice is perfectly efficacious; and all that is necessary afterwards is, to dust it with hair-powder for a day or two.

### Family Wine.

Black currants, red currants, white currants, ripe cherries, raspberries, and gooseberries, each 28 pounds: water 9 gallons. Steep for three or four days, frequently stirring up the mash, then strain with expression, and add to each gallon of the liquor, good, moist sugar three pounds; cream of tartar (dis.), three drachms. Ferment, cork, and lastly add good spirits at the rate of two to five per cent.

### Mince Pies.

Squeeze the juice of three large lemons, boil the rind tender enough to pound to a paste; then add a pound and a-half of loaf sugar grated fine, a pound and a-half of currants, a pound and a-half of beef suet, cloves, mace, and nutmeg to your taste, two glasses of brandy, the juice of the lemons, an ounce of Savoy biscuits, and what sweetmeats you please. Some add half a pound of chopped apples.

### Cosmetic Soap for Washing Hands.

Take a pound of Castile or other nice soap, scrape it in small pieces, and put it on the fire with a little water; stir it till it becomes a smooth paste, and, when cold, add some lavender water, or essence of any kind. Beat it with a silver spoon until well mixed, thicken it with corn meal and keep it in small pots closely covered.

### To clean Paint.

Smear a piece of flannel with common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure, cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

### Mutton Chops, Baked.

Cut a neck of mutton into neat chops, season them with salt and pepper, butter a dish, lay in the chops and pour in a batter made of a quart of milk, four eggs beaten up, four table-spoonsful of flour, and a little salt. An hour will bake them.

### Cold Feet.

Cold feet are the precursors of consumption. To escape them, warm your feet well in the morning, and covering the sole with a piece of common paper, carefully draw on the sock, and then the boot or shoe.

### To entirely clear out the Red Ant.

Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp, rub fine salt on them, quite thick, and let it remain on for a time and they will disappear.

### Boston Rye-and-Indian Bread.

One quart of Indian meal, three pints of rye meal, one teacup of molasses, one of yeast. Salt; mix all well with warm water; smooth it over the top by dipping the hand in water. Let it stand to rise; when it cracks, it is ready to bake. Iron pans are the best to bake it in. It requires a great deal of baking; about four hours for a loaf of this size.

### To make Lard Candles.

To every eight pounds of lard, add one ounce nitric acid, and the manner of making is as follows: Having carefully weighed your lard, place it over a slow fire, or at least merely melt it; then add the acid, and mould the same as tallow, and you have a clear, beautiful candle. In order to make them resemble *bona fide* tallow candles, you have only to add a small proportion of pure beeswax.

### Chestnut Custard.

Take three pounds of well roasted chestnuts, removing such parts as were colored by the fire, and pound them with a pound of fresh butter; when a smooth paste, add three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar, the yolks of twelve eggs, a pinch of salt, and a few spoonsful of whipped cream, the whites whipped firm.

### Raspberry Cream.

Put six ounces of raspberry jam to a quart of cream, pulp it through a lawn sieve, mix it with the juice of a lemon and a little sugar, and whisk it till thick. Serve it in a dish or glasses. Strawberry cream may be made in the same way. For common use, substitute good milk for the cream.

### Coffee Cream.

Toast two gills of raw coffee till it is light brown and not a grain burnt; put it hot from the toaster, without grinding it, into a quart of rich, sweet milk; boil it, and add the yolks of eight eggs. When done, strain it through a sieve and sweeten it—if properly done, it will not be discolored.

### For Fattening Hens.

The following is from the Maine Farmer: Shut up your hens where there is no gravel. Keep corn by them all the time, and also give them dough once a day. For drink give them skim milk. With this food they will fatten in ten days. If kept over ten days they should have some gravel, or they will fall away.

### Rice Bread.

Boil half a pound of rice in three pints of water, till the whole becomes thick and pulpy. With this, and yeast, and six pounds of flour, make your dough. In this way, it is said, as much bread will be made, as if eight pounds of flour, without the rice, had been used.

### To clean Teeth.

Take of good soft water, one quart; juice of lemon, two ounces; burnt alum, six grains; common salt, six grains. Mix; boil them a minute in a cup, then strain and bottle for use. Rub the teeth with a small bit of sponge tied to a stick, once a week.

### Potato Balls.

Mix mashed potatoes with the yolk of an egg; roll them into balls; flour them, or egg and bread-crumbs them; and fry them in clean drippings, or brown them in a Dutch oven.

**Visiting the Sick.**

Do not visit the sick when you are fatigued, or when in a state of perspiration, or with the stomach empty—for in such conditions you are liable to take the infection. When the disease is very contagious, take the side of the patient which is near to the window. Do not enter the room the first thing in the morning, before it has been aired; and when you come away, take some food, change your clothing immediately, and expose the latter to the air for some days.

**Italian Cheese.**

Mix with nearly half a pound of pounded loaf sugar, the juice of three lemons, two table-spoonful of white wine, and a quart of cream; beat it with a whisk till quite thick, which may be in half an hour; put a bit of muslin into a hair sieve, and pour out the cream. In twelve hours turn it out, and garnish it with flowers. It may be put into a tin shape, with holes in it.

**Citron Cream.**

Cut the finest citron melons when perfectly ripe, take out the seeds and slice the nicest part into a China bowl in small pieces that will lie conveniently; cover them with powdered sugar, and let them stand several hours, then drain off the syrup they have made and add as much cream as it will give a strong flavor to—then freeze it. Pine apples may be used in the same way.

**Peach Cream.**

Get fine, soft, ripe peaches, peel them, take out the stones and put them in a bowl; sprinkle some sugar on and chop them small with a silver spoon; if the peaches are ripe they will become a smooth pulp; add as much milk or rich cream as you have of the first; then add more sugar and freeze it.

**Ocroquettes of boiled Meat.**

Mince some boiled meat very small; add to it some sausage-meat, mashed potatoes, crumbs of bread, soaked in milk, and sweet herbs; make them into a paste, and form it into balls; roll them in very fine raspings, and fry them of a nice color.

**Pickled Beets.**

To pickle beet-roots, boil them till three parts done; then when cold, peel them and cut them into thin slices; put the cut slices into a jar, and pour on them hot spiced vinegar, sufficient to cover the whole. Let them stand a month.

**To make Blacking.**

A quarter of a pound of ivory black, two ounces sugar candy, a quarter ounce gum tragacanth. Pound all very fine; boil a bottle of porter, and stir the ingredients in while boiling hot.

**Chamomile.**

This is a great restorative to the lungs and promotes perspiration. It is good in salves and ointments to take away swellings.

**Cleanliness.**

Most diseases of the skin proceed from want of cleanliness. These, indeed, may be caught by infection, but they will seldom continue long where cleanliness prevails.

**Aromatic Vinegar.**

Put a portion of acetate of potash into a smelling-bottle, mix gradually with half its weight of sulphuric acid, and add a few drops of oil of lavender.

**Coffee Eggs.**

Make some good strong coffee; let it rest to clear as usual, and sweeten it with sugar according to discretion; beat up six yolks of eggs, with about four cups of coffee, and sift it; pour this into little moulds in the form of eggs, or of any other (do not fill them quite), and bake in a mild oven, or a Dutch one, or with a braising-pan; cover between two fires. They are made after this manner, in the shape of any fruits or birds, if you have proper moulds, either of copper or china.

**Christmas Pudding.**

One pound of suet chopped very fine, one pound of grated bread, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins stoned, the rind of half a lemon shred as fine as possible, six Jamaica peppers in fine powder, four eggs, a glass of brandy, a little salt, and as much milk as will make it a proper consistency; boil it nine hours, and serve with sweet sauce. This pudding will keep after it is boiled for full six months, if not taken out of the basin. Tie it over with a clean cloth, and boil it a full hour when wanted.

**Little Cakes for Tea.**

Mix one pound of dried flour, half a pound of fine sugar sifted, one ounce of caraway seeds, a little nutmeg and pounded mace; beat the yolks of two eggs with three spoonful of sack; put these to the rest, with half a pound of butter melted in a little thin cream, or new milk; work all together, roll it out thin, cut it into cakes with a tin or glass, bake them on tins. A little baking done in a slack oven.

**Plum Pudding without Eggs.**

Quarter of a pound of suet, three table-spoonful of flour, quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, one spoonful of sugar, and spice; to which add a middle-sized carrot, which must be boiled the day before, and mashed to a pulp; mix well together, and boil three hours.

**Beef Tea.**

Cut half a pound of lean beef into thin slices, put it in a pint of water, set it over a slow fire, skim it as it boils. When the beef is quite tender, strain off the tea. A little salt may be added. If this tea should prove too strong, a little boiling water may be poured into it.

**To give Lustre to Silver.**

Dissolve a quantity of alum in water, so as to make pretty strong brine, and skim it carefully; add some soap to it, and dip a linen rag in it, and rub over the plate.

**Indian Griddle Cakes.**

One quart of sifted Indian meal, four large spoonful of wheat flour, a quart of new milk, four eggs well beaten and a little salt. Bake them on a soapstone griddle.

**Asthma.**

The following is recommended as a relief:—Two ounces of the best honey and one ounce of castor oil mixed. A teaspoonful to be taken night and morning.

**Lavender Water.**

Put a pint of highly rectified spirits of wine to one ounce of essential oil of lavender, and two drachms of ambergris; shake them well together, and keep closely stoppered.

**Jumbles.**

Half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour and two eggs.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### WHAT TO DO WITH GIRLS.

A wise father—they are scarce now-a-days, we are sorry to say—was asked what he proposed doing with his girls? He replied: "I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and thus be fitted to become useful members of society." This was an excellent idea, but how seldom is it carried out at the present time! Just look into society, and see to whom young girls are apprenticed in this middle of the nineteenth century! As soon as they are old enough to be bound out—that is, as soon as their minds become sufficiently developed to receive permanent impressions, and to form ideas for themselves—they are apprenticed to a capering dancing-master, to a whiskered, foreign music-teacher, to a brainless milliner, to a pinching dressmaker, to street-gadding, to confectionary shops, to the theatre and the opera. With the drain upon their time and their attention which all these multifarious and simultaneous apprenticeships make, what opportunity have the overtasked girls to learn anything useful or valuable from a mother's teaching? They are worked almost to death, and cannot find in home anything but a place to eat and sleep, and put on their fine clothes. Talk of home influence upon such overworked slaves as these! You might as well attempt to teach the Differential Calculus to a drowning man! No, no! the only chance for home improvement for these outraged young apprentices, is for them to break their indentures, or for their parents to cancel them, and then for them to be articulated or bound out to their mothers.

**A GREAT EFFECT.**—A few surly words, spoken by Louis Napoleon to the Austrian ambassador, caused a fall of stocks in Europe, to the extent of \$300,000,000. Verily, "tall oaks from little acorns grow."

**NOVEL COSTUME.**—In Cincinnati, recently, a young man attended a fancy masquerade in a suit of striped chain-gang clothes, obtained from the State Prison.

**FOR THE CURIOUS.**—The skeleton of the celebrated stallion Black Hawk has been added to the collection in the State cabinet.

### ROME IN HER DECADENCE.

The following remarkably vivid, although, perhaps, somewhat overdrawn picture of Rome during the time of the emperors—a period which, some would make us believe, is soon to be repeated in our time—we find in James Hannay's admirable series of lectures on "Satire and Satirists": "It was a monstrous and unnatural period of gigantic opulence and titanic sin; a time both of blood and luxury; when the world ate and drank more, and lied and blasphemed more, and was at once more knowing and more superstitious than it has ever been known to be. Something tropical is the effect, that entering into it produces on the imagination which still retains any healthy northern simplicity of character. You gasp for air. The soul is in an atmosphere close and hot; cloudy with coarse perfume; where the flowers and the vegetation have, with monstrous proportions, something glaring and ghastly in their beauty, and something sickly in their breath. Foul figures of every land swarm around you; brawny murderers from the Danube, and dusky, greasy scoundrels from the Nile. All that is bad is near. There are sounds of revelry which are allied with unutterable shame. The clashing of symbols and the notes of lutes, the gleam of gold and of wine, do not charm here; they terrify. The smoke of the wicked feasts blots out the heaven above you; and, like the drifting smoke from a funeral pile, is heavy with the odors of death."

**PATENT SUITS.**—When the validity of a patent is established in the English courts, a certificate to that effect is granted to the patentee, which cuts off further litigation.

**THE BLACK ART.**—The police of Pittsburg recently made a descent into a gambling hole, and captured sixteen negro men, who were paying court to the blind goddess.

**A COMPREHENSIVE SUBJECT.**—Professor Mitchell, the Cincinnati astronomer, lately delivered a lecture in New York on the "Great Problems of the Universe."

### A GLIMPSE AT THE MOON.

The moon is a very queer planet, and a great puzzle to the philosophers. It has a day full as long as twenty-seven of ours, and always presents the same face to the earth—its revolution upon its own axis occupying precisely the same time as its journey in its orbit round the earth. By the aid of powerful telescopes, the surface has been observed to consist of mountains and valleys. According to Sir John Herschel, the highest of these mountains exceeds a mile and three-quarters in height—the altitude being determined by measuring with a micrometer the length of the shadows which the mountains on the edge of the dark part cast upon the light part. The form of many of these mountains is exactly circular, like an inverted cup, and they have for the most part flat bottoms within, from which rises centrally a small, steep, conical hill. These appearances are deemed to indicate the volcanic nature of their origin, from their resemblance to the crater of Vesuvius and other volcanic and cratered mountains on the earth's surface. With very powerful telescopes, decisive marks may be seen of stratification in successive layers of the volcanic matter. There are also deep valleys which appear to be filled with fog seas, though the general surface and higher projections of the spheroid are altogether uncovered and bare. These fog seas appear to be vapors and mists which have rolled down into these cavities in sufficient quantities to fill up the hollows, just as water gravitates into the beds of terrestrial oceans. There are also large regions which appear perfectly level, and as though they were alluvial plains. No part of the surface presents any appearance of vegetation, or of variation which can be ascribed to a change of seasons; nor is there any atmosphere of sufficient density to refract or bend the rays of light in their passage through it. Everything appears solid, desolate and unfit for the support of animal life. There is therefore very little probability that the "man in the moon" is anything more than an imaginary character, notwithstanding the veracious melodies of Mother Goose.

Speaking of poets, Dr. Darwin, an English poet and philosopher of the last century, started a very amusing theory to account for the sloping position of the earth towards the sun. He supposed that the moon was projected from the southern hemisphere of the earth by a tremendous volcano, at the commencement of creation, leaving the great hole in which the southern ocean now rolls, and causing the earth to cant from its perpendicularity to its orbit. He fancied that this disturbance of the balance of our globe

"Turned oblique the 'centric earth,  
Twice ten degrees and more;"

and that the moon once occupied the space at the southern part of the globe

"Where now the South Sea rolls her waste of time."

This funny way of accounting for the obliquity of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, never took into the account that the substance of the moon is much lighter than that of the earth, it being only about three-fifths as dense. The moon being also about twenty-one hundred miles in diameter, and a spheroid, it must have left a pretty broad and pretty deep hole at the southern side of our globe. Mariners have never yet informed us of any soundings in the South Sea quite so deep as that.

**A BURGLAR TURNED BIGAMIST.**—A notorious scoundrel who was serving out a twenty years' sentence in the Missouri penitentiary, escaped some time since, and going to Rock Island, Illinois, married a respectable young lady under the pretence that he was warden of the institution from which he had just broken out. He has since been recaptured, and the marriage declared void, for the two very good reasons of his having another wife living, and his incapacity as a convict to enter upon a contract.

**SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE.**—This branch of manufacture is the great staple of New England, and especially of Boston. We are ahead of any other city in the world in this department. There are three hundred and fifty-five houses established here in this business.

**UNREASONABLE!**—A woman in Cincinnati recently made an application for divorce on the ground that her husband was a confounded fool. Good gracious, if that is a criterion for divorce, what a Babel will ensue in matrimony!

**THINK OF IT.**—Three cigars smoked a day cost \$43 80 per annum, not to mention their injurious effect upon the health. It don't pay, depend upon it.

**WATCHES AND STEAM ENGINES.**—A lever watch contains two hundred and two pieces; a locomotive contains five thousand five hundred and sixteen.

**AGED.**—An Indian who had the audacity to live over one hundred years, lately died in Wisconsin. He is said to have had eleven wives, considering which, his long life is miraculous!

**A TRUE NATIONALITY.**

We doubt whether any other people in the world ever had so little of nationality about it, as ours, in respect to the employment of native artists or the use of home productions. Almost every trader finds that the true method to thrive in business, is to deal in a foreign, in preference to an American article. It sells more readily; it pays a greater profit. The foreign painter, sculptor, actor, singer, dancer, is patronized in preference to the native; and scenes and incidents of foreign history are selected in preference to those of our own, as the subjects for decorating our houses and public buildings. Perhaps there is no other cause for this preference for everything foreign, except fashion. We have no fashion of our own, no standard of taste. Everything of this nature is regulated by the practice of the old world, and particularly of England. At this hour, we are more completely under the dominion of England in matters of fashion, than we were at the time of the American Revolution. When our forefathers declared their independence of Great Britain, they merely secured their political liberty, and left themselves and their posterity to be as much the slaves of English fashion, as ever King George tried to make them to the British crown. There must be another declaration of independence, and another revolution in America, before we shall be emancipated from foreign thralldom in this respect, and give full encouragement to American arts and artists. Such a declaration and such a revolution the Congress of the United States have started, at the present session, in reference to the decorations of the new national capitol. The whole business of decorating this monument of our nation's wealth and greatness, was confided to foreign artists, and they were industriously engaged in perpetuating in paint and marble, the scenes and traditions of the old world. But American art spoke out, indignant at this perversion of nationality, and the sentiment of Congress sustained the protest. A special committee have taken the business from the superintendent, and have it in contemplation to establish a board of commissioners to superintend the whole work of decorating, which board shall offer an opportunity for all American artists to compete with those of other lands, superiority of workmanship to be the test. This is as it should be; and we may now hope to see native scenery, and events of native history, commemorated in the nation's capitol, by the hands of native artists.

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**POOR MEXICO!**—She has had fifty-four changes of government in thirty-seven years.

**THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY.**

The British territory lying to the north of Nebraska, and east of the Rocky Mountains, has recently been explored to some considerable extent by a party from Canada, headed by Mr. Hind. Lords Grosvenor and Cavendish, two young English noblemen who have recently visited Boston, accompanied this expedition. The Saskatchewan River rises in the Rocky Mountains, and flows eastward, more than a thousand miles, into Lake Winnipeg. It has two principal branches flowing nearly parallel to each other, and meeting after a course of about six hundred miles. The southern branch of this river was traversed by Mr. Hind for several hundred miles, canoes being used in going one way, and horses in returning. By this means, he was enabled to get a much more thorough knowledge of the country than the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, who always traverse that region by water. The valley of this river is of great extent, and was found to possess a very rich soil. The climate is much milder than the neighborhood of the Red River, further to the east, and the vegetation is most luxuriant. The slope of land at the eastern base of the mountains, about the head waters of Saskatchewan, is represented as the finest part of the territory. The snows never fall to any great depth, in winter, and snow-shoes are unknown to the Indians. This section is well timbered, and coal is found in great abundance. On the whole, though lying in such a high latitude as 52° north, this region, by reason of the shelter of the Rocky Mountain chain, possess a climate highly favorable for human habitation; while the facilities for internal communication, and the richness of the soil, hold out strong inducements for emigration. But it will probably be many years before the population of the Canadas will become so dense that the surplus will seek the great valley of the Saskatchewan, in order to find elbow-room. They do these things much slower in the Provinces than we do in the United States; and long before John Bull has stretched his colonies to the Rocky Mountains, our free States will have rolled over them, and covered both slopes with an enterprising and thriving population.

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**A SMART LAD.**—Young Prince Albert, of England, "proposes to undertake the circumnavigation of the globe," so the English papers tell us. His marm will feel bad when he gets "half-seas over."

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**TRUE.**—Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

**MYSTERIES OF VEGETATION.**

There are some singular phenomena in the operations of nature relative to the appearance and growth of plants. When a piece of woods is burnt over so as entirely to destroy the growth, a new and very different kind of trees spring up, to take the place of that which has been removed. The same thing has been noticed in regard to plants, new and strange species appearing upon the locality after a destroying fire. After the great fire in London, in 1666, the ground was covered with a species of cross-marked Iris, which was before that time a stranger to that locality. And yet in such profusion did these plants spring up from the burnt land, that it was calculated that all Europe besides did not contain so great a quantity. So it is with a lake or pond which is dried up; the ground subsequently bearing kinds of vegetation totally dissimilar to that growing on the banks, or the adjoining land. Thus, when certain marshes in Denmark were drained, some years ago, a plant called the *carex cyperoides*, sprang up in abundance—though before that an unknown production of the island, it being a native of Germany. Similar phenomena are occasionally observable in this country, and the subject is well worthy the attention of the curious.

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**THE PERUVIAN SYRUP.**—This medicine, advertised on the cover of this Magazine, has made wonderful strides in the confidence of the people of New England since its introduction four years since. We know of none now before the public which is so honorably endorsed. It is used regularly, and prescribed by many of our first physicians. Its principles are simple, but scientific, and without a particle of clap-trap—too often resorted to—it has obtained an enviable position, and commands entire confidence. We know its virtues and have used it extensively.

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**RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The cost of construction and equipment of the railroads in the United States is \$1,050,655,870, or enough money to break down any other country in the world.

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**WHAT'S IN A NAME.**—Colonel Manypenny has taken hold of a newspaper in Ohio, as a speculation. Perhaps he will be many pennies poorer by the operation.

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**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—The London Times takes strong ground against the British government furnishing money for laying another Atlantic cable.

**GOOD ADVICE.**

We sometimes come across very good advice, wrapped up in verse, which the authors probably fancy to be poetry. In such cases, one is strongly tempted to strip off the borrowed plumes of rhyme, and hold the bantling up in its simple naturalness. Such an instance is the following: You must not try to walk by the light of others, but follow your own. Do the best you can, and rely upon yourself. Do not be idle, but try to make yourself useful, and keep up a good heart. You must find peace in your own breast, and not look for it in worldly pleasure. By doing your best, show to Fortune that you deserve her smiles, whether you enjoy them or not. Learn wisdom by experience; do not repine at neglect; never despair; trample on disappointment, and go right ahead.

There! we have picked out some very choice maxims, from a half-dozen or more verses of rhymed lines, with capital letters at the beginning, which we very much fear would never have attracted the notice of our readers, had we copied the verses themselves. The fact is, it takes something more than rhyme and metre to make poetry; and some of the truest poetry that ever warmed the soul, has never a measure to the lines, or a jingle to the words. If our would-be poets would write in prose, many of them would find that they had nothing to say, and the few that had, would be able to say it much more intelligibly.

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**COAL BURNING ENGINES.**—The Hudson Railroad is now using thirteen coal burning engines with Cumberland coal, at a very large gain over wood. The whole locomotive force of the road, it is expected, will, during the present year, be changed to coal burners. We hope the other corporations will do likewise, and put an end to the further destruction of our forests.

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**INSURANCE COMPANIES.**—We find, by a lately published table of statistics, that there are eighteen well-established and successful insurance companies in Boston, with an aggregate capital amounting to about four millions of dollars.

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**NOT DEAD BROKE.**—The famous American horse-fancier, Mr. Ten Broeck, comes out nearly sixteen thousand dollars ahead in his English turf bettings.

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**SINGULAR BUT TRUE.**—Reliable statistics show that railroad travelling is the safest mode of transportation known to our times.

## PECULIARITIES OF JAPAN.

The government of the empire of Japan presents the remarkable anomaly of two co-existing sovereigns, each maintaining a state independent of the other, and each the recipient of popular homage. One of these sovereigns is the religious ruler, and is reputed to be descended from the gods of Japan. He is called the Mikado, or Dairi-Sama. The other exercises the civil power, and pays stated homage to his spiritual co-emperor. He is called the Ziogun, or Koboe-Sama. He is descended from an early conqueror who wrested the civil power from the Dairi-Sama, some years ago. The Mikado is supreme in rank, but quite insignificant in political affairs. The greatest veneration is paid to him by the people, amounting almost to worship. Yet he is little better than a prisoner, for he is born, lives and dies within the precincts of his court, and never goes out into the world. He is looked upon as most holy, and a pope by birth; and in order to keep up this opinion in the minds of the people, he is obliged to live entirely secluded, and to take the most extraordinary care of his sacred person.

When he desires to move from place to place, he is borne on men's shoulders, as it is considered prejudicial to his dignity and holiness to touch the ground with his feet. Nor is his sacred person ever exposed to the open air, nor the unworthy sun suffered to shine upon his head. Such is the intense holiness of his body, that he dares not cut off his hair, or beard, or nails. The same reason prevents him from voluntary ablation; but lest he should grow too dirty, his attendants may clean him in the night, when he is asleep—because it is held that what is taken from his body under these circumstances, has been stolen from him, and does not detract from his holiness. His victuals must be prepared every time in new vessels, and served at table in new dishes; and after he has refreshed himself, the utensils are destroyed, for fear that some profane person should use them, and thus bring on severe disorders, as a consequence of his impiety in eating from these consecrated vessels. For the same reason, his cast-off garments are carefully destroyed—it being held that if any layman should wear them, without the express command of the Mikado, they would occasion pains in all parts of the body. His crown is placed every morning, for several hours, upon the altar, that its presence may preserve the peace and prosperity of the empire.

CANADIAN COIN.—Our Canadian neighbors have now twenty, ten, five and one cent pieces.

## EXERCISE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is that it has now become fashionable for young ladies to take a great deal of out-door exercise. Pallid faces and willowy figures are no longer thought interesting and attractive, and even a moderate degree of plumpitude is no longer inadmissible. It is a pleasant sight to visit Jamaica Pond, or any of the little lakes in the vicinity of Boston, and see the bevy of young beauties disporting on the shining ice-fields. The only fear we have is that the fondness for out-door sports is only a spasmodic action, that is merely fashionable and not systematic. If it be followed throughout the year by exercises, adapted to each season, as walking, driving, riding, or if a course of indoor exercises, such as calisthenics or bowling, such as set the vicissitudes of the weather at defiance, then all will be well, and the young ladies of America will soon rival their blooming English sisters with whom beauty and health are permanent charms and blessings. And here a little caution suggests itself; we are afraid that a love of excitement leads to over-exertion on the part of many girls who are just commencing a series of open-air exercise, and whose previous training does not enable them to encounter a great amount of physical labor. All such should remember that exercise ceases to be beneficial when it is followed by prostration. They should begin by degrees, and then they will gradually acquire strength and hardihood. By taking short walks at first, gradually increasing the distance travelled, in a few months a healthy girl will be enabled to do her ten miles before dinner, without fatigue, a feat which an English girl would deride to hear pronounced a difficult one.

"CAPTAIN BELT: or, *The Buccaneer of the Gulf*."—Enclose us twenty cents, in postage stamps or silver, and receive this remarkable story, fully illustrated, by return of mail, and *post-paid*. This story was written expressly for us by an officer of the navy, and is unrivalled in interest. Over 30,000 copies have been sold.

DOG-MARES (Dogmas).—A lame man passed our office this morning upon a sled drawn by four large dogs. We were obliged to think twice to be satisfied we had not been spirited away bodily to Lapland.

ANCIENT DERIVATION.—The Saxons were so called from the battle-axes, or *seaxs* with which they were armed.



### INCIPIENT STATES.

The late proposition before Congress, embraced the organization of six new territories, Arizona, Colona, Nevada, Laramie, Dacotah, and Ontonagon; all to be cut off from States or Territories already in existence. Arizona will comprise the southern portion of New Mexico, together with the Mesilla valley or Gadsden purchase, which our government acquired from Mexico, by treaty, in 1854. This region of country is separated by hundreds of miles of mountainous tracts from the settled portion of New Mexico, and the population, amounting to some twelve or fifteen thousand people, is virtually without the protection of law. Colona embraces the Rocky Mountain slope in the western part of Kansas, in the vicinity of the newly-discovered gold regions of Pike's Peak, Cherry Valley, etc., including also small portions of the territories of New Mexico, Utah and Nebraska. This area measures about 122,000 square miles, and is as yet but sparsely settled. The stream of emigration is however flowing thither very rapidly, attracted by the very rich and extensive gold deposits, which rival the most favored portions of California. Nevada will be taken from the western part of Utah, lying between Salt Lake and California—a region of country not yet infested by the Mormons. Laramie constitutes the western part of Nebraska, in which the fort of that name is situated; but it is probable that three or four territories will eventually be made out of Nebraska, which has an area of 336,000 square miles; or about one-ninth of the whole Union. Dacotah is the half that remained of the original territory of Minnesota, after the eastern portion was cut off to make the present State of that name. It is at present unorganized, and without a government, having been left by Congress in that condition when the new State was admitted, at the last session. Ontonagon is the extensive peninsula between Lakes Superior and Michigan, which is at present included in the two States of Wisconsin and Michigan, but principally in the latter. A glance at the map will show that it is entirely cut off by water from Michigan proper, and requires a separate government for the welfare of the inhabitants and the encouragement of emigration. This new territory would extend along the whole southern shore of Lake Superior, a distance of three hundred and eighty miles; and for that reason it has by some been proposed to name it Superior.

**BINDING.**—Every description of binding is done at this office. Works bound, and *returned in one week*, in the best possible manner.

### THE AURORA IN SIBERIA.

The appearances of the aurora borealis in high northern latitudes are much more brilliant and well defined than with us. In the Revelations of a Banished Lady, who sojourned for some time at Berezov, a gold-mining town in Siberia, we find a description of a most beautiful display of this kind. The first indication was a distant but loud, crackling noise, heard in the air at 10 o'clock at night. The night was frosty and clear, and every object around was covered with snow. In an instant after this sound was heard, the whole environs were enveloped in one blaze of illumination, and in the sky appeared two walls of mild, whitish flame, crowned by a cone-like cupola which reached to the zenith. The cupola was gradually thrown off, and the two walls converged at the top, assuming the shape of a sugar loaf. The walls of this pyramid appeared to be formed of light, curling clouds, which rose from the base, floated rapidly to the top, disappeared as quickly as they ascended, and were succeeded by others equally brilliant and fleeting. These floating walls completely shut out the sky, so that nothing could be seen through them, of the blue vault, or the stars. These magnificent appearances continued for several hours, and when at two o'clock in the morning they gradually faded away, the stars assumed their usual brightness, and the moon shone forth in a cloudless sky. During the exhibition harmonious strains, like those of the æolian harp, were audible. The wonderful phenomena of the aurora borealis are attributed by modern philosophy, to electrical influences in the higher and more rarified regions of the atmosphere. By recent experiments with a very powerful electrical apparatus, in the discharge of the electric spark through the air in a glass cylinder, rarified almost to vacuum, appearances have been produced which in the dark exhibit many of the peculiarities of the northern lights; still further observations will probably demonstrate that the sound produced by the electric discharge is rendered harmonious in rarified air.

**HONORS TO THE BRAVE.**—A statue of General Havelock is to be erected in Trafalgar Square, London, beside the monument to Nelson. Thus promptly does England honor her heroes.

**WHALING.**—The whalemens in the Pacific have been very successful on the coast of California.

**CUBA.**—Spain turns up her august nose at the idea of selling Cuba to this country.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The salmon fisheries of Ireland are reported to be worth \$1,000,000 per annum.

Alexander Herzen's Memoirs of Catherine II., of Russia, is making a sensation in Germany.

Louis Napoleon is an excellent boxer, a first-rate equestrian, a good swimmer, and rows well.

A submarine volcano lately broke out in the harbor of Leghorn. It was discovered by thick volumes of smoke issuing from the water.

The Earl of Haddington, at one period Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and subsequently in Sir Robert Peel's cabinet, died lately in Scotland.

Divorce cases in England have multiplied beyond all expectation since the new act, lessening the expenses, went into operation.

Madame Kisælhof, the lady of the Russian ambassador to Paris, is so exceedingly beautiful as to have been called the "Rose of Russia."

The aggregate money value of the salmon fisheries of Ireland is stated to exceed £300,000 per annum.

The manager of one of the inferior theatres at Berlin paid, in the course of one year (from June, 1857, to June, 1858), \$6511, as per centage to authors.

There were rumors in London that a society of Dutch capitalists has offered to construct a railway from the Caspian Sea to the very borders of India.

A special conference of the Society of Friends, held in London, has decided in favor of permitting marriages in cases where but one of the parties is a Friend.

Notwithstanding the great prosperity of the English manufacturers, France seems to be steadily gaining on England in the consumption of cotton.

The remains of King Michael, of Poland, heretofore deposited in a vault in the Cathedral at Cracow, have been removed to a splendid marble tomb in the body of the church.

One of the late Australian mails received in England contained fourteen hundred registered money letters, transmitted by emigrants to relatives and friends in the "old country."

A Greek manuscript of the third century has just been discovered near Mount Athos, in Greece. The manuscript is a treatise on gymnastics, written by Philostratus.

The big bell, the gift of Cardinal Woolsey, and the pride and boast of Sherborne, England, terminated its career recently. As the ringers were ringing it for service, it cracked, so that it is no longer fit for use.

Among the antiquities from Carthage at the British Museum, is a gigantic lion of Parian marble, in a crouching attitude, measuring ten feet in length by six in height, and weighing eight tons.

France will have, by the first of January, 1860, upward of forty screw line-of-battle-ships. Both Russia and Austria are continually making appropriations for the increase of their respective navies.

A lady has presented Lord Shaftesbury with £500 for the poor people of Hull, England.

Mr. Robert Chambers contradicts the statement that he is the author of the "Vestiges of Creation."

A Glasgow paper says one thousand cab and omnibus horses are annually driven to death in the city of Glasgow.

A machinist in Manchester, England, has finished a printing-press, claiming to print 15,000 sheets, on both sides, every hour it is run.

The London Court Journal says it has good reason to believe that the Emperor Alexander will visit Queen Victoria during the month of May.

A French newspaper states that Count du Chatel, of Paris, lately bought his wife a quantity of jewelry, of which one ruby alone cost eighty thousand dollars.

A practical working machine is now in activity, weaving silk by the motive power of electricity. It is applied at Lyons, France, to the Jacquard loom and is called the "Metier Cadot."

An old manuscript of Goetz von Berlichingen, the hero of one of the finest dramas of Goethe, has been prepared for publication by a descendant of the "Knight of the Iron Hand."

The tree producing gutta percha is indigenous to the Malay Islands—gutta being the name of the juice of the tree, which grows to a large size, varying from three to six feet in diameter.

Forty-five cases, containing Mosaic and Punic inscriptions, which were taken from the ruins of Carthage, have been despatched from Malta in a British steamer, to be placed in the British Museum.

In Spain every village is obliged, if its resources will admit, to have a surgeon, who is either paid in corn or money, one of his duties being to shave, in person or by proxy, all the rate payers once a week.

A census of the population of Rome has just been completed, from which it appears that the total of the inhabitants is 180,357, a figure at which this stereotyped city has remained for the last two hundred and fifty years.

The sum of twenty thousand pounds sterling has been lately granted for the extension of the Melbourne library in England. The attendance of this place of resort last year was 96,000, as large a number as visited within the same period the British Museum.

Paris was never healthier than it is now, and it appears from an official return just published that the average of deaths, which was formerly sixty-seven to seventy-five daily, has fallen to from thirty-three to thirty-eight. This decline in mortality is ascribed to the recent demolitions of unwholesome streets and houses.

In Nottingham, England, a poor woman was recently torn to pieces by machinery in a shocking manner, while engaged in crushing oats. She was alone in the room, and, when discovered, presented a frightful spectacle, her skull being fractured and shattered, and the limbs torn from the body, the various parts of which were scattered in every direction.

## Record of the Times.

Brooklyn, New York, according to recent estimates, has upward of 220,000 inhabitants.

In less than eight years nearly 80,000 Germans have arrived from Europe in New York.

Rubies, iron, silver and copper have been discovered in Los Angeles county, California.

The gross revenue of the Ohio public works for the year 1858 was \$314,446.

In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

In Canada, recently, a man and his wife were fined for profane swearing. A similar penal law is in existence in Massachusetts.

The first garroter convicted in New York, about two years ago, has only thirty years longer to serve in the State Prison.

The Americans use eight times as much coffee as the English, and the English use eight times as much beer as the Americans.

The amount of taxes annually collected in Cuba, is 28,000,000, which is equal to forty-six dollars to every inhabitant.

Master M. T. Tucker, aged fourteen, of Todd County, Ky., measures six feet six inches in height.

The State of Arkansas has not a single telegraph wire within her borders. A project is on foot for establishing one between Memphis and Little Rock.

A portion of a comb bearing the name of George Washington, has been found at Valley Forge, and it is supposed to be one lost by him during the Revolutionary War.

There were received at the Dead Letter Office last year 12,491 letters, containing altogether, \$59,913, about nine-tenths of which sum has been restored to its rightful owners.

The bituminous coal trade of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the Western States, is set down at 3,500,000 tons, making the entire coal trade of the country reach 11,000,000 tons.

The police of New Orleans have entered into a mutual agreement not to drink in a coffee-house nor in a public bar-room during the present year. A very sensible agreement.

Miss Mary Allison died at Northingham, N. H., recently, in the 109th year of her age. She leaves eight daughters, the youngest of whom is sixty, and the eldest eighty-five years of age.

A loving husband in St. Louis recently telegraphed to his wife in New York as follows: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came back—"Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

The question "why printers did not succeed so well as brewers?" was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains."

From a recent report of the Secretary of the Interior, made to the Senate, it appears that the entire cost of government buildings in Washington, including statuary and paintings has been \$14,708,339 09!

The Germans in the United States now publish more than two hundred periodical papers.

In the State of Pennsylvania there are 11,281 schools, 13,586 teachers, and 628,201 scholars.

General Robles, just chosen President of Mexico, is only twenty-eight years of age.

The rent roll of the Girard real estate in Philadelphia, amounts yearly to \$15,117.

A new capitol for the State of Michigan is to be built at Lansing, estimated cost \$500,000.

A dish of water on the stove makes the air more moist and healthful.

Frederic Cooke, of Catskill, uses a family sleigh that was built in 1776.

Efforts are being made to introduce the camel into Virginia.

In Tennessee, no bank is now allowed to issue or pay out notes of a less denomination than five dollars.

A hog has been raised in Salem county, N. J., during the past year, whose weight is estimated at 1500 pounds.

A young girl in Cincinnati, recently, while dancing in a public ball room, fell dead on the floor.

Mr. A. Duncan, of Duncan, Sherman & Co., New York, has given \$10,600 to the Providence Insane Asylum.

The first newspaper was printed in Ohio in 1793. There are now 340 weekly, 23 semi-weekly, and 31 daily papers.

An Englishman was recently detected in the act of smuggling by the New York custom house officers; the legs of his boots were stuffed with watches.

Mr. John Bard, of Red Hook, New York, has expended the sum of \$60,000, within six years, in erecting and supporting chapel schools and night schools, etc., and in other kindred works.

Dr. Adam Clark had a perfect abhorrence of both pork and tobacco. He is reported to have said, "If I were to offer a sacrifice to the devil, it would be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."

When Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become a temporal king of the Jews in Palestine, "O, no," said he, "I would rather be Jew of the kings than king of the Jews."

Newton, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Locke, Hume, Pope, Bacon, Voltaire and Cowper, are among the very many distinguished men who lived a life of single blessedness.

A few years ago it was exceedingly rare for a whaling captain to be accompanied by his wife and children, but it is now very common. An examination of the list of whalers shows that no less than 42 are now in the Pacific.

Mr. George F. Wright, an artist of Hartford, claims to have discovered an entirely new system of coloring, the effect of which is said to be very brilliant and striking, having the glow and warmth of life.

There is a solid and very hard stone at Somerset, Vt., a "pot hole" ten feet deep and two and a half feet in diameter, with a screw-like thread winding from top to bottom, making it look like the nut to an enormous screw.

## Merry-Making.

The Pretender to the Crown—A Lady's bonnet.

What day in spring is a command to go ahead? March fourth.

The way to make a tall man short is to ask him to lend you a hundred dollars.

Why is a picnic like a perfidious reptile? Because it's a snak(e) in the grass!

A good many of the flying rumors of the day would be more appropriately designated by taking off the letter F.

A friend of ours has a dipper with which a philanthropist lately bailed out an unfortunate debtor.

When may a man be said to have a vacant expression of eye? When it is rheumy (roomy).

When are the Russian people pickled down in small tin boxes? Ans.—Whenever they're *Czar-dines*.

What weapon does a young lady resemble whose acquaintances pass her in silence and without notice? A cut-lass.

A true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence, to get a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach.

Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relations? Because they are but slightly connected.

Why may it be said that Dutchmen come into the world ready dressed? Because they are born in Holland.

Glory is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

Why is a man who spoils his children like another man who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy too much.

Dogs of every kind—setters, pointers, bulls, Newfoundlands, mastiffs, and terriers—are all "lap dogs" when they are drinking.

A person below the middle stature observed that he could boast of two negative qualifications, viz., that he never wore a *great* coat, nor never lay *long* in bed.

"The newspapers of your party are perfect nuisances," said a politician to his opponent. "That's just what horse-thieves think of sheriffs," replied the other.

In a very thin house, an actress spoke very low in her communication with her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed, with a woful humor: "My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us."

Lord Eldon was celebrated as a *bon vivant*. "How many bottles," said his late majesty to Stowel, "can your brother take at a sitting?" "Why, I really can't say; but I should think, your majesty, any given quantity."

In the "Life of Wilberforce," is the following entry in his diary: "Went to hear Mr. Foster. Felt much devotion, and wondered at a man who fell asleep during the psalms. During the sermon, *went to sleep myself*."

Why is a boss farmer like the helmsman of a ship? Because he looks after the tiller.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Ans.—Because it follows the C.

When is a plaid dress like an apple? Ans.—When it's a tart un.

Why is it pleasant to be late at a ball. Ans.—Because it is *past time*.

What two letters of the alphabet represent yourself and myself? Ans.—Why U and I.

What part of a play do drinking men always like the best? Ans.—The *fine ale*, to be sure.

Punch says that the result of all travelling is expressed in the phrase—"Well, I am glad to get home again."

"Jeff, why are you like the Cedar?" "I guv's it up, Sam—I can't tell you." "Case you stays green both summer and winter."

In riding on a "rail," always take a seat just in front of a fat old gentleman. In case of a collision, he breaks the hurt wonderfully.

The *Shylock* who with head erect with honest people mingles, should cease to shave his fellow-men, and go to shaving shingles.

"You gave me a fine joint of veal," said a poor man to his patron; "but I have several mouths to feed, and now, like the times, I am *out of joint*."

The smiles of home are exceedingly pleasant, but there are many people who have good homes, and who prefer *smiling* with a friend outside.

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

"I and Senator Webster put up at the same tavern," said a rough-looking fellow. "It must have been a house of accommodation for man and beast," replied a bystander.

A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, observed that he spent money like water. "Then of course he *liquidated* his debts," rejoined a wag.

"Glass pud in—glass pud in," shouted a Polish glazier in one of our side streets. "No, thank you," replied a passer-by, "I'm not fond of 'glass pudding'; it's very apt to give one 'panes' in the stomach."

A witty rogue, brought before a Parisian tribunal for a drunken riot, one day, assured the bench that he was not a drunkard, but in childhood he was bitten by a mad dog, and ever since had a horror of water.

A provincial paper in England says that M'Kean Buchanan plays Lear with "a dusky Druidical magnificence." We shouldn't be at all surprised, if this eminent performer had been putting on some of his *Othello* tiut to play the old king in.

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 53.

## THE AMERICAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

In the following pages we present a series of portraits of distinguished Americans, representing various professions and stations, Literature, Poetry, Law, Politics, the Pulpit and Journalism, forming a portrait gallery which, we flatter ourselves, possesses no little interest. The likenesses are all drawn from authentic sources, and are perfectly reliable. We proceed to illustrate the portraits by brief biographical notices.

### JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The portrait before us shows us Mr. Cooper, the novelist, as he appeared at the latter part of

his life, when his character and expression were fully developed. James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789, and was descended from an English family. His father, Judge William Cooper, was born in Pennsylvania, but selected the old New Jersey homestead as his residence, when married. In 1790, Judge Cooper moved his family to the neighborhood of Otsego Lake, New York, where he possessed a large tract of land. The settlement founded there received the name of Cooperstown, in his honor. Amidst the noble scenery of this region, surrounded by striking characters,

pioneers, trappers, young Cooper passed his early life, unconsciously gathering those rich materials of which he afterwards made such masterly use in his literary career. In his thirteenth year he entered Yale College, where he attained a respectable position. He did not, however, graduate, but, after three years' study, entered the navy as a midshipman, and passed six years' in the service. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married Miss DeLancey, a lady of New York, and settled in the village of Mamaroneck, near New York. Here he commenced his literary career, almost accidentally. He had been reading an English novel to his wife, and, on laying down the book, remarked that he believed he could write as good a story himself. To test this belief, he wrote a novel called "Precaution," the scene of which was laid in England. It was a common-place story, and made no impression. He was not discouraged, however, by this disappointment, but followed it up by the "Spy," a revolutionary tale. This novel was immediately successful. The vivid delineation of the hero, the truthful portraiture of the period, the dramatic interest of the stirring scenes it depicted, and its thorough nationality, gave it great popularity. In the "Pioneers," he painted the history of an American settlement in the wilderness, deriving his facts and groundwork from the settlement of Cooperstown in New York by his father and others. In this book he struck on that Indian trail which he afterwards followed out with so much spirit and success. In the "Pioneers," too, he first introduced his *chef-d'œuvre* character, "Leather stocking," the hero of several of his subsequent romances. The "Pilot" was the first sea-novel proper ever written, and opened a path since crowded with successful adventurers. To Cooper, therefore, we may apply the words of the "Ancient Mariner":

"He was the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea."

The character of "Long Tom Coffin" is as masterly a creation as that of the "Leather stocking." "Lionel Lincoln, or the League of Boston," a revolutionary novel, came next in order. The same year appeared the "Last of the Mohicans," which proved very popular. He now sailed for Europe, whither his fame had preceded him, and passed several years abroad. Meanwhile he became world-renowned. His novels were translated into the principal languages of Europe, and became as popular in France, in Germany, in Spain, in Russia, and in England as at home. In 1827 he published the "Prairie," in which Leather stocking is introduced for the last time. The "Red Rover," his second sea-novel, appeared in the same year. In 1828 appeared "Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor," written to correct the erroneous impressions created by prejudiced English tourists. The "Wept of Wish-ton-wish" was published in 1829. This was followed by the "Water Witch," another nautical romance. He continued to write novels, political essays, sketches of travel and biographical works, exhibiting the fertility of his resources and the power of his pen. His history of the American navy, not completed at his death, ranks as a standard work. He died at Cooperstown, N. Y.,

September 14, 1851. A daughter has inherited much of his literary talent and has produced some well-written works. The works of Cooper, or rather a large portion of them, will live as long as English literature lasts.

#### S. S. PRENTISS.

This distinguished American lawyer and orator, whose fame belongs to his country, was born in Portland, Me., a city which seems to have been very fertile in the production of eminent persons—being the birthplace, among others, of the poets Longfellow and Willis, and John Neal. But Mr. Prentiss did not make the north his home. After receiving a thorough education, and after giving proof of that talent which raised him to such eminence at the bar, he removed to the State of Mississippi, where he became very distinguished both as a lawyer and a politician. He was thoroughly read in his profession, and after mastering all the details of a case, was unequalled in presenting all its strong points, and pressing them with almost irresistible eloquence. In the stormy days of General Jackson's administration and the war on the United States Bank, Prentiss, who was an uncompromising opponent of the general, was elected to Congress, under peculiar circumstances, and made himself felt there as a bold partizan. On his return from Congress he made New Orleans his place of residence. He wielded a powerful influence over his fellow-citizens, up to the very day of his death, which occurred but a few years since.

#### HON. CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM.

Charles W. Upham was born in Boston, May 4, 1802. He was fitted for college by Deacon Samuel Greele, then an eminent classical teacher in this city, and was graduated at Harvard University, in 1821. He then studied divinity for three years, and on December 8, 1824, was settled as pastor of the First Church in Salem. In this charge he remained for several years, but was finally compelled by ill health to resign his ministry, in 1844. He subsequently edited the "Christian Register" for one year, his brief editorial career being marked by distinguished ability. Another year was spent by him as agent of the Board of Education, and during this term of service he visited all parts of the State, and addressed the people in a hundred towns, producing a marked effect by his untiring exertions. At a later period, Mr. Upham was chosen mayor of Salem. In November, 1848, he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Salem. He was chairman of the Committee on Education in that house, a position which his antecedents admirably qualified him to fill. In November, 1849, he was elected to the Senate from Essex county, and was chairman of the Joint Committee on Education. He introduced the important measure which resulted in organizing the Department of Education as a branch of the government by placing the secretary of the Board of Education in the State House as a chief officer of the Commonwealth. Mr. Upham represented the sixth district of Massachusetts in the 33<sup>d</sup> Congress of the United States. He particularly interested himself while a member of the national house in promoting the reciprocity treaty, in preserving



*W. C. Bryant*

the fishing bounties, and in securing justice to private claimants. In this brief sketch we have confined ourselves to a succinct record of the public career of Mr. Upham, without noticing his various and honorable literary efforts. A few years since he was president of the Massachusetts Senate. It will be seen that he has accomplished enough in the course of his laborious career to merit the respect of men of all parties. His untiring services in the cause of education have won him an enviable name in the old Commonwealth, where he will always be remembered.

**WM. CULLEN BRYANT, THE POET AND EDITOR.**

The now venerable countenance of the poet who for more than a quarter of a century has been the delight of his countrymen, and held in high esteem abroad, looks up to us with the thoughtful and benign expression that is familiar to him. The author of *Thanatopsis*, was born in the town of Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, Nov. 3, 1794. His father, a respectable physician and well versed in literature, early perceived the great talent of his son, and developed it by the most assiduous training. A passionate lover of nature, the poetic youth revelled in the magnificent scenery of his native

country, and studied it with that minuteness which enabled him in after life to depict with accuracy the most striking phenomena of wood and water, sky and field. The emotions of his heart found early utterance, and his boyish verses gave undoubted evidence of talent. In his sixteenth year he entered Williams College, in his native State, but left it after studying there two years. He received a degree, however, in the year 1819.

In the interim he had studied law and been admitted to the bar at Plymouth, in this State. Bryant was only eighteen when he composed his immortal poem "*Thanatopsis*," first published in the *North American Review*. Mr. E. T. Channing and Mr. Richard H. Dana, the then editors of the *Review*, were so struck with its magnificence that they could scarcely be induced to believe it an original production. It is said that Campbell, the English poet, could never read the closing lines without shedding tears of rapture. Bryant himself has never surpassed this early effort. It is a complete composition, as symmetrical, as perfect as a Grecian temple. The sentiment is noble and lofty, the thoughts original, and the language worthy of Milton himself. We can conceive nothing finer than the following passage:

"The hills.

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,  
*Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste*—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone."

The close of this poem, so much admired by Campbell, is like the dying notes of the organ in some cathedral pile, when a high-souled melody is melting into silence.

"So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death.  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave—  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We have spoken of the influence of nature upon Bryant's muse. This is beautifully illustrated by a passage in his "Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood."

"Even the green trees  
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend  
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky  
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.  
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy  
Existence, than the winged plunderer  
That sucks its sweets. The mazy rocks themselves,  
And the old and pond'rous trunks of prostrate trees  
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude,  
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roof,  
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,  
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet  
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed  
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,  
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice  
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,  
Lest from her midway perch thou raise the wren  
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind  
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,  
Like one that loves, nor will let thee pass  
Un greeted, and shall give its light embrace."

The poem from which the above was quoted was written at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where the author was practising law. Here he wrote his "Lines to a Waterfowl," one of the most finished of his minor poems, which our readers will thank us for quoting entire.

"Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?"

"Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy shadow floats along."

"Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide;  
Or, where the rocking billows rise and sink,  
On the chafed ocean side?"

"There is a power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,  
The desert and illimitable air.—  
Lone wandering, but not lost."

"All day thy wings have fann'd,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near."

"And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest."

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart."

"He, who, from some to some,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."

In 1821 Bryant delivered his poem "The Ages," before a literary society in Harvard. This is a noble production, and besides its poetical merit evinces a thorough acquaintance with the philosophy of history, while the time that has elapsed since it was written has justified many of the political predictions of the author. Mr. Bryant practised law about ten years, and then removed to the city of New York, whose literary society included such men as Sands, Leggett, Verplanck, Halleck and Drake, author of "The Culpit Fay." Here he abandoned the law and devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1826 he assumed the editorship of the "New York Evening Post," of which he has remained the principal conductor to the present day. A strong partizan journal, the asperities of political controversy were contrasted in its columns by the fine original poetry, the essays and the criticisms which Bryant and his friends contributed. It is now, as it was then, one of the leading journals of the country, standing beside the National Intelligencer, the Boston Post and the Boston Daily Advertiser in the estimation of the public. Bryant is as vigorous and powerful as a political writer, as he is polished, natural and true as a poet. In the former capacity he has been likened, and with truth, to Albany Fonblanque and to Armand Carrel. Whatever may be thought of his political opinions, and however much umbrage he may have given to his antagonists by his severity, no one ever charged him with insincerity or venality. Mr. Bryant has travelled much in Europe and America, and has enriched the columns of his paper by valuable letters written during his peregrinations. His "Letters of a Traveller, or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America," containing descriptions of Great Britain, Holland, Germany, Italy and Cuba, published collectively by George Putnam, in 1849, are most agreeable reading and full of valuable information. Mr. Bryant is about the medium height, and strongly built. His keen gray eyes still flash with the fire of youth, when animated by a stirring thought. His manners are simple and dignified, tinged with a gentlemanly reserve. Yet no one is more genial in the intimacy of the private circle. Long may he be spared to gladden the world with his lofty and spiritual music!



**HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.**

Hannibal Hamlin was born in the town of Paris, in the county of Oxford, in the State of Maine, in 1810, and is in the full vigor and prime of life, being forty-six years of age. His father, Doctor Cyrus Hamlin, was the son of Captain Eleazur Hamlin, of Massachusetts, who commanded a company of infantry in the Massachusetts line during the whole war of the Revolution. His mother was Anna Livermore, the daughter of Deacon Elijah Livermore, the proprietor and first settler of the town of Livermore, removing thence from the town of Waltham, in Massachusetts, in the year 1774. Hannibal Hamlin, in 1832, settled in the town of Hampden, about five miles from the city of Bangor, and commenced the practice of law. In a few years he was elected a Representative to the Legislature by the Democratic party, and was subsequently re-elected four times. He was twice elected speaker, and discharged the duties of that office with ability. In 1842 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and was subsequently re-elected. In 1847 he was elected to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, and in 1850 he was elected for a full term, which expired March 4, 1857. As chairman of the im-

portant Committee on Commerce, he has discharged the responsible duties of his station acceptably. At the Republican convention held in Portland, Maine, July, 1856, Mr. Hamlin received an unanimous nomination for governor of the State. He accepted the nomination, resigned his office as chairman of the Committee of Commerce, and in a speech, declined acting any further with the Democratic party, and avowed himself in favor of the Republican party. Prior to the election in Maine, upon the 8th of September, Mr. Hamlin thoroughly canvassed the State, passing through the seaboard region from Kittery to Calais, and speaking to large mass meetings in all the principal towns. He then went northward to the Valley of the Aroostook, then west across the whole northern part of the State to Fryeburg on the New Hampshire line. He thence came to Bangor through the central part of the State, addressing his fellow-citizens in all the principal towns upon the route. The result of the election was as follows: Hamlin, 69,471; Wells, 44,967; Patten, 6668.

**HON. WILLIAM WILLIS.**

Mr. Willis, the subject of our sketch, is widely known as an historian, and honorably distin-

**HON. CHARLES W. UPHAM.**



*William Cullen Bryant.*

guished as a professional and public man. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., August 31, 1794. His father, Benjamin Willis, Esq., was a well-known merchant of this city, and resided in Boston from 1815 till 1853, the date of his death. The family removed from Haverhill to Portland in 1803, and thence to Boston in 1815. The subject of our sketch was prepared for college at Exeter, N. H., at an institution enjoying the highest character as a preparatory school. Mr. Willis entered Harvard College, being admitted to the sophomore class, in 1810, and graduated there in 1813. Having selected the law as a profession, he commenced his study in Portland, in the office of Prentiss Mellen, afterwards chief justice of Maine, finishing his course of reading in Boston with Peter O. Thatcher. He was admitted to the Suffolk bar in January, 1817. In 1815, while pursuing his studies in this city, he made a short voyage to Europe, and in 1818, to the West Indies, visiting the islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe. In the spring of 1819,

Mr. Mellen, being then in the Senate of the United States, wished for a law partner, and extended an invitation to Mr. Willis to join him in Portland, which was accepted, and the partnership was continued until Mr. Mellen was appointed chief justice of the State of Maine, on its separation from Massachusetts in July, 1820. Mr. Willis continued alone in the practice of law until 1835, when he formed a partnership with William P. Fessenden, now senator in Congress from Maine, which continued until 1855, an agreeable and successful connection. Each having sons in practice, they separated for the purpose of associating them in new partnerships. In 1855, Mr. Willis served as a senator in the legislature of Maine, and in April, 1857, was chosen to the responsible and honorable office of mayor of Portland. In 1856, he was elected president of the Maine Historical Society, and is a valued member of the historical societies of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, and of the Historical and Genealogical Society

of Boston. Besides travelling in Europe, Mr. Willis has at different periods made the tour of the British provinces, the Western States and Texas. His labors as an historian have been various and successful. His *History of Portland*, published in two parts, 8vo., in 1831 and 1833, is characterized by clearness of style, by accuracy and amplitude of detail, and could only have been executed by a writer unsparing of toil and research. In 1849 he published the 8vo. edition of Smith and Deane's journals, a valuable contribution to our historical literature, the notes of the editor embodying a vast amount of curious information. It was published in elegant style, embellished with portraits engraved on steel. Besides these labors, Mr. Willis superintended the publications of the four volumes of the collections of the Maine Historical Society, 1831, and is now engaged on the fifth volume, having written articles for the whole series. He also delivered historical lectures before the society in 1855, 1856 and 1857, which have been published and extensively circulated. For about forty years, he has been a diligent correspondent of the Portland newspapers, his subjects being chiefly history and statistics, and he is the author of many papers published in the *Historical and Genealogical Register*, and other periodicals,

particularly the *Law Reporter*, while conducted by Mr. Chandler. In 1823, Mr. Willis married Julia, a daughter of Hon. Eschiel Whitman, late chief justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, now residing in his native town of East Bridgewater, Mass., and has two surviving children, a son and daughter, both married. We have thus given a brief outline of the life and services of a gentleman whose career merits an extended biography, who has been the recipient of merited honors in his native State, and who is widely known and respected beyond its limits.

JOHN GRIGG, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

The accompanying portrait is a correct likeness of a gentleman well-known and highly esteemed in Philadelphia, as one of the richest and worthiest citizens, a man emphatically the architect of his own fortunes. He has been distinguished through life for energy of character, directness of purpose, indefatigable industry, promptness, decision and high principle, and as such, may be cited as an example for imitation. Some few years since, we saw, for the first time, in a newspaper, a few brief "hints to young men about commencing business," and were struck with their directness and soundness. We supposed them to be culled from various sources,



HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, OF MAINE.

but afterwards learned that they were the production of one mind, and were maxims deduced from the experience of one who had practised what he preached—the subject of this sketch. The tone of these hints was high. Looking to the accumulation of wealth as a means, they suggested its attainment by honorable methods, and through the practice of habits calculated to elevate the character and strengthen the mind. We shall refer to these hints again after speaking of their author. Few persons who have attained position and wealth, have commenced life less conspicuously than John Grigg. An orphan farmer boy, no one could have predicted of him in childhood that he would one day become one of the wealthiest individuals in one of the finest cities of the Union. But he had “that within which passeth show.” He had a strong mind and a brave heart, and his very position developed in him the virtue of self-reliance. At an early age he exchanged the life of a farmer for that of a sailor, which he followed for a certain period, until he had mastered the details of the nautical profession. On abandoning the sea, he passed a year or more in Richmond, Virginia, where he employed his time to great advantage in studying mathematics. But he was too poor to devote himself for any length of time exclusively to self-culture. He had his way to make in the world, and he was resolved to do it. Removing to Ohio, he soon became Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and Chancery, in Warren county, and was so devoted to his duties there, says Hon. Thomas Corwin, “he often wrote from fifteen to eighteen hours, every twenty-four for weeks together.” This excessive assiduity impaired his health, and compelled him to change his business. We next find him engaged in the woollen cloth factory of Joel Scott, Esq., in Scott county, on the Elkhorn Creek, Kentucky. He became superintendent of Mr. Scott’s establishment at Georgetown, and rendered himself a valuable man in the position, for his industry and intelligence soon enabled him to master all the minutiae of the business. In the year 1846, however, he quitted Mr. Scott, who parted from him with great regret, and went to Philadelphia, to look for an opening in a more exciting atmosphere. Business was then in a very depressed state, Mr. Grigg was comparatively without means, and was about abandoning his purpose of settling on the Atlantic seaboard, when he made the acquaintance of Mr. B. Warner, a thriving bookseller, who, with a quick appreciation of character, immediately engaged him as a clerk. Mr. Grigg mastered the details of the bookselling business as readily as he had the duties of clerk of the Ohio court and superintendent of the woollen factory, and Mr. Warner found that he had secured an invaluable assistant. A memorandum found after Mr. Warner’s death, contained these words: “I consider John Grigg as possessing a *peculiar* talent for the bookselling business—*very industrious*, and from three years’ observation (the time he has been employed in my business) have found nothing in his conduct to raise a doubt of his possessing correct principles.” As an instance of the labor he was willing to assume, we may here mention, that soon after engaging with Mr. Warner, he learned the name of every book in the store, its

price and place where to find it, so that he was able at once to lay his hand on it when called for. On the death of Mr. Warner, he was employed by the executors to settle the affairs of the firm, a complicated and laborious business, which he executed to the satisfaction of all parties. The accomplishment of this duty left him once more with the “world before him where to choose.” Conversing about his prospects with his friend, Mr. Joseph Cushing, of Baltimore, the latter said, “Rely on yourself; you cannot fail to succeed, and you will one day astonish yourself and the book-trade of the country.” The next day Mr. Grigg hired a store with a lodging apartment at the back of it, and commenced bookseller on his own account. His experience, his industry, his tact, his rapidity of calculation, his promptitude and soundness of judgment, coupled with prudence and other good qualities, produced their logical result. The prediction of Mr. Cushing was fully verified. He did indeed “astonish the book trade of the whole country,” for he completely revolutionized it. His mercantile foresight taught him when to carry sail, and when to reef in the voyage of life. Thus the financial whirlwind of 1836 and 1837 passed harmlessly by him. He foresaw the prostration of the United States Bank, transferred his investments from stock to real estate, and when the crisis came, which ruined so many of his contemporaries, his own fortune was secure and unshaken. Outside of the circle of his own business, Mr. Grigg liberally invested capital in the various enterprises of his day. He was an early and large stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad; he purchased extensive properties in Mississippi and Illinois, while he has beautified his adopted city by the erection of many elegant dwellings. The possession of great wealth never seduced Mr. Grigg into the habits of ostentation and extravagance, which are not only intrinsically evil, but vicious as example. His good taste and his sound principles have preserved him from the seductions of opulence. Yet he has not fallen into the other extreme of meanness and parsimony. Through many an unseen channel his beneficence has flowed forth, conferring blessings in its path. He is fond of helping others to help themselves, for he understands the true philosophy of giving assistance. To his employees, and to those who have been in his employ, he has ever evinced a princely liberality. Mr. Grigg’s own success has not blinded him to the fact that mercantile pursuits are to be engaged in with due caution. He is aware of the important fact that ninety-seven out of every one hundred merchants fail; and he is fond of expatiating on the importance and safety of agriculture as a profession. In his opinion, nearly all our schools ought to be agricultural. He takes the same view of agricultural pursuits which the most enlightened men of all ages have entertained. We cannot better close this brief sketch than by giving some extracts from Mr. Grigg’s “Hints to Young Men about commencing Business,” and we regret that we cannot quote them entire. They are of universal application, and moreover afford a key to the character of their author: “Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced

to begin to save the moment they enter the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to obtain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessities and comforts of life.—To industry and economy, add self reliance. Do not take too much advice.—Remember that punctuality is the mother of confidence. It is not enough that the merchant fulfils his engagements: he must do what he undertakes precisely at the time, as well as in the way he agreed to. It is often the case that diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to great enterprises. Let the young merchant remember that selfishness is the meanest of vices, and it is the parent of a thousand more. Be frank. Say what you mean. Do what you say. So shall your friends know and take it for granted that you mean to do just what is just and right.—Accustom yourself to think vigorously. Marry early; and in choosing a wife, a man should look first, at the heart; second, at the mind; and third, at the person. The business man should be continually on the watch for information, and ideas that will throw light on his path; and he should be an attentive reader of all practical books, especially those re-

lating to business, trade, etc., as well as a patron of useful and ennobling literature. Never forget a favor, for ingratitude is the basest trait in a man's heart. Always honor your country, and remember that our country is the very best poor man's country in the world."

#### HON. ERASTUS BROOKS.

The career of Hon. Mr. Brooks, editor of the New York Express, affords an encouraging and praiseworthy example of ability and resolution struggling successfully with adverse circumstances. Erastus Brooks was born in Portland, Maine, January 31, 1815. His ancestors were all New England men, and several members of his family were engaged in our revolutionary battles. In the war of 1812-15 his father, a man of bravery, skill, and patriotism, distinguished himself as a commander of the "Yankee," which was lost while engaged in the public service, towards the close of the year 1814. His mother being left in straitened circumstances, young Brooks had to begin his struggles with the world when only eight years of age. He came to Boston and entered a store, at first, but afterwards learned the noble art of printing, and rose gradually to the position of printer, publisher and



HON. WILLIAM WILLIS, OF PORTLAND, MAINE.





JOHN GRIGG, ESQ.

proprietor of a paper at Wiscasset, entitled the "Yankee," a name suggestive of its character, and a memento of his father's services. In the meantime, he had studied diligently, and acquired a valuable stock of information. He worked hard on his paper, setting the types, working the press, with the aid of a boy, and acting as carrier to his subscribers. To these duties he soon added that of editor. He afterwards prepared himself for college, paying his expenses while engaged in his classical studies, by setting type and teaching school, alternately. Entering Brown University at Providence, he had nearly completed his course with great credit, when the want of money and the necessity of providing for those dependent on him, compelled him to leave college. We find him subsequently the principal of a grammar school at Haverhill, Mass., and the editor and part proprietor of the "Haverhill Gazette." This position he relinquished in 1836, and repaired to Washington, D. C., where he corresponded with New England and New York journals, and where he enjoyed the personal confidence of such men as Clay, Webster, Adams and Fillmore. In the same year he obtained an interest in the New York Express, of which paper he still continues one of the editors and proprietor. During the session of Congress, he resides at Washington, attending to the correspondence and reports for his journal. In

1843 he visited Europe, and travelled very extensively on the continent, making besides the "grand tour," visits to Norway and the heart of Russia. His copious letters from Europe during this journey, abound with spirited descriptions and shrewd observations, and are highly graphic and readable. In 1853, Mr. Brooks was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, as an exponent of the principles of the American party, and acted there a very conspicuous part. He was re-elected to the Senate by a majority of over 4000, an increase of 7000 over the vote at his first election. At the election of 1857, he was the gubernatorial candidate of the American State Convention. Though defeated, Mr. Brooks led the American ticket in every county in the State. During the last presidential canvass, he travelled extensively, addressing large audiences in various sections of the country. He is a forcible, zealous and vigorous partisan speaker. As our Magazine entirely ignores politics, we cannot, of course, comment on the political career and political speeches of the subject of our sketch. They have been abundantly discussed *pro* and *con* by the political presses. But it affords us satisfaction to point out the energy and steadiness of purpose which have guided Mr. Brooks from early boyhood, and which have given him prominence and success, with no aids but those created by his own exertions. Born

neither to fortune nor influence, he has attained a competence and secured powerful friends by his own industry, and by his own personal qualities. As an editor, he has made an honorable position for his journal in a city where great talent and vast capital are embarked in newspaper enterprises, and where a publication that does not possess robust stamina is sure to go to the wall. As a writer, Mr. Brooks is fluent and forcible, and his articles have that point and practical bearing which are generally characteristic of the productions of the self-taught and self-made man. Mr. Brooks is now in Paris with his family, and has written many interesting letters descriptive of the great city, for his journal.

**HON. WILLIAM HAILE, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

Hon. William Haile was born in Putney, Windham county, Vermont, in May, 1807, and is now in full vigor and prime of life, being fifty-two years of age. Enjoying no advantages of birth, his parents being in humble circumstances, his success in life affords an instance of the result of industry, perseverance and integrity, and his example may inspire young men to struggle on manfully and resolutely through the world. At the age of fourteen he removed with his parents to Chesterfield, N. H., the seat at that time of a popular academy, for the purpose of having a better opportunity to get an education. The subject of our notice attended this institution about two years, studying diligently, with the intention of entering the medical profession, he at

that time having a brother in large practice in the northern part of Vermont; but owing to circumstances beyond his control, he was induced in the fall of 1823, to enter a store as clerk, designing to remain in that capacity but a short period, although he ultimately remained till the spring of 1827, being at that time not quite twenty years of age. At this period, with the assistance of his father and friends, he obtained a small sum of money with which he commenced the mercantile business, and continued in trade in Chesterfield eight years, during which time he embraced every opportunity that presented itself, for culture. He then removed to Hinsdale, N. H., where he now resides, and continued in the mercantile business till the year 1846, in which year he was chosen representative for the first time. He continued to represent the town, with the exception of two years, up to the year 1854. In 1850, he was a delegate to the constitutional convention for the purpose of revising the State constitution. In 1854, he was elected to the State Senate, and in the year following was re-elected and chosen president of that body, over which he presided with much ability, readiness and courtesy, and was again the representative of the town in 1856. From 1846 to 1849, he was engaged in the lumber business. In the year 1849, he commenced the manufacture of woollens, and is now engaged in the manufacture of cashmerettes, under the firm of Haile & Todd, and occupies a high position in the industrial community. Mr. Haile has been very successful in



**ERASTUS BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.**



HON. WILLIAM HAILE.

business, and is now reputed to be wealthy. He is a practical, self-made man, has a rich, melodious voice, and is an able speaker, always speaking to the point, his addresses being characterized more for their soundness than for the display of the graces of oratory. The sunshine of benevolence beams from his pleasing countenance, which, as our portrait shows, is at once kindly, thoughtful and prepossessing. There is here and there a thread of silver in his locks, but there is no winter in his heart, which beats with warm and generous feeling for the good of all. He is a member of the Congregational church. His manliness and courtesy have secured for him universal respect in private life, though, of course, like all men who enter the political arena, he has uncompromising political opponents. Governor Haile was elected governor of New Hampshire in 1857. It is no small honor to be elected chief magistrate of a State like New Hampshire, which enjoys so high a historic renown, and which has had so many eminent men in the gubernatorial chair, and which has given birth so many men who have enjoyed not only a national but a universal renown.

## HON. JOHN A. KING, OF NEW YORK.

John A. King is the eldest son of Hon. Rufus King, so extensively known from a long political career, and was born in the city of New York, in the year 1788. He received a classical education

at Harrow, England, in consequence of his father's residing abroad as minister to that country. At an early age he entered into public life, and was for a series of years a member of the New York Assembly and of the Senate. He was secretary of the English legation in 1825. Subsequently, as a member of the national House of Representatives, he distinguished himself by his oratorical ability and steadiness of purpose. He was also said to be an excellent party tactician. Mr. King having acquired the confidence of the Republican party, was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia. At the New York State Republican Convention held at Syracuse, in 1857, he was selected as the gubernatorial candidate of the party. Mr. King's residence is at Albany, in the old Van Rensselaer mansion, which he has fitted up in suitable style. He is a very hospitable man, and has ample means, we believe, at the disposal of his generosity. Like many other eminent men, whose example he has followed, Mr. King is an ardent devotee to agricultural pursuits. He has brought to it zeal and learning, and the results he has accomplished show what may be done by the union of science, capital and common sense. He has always been ready to give his brother farmers the result of his experience, and his various agricultural addresses are all sound and able. Although quite an old man, Gov. King is hale and hearty—the consequence of his agricultural pur-



suits. The governorship of such a State as New York is a position of immense responsibility. That State is an empire in itself—fertile, wealthy, of vast territorial extent, and embracing within its limits a complication of interests, demanding the supervision of a head, vigorous and sagacious, and experienced in public affairs. Gov. King was succeeded in office by the present incumbent, Gov. Morgan.

JOHN VAN BUREN, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

Notwithstanding the eminence to which Mr. Van Buren has risen, his career offers but few salient points to the biographer, and those chiefly of a political character, which, of course, prevents their discussion in these pages. John Van Buren is the eldest son of President Van Buren, who has filled so large a space in our history, and occupied so much of the attention of the world. Although abroad it may aid an ambitious young man to be possessed of a historic name, it is of no assistance on this side of the water. We Americans are no believers in hereditary ability. On the contrary, we are so jealous of all hereditary distinction that we rather err in the opposite direction, and are apt to scan almost too critically the claims of blood relatives of distinguished

Americans. Some of Mr. Irving's relatives are gifted writers, but we think their family name is a positive disadvantage to them—for as the public recognized only one Washington, so they acknowledge only one Irving. Therefore, when we see the bearer of an eminent name rise to distinction in any walk of life, we may safely say of him that he has risen in spite of his birth. We reverence the architect of his own fortunes; we receive with doubt the man who comes before us with transmitted honor. We long ago abrogated the law of primogeniture, and we virtually protest against the transmission of valuable qualities as well as valuable property. The practical result of this feeling is that the son of a prominent man has to work a little harder than the son of a nobody. The subject of our sketch has worked hard and achieved a position for himself. To his father's political fortune he was never indebted in the least. He early marked out his own pathway and followed whither it led. Liberally educated, he was always an industrious student. Having selected the law for a profession, after the usual preliminary course he was admitted to the bar and produced an immediate impression. Gifted with a fine face and person, with great oratorical and logical ability, sharp,



HON JOHN A. KING, OF NEW YORK



JOHN VAN BUREN, ESQ.

witty, humorous, self-possessed and well-read, he combined all the elements of legal success. His profession is a fortune to him, and, though he has mingled largely in politics, he will probably always rely on the law for a support. He is pronounced by good judges one of the best political stump-speakers we have, and in the large audiences he attracts whenever his name is announced, there are always many who, while dissenting radically from his doctrines, are amused and pleased by his manner. No interruption ever disconcerts him, and he receives the sharpest sally from an opponent with good humor, because he is always ready with a repartee. During the presidency of his father, Mr. Van Buren visited Europe and was everywhere well received, particularly in England, where he was especially honored—even in highest circles. If, for his reception, he was indebted to his father's position, his own manners and accomplishments maintained him in his true rank, as a fitting representative of his countrymen. Mr. Van Buren has been engaged in many important suits, and has conducted them with singular adroitness and success. He is now in the prime of life, with an established public reputation, and in private, the confirmed favorite of a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, to whom he is endeared by his talents, his information, his amenity of manner and his generous warm-heartedness. His success as a lawyer at the New York bar, remarkable as it is for the talent of its members, is

a proof of uncommon capacity and of severe application to legal study.

## REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We close our present series of portraits with an excellent likeness of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the popular preacher. Mr. Beecher is a man of note, and has a full share of public attention. He is bold and independent in his views, original in his style of thought and expression, attracts large audiences to his pulpit discourses and lectures, and is very extensively read as a journalist. He is not a mere theologian, nor merely a book-learned man. He has turned the pages of the great volume of life with no careless hand, and has scanned the great book of nature with no heedless or unloving eye. In the great struggles and movements of the times he has pursued no non-committal course, but has boldly expressed and championed his opinions. His congregation in Brooklyn is a large one, and whenever he preaches, his audience is composed, not only of his regular parishioners, but of strangers attracted by his reputation as an eloquent and somewhat eccentric pulpit orator. To secure the popular ear he does not disdain to resort occasionally to what is styled in theatrical parlance, "clap traps,"—such as the enunciation of seeming paradoxes, the use of colloquial phraseology, and the introduction of everyday topics and occurrences, as themes, suggestions or illustrations. We by no means assert that familiar

phrases and odd topics make up the staple of his discourses, many of which are loftily and purely eloquent, but he makes quite a liberal and probably a systematic use of them. Though a close reasoner, he is well aware that dry logic is not acceptable to the masses of the present day, and he accordingly secures attention to his matter and his argument by profuse illustration and bold rhetorical figures. His sermons are not calculated to satisfy a refined and cultivated taste, but they are well adapted to make a powerful impression on miscellaneous audiences. As a writer for the press, Mr. Beecher is bold, dashing and sparkling, and gives full play to his thoughts and fancies, without the slightest fear of contemporary criticism. He attacks and defends with vigor and spirit, and controversialists find in him a foeman worthy of their steel. In his purely literary articles he appears to great advantage, and we can recall many which present charming pictures of rural nature, and comments on art which evince a warm love and appreciation of it. He is indeed an earnest student of both nature and art—and his summer residence in our Berkshire hills and his foreign journeys have afforded him the means of verifying theory by observation. Mr. Beecher is now about forty-six or forty-seven years of age, of medium stature, with a colorless but not unhealthy complexion and blue eyes. Of his features in repose our engraving gives a correct picture, but his countenance is exceedingly animated and expressive in his moments of oratorical inspiration. He has made speeches on various public occasions, which have produced more than a momentary sensation in the public mind. One of the most remarkable of these was the extemporaneous discourse he delivered on the occasion of a grand banquet given to Kossuth at New York. It was a vigorous and bold declaration of sympathy for the cause of the oppressed, without an equivocation or reservation. Clergyman though he was, he did not deprecate the use of arms for the maintenance of right in the war against might, seeming to adopt Kossuth's (the Latin) version of a remarkable passage in Scripture—"Peace on earth to all good-willing men." Beecher is ever an enthusiast when his sympathies are enlisted.

The following passages are taken from a sketch of Mr. Beecher by Miss Augusta Moore, and shows the light in which he is regarded by his admirers:

"When Henry Ward Beecher is dead, there will be made a great effort to learn just how he looked and acted, as well as just what he said. And perhaps it will fall out, in his case, as it has in regard to many others of renown, that with much labor and with heavy cost, men shall succeed in discovering nothing very definite or reliable. It is easy to enumerate the points in a man's personal appearance, if that were all. Mr. Beecher is of medium height, is full in flesh, has a strong, well-developed frame; every organ is active and healthy. He has full command of his limbs, which are pliant and supple as a child's; his body is as elastic as an India-rubber ball, and handled by him with about as much ease as he would toss about a ball. His face is full and fresh; his eyes large, expressive and blue—sometimes gray; his forehead is square and

broad, his hair brown, and worn long; his glance quick, keen, and discerning; his smile humorous and pleasant. Who, now, that has not seen the man, can tell how he appears to the eye that actually beholds him? and who can ever gather from such points the endless variety in a man's appearance?

To describe Mr. Beecher's mind, there are not half a dozen writers in the country who could be trusted; and only the pen or the brush of a master could do anything like justice to his mere physical man. Would that there might arise, sometimes, some efficient limner. Like the mountains of which Mr. Beecher delights to talk, he has numberless diverse moods and aspects. Like them, he is sometimes cloudy and obscured; and sometimes, like them, he stands out bold and clear, in the full light of noon. Never was human face more variable; of no one that ever lived could it more emphatically be said, 'On different days he looks a different man.' At one time, and in one mood, his face is red, his eyes dull and half covered with the swollen flesh of the heavy lids. There is no brightness to be seen about him; no briskness of motion, no erectness or strength of position. The animal nature has gained temporary ascendancy over the spiritual, and an enemy might be expected to describe Mr. Beecher as an unrefined ploughboy, or a butcher in a minister's clothes, or rather, in a minister's desk, for Mr. Beecher's clothes are *not* ministerial. But let the enemy wait until he sees our mountain in its more usual aspect. Let him wait until the strong, and perhaps somewhat rough and rugged intellect has stirred itself, and arisen for action, till the torpedo-like heart is on fire, till the fervid words burst forth, and the face, but now so dull, begins to shine with the interior glory. Then comes the transfiguration! The material shrinks from sight, and the spiritual beams forth, causing in his countenance a change almost inconceivable. His face assumes all the rich softness of a mezzotint engraving—round, fair, and dimpled you *now* perceive it to be; and its whole expression becomes pure and elevated, almost like the angels' faces that we have seen in dreams. His forehead is white and high, and shines like the brow of a sun-touched mountain; his eyes beam clear and mild, now with the strength of the man, again with love and innocence, like the eyes of a babe; his close-shaven chin, and the lower part of his cheeks are shaded, as if by the brush of an artist; there is no longer a rugged line, or a rough look about him, his aspect is *altogether* noble, beautiful, serene. This, until he stands forth as Boanerges, and then he is the mountain in a winter storm. Mingling in his tones, are heard reminders of the cataract, and of the crash of thunder; while his flashing eyes and changing features have upon you the effect of lightning, and his gestures represent the rushing wind. Then, while you are yet thrilling to the sweep of the storm, you are melted to tears by some sorrow, or some longing, started into new life by the magic tenderness of tones silvery sweet.

"Mr. Beecher's voice alone is a wonderful power. It mingles in its various utterances, all loud, and wild, and awful tones, with the sound of fairy harpstrings, and the chime of bells. It has the high battle-call of the trumpet or the

clarion, and all the touching gentleness of a mother's cradle hymn.

"A man whose voice combines the three sorts of power with which the three following sentences were spoken, has in his possession an engine fitted to move the world:—'When they come forth from their graves—when from mountain, from valley, and from the dark waves of the sea, they lift up their blanched face to their Judge they will be speechless.' 'Butterflies, the interior spirit of rainbows, sent down to salute those kisses of the seasons on the ground-flowers.'

emotion, in apt and striking imagery and illustration, are the sermons of these two men. Alike, in the sermons of each, when at full flood, deep calls unto deep, spirit speaks to spirit, and the hearer almost forgets that he yet wears the veil, and dwells amid the false and deceptive scenes of the flesh. Often it seems as if the judgment were already set, and the hearer there. Few, indeed are the preachers who have power to strike directly to the heart, to lay hold with such forcible and tenacious grasp upon the moral sense, as does Henry Ward Beecher.



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

'Women, who have such need of love *ought not* to find it hard to come to Jesus Christ, and put their arms about his neck, and tell him, with gushing love, that they give themselves, body and soul, into his keeping.'

"What has been said and written of Dr. Chalmers's pulpit appearance, manners, and diction, reminds one very forcibly of Mr. Beecher. As plain 'in dress and gait' as was that celebrated preacher, and as impressive in discourse as he, is the subject of this sketch. Alike in plainness of speech, in intense earnestness, in quick and deep

Every man's soul may be reached in some way, and Mr. Beecher knows the open path."

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[ORIGINAL.]

## EASTER BELLS.

BY WALTER D. FAZEL.

[Chatterton, it is said, was once deterred from committing suicide by the sweet sounds of the Master Bells.]

His thoughts with life were all at strife;  
His heart held nothing save unrest;  
The voice he heard spake but one word,  
And, running through his aching breast,  
Betide him woe or weal, he'd know  
By giving what it said the test;  
And if it came in shame or flame,  
No heart but his were worst or best.

The past was but a chamber, shut  
And barred for him forevermore;  
The present time was like a rhyme  
Of sorrow, sounding on Time's shore;  
He had been born for nought but scorn,  
He thought—so why should he deplore  
The act that gave, within the wave,  
The peace for which his heart was sore?

For it had been, some said, a sin  
For him to touch the sounding lyre;  
His talents must be laid to rest,  
Or he must feel the critic's ire.  
And when, thus warned, their hate he scorned,  
And, with the poet's sacred fire,  
Lit up a flame around his name,  
Of which the world could never tire,

Lo, vulture-like, they came to strike,  
Until, beneath their wrath, he said,  
For him 'twere best to lie at rest  
Where envy cannot harm—the dead!  
To bear life's part with bleeding heart,  
And tearful eyes, and aching head—  
For such a fate he would not wait,  
His name such shame should never wed.

To him the tide seemed like a bride  
In waiting for him, and his feet  
Were swift to reach the rocky beach,  
Where he and the Unknown should meet.  
One prayer for grace, one look through space,  
Once listening to the heart that beat  
So quick at thought of what it wrought,  
And then—the story is complete.

Ah, no!—for low, soft, sweet and slow  
The Easter Bells fell on his ear;  
He paused to hear, and lo! a tear  
Fell down his cheeks—the sounds were dear,  
Recalling times in other climes  
When, hearing them, he loved to hear;  
A child once more, with childhood's here,  
Its promise and its simple cheer.

And then the tide, like a torn bride  
Forsaken at the altar's base,  
Fell back ashamed, because unclaimed,  
And in old ocean hid her face.  
And for the time the thought of crime  
Fled far away—and in its place  
Came that sweet peace which gives release  
From sorrow, suffering and disgrace.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MISER'S KEG OF GOLD.

BY MAURICE AILINGBURY.

ORAL traditions are very common in England. Perhaps, with the exception of Germany, there is no other country on the globe that can compete with her in this particular. Every church has its legend, every inn its tradition, and every parish workhouse can furnish you the groundwork for a score of novels as vital and as full of human interest, as the story of *Oliver Twist* or any other. The one I am about to relate comes under the head of oral traditions.

Matthew Osmond was a hardy soldier of thirty-five, at the date of my story, and one who had seen much active service. He was quartered with his regiment in the little parish of Starely Bridge, which—thanks to cotton—has since grown into an important manufacturing town, when he was unexpectedly informed through the medium of a letter from the honest curate of the parish in which he was born, that his mother, who had for some time been dangerously ill, and was now lying at the point of death, desired to see him once more before she died. His poor old mother! He had sadly neglected her of late, and it was with tears in his eyes that he asked leave of absence to visit her, and receive her parting benediction.

The distance was many leagues over fell and moor, and almost the entire journey was made on foot, as there was no conveyance after the first twelve miles from the barracks. It was just in the beginning of winter, though no snow had yet fallen to render more difficult the sorrowful undertaking which the most solemn of duties required him to perform; and without loss of time (for he could not bear the thought of having stranger hands close the dear old eyes that had gazed on him so fondly both in infancy and manhood), he started resolutely forth, determined to reach his native village before he slept. It was the middle of the forenoon when he started, and he calculated that by walking a league an hour, he should reach home a little before midnight. But it was past one in the morning before he came in sight of the village. On reaching the house, he was informed that his mother was still alive, but probably could not survive many hours. His arrival, however, seemed to revive her sinking powers, and the last spark of light and life did not go out till the second day following. He had obtained leave of absence for a week, and the funeral occurring three days later, it left him but one day and night to return to his regiment.

Bright and early, on the morning of the sixth day, he started forth on his return. The clouds were heavily freighted with snow, and now and then a flaw of wind, a harbinger of the coming storm, would hurl a quantity of minute flakes into his face and eyes, and then go sweeping on with a dismal shriek, across the barren heath, leaving the sturdy Osmond far behind, picking his way over the frozen ground, and wishing himself safely back at the barracks. Gradually the flakes increased in size, and the unruly wind pelted them into his face, till he was half blinded by their violence. Still, on he trudged, hour after hour, in spite of the fiercely accumulating storm. Swiftly it increased in depth, from an inch to half a foot, and all the while the white obscurity around him was as impenetrable as darkness itself. The going was becoming every moment more difficult, the wind blew rudely into his face, and drifted the snow till it was two feet deep in places. He was hungry, tired and bewildered. He had evidently wandered out of his proper course, and after travelling for near three hours without discovering a human habitation, he made up his mind that he was lost in one of those extensive moors so common in the north of England. Overcome with this conviction, and losing all courage to proceed further on uncertainties, in the midst of his bewilderment he flung himself down to rest, and strove to arrive at some definite conclusion as to where he at present was, and how far out of his proper course. While lying thus, sleep gradually stole over him, and he became happily unconscious of present troubles. When he awoke it was nearly dark, but the storm had blown over, and as he crept forth from his comfortable bed of snow—for he found himself buried a foot deep, at least, on awaking—he was conscious of a keen, cutting night wind in place of the pelting storm. But how he should shape his future course was a subject of no little perplexity, and would have been to the most experienced countryman in a similar situation. He at last adopted one of the superstitions of the times, in the hope of extricating himself from his present difficulty. He held his staff as nearly perpendicular as he could, and allowing it to drop whichever way it might, determined to pursue his journey in whatever direction it should point in falling. It fell a little to the southeast, and with full confidence in the sign, he took up his line of march in that direction.

After floundering a couple of hours through the heavy drifts that obstructed his course, he became sensible from the appearance of surrounding objects that he had left the confines of the

moor, and was now in the open country. It was about eight o'clock, as near as he could recollect. He walked on for some ten minutes longer, when suddenly his eye was attracted by the glimmer of a distant light. This discovery gave him renewed strength. One moment a gentle swell would obscure it from his vision, and the next it would appear again, stronger and more brilliant than before. At length, the dark outlines of a house became visible, and in a few minutes after he picked his way through the wicket gate in front. Other lights were now becoming visible in the distance, which satisfied him that he was approaching the outskirts of a small village. The house before him was that of a coe, or small farmer, and he determined to stop and warm him at least, and inquire the distance to the nearest inn.

His summons was responded to by a flaxen-headed lad of eight or ten years, who conducted Osmond into the presence of his mother, a handsome, robust woman of thirty, who received him with the utmost kindness, and prepared him a good warm supper. He recounted his adventure on the moor, and inquired the distance to the nearest inn. But the comely matron after listening to his story, would not hear of his journeying a league further for the want of a bed nearer, so she insisted on his remaining at the farmhouse over night. In the course of their conversation, he learned that she was a widow with an only son, and that at the age of twenty, to save her father from imprisonment for a paltry debt of twenty pounds, ten shillings, she had been forced to marry Luke Middleton, a miserly old man of sixty, who happened to be her father's creditor. He lived about seven years after this occurrence, a miserable, penurious old wretch, snarling over the meagre family expenses he was compelled to meet, and growling if his young wife repudiated potatoes and salt as a constant diet. He always pleaded poverty, but his neighbors nevertheless considered him rich. Although he came into possession of his lands by inheritance, he never half cultivated them, because he was too stingy to part with his gold even to pay the price of labor, though he should ultimately reap it back fourfold. He cultivated a small patch of ground with his own hands, and turned the bulk of his farm into grazing lands, which were rented year after year for that purpose, till they were finally overrun with bushes, which in the course of nature might subsequently become valuable for wood, though probably Luke Middleton the miser never thought of it when he was suffering his valuable lands to run to waste for want of suitable cultivation. But if Luke Middleton's

stinginess prevented him from realizing the ideal of a farmer, it did not hinder him from hoarding every farthing that fell into his avaricious hands. He went off at last in a fit, and his son and widow came in for his property; though contrary to her expectations and every one's else, but very little money was discovered, and that was found in an old stocking which his prudent hand had consigned to a private dove-hole in the chimney. After the death of the miser, Mrs. Middleton hired a farm servant, named Mark Severn, who had gone on this particular day on a visit to his sister in the neighboring village, and would not return till the next noon, so that the arrival of the soldier was regarded by the widow, in consequence of certain private reasons which she did not think proper to impart, with unbounded joy and satisfaction. In the course of the evening, Osmond imparted a history of his own adventures, which gave his hostess great satisfaction, and the buxom widow and the hardy soldier of fortune parted for the night with mutual feelings of friendly esteem and confidence. The fatigues of the day had rendered Osmond exceedingly tired, so that when he struck the bed he was very speedily launched into temporary oblivion. How long he slept he had no means of knowing, but he was aroused some time in the night by a loud thumping on the outside, and some one calling for admittance. For one instant he held his breath and listened. There was a rustling sound at his bedroom door, and the next moment he heard the voice of his hostess begging him to arise. He sprang out of bed and slipping on some portion of his attire, quickly opened the door, where he found the frightened lady wringing her hands in the greatest alarm. The thumping on the outside was growing louder and more impatient each moment, and some muttered curses at her tardiness were plainly audible.

"Beat down the door!" cried one of the ruffians. "It's plain enow that she don't mean to open it, an' wherefore d'ye stan' wi' yer parley?"

"O dear!" cried Mrs. Middleton, catching Osmond by the hand, "it is known that I have a large sum of money in the house, and I am afraid that these people have come to rob and murder me!"

"Have you got arms in the house?" demanded the soldier.

"Nothing but an old holster pistol, and the flint is gone to that!" replied the widow, trembling.

"Never mind, then," cried Osmond, firmly, "let them break the door if they will. I have a stout staff here, which will do good service yet.

Let them come on, widow, I will defend you with my life. Keep silent, say not a word, and I will be ready at the door to receive them, if they dare to force an entrance."

Scarcely had these words escaped him, when some heavy blows were dealt upon the door in earnest of their intentions, and our brave soldier, after re-assuring Mrs. Middleton that she was safe so long as he had life to defend her, took up his position where he could command the entrance. He was none too soon, however, for the door being old and somewhat decayed, soon gave way beneath the lusty blows of the besiegers. The next moment there was a rush into the entry, and the voice of Osmond shouting:

"Take that, ye devils! and that!! and that!!!" And then followed some curses and groans, and the sound of one of the party running away.

"Light a candle, widow, and let's see who we have here!" cried the soldier, with an air of triumph.

She obeyed. But what was her astonishment on beholding in one of the two prostrate men her own servant, Mark Severn! They were both subsequently transported. Mrs. Middleton then informed her deliverer that her little boy in playing about the stable floor some days previously, had dislodged a plank, and underneath it they had found a small keg of gold and silver coin; and this was the temptation which had induced her own servant to undertake with his two accomplices to rob and murder her.

Tradition rarely leaves a story incomplete, and in this particular instance, it affirms that Mrs. Middleton was so grateful to the gallant Osmond, that she paid twenty guineas to procure his discharge from the army, and afterwards married him out of pure love and admiration.

#### MRS. PARTINGTON ON LONGEVITY.

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral, "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life has a tendency to make him older, just as a man who goes on a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every milestone brings him nearer to where he is going, and farther from where he started. I haven't got the exorbitance of feeling that I had once, and I don't believe I shall ever have it again, if I live to the age of Methuselah, which, heaven knows, I don't want to. And, speaking of long life, I haven't any desire to live longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't more than eighty years—I wouldn't wish to be a centurion, and the idea of surviving one's factories always gives me a disagreeable censoriousness. But whatever is to be, will be, and there is no knowing how a thing will take place till it turns out."—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## H O P E S.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYE.

Look not to the shady present,  
Or the dark and cheerless past;  
Seek not to disclose the future,  
That with mystery is o'ercast.

Life has many little sorrows,  
Griefs we fain would strive to heal;  
But to suffer is our mission,  
Time the benefits reveal.

Summer-time, in all its glory,  
Fades away in autumn's gloom;  
Then the winter, dark and dreary,  
Points us only to the tomb.

Hope and trust, in patient meekness,  
For the heaven thou fain wouldst gain;  
Trusting that the past and present  
Are not, will not, be in vain.

[ORIGINAL.]

## M A U D:

—OR,—

## THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

BY REV. WILLARD CHASE.

TWELVE miles from Dublin, on a creek of the Irish Sea, stands the village of Malahide, with its safe and commodious bay, now affording a fine settlement for the colony of hardy sailors who are engaged in deep-sea fishing, and for those who follow the less perilous employment of oyster dredging. The little cove promises such protection to vessels, even of large tonnage, and the waters are so smooth and calm, even when the sea is most furiously agitated, that at one time Malahide promised to become the principal seaport of Ireland. The corporation of Dublin was awakened to jealousy by the preference shown to this snug and beautiful cove, sheltered as it is from the storms by the two islands of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, and a fine was straightway imposed upon the owner of the majestic castle which still rises in towering grandeur above the sea.

Sir Peter Talbot, the lord of the domain, had suffered vessels to shelter here, and even to discharge their cargoes; but as the king's grants for that purpose were made to the city of Dublin alone, a stop was made to all intercourse with the harbor of Malahide, which could conduce to any interest to its inhabitants from that source. The lordship of Malahide was granted by Henry II. to the son of Sir Geoffrey Talbot, who held

Hereford Castle against King Stephen for the Empress Mand. The first Talbot, however, granted away a part of the estate, called Mallagh-hide-beg, to the Abbey of St. Mary's in Dublin. In 1372, the Talbot then living was in Parliament under the title of Lord Talbot de Mallagh-hide; and in 1475, Edward IV. created the existing Lord Malahide high admiral of the seas. In the Irish rebellion, Thomas Talbot, the proprietor of the estate, was called an outlaw for participating in the events of that period—and later a lease was granted for seven years, to Myles Corbet, the regicide, who resided in the castle for some time. Malahide Castle is, therefore, full of ancient associations. Its situation and appearance are grand and imposing; its arrangements spacious and comfortable, combining the advantages of much beauty of inside decoration, and of a noble prospect without. Near the castle there is a thick grove of chestnuts, and within their dark shade are the solitary ruins of an ancient church. It has long been perfectly roofless, and the sound of prayer has not arisen within its walls for long, long years. But in that silent and lonely temple, there stands above a tomb an altar bearing the effigy of a beautiful woman, whose costume is that of four centuries ago. Years—ages even, lapse and wane, and their events are lost in forgetfulness; but there stands the monument, and above it in bold relief is the image of her who once bore a great sorrow within her heart—the long-ago bride of Malahide.

The young Lord of Galtrim was one of the most gallant men of his time. History records his many virtues, his unflinching courage, his obedience to duty however painful, his valor and skill in deeds of arms. His father was Baron of Galtrim, and the castle belonging to his family was in the near neighborhood of that of the Lords of Malahide, and commanded a view of the same picturesque scenery, terminated by the romantic island of Lambay with the fine old fortress, the ruins of which are now converted into a sporting lodge. The extent of this island is thirteen hundred and seventy-one acres. Almost from his boyhood, the youthful Lord of Galtrim had wooed amidst this delightful scenery the beautiful maid of Killeen.

Maud, the daughter of the Baron Plunkett of Killeen, was well worthy of the homage she excited in young and brave hearts. With a step from which the heather scarcely bent, a figure light as a fairy, a sweet, yet intellectual face, on which smiles and tears came in quick succession, as the sounds of sorrow or gladness were heard, and eyes so soft and melting, yet so brilliant in



their liquid light, that like the maid of Erin's smile, they might "light up the green isle," where she and her lover so often strayed, it was no wonder that she was sought by many. Soon, however, her marked preference for the young Lord of Galtrim effectually distanced all other competitors for her heart. And the youthful pair, blest by the approbation of their parents, and rich in their own love, abandoned themselves to that calm and peaceful love, whose course yet ran smooth, and over which no cloud seemed ever likely to hover. Beautiful summer days were those in which Maud and her lover sailed in his little boat across the picturesque bay of Malahide.

It was the day before that appointed for their marriage, which was to take place in the venerable chapel adjoining the castle. Across the calm waters the little boat glided like a bird, its snowy sails glittering in the sun, almost motionless, and their use supplied by the oars, whose cool drip was like the sound of music. They approached the island, when the sun rose higher, and landed upon the soft, green moss that grew down even to the water's edge on one side, while on the other there was a shelving beach. Lightly springing the maiden on the velvet carpet that awaited her, and as Brian Galtrim stepped as lightly after, the little boat, its sails now furled, lay quietly on the waters that rippled softly about its gaily painted sides. To a sheltered spot where the sun's rays could not penetrate, but where they could still see the ocean, the lovers directed their steps. Here, on a rude seat which Brian had placed within the leafy shade, they sat and talked of the bright future of which to-morrow was the beginning. All seemed as bright before them as the blue sky of that summer day. Never had Maud looked so lovely. Her flowing green silk robe might have proved sadly trying to any complexion less fair and beautiful than her own—but like everything else she wore, it became her well. Long sat the lovers, weaving bright dreams of happiness, and watching the scene around them. Before them lay the waters of the Irish Sea, studded with green islets. Above them the calm blue sky, and in mid air the broad, white wings of the sea-fowl, now floating downward to drink daintily from that broad basin, and then up and away in the blue fields of ether, like spirits in their flight to the upper world. Over their souls drooped the sweet influences of nature, and the youth and maiden could not tear themselves away from a scene so sweet until the dim haze of twilight gathered around it. Then the pale, silvery stars were eclipsed by the broad full moon, and be-

neath the soft beams they were once more seated in the fairy bark and gliding homeward. Maud's hands were full of the bright rich wreaths which they had been twining for the bridal—the long, pendant green boughs mingled with blushing rose-buds, that to-morrow were to trail from the altar, and the tiny blossoms of the lily bells that were to adorn the bosom and hair of the young bride.

O, who shall say what fond dreams may not visit the youthful hearts when they are so nearly joined in one! If there are ever hours when all fear of coming trouble and sorrow lies extinguished, it is when two souls are thus preparing to blend wholly together—when two lives are beginning to unite deeply and lovingly, never to be separated until the pale shadow come to part them. No chilling thought of that shadow, no dream of wrong, or blight, or sadness, troubled the calm current of sweet Maud's eye before the bridal.

The morning rose fair and lovely as a poet's dream. The old chapel was literally covered with flowers from floor to ceiling; and as the bridal party came through the sheltered avenue they crushed roses all along the fragrant path. Once Maud started and pressed closer to her lover's side. He looked surprised.

"What—trembling at the last, darling?" he whispered, with a voice so tender that the tears sprang into Maud's eyes.

"Nay, Brian, it was from a sound that came on the air. It disturbed my nerves for a moment."

"What was it, Maud?"

"I dare not tell you, lest you chide me for foolish fancies."

"No reserves between us now, you know. So Father Francis told you yesterday," answered Brian, smiling to re-assure her.

"Well, then, I was startled by the sound of a child's cry, and— Indeed I cannot tell you, Brian," continued the girl, still trembling in every limb.

"You thought it was the Banshee—is not that the truth, sweet love?"

Maud bowed the assent her pale lips refused.

"Believe me, it was a child's cry. Look round, Maud. You will see that there are crowds of women with infants in their arms, come to witness our entrance to the chapel. Think you all these little ones are quiet and amused, and that no cry escapes them?"

His tone re-assured her, and her complexion regained its roses, as she saw on every hand the demonstrations of rejoicing for the coming bridal. The bells were ringing joyfully. The clear,

fresh breeze sang pleasantly along the sea-side, and ever and anon from the sheltered bowers, some old minstrels were striking their harp-strings to a glad marriage song. The girl dried her tears, and clasping Brian's arm still closer, she entered the portal of the chapel. The solemn ceremony was over—the last word still echoing in the vaulted chapel, when a hurried step, so loud as to seem irreverent in that place, approached the altar.

A man whom Brian recognized as one of his followers, came forward with a flushed spot upon his forehead and spoke to him aside. A momentary paleness overspread the face of the young baron, as he in his turn whispered to Father Francis, who drew the wondering bride into the chancel, and hastily dismissed the spectators of the ceremony. Foiled in their curiosity to see the bride as she walked forth, they still lingered; but the tones of the priest, partly in authority, and partly by a sad, expostulatory appeal to their generosity, succeeded in clearing the church of all but himself and the wedded pair. Then, in a few brief words which Brian could not bring himself to utter, the holy father explained to the poor, trembling Maud, that her husband was called away from the altar steps to suppress an insurrection. His followers had already banded during his brief absence from Galtrim, and were awaiting his command. One long, lingering kiss on forehead, cheek and lips—one clasp of his bride to his bursting heart, and Brian was gone!

The day wore slowly away to the anxious bride. They who gathered around her told her tales of Brian's courage and bravery, and assured her that wherever he went there was victory in his pathway. She listened as the maidens twined green wreaths for her hair and sang songs of brave and conquering chiefs—but in her eyes there was no light—in her heart no hope. And as the slow twilight came on, and a train approached with muffled drums and lances reversed, bearing a shield upon their shoulders, it needed no voice to tell her what form lay there. Reverently the rude soldiers set down the precious burden of their lord before her who had that day become their lady—and with eyes that shed not a single tear, where all others were weeping, Maud knelt by the silent image of her beloved. Tearless and speechless she watched beside him until the shadows of mortality had darkened the beauty of that face. Then, and not till then, did she suffer herself to be torn from him. Through the very pathway where the bridal train had passed on the preceding morning, the burial train came slowly on. As

she passed under the same tree beside which she had heard the low cry that startled her, she shuddered visibly.

The rites were over that followed so closely upon the marriage. Back to the home she had so lately left, the baron carried his heart-stricken child—she who was afterwards the burden of many a song, as “maid, wife and widow, in one brief day.” All that sympathy and affection could suggest, was done to soothe the weary and sorrowful child, but the burden of grief lay too heavily.

Two young sisters, laughing, blue-eyed fairies, sprang up into womanhood, while Maud was a mourner for her dead hero. She was only seventeen when she wedded the Lord of Galtrim, and now she was twenty-seven. No fairer or purer tint visited her sisters' faces than that which still dwelt on her own—but hers was growing more and more spiritual. She had never left Killeen since the day she had come back a widow; but now when her sisters would return from Malahide full of its glories of scenery, and would recount their sails to the dear island of Lambay, where her last day was spent with him—she was filled with an irrepressible desire to re-visit that spot—to sit once more in that green bower, and look out upon the sea. Would not Brian's spirit meet her in that solitude, and give her some visible sign of recognition? And on a bright, glorious morning, when the sky wore its bluest tint, and the sea lay in its majestic repose, Maud was there again. She had expected to give way to uncontrollable anguish in this scene; but to her own surprise—almost to her dismay, she sat calmly looking on the same objects that arrested their attention on that day. It was as if Brian was again by her side to love, comfort and protect.

Were we writing a tale of romance, instead of sober truth, we should portray Maud as thus clinging wholly to the memory of her dead hero, and wearing out life in the unavailing regrets induced by her loss of him. We are glad that it was not so, however it may destroy the pathos of the story, glad that there was consolation in store for a heart early stricken and long mourning.

In one of these excursions which she made to Malahide, now no longer alone, but in company with her gay young sisters, the two light-hearted maidens insisted upon exploring the old castle. They had heard that the Lord Talbot was away on a foreign tour, and not thinking of meeting any one but the servants, they prevailed on Maud to accompany them. They were readily permitted to enter, and leave given them to visit all the rooms, save one, which was pointed out, and

then they were left to ramble at their own sweet will over the spacious halls and winding galleries. They had gone as they supposed into every room, and were about to descend by a spiral staircase, when an open door showed them a larger and grander apartment than they had yet seen. It was the famous oak parlor of Malahide, into which no other material enters, save the wood that its name describes. Floor, walls and ceiling are all of the most beautiful polished oak, and the two latter are divided into small compartments, each panel being filled with a painting. A bust of some knight of Malahide stands upon a pedestal, and the statue of a warrior looks forth grim and terrible from the central wall. Stiff, high-backed chairs are arranged at regular distances, and at the further end a harpsichord gives evidence of musical taste and skill in the Talbot household. The young sisters flew to the instrument and performed a gay duet upon its chords, while Maud threw herself into a large chair, opposite the casqued and helmeted knight, and drew a weary sigh. It was repeated at the open door near which she sat, and just then a shadow darkened the doorway.

It was that of a noble-looking man, somewhere on the verge of forty years, tall, pale and dignified. He wore his own long hair and pointed beard, which fell over a collar of exquisite workmanship. The black velvet tunic was fastened by a rich cord, and its slashed sleeves revealed others of the finest linen, closed at the wrist by diamond studs. Ashamed and confused, Maud sprang up to call her sisters away, but the stranger would not permit her. He announced himself as Richard Talbot, Lord of Malahide, and welcomed her to the castle. She blushing explained their mistake, and her sisters' thoughtless gaiety, and entreated him to pardon and let them depart.

"Not surely until I know who are my guests," he answered, in a voice that thrilled through the very heart of the Lady Maud; for, whether it was fancy or not, it reminded her of the beloved now silent for years, but whose echo still lived in her memory. She told him in a few words, who they were and why they came, and Richard Talbot, with a courtesy that put her directly at her ease, begged permission to make an early call on the baron, her father, at Killeen.

The next week was one of gaiety and delight to the two young sisters—each pretending to appropriate to herself the handsome Lord of Malahide. The succeeding one was that of his first visit, and from that time he came without restraint, and was ever welcomed by the baron and his family. That Richard Talbot loved one of

his daughters, the bluff old baron was not long in discovering—which of them was not easily solved. The sprightly Eileen assured him that it was herself, and Eva gravely asserted that she had reasons for thinking her sister mistaken.

The expected offer came at last in the dim hush of a twilight hour. But Eileen and Eva were both absent—and it was in the ear of the still beautiful widow that the tale of love was poured.

Standing again at the very altar where her prospects had been so cruelly blasted, Maud read in Richard Talbot's face the full assurance of his future love and protection, and, while she honored the memory of the dead no less, she planted anew her hopes in the living. Again she trod the rose-strewn path from the chapel, but this time she was upheld by a strong arm, close to a loving heart that cherished her through life, and perpetuated her living looks in the beautiful statue still lying, after four centuries, unharmed and perfect in the chapel of Malahide.

#### IODIZED FOOD.

Dr. Boinet, a French physician, having observed that wens, cretinism, scrofula, etc., are very rare in those regions where iodine is abundantly diffused through the air, and that the energy of the vital functions is in the direct ratio of the quantity of iodine existing in the animal economy, proposes to iodize bread, cakes, syrups, etc., by the introduction of such plants as contain iodine, for the cure of persons laboring under any of the above complaints, or who are predisposed to them. All kinds of sea weeds and cruciferous plants contain iodine, and this impregnation of food is obtainable also by using the water of iodized springs, or salts containing the same principle. Under these forms, the quantity of iodine administered is so small as to impart no peculiar taste to the food. After ten years' experimenting with scrofulous children, the doctor is confident that such a diet will not only cure scrofula, but ulcerous habits, diseases of the skin, ophthalmia, caries of the bones, etc.

#### CAFFRE VIRTUE.

The English call Satan black, the Hottentots call him white. The Caffres themselves, though not generally black, admire that complexion; there has been a man among them so fair that no girl would marry him. One of the titles of the Zulu king is, "You that are black." To be black, then, is to possess a physical virtue. Still more important is it to be corpulent. Fatness is a sign of good feeding and good breeding, and, therefore, of high social position; besides, as a Caffre said to Mr. Shoster, in the event of a famine a fat person might survive till the next season, while a lean one would surely die. A very obese noble was once condemned in Zulu to be hurled from a precipice; being padded by nature, he broke no bones, whereas, had he been slim, his whole anatomy must have been dislocated.—*Reynolds.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## F A R E W E L L.

BY LUCY W. SCOTT.

There is a word whose solemn tone  
Comes o'er the spirit like a knell;  
And sadder than the ocean's moan,  
Is that low, trembling sound, "farewell."

It flits across the heart's green bowers,  
When roses bloom without a thorn;  
And on its gay and fragrant flowers  
It leaves a blight—a waste of stern.

In this dark world we often hear  
That word, so like a passing bell;  
And sunniest days of joy and cheer  
Are ever followed by "farewell."

But on that loved and loving shore,  
Where death and sorrow cannot dwell,  
Fond, trusting hearts shall part no more,  
Nor breathe that fearful word, "farewell."

[ORIGINAL.]

## LIME-JUICING A TYRANT.\*

BY G. H. BASCOMB.

WE were coastwise bound, New Orleans being our destination, in the old ship—but, with the reader's permission, I will omit names, for obvious reasons. During the whole period of my oceanic career, I never met with so general an assortment of hard cases, as composed the crew of that ship, nor a set of as unmitigated tyrants as were her commander and officers. From the hour we passed Boston Light, until we anchored on the Bar at the southwest pass of the Mississippi, our ship was one continued scene of contention, resulting quite frequently in a general hazing of all hands by the officers, at which time all suffered alike, innocent or guilty.

Fortunately, all were not guilty of insubordinate acts, a few being resolved to perform faithfully the duties assigned them, betraying no resistance to the authority of their officers, however arbitrary, unless the latter—as they did on several occasions—attempted a needless enforcement thereof with violence.

Of this class of—cowards, as designated by the hard cases, we had four, to whose influence alone might be attributed our safe arrival at the Bar without a mutiny, which had been inevitable,

\* A slang term, applied by our merchant seamen to the act of shipping men on board English ships without their consent, and derived from the fact that all ships of that nation furnish a daily ration of lime-juice to their crew as a corrective of scorbutic affections. Hence the term "lime-juicer," applied to their ships, and "lime-juicing," applied to the forcible shipment of Americans therein.

had all the foremost-men been moved by the same insubordinate spirit. Suffice it, we escaped the horrors such event would undoubtedly have entailed, when, being too deep laden to cross the Bar, we were obliged to lay two weeks awaiting a rise of water or higher tides, to carry us safely over.

The ancient proverb, "Satan provides mischief for idle hands," was verified in our case to the letter, if we substitute minds for hands; for during the whole period of our detention, our crew being freed from solitary labor, and kept working in gangs, were continually devising some method by which they might obtain satisfaction for the ill-treatment experienced on the passage. One proposed law, another a sound drubbing, a third injury to the ship, and a fourth something else—the utmost diversity of opinion prevailing—as the safest, surest and most advisable method to be adopted.

Amongst us, sharing our hard lot, but bearing all without a murmur, was a well-built, manly-looking youth, who though a private sailor, so far as duty was concerned, was apparently the superior of every man on board in education, moral worth, refinement of feeling, or indeed any of those traits which tend to the formation of the man, or rather, nobleman.

Such a man was Harry Edgar; and so conscious of his superiority were our crew, that all made a point of consulting him—although the junior of all—regarding every measure proposed. He seldom offered an opinion on any point, but when he did, it exercised unbounded influence over his shipmates, who even while moving, as it were, in obedience to his master-mind, applied to him, in common with his three compeers, the term "coward."

"I say, shipmates!" said he, as we gathered at supper in the fore-castle, on the evening of the fourteenth day at anchor. "You wish to avenge your wrongs on the officers, and particularly on Captain D—, whom you regard—perhaps justly—as the prime mover in the tyranny which characterized our recent passage. Why not lime-juice him?"

"Lime-juice him?" ejaculated a dozen of the party, simultaneously.

"Ay, lime-juice him!" responded Harry.

"Think it can't be done?"

"How?" demanded several.

"Leave that to me! Hitherto, I have steered my own course, avoiding as much as possible implication in your broils with the afterguards, yet suffering, in common with you, the punishment entailed by your offences. For this reason, I am willing to aid you in obtaining revenge, at

ways providing you confine that revenge to the primary object of your displeasure. Now the safest and most effectual revenge you can obtain, is in the subjection of a certain person to the privation and hard fare which he has imposed on us, which act will in no wise interfere with his owner's interest, but which will be rather advanced thereby, since men much more competent to command a ship than he, can be readily obtained."

"But can it be done?" was again demanded by several of the party.

"Yes—as I have already told you. If you decide upon the measure I propose, you may rest its execution with me—at least the major portion of the task, as I am confident your aid will not be required until the latest moment."

The measure underwent but little discussion ere it was unanimously agreed on, when the matter was dismissed for the present, all hands engaging in preparation for removal—it being generally believed we would pass the bar at high water in the morning, in event of which we should certainly be in New Orleans, and free from the ship, within thirty-six hours. We were not disappointed. Thirty-six hours later, the ship lay moored, head and stern, at Post 12, in the Third Municipality, and abandoned by the crew, who, despite the early hour, had unshipped their traps and shaped a course for the usual haunts of unemployed seamen.

Harry being among the missing, when I was ready to leave the ship, I steered for the Sailor's Home in Suzette Street, expecting to find him there, having informed him I generally boarded there, and supposing the quiet reigning within its walls to be more in accordance with his wishes, than the hubbub and total disregard of all order, and in not a few instances, common refinement, which characterize the sailor boarding-houses of the Crescent City.

I was mistaken. Harry had not arrived, nor did I see him again that day, or the next, although I searched the city most diligently for him, replying to all demands by his late messmates concerning his locality, by the assurance of my profound ignorance on that head.

"He can't be a goin' to play us false?" remarked Dick Bruce—one of the hard-shells, who had reeled all the way from the Rue de Marigny to the Rue de Suzette, at a late hour on the afternoon of the third day. "He 'peared—hic—to be a tip-top good feller, did Harry, an' I'd—hic—de—hic, hic—pended my life on him. Hic—ye aint seen him, Ralph?"

"No—nor I can't think, for my life, what has become of him!"

"How much would you give to know, shipmate?" demanded a person at my side (we were standing on the corner of Suzette and Levee Streets), in whom, on turning towards him, I failed to recognize any one whom I had ever seen, although a moment previous I would have sworn to the tone of his voice as being Harry Edgar's.

"Half a month's wages, if it's an object to you to know, stranger!" said I, bestowing a keen regard upon my rather clean-shaven, well-dressed, and certainly gentlemanly interrogator.

"And how much might that be, my man?" demanded he, assuming a serious phiz, his features being illumined by a smile at the moment they met my gaze.

"As much again as half," replied I, saucily, turning away, satisfied I was addressing, or rather replying to the impertinent query of some curious landsman—a race whom I held in abhorrence at that time, as the natural and avowed enemies of my amphibious tribe.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well answered, I must say!" exclaimed the stranger—adding, as he laid a restraining hand on my shoulder: "But stay! Whither away so fast, Ralph? I hope you don't intend to cut a shipmate's acquaintance only because he has cut the blue jacket for a few days?"

"A shipmate? You a shipmate of mine? I beg pardon, sir—but I can't recognize your claim to that honor!"

"There, there, Ralph! don't fall back on your dignity, I beg! Look again, and see if I don't bear some slight resemblance to Harry Edgar!"

"In voice, yes! 'But hang me, if you look like him! You may know him, but—"

"I aint the man! Ha, ha, ha!" interrupted the stranger—adding, to my companion: "And you, Dick—will you deny my identity with Harry Edgar—the man you're all so anxious to see—as well as my sober friend Ralph, here?"

"Fudge—hic—you ben't Harry, no more'n I'm Mo—hic—ses!"

"Ha, ha, ha! more unbelievers! But come to the 'Home,' Ralph, and I'll convince you of my identity! And you, Dick—hurry down town and tell all the boys to meet me at the corner of Hospital and Old Levee Streets, to-night, at ten."

"What for?" demanded Bruce, doubtingly.

"To lime-juice the skipper! And now be off with you, and see if you can't steer clear of a rum-shop long enough to perform the errand!"—adding, as Dick extended his huge grapplers: "Ah, you believe it now—do you? Well, hurry along, and pass the word for all hands to muster

at ten. An English ship, short of hands, goes down the river in the last tow to-night, and if you only play your cards right, the skipper goes in her to England."

"Stave my dead-lights if you ben't a trump, Harry! We thought you'd deserted the—hic—cause, darned if we didn't! Come an' take suthin'! O, ye wont? Well, let it alone, then—hic—I'll have the more to take. I'll pipe all hands when you say—hic—see if I don't! Hic—so long to ye!"

And Dick, happy in the conceit of lime-juicing their tyrant, reeled off to perform his mission, while Harry—whom I had also recognized by the degree of information he betrayed regarding the design of our late messmates—and I repaired to the Sailor's Home, in the parlor of which he unfolded his plan for the accomplishment of his portion of the task, requesting me to accompany him to the St. Charles, where he stated I could witness the gradual progress of his scheme for the easy abduction of the skipper, and its final accomplishment.

"But how came you in such a rig as this?" demanded I, half amazed at the evident change in my late messmate, and almost prepared to hear him avow himself "some pum'kins," at least, if not a live lord, or some other sprig of English nobility—he having previously informed me that England was his native land.

"Don't be alarmed, Ralph! I don't sail under false colors now. Supposing I should tell you I was master of that English ship, in which I propose and purpose our recent commander shall be a second time initiated into the mysteries and miseries of fore-castle life." \*

"If you did, 'twould not add to my surprise a whit. I'm about prepared to believe you anything you profess, or equal to anything you undertake."

"Well, believe it, then. I'm bound to sea to-night, and—"

"And what in heaven's name were you doing before the mast in our ship?" demanded I, interrupting him.

"Do you recollect an English ship being cast away on Cohasset about a week prior to our sailing from Boston?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was a passenger in that ship, being detained in England by urgent business when my own ship was ready for sea. My mate brought my ship out to Boston, and believing I had ample time to reach there before he sailed south, I engaged a passage in the first ship bound out, which proved a dull sailer, and after a protracted passage, was cast away at the en-

trance of the harbor. Having lost all but what I stood in, and arriving in Boston a week after my mate had sailed, I was left to choose between the alternatives of claiming pecuniary assistance from the consul of our government, or shipping before the mast for this port. I chose the latter, and here I am—ready to aid in carrying out the design of my late shipmates against our common tyrant, over whom I hope to hold control for at least one month, when I'm much mistaken if he don't learn to prize the luxury of an undisturbed watch below."

I accompanied him to the St. Charles, where I underwent, with his aid, such a complete metamorphosis, as rendered detection on the part of my late commander improbable, after which he gave orders for the removal of his effects to the ship; and having paid his hotel bill, he repaired to the rotunda, whither I accompanied him, and where he purposed to await the appearance of his designed victim.

Captain D—— soon entered, and singling out my friend, approached him, addressing him as Captain Vernon, and demanding if his business was all settled.

"All! Permit me to introduce my friend—Mr. Rudderbrace. He's an old salt, captain, though aping the landsman just now. You'll find him true blue, I assure you."

"Then I'm happy to make his acquaintance. Rudderbrace!" he added, turning to me. "Your pardon, sir! but I have heard that name before, though I can't recall the time and place, at present. Have we met before?"

"Possibly," rejoined I, briefly, with a slight change of tone, and returning his keen regard which he maintained during the brief pause which followed. At length, starting, he exclaimed:

"Ah, I have it! A mutinous scoundrel, whom I shipped in Boston last time, went by that name—in all probability a borrowed one."

I then turned away, relieved of all apprehension of discovery.

"You had rather a mutinous set on the passage out, Captain D——," rejoined my friend—adding: "I heard, to-day, you had more than a little trouble with them. Wouldn't I like to have the taming of some of them on the passage home! O, by the way, had you a man named D—— on board?"

"My own name! No, that is none but myself."

"Strange! That name is on my shipping articles, and it's owner is said to have come in your ship. But sailors will lie so, you can't tell what to believe."

"One of the cusses has borrowed it, intending to honor my name, doubtless out of pure regard for the good times he had with me. Just remember me—will you, Vernon?—when you cross his track. I had some of the greatest scoundrels afloat, and he may be one of them."

"Be under no apprehension, Captain D—. If that man goes with me, he'll meet with full as little mercy as he merits!" And my messmate favored me with a most expressive glance, adding: "But come! what say to a game of ten pins? I sha'n't have a chance to roll another string for months to come."

"Ten pins be it! I'll roll you for a supper and the wine!" rejoined the intended victim, moving off towards the main entrance to the rotunda, accompanied by Harry Edgar, alias Captain Vernon, and followed by myself.

Repairing to the St. Charles ten-pin alley, they commenced to play—or roll, rather—when a few fortunate ten-strikes decided the game in favor of D—, whereon we repaired to the restaurant, and at seven P. M. sat down to a sumptuous supper, ordered by Vernon in payment of his bet.

It is needless to enter into a detail of the viands devoured, or the wine drank. Suffice it that Captain D— was most liberal in the consumption of the latter, which quickly manifested a most brutalizing effect on him, bringing out in bold relief all the evil propensities of his brutal nature, and rendering him in the highest degree uproarious.

In this state he continued till half past nine, when a slight opiate administered in his last goblet of Vin-d'or, placed him entirely at our mercy. A coach was called, and the sleeper crammed into it, when Vernon gave the driver orders to stop at the corner of Hospital and Old Levee Streets, when taking our places in the hack, we were rapidly borne to the rendezvous where over a dozen of our late shipmates were awaiting us.

The hack coming to a halt, I got out, and calling two or three of the party by name, informed them of our success, naming the ship, and the pier at which she lay, as the most proper spot in which to witness their triumph over their tyrant.

They instantly bore up for the place indicated, while I regained my seat in the hack, which was then driven rapidly off towards our destination, which we reached some time in advance of the crew, and bearing our insensible burthen to the ship, we hastily divested the inebriate of his clothing, which Captain Vernon placed in the steward's charge; and replacing it with an old

blue shirt, blue satinet pants, and a well-worn reefing-jacket, with an old Panama hat and a pair of half-worn boots, we succeeded in transforming our worthy sot into quite a respectable candidate for fore-castle honors.

By this time our shipmates had arrived in a body, and were treated by me—Captain Vernon retiring from view—to a sight of their late tyrant, when, upon being assured that his present condition was the work of our late messmate, they raised a combined shout, making the deck resound with three cheers for Harry Edgar.

In the midst of the cheering, some one touched me on the shoulder, when turning, I beheld Captain Vernon, who slipped a handful of coin in my hand, whispering:

"Distribute this among them and get them off. Tell them it's their tyrant's blood-money. Come into the cabin, before you go." He then turned away, and making his way through the crowd, was lost to view.

Calling my late shipmates around me, I proposed a drink on the head of the accomplishment of their revenge, to which they joyfully acquiesced, when we repaired on shore and to the fire-proof coffee-house, corner of Rue d'Enghien and New Levee Streets, where, while they were imbibing, I examined and counted the money I had just received, and which I found to be sixty dollars in gold quarter-eagles.

My shipmates received the gold with renewed acclamation, all joining in ordering another round, while I stole slyly from their presence, and hurrying to the ship, arrived just in time to effect a safe passage to the deck ere the last line was cast off, and the tow—consisting of four ships—got under weigh.

I accompanied Captain Vernon to the bar, which he crossed the next morning, at eight o'clock, when the steamer dropping alongside, I took leave of him and leaped aboard, his last words to me being—"Good-by, Ralph! Remember me to our shipmates, and tell them whose hands their very kind friend Captain D— is in!"

I promised, and taking up a position near the steamer's stern, watched the retreating ship until the steamer had re-crossed the bar and ran some distance up the river, regretting nothing so much as that I had not shipped with Vernon, when I could have enjoyed, to the utmost, the amazement, rage and chagrin which Captain D— must have manifested, upon regaining his senses, and finding himself fairly shipped, and off to sea, a man before the mast.

He that showeth mercy when it may be spared, shall receive mercy when it is most needed.

[ORIGINAL.]

## CRAWFORD LAKE.

BY ARTHUR LIVERMORE MESERVE.

[Away among the mountains, some six miles from the Old Crawford House, is a beautiful sheet of water, which bears the name of Crawford Lake. A silver cascade falls into its bosom, from one of the gray old mountains near it. The following stanzas were composed on its banks in June last.]

Away in the dim old forest,  
Midst the mountains stern and gray,  
Lies a sparkling, placid lakelet,  
Hidden from the light of day;  
Hemlocks, with their drooping branches,  
Shadows on its surface make:  
Or brightest of our crystal waters,  
Are the ones of Crawford Lake.

Way, way down into the forest,  
Wandered we one summer hour,  
When the sun's bright golden arrows  
Found their way into the bower.  
Long we wandered in the wildwood,  
Till the hour of evening breeze;  
Then we saw the crystal waters  
Brightly sparkling midst the trees.

Then our voices rang out loudly,  
That our weary way was o'er,  
And the echoes of the mountains  
Bade us welcome to its shore;  
For from every wooded summit  
Elfin voices bade us rest,  
As the sun's last golden arrows  
Sank into the distant west.

Soon our camp-fire, brightly burning  
'Neath a mantle of darkest green,  
Shot its scarlet flaming lances  
High towards our velvet sheen;  
Way wandered I into the forest,  
Till its sparkling, changing light  
Gleamed like the golden star of even  
In the diadem of night.

Thus wandered I alone, alone,  
Until the hour of rest:  
Long after the pale young moon  
Had sank into the west.  
Then sought I our lowly cot,  
Where my tired comrades slept;  
While the spirits of the waters  
Their midnight orgies kept.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MATCH-MAKING.

BY WILLIAM O. KATON.

MAN being "half dust, half deity," has sufficient of the divine in him to make him dissatisfied with his mortal part. Therefore one half of him is a discontented beast, and marriage cannot be expected to alter his nature—it rather doubles him, making his joys twice as great, and his trouble ditto. (An average estimate.)

Mr. and Mrs. Joiner had made a fair to middling marriage—which of course means that they were not altogether satisfied. They had nothing in particular to complain of, but everything in general. They neither hated nor loved each other—they hadn't the elements. Instead of love, however, they had one strong propensity to bind them together—*match-making*!

Not happy themselves, they had a curiosity to see how others would like the marriage state, and took a pride in having a finger in the pie themselves.

"Our cake is dough, Sally," said Mr. Job Joiner, with philosophy. "Let us see how we can bake for others."

This agreeable employment was their bond of union, and they were the cause of many fees to the parson. In the course of their successful match-making experience, they at one time attempted what anybody else would have deemed an impossibility—the union of a certain old bachelor with an old maid—Valentine Vipper with Tabitha Tangle.

"All the marriages we have occasioned have not been happy ones, Sally, and I suppose we have many sins to answer for; but I would like to get that stiff old bachelor, Valentine Vipper into the noose, to see what kind of a husband he would make."

"Tabitha Tangle would be just the one for him," suggested Mrs. Joiner, never at a loss in these cases.

"A great idea!" said her husband. "That would be the most wonderful job we ever did. How happy I should be to make Vipper happy."

"Or miserable," said Mrs. Joiner, thinking of the equal chance, and her own lot. "After all, I don't think marriage is a natural state. In heaven there is 'neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'"

"Matches are made in heaven," Sally."

"Ours wasn't," said Mrs. Joiner, snappishly.

"If not, then it shows a heavenly nature in us to wish others connubial felicity, though we can't enjoy it. No dog-in-the-manger about me."

"No," replied his wife, with a dismal chuckle.

"You are more like the dog that lost his tail in the trap—want others to follow the fashion."

"Enough said on that head," replied Job; "You have spoken for yourself and me too. Now, if you will throw your net over Tabitha Tangle, I'll bait my hooks for Vipper, and we'll see if we can't make a rattling among the dry bones."

In pursuance of this laudable attempt to make two fellow-creatures less lonesome, Mrs. Joiner had an interview with Miss Tangle, and sounded



her on the vital point. Miss Tangle was a stout dress-maker of forty, and looked as though she could cut and baste for forty years more.

"Do you make your own dresses, Tabby?" said Mrs. Joiner, with an admiring smile.

"Always—why?"

"I was thinking how nice you would look in your bridal dress."

"Many's the bridal dress I've made," said Miss Tangle, evasively, "and no fault found."

"I dare say, and I hope you'll be making year own soon. I suppose your cap is set."

"I wouldn't set my cap for the best man that ever deceived a woman," said Tabitha.

"I know you must be a very judicious person," said Mrs. Joiner, insinuatingly, "or you would have accepted some of the offers you have had long ago."

"That's just it," said the spinster, proudly. "I haven't seen the man yet, that could make a fool of me."

"But I should think you'd want to marry and retire now," said Mrs. Joiner.

"I do feel lonesome sometimes," said Tabitha, with a maidenly sigh, "but then—my freedom, you know."

"I have had great experience, being a married woman, as of course you know," returned Mrs. Joiner, seriously; "and it isn't every woman I would advise to marry, nor every man that's fit to be a husband—but I only wish you could see Mr. Valentine Vipper—a nice single gentleman—I only wish you could."

"How much is he wuth?" asked Tabitha.

"O, he's well off enough, of course, or I wouldn't speak of him. But money isn't the main thing, you know."

"No indeed," replied Miss Tangle, "a congenial spirit is the fust objeck. Is he old?"

"Not much—a good steady age—about forty-five, I should think. A good deal older than you, to be sure, but then, one wants somebody to look up to."

"I like a tall man," said Tabitha, inquiringly.

"He is about six feet, two," declared Mrs. Joiner.

Miss Tangle laid aside her work. "I never intend to marry, but I should like to just have a look at him," said she, as if she were speaking of a giraffe. And it was agreed that a meeting should be had at Joiner's house on the following evening.

"It's all nonsense, my boy," said Vipper to Joiner, who had laid siege to his ossified heart and found him full of rocky objections. "I'm too old a bird to be caught by chaff. I've fought the battle of life alone for forty-five years, and I

don't want any women to bother me in my old age. All women are either scolds or flirts, and generally both. I've been a bachelor too long."

"Just so," said Joiner; "you ought to get married, and have children to take care of you when you are old and gouty, and rheumatic. A wife and children are great comforts—only marry the right person."

"There's the difficulty," responded Vipper, with a cynical laugh. "Easy enough to get into the hospital—not so easy to get out. No, no, I've had my own way too long to make anything like an agreeable husband. I know my own imperfections, Joiner, and yes, I candidly admit that the trouble would be, not that it would be hard to find a woman that would please me, but hard to find a woman whom I could please. I've got my set ways and peculiarities, same as all old bachelors."

"I've got him!" thought Joiner. "He's diffident about himself. Afraid of being refused. Now if my wife works her card right with Tabby, we'll make one of these two very shortly."

"You are too modest, Valentine," insisted Joiner. "There is a lady of my acquaintance who would make you a good wife, and think more favorably of you a vast deal than you do of yourself."

"What is she, a widow—or is she old as Methuselah?"

"Neither. You shall see her, and judge for yourself." She's a prize, sir, a dressmaker."

"A prize dressmaker?"

"A prize, and a dressmaker. You wouldn't object to that?"

"No; but if she's a prize, she'll be too particular. Now do you suppose she'd allow me to chew, smoke my pipe and take a glass of wine occasionally, or something hot and stronger, semi-occasionally to keep the northeast wind out, keep my dog and cat, wear my old clothes when I wanted to, and go out alone without telling where, and have my meat roasted and coffee made just as I like?"

"Of course she would!" exclaimed Joiner, enthusiastically. "She's just the woman that would do that thing."

"Bring her along then," replied Vipper, carelessly, "and we'll talk and see how we like each other. But mind you don't tell her what for."

Husband and wife at meeting compared accounts, and had the first hearty laugh since their marriage.

"This will be the most wonderful match that ever was made!" said the overjoyed Job.

"Equal to the taking of two Sebastopols," said Sally.

The eventful evening came. Vipper was commonly a sensible man, but on this occasion he both felt and looked like a fool. Dr. Johnson thought a dramatic author must look gay, and wore a red waistcoat. Vipper thought a gallant must look spruce, and so donned a huge scarlet cravat, pink vest and sky-blue swallow-tail with pumps and striped stockings. Miss Tangle, not sure but a great turn was coming in her affairs, dashed out in a great flounced orange-colored dress, with monstrous roses in her hair, and a muslin cape that might have covered a small chaise, and everything else to correspond.

The Joiners, all smiles, introduced the incomparable twain with great ceremony. Each started at the appearance of the other.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Vipper, aside to Joiner.

"Eh—what do you think of her?" whispered Joiner.

"She looks so much like a school-girl I used to play with!"

"My gracious!" said Miss Tangle, in evident astonishment, aside to Mrs. Joiner.

"Didn't I tell you you would like his looks?" whispered the overjoyed Mrs. Joiner. "He's as good as he looks. We'll leave you alone together in a minute."

Husband and wife soon left the room on some flimsy pretext, and when out of hearing laughed loud and long.

"O, what a looking couple! Ho, ho!"

"They looked frightened when we were going," said Mrs. Joiner. "Only think, ninety-five years and no experience."

"Don't you believe it. They've been looking round enough, I'll wager, and I shouldn't be surprised if they made a bargain before we get back. Don't let's be in a hurry. Folks must have time to court."

The unmarried but marriageable pair, thus left to themselves, felt more than usually awkward.

"He is very tall," thought Miss Tangle.

"Nothing withered up about her," thought Vipper.

"He dresses very gay," thought Tabitha. "Sign of a cheerful disposition perhaps."

"She looks good-natured," thought Vipper.

"Roses in her hair, though she seems more like a sun-flower herself. I must say something, I suppose. Ahem—ma'am—Miss Tangle,—do you—have you attended the opera this season?"

"No, I thank you—I mean—that is—I never do. I'm not fond of music."

"Ah, indeed?" said Vipper, admiringly. "You are quite an original in that respect. I like originality and I hate crowds."

"So do I," chimed in Miss Tangle. "I can't bear to be squeezed."

"Modesty, Miss Tangle, I have always considered the brightest ornament of the female sex. I have always respected those women the most who keep their distance. Beg pardon, I don't mean that, I mean reserved women."

"You are a man of excellent judgment, so far as I have observed," said Miss Tangle, in a stately tone. "I have always made it a rule, as far as myself was concerned, to keep myself in a state of reservation."

"You have kept yourself in a high state of preservation, ma'am," replied Vipper, meaning to be complimentary in a graceful way—"anybody can see that."

This was a very unfortunate remark for our bachelor friend. The compliment was misconstrued. Miss Tangle involuntarily felt of her false hair, and other artificial appliances, and then rose in a rage. She had hated the appearance of Valentine Vipper when she first looked at him, and she now considered him impudent as well as ill-looking.

"Preservation!" she repeated, very spitefully. "What do you mean by that, you sky-blue spindle-shanks, you? I guess I'm in as good a state of preservation—real, nat'ral preservation, too—as you are, you sarcastic, dissipated old bachelor!"

"Why, ma'am—"

"Don't you call me a ma'am—I'm a miss!"

"Why, miss," said the astounded Vipper, rising to his height of six feet two, and feeling rather indignant; "I intended no reflection upon you, and you shouldn't reflect upon the color of my costume, nor the length of my—excuse me if I say legs."

"O, you vulgar creature!—I'm insulted—I won't stay in the house another minute!" And so saying, the fierce-tempered maiden flounced out of the room and out of the house, in a high state of abomination.

"There's a row down stairs," said Joiner to his wife, as he heard Miss Tangle's voice and the doors she banged after her. And they quickly descended to the parlor, where they found Vipper with his hat on, surveying himself excitedly in the glass.

"No, no, Joiner," he said, relating what had occurred, "I shall die single. I told you so. Heaven never intended to double me. No blame to you—you meant well enough. But where of earth did you rake up that horrid tiger-lily?"

Mr. Valentine Vipper went home, and Mrs. Joiner went to bed. It was the last match-making they ever attempted.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY JENNY.

BY A. C. WINTER.

Her soul peeps out through eyes of blue,  
Her breath is sweet as morning dew,  
Her hair is rich in its golden hue.

Her form is lithe as the aspen bough,  
And calm content sits on her brow—  
For we have breathed the marriage vow.

Ah, Jenny, ever thus I'll pray,  
Our life may be as a summer's day,  
And our years glide soft like a dream away.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SILVER WEDDING.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

MRS. THRIFTY's proposition to her husband to celebrate their silver wedding, met with his decided approbation. There was no need of her prefacing why she desired it to be a stylish affair, for John Thrifty had heard her narrate for more than the hundredth time how much he was indebted to her shrewd management for his large property, but there was no use in evading it. In this instance she felt in duty bound to recall that if it had not been for that lot of land she inherited in Clayville, which was sold so advantageously for building lots, and her marriage portion, which accumulated by a judicious investment instead of putting it all into furniture, and her thrift and economy in bringing up the children, and the many times that her good judgment had kept him out of pitfalls.

"Yes, John, you have reason to bless your good luck that we have been continued together twenty-five years, and are now blessed with five living children and a handsome property—Now," she continued, "I don't want to slight some people that began life with us and have come out poorly, and yet I scarcely know how to manage about inviting and excluding guests. But these silver weddings are not so select as other parties. You remember Mr. and Mrs. White's celebration took in some very ordinary looking people, but they remarked to me, that they were those who began life together, and she would not be thought aristocratic in such an event. Do, John, take your pencil and run over a few of our guests." Mr. Thrifty did so. "There's Gershom Tibbs," pursued Mrs. Thrifty, "who married Sally Nims. We must invite them, although their position is different from ours. But Gershom is a whole-souled fellow—

the worst enemy to himself—but he would behave well on such an occasion. Bless me, I recollect when they had as fair a prospect as you and I, Mr. Thrifty, of success, but popularity and politics was the ruin of him. Office-seeking made him poor—always pledged to his party, and forever attending conventions and leaving his family to take care of themselves—yet, husband, for his wife's sake, I shall invite them. And Captain Mazy is now in port—you know he's fine-looking, and if he don't broach any of his sea-yarns, will be quite agreeable. I dare say Mrs. Mazy will wear that splendid dress, Arabella says her father brought from Paris. The side-widths they say, are a bed of roses. Put them down on the list. Next is Judge Laws—he will give an air to any party. Dear me, I hope they will accept. They have not called on me for a year. But Mrs. Laws says her husband has such a press of business he scarcely takes time to eat his regular meals. They do say he stands very high as a judge. He always was a shrewd boy—time was when I suppose I might—but I do not regret it, for I have in you, John, a husband twice as attentive as he would have made."

Mr. Thrifty stroked the long hair on his chin, and smiled.

"Squire Smalley and wife—add them. By the way, do you know how much they sold that stone ledge for? I am told Mrs. Smalley had half the property all made over to her. I think that's wise in case anything occurs whereby creditors have claims. I am always glad this house was made over to me."

Mr. Thrifty pulled his whiskers.

"About Hiram Green and his wife, what do you say? They were married the same week we were, but have had so many ups and downs, I really am at a loss to tell how they do stand now. Didn't you say Hiram was a bookkeeper in a good firm at a fair salary?"

"Yes, wife, but he was suspected of some dishonesty, and I rather think he does not appear in public."

"How glad I am to know it. I would not have such a disgraceful rogue invited for the world. Cross their names. Jacob Stout and wife—they won't appear ill anywhere. But I do trust Jacob won't talk about copper stocks. The last evening I met him he held two men by the button-hole more than an hour, telling over geological researches his son had made, and what a strata of copper was imbedded in this and that mine. I thought it terribly tedious. I hope, husband, you will never invest a dime in such changeable stuff. This 'upward tendency' they tell about, is half moonshine, uttered by the

crafty ones, just on the brink of selling out. No, Mr. Thrifty, never get caught by the bears or bulls in the market."

(John Thrifty was chosen Director of the Owl Creek Copper Mining Company, only the evening previous.)

"Fairfield, the broker, our financial agent—put him down. Let me tell you in confidence, husband, I think he has some thought of marrying our Sue. She will be lucky, if she catches him. People say he's worth half a million, and Sue I always said, was born to good luck."

John Thrifty patted his mustache.

"On the whole," continued Mrs. Thrifty, "I think our party will be no mean affair. I suppose old Mr. Blunt that married us must be invited. I do hope he won't allude to our beginning. It would be just like him to go back to the time when you, John, pegged shoes, and I took in sewing. And then he will tell us how by God's blessing we have come along, just as if I hadn't done my part, and then he will add his treat that in our abundance we have not forgotten the poor and needy. Perhaps, John, it would be well to put a twenty-dollar gold-piece in his hand."

Mrs. Thrifty had some thoughts in her mind she did not then communicate. Very probably her mind ran upon the choice presents that would be sent from invited guests, for she purchased a very unique marble-top table and set it in one corner of her drawing-room, without a solitary thing upon it.

The guests at a silver wedding, however selectly chosen, if they have lived in conjugal life long enough to celebrate a similar event, generally show the ravages of time rather conspicuously. The charms that art perfects are so unlike natural ones, that sometimes the attempt to cheat our common father out of his due, only makes the effort more visible. Mrs. Thrifty did not marry early, and she was now past sixty, while her husband was some eight years her senior. Twenty-five years ago, they were a lank, lean couple,—now, they were corpulent with some dropsical tendencies, but the disuse of Scotch ale and some very celebrated brands that did not keep long enough in the wine-cellar to become cobwebbed, would have reduced them in size, yet, like many other good people, they accounted stimulants necessary to keep up invigoration. I am insinuating nothing about habits, nor do I mean to do so. We only mean to say that the delicate tint of sky-blue which became Mrs. Thrifty when a bride, would not do so now—that there were lines in her forehead, and a crow-foot under each eye, and her new set of ivory had given another expression of countenance, which robbed it of its

native amiability—her lips were compressed and her cheeks looked expanded. Her dressmaker decided on silver-gray as best suited to adorn her person, the charm of which might be heightened by gay-colored trimmings. Everybody may have observed, that with natural decay, to study what is most becoming to complexion and figure, is quite an art, which often accounts for the discernible difference that the same number of years makes in people whom we meet. A woman may be pardoned, therefore, for an anxiety to ascertain in what she looks best—while a man in black broadcloth, well fitted by his tailor, well treated by his hair-dresser, and skilfully managed by his dentist and French boot-maker, need give himself no further concern.

Full half the number that began their married life with Mr. and Mrs. Thrifty were not to be reached by any invitation to their silver wedding. The grave had closed over many, change of place to secure a fortune had been the fate of others. Many were wrecked, others were invalid in person and purse, so that when this couple counted over their blessings, no wonder a song of thanksgiving burst from their very souls. Five olive plants blooming in health and gaiety surrounded their table, and better than all, three of them had pledged themselves to "love, honor and obey" those who were accounted worthy of the gifts they sought. Mrs. Thrifty's recommendation of her daughters used to be, that they had given them all a "superfine education." By that, the good woman meant that they were at home as well in the kitchen as in the parlor, would make good wives, good mothers, good-nurses in sickness and cheerful companions in health. And they grew up not ashamed of their parents, but affectionate and dutiful in filial regards.

And the new sewing-machine went click, click, click. Mrs. Thrifty was not outspoken—she wisely judged silence to be a more faithful counsellor than open speech, and thus her friends could never calculate upon her plans. Curiosity was on tiptoe to ascertain why such preparations preceded a wedding—that was simply a commemoration of one twenty-five years ago. But it was baffled in searching. Mrs. Thrifty remarked to all the inquisitive gentry, that "in large families the autumn was always a busy season." John Thrifty had a tremendous horror of communicating his plans to others. During their whole married life he had endeavored to entreat his wife to keep her own secrets. Now the good woman disliked to offend her husband, and yet

She was so desirous of having a thing that could be understood, and yet to qualify it so as not to express it, that she did once say to one of her intimate friends, that "if their family were reduced in size this fall, she might have an opportunity to be more social with her neighbors, and that after the silver wedding there would be enough to talk about." Putting it together the said friend drew the inference that at the wedding would be some surprisals. The story flew, and everybody, halt, lame and blind, accepted the invitation to whom it was tendered. People who had not breathed the air by moonlight for years, wended their way to John Thrifty's lighted mansion. It was indeed a surprisal to many. The two daughters who were engaged to gentlemen whose homes were in the far West, were now united in "the silken ties of wedlock," as the old clergyman expressed it, and the astonishment and merriment gave a satisfactory result to all parties. Old Mr. Blunt the minister, however, did remind Mrs. Thrifty of their beginning life in a very humble way, and added, "by the smiles of a good Providence you have attained to such a competency as to be able to remember others still struggling with adverse fortune and untoward events. May you always remember what the affluent sometimes forget—that you were once poor, and while it takes a great deal to satisfy the rich, the poor are made happy by a very limited amount of present comforts."

And the banquet was prepared with great taste, and the skill of the caterer had anticipated every luxury. Wit and sentiment enlivened the hours, and the merry dance was heard in the hall. But the closing scene far out-weighted the former part. In their invitations the young ladies by permission of their parents, added to their list all the unfortunate in the neighborhood, who twenty-five years ago began life with cheerful hope, but had found it a hard trial—and in an ante-room the two young brides were dispensing most appropriate gifts to each, according to his or her need. It was to me the most practical exhibition of benevolent Christian hearts I had ever witnessed. And they were no mean offerings. Old Mr. Blancy walked off with a new pair of improved crutches, and his wife with a warm, comfortable cloak. Another received the timely gift of a flannel dressing-gown, to cover her rheumatic limbs, and in all about twenty-five were made the recipients of bounty most wisely bestowed. I looked upon the silver plate which from many guests had been sent in to cover the marble-top table, and it glittered with the elaborate work of the artist's skill, but the distribution of those coats and garments in the ante-room,

gave token that a crown of more than earthly splendor awaited the fair donors who had so cheerfully taken from their own resources to add a blessing with their farewell. That silver wedding will be long remembered.

#### DR. PLUMER ON POETIZING.

Rev. Dr. Plumer recently delivered an address at the opening of a female seminary at Wheeling, Virginia, in which he made the subjoined, among other sensible remarks. They deserve the consideration of a very considerable portion of the poetizers whose effusions are forwarded to newspaper editors, especially the closing sentence. Turning to the principal of the seminary, Dr. Plumer said: "I hope, sir, you will not teach poetry here—I mean what some people call the science of composing poetry. If it will come from some of these youths, let it come, but don't force it. I feel about the writing of poetry like the Methodist preacher who was giving a charge to a class meeting about some regulations. When in the midst of his charge, one old lady let slip a shout. 'Now,' said he, 'brethren and sisters, since the subject of shouting has come up, I'll give my views on the subject. Never shout from a sense of duty. If you feel that you can't hold in, why then shout, but never otherwise.' I hope, then, that no one will ever write poetry from a sense of duty. Poetry is despicable, unless it is first class. Poor poetry is about the meanest of all mean things. As the Latin satirist has said, 'Neither gods nor men can endure it.'"

#### WOMAN.

Some poetically inclined individual delivers himself of the following: "A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country, an angel of glory. She makes the sunshine, blue sky, 4th of July, and happiness, wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, choice calico, and principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and butter. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its fittest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence is generally to restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel shirt the heathen, and encourage the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant firesides, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light, and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of heaven."

There is a kind of men who may be classed under the name of *bustlers*, whose business keeps them in perpetual motion, yet whose motion *always eludes their business*—who are always to do what they never do—who cannot stand still, because they are wanted in another place—and who are wanted in many places, because they can stay in none.

[ORIGINAL.]

## JESSIE THE ROSE OF RIVERDALE.

BY EPPINGHAM TOWNSEND HATT.

The summer has flown,  
And all alone  
Within the heated gloom  
Of a hot-house bed,  
With a drooping head,  
Does a lovely flower bloom.  
The pale pure cheek  
Does sweetly speak,  
When words and vows would fail;  
How the flower does sigh  
For the azure sky  
And the breezes of Riverdale.

As hopes depart  
From the broken heart  
In the winter of life's distress,  
So the cold frost king,  
With his frozen wing,  
Has lit on the moss-green crest;  
But a simple flower  
From a garden bower  
Escaped from his horrid jail,  
To bloom on the sward  
Of nature's god,  
In the fields of Riverdale.

Sweet flower, once more  
On the Hudson's shore  
The birds are singing for thee:  
In the shady grove,  
In the haunts of love,  
In the boughs of the old pine tree!  
For there's not a flower  
In beauty's bower,  
With its perfume on the gale,  
Whose petals fair  
Can e'en compare  
With the rose of Riverdale.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY TWO LOVERS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"ALONE—utterly alone in this great, wide, cruel world—you, so young, so fair, so innocent, and yet shrinking away from the shelter of a heart that would spill its last drop of blood to serve you! O, Hester, Hester! In this terrible hour of your bereavement and sore need, give me the right hitherto denied, to be to you in every sense a protector and a friend. As God hears me, I will love and cherish you till I die!"

I answered by laying my hand tremblingly in the outstretched one of Paul Winter, without daring to lift my glance for a single instant to his face. The quick, passionate clasping of his fingers over mine as he drew me to his heart,

thanked me better than words could have done. I felt the quick, strong beating of the heart to which he held me, felt my cheeks kindling into fire with the blushes which replied to his burning kisses, and yet the thrill that ran along my veins, heating my blood and quickening the slow throb of my pulses, was very near akin to a shudder. I knew as well as I know now, that the inmost feeling of my soul was less like love than loathing.

It was a strange place for a betrothal. I stood by the corpse of my dead mother—my heart well-nigh broken with the wild, sharp agony of orphanhood. The hands whose tender guidance I had never missed before in all my life, were folded like a white cross before my eyes. The lips whose last faint kiss still thrilled against my forehead—whose dying prayer for my welfare yet lingered like sorrowful music in my ears, were cold as clay, and as silent. The soft, blue eyes that had been my earthly heaven, were closely shut, never more to look upon me in pity or in love. The sleet of a stormy December evening beat drearily against the windows. Outside I could hear the restless tramp of the crowd upon the city pavements—within, there was no sound save the rapid breathing of my companion as he folded me closer and closer in his arms, and the loud, cowardly throb of my own heart as I shrank from his caresses. There was no light in the room save the pallid glimmer of the street lamps through the windows, yet, that even was sufficient to show me the outline of Paul Winter's tall figure and swarthy face, and light up for me the cold, white features lying so still and ghastly among the dusky shadows.

"May God in heaven bless you for this, my beautiful Hester—my darling—my wife!"

I could not have staggered from a blow more fearfully than from that last impassioned word. Till then, I scarcely realized what I had promised him. With a sudden, frantic, struggling cry, I broke from his arms and threw myself down on my knees by the bedside. The stony calmness that had been upon me ever since my mother's death, that dreary morning gave way, as I comprehended almost for the first time the terrible magnitude of my loss, the awful loneliness of my situation. Tears—the first I had shed—rushed hotly to my eyes. With the vehemence born of uncontrollable anguish, I caught the folded hands apart, and pressed them madly to my hot lips, calling on God to take me to my mother. The snowy whiteness and coldness of those lifeless fingers sent an icy shiver through my frame as I scorched them with the heat of my delirious kisses. The silence of that desolate death-chamber, the gleam of feeble light

stealing in from the noisy street, and revealing the straight, shrouded body and placid face of the dead—the soft touch of Paul Winter's hand upon my drooped head, seemed a triple mockery to the agony of that supplication.

"Hush, child—you rave! These wild words are wicked, blasphemous. I have been thoughtless to let you remain here so long. Come, I will accompany you to the door of your chamber, and then send up the women who have come to watch." And with womanly tenderness Paul Winter stroked my hair back from my forehead, and stooping, tried to lift me from the attitude of abandoned grief into which I had thrown myself.

"No, no," I answered, almost fiercely pushing him away—"it is only a few days at the most that I can have even this pitiful semblance of my mother left to me. Would you rob me of a moment of that precious time? Yesterday this cold clay held a soul that loved me. Because of that sainted spirit, forever lost to me, no hired menial shall keep watch over the dear tenement of dust that enshrined it. Go—leave me. This is my place until—until—" I broke down with a passionate sob.

"But you will make yourself sick, darling. This uncontrolled grief will kill you."

"And if it does?"

"If it does, Hester!" he repeated after me, drawing me up in spite of myself into the shelter of his arms. "If it does! Do you know what you are saying? Do you know that if I lose you, I lose my last hope of happiness on earth, or peace in heaven? Conscious as you must be that I love you, worship you, with all the strength and passion of my nature, and remembering the silent but sacred pledge which but a few moments ago thrilled every nerve in my being with intensest rapture, can you still wound me with such cruel words? Is it possible for a love like mine to waken no response? Can it consume my heart to ashes, and never melt the ice from yours? O, Hester, dear, dear, Hester!—here in this holy solemnity of death, I swear to care for you as tenderly as it is possible for man to care for woman. In return give me this one little proof of your confidence—dare I add, your love. Give up this wild whim of yours—if not for your own sake, for mine. Let me take you to your room. See, I will carry you all the way," he added, half-playfully, lifting me up as lightly as though I had been a babe, and drawing my wet face down upon his breast with a caressing motion.

But strange as it may seem, the burning words of my lover fell like so many ice-drops into my heart. A shiver, as of fear, crept over me

when I freed myself from his embrace, and turned resolutely again to the bedside. I think he must have understood how instinctively I revolted from him, for he drew back sadly a few paces, and folding his arms, said pleadingly:

"At least, if you will stay, let me keep you company. No, no, you must not, shall not deny me this," he added, as I attempted to speak. "I claim it as a right born of that greater one which you have given me. My presence shall not annoy you. I will not speak or move unless you bid me. I will hold my very breath if it disturbs you. Only let me stay with you—only let me feel that I breathe the same air that your presence has sweetened—that my heart is growing better and happier for keeping time with the pure pulses of yours."

No one could have resisted the tender pathos of his voice and manner—the voice so musically sad, the manner so reverent, so humble, and yet so unconsciously proud. As much as I should have preferred to be alone with my great sorrow, I could not find it in my heart to refuse his wish. And so all that long, dark night we sat there together silent and voiceless, with the sleet beating at the windows, the glimmer of the lamps outside, and the crimson glow of the fire that Paul had kindled in the grate, alone lighting the gloom. Paul sat at my feet holding my hands in the close clasp of his, occasionally lifting them silently to his lips, or pressing them hard against his heart, as if to show me how rapidly it was beating there in the darkness.

It was a strange, solemn watch which we held together by the dead that stormy December night. Not a word was interchanged between us. There was no sound save that of the rain against the panes, and the fall of Paul's slippered feet, as he glided across the carpet now and then to replenish the smouldering fire. Colder than ice was the heart within me. Colder than ice—not more with sorrow for the dead, than for the wordless promise from which my whole soul revolted. I had pledged myself to Paul Winter, when every tendril of my heart clung to the image of another—pledged myself, knowing that I did not and could not love the dark man who plead with me so passionately. Hidden in my bosom, rising and falling with every throb of my heart, was a locket, holding a braided lock of short, fair hair, and the picture of a frank, boyish face. I remembered—O, with what painful distinctness—all the pictured countenance had been to me for so many years—all the tender prayers I had breathed to Heaven for the dear wanderer whose hand had clasped that little remembrancer about my neck—all the weary, patient waiting, all the

tender, unwavering trust, all the bitter fear so resolutely battled against, and yet so reluctantly yielded to at last.

I was scarcely more than a child, when Alfred Warner kissed the tears from my dark eyes at parting, and promised—while his own manlier ones grew misty with tenderness—that when he had conquered fame and fortune, he would come back to me and lay them at my feet, as the poorest offering of a heart that idolized me. Only sixteen summers had ripened the roses in my girlish cheeks, and he was but three years my senior, yet all the strength and earnestness of a proud woman's nature was in the affection I gave my boyish lover. For eight years I had kept his memory in my heart of hearts as the holiest hope of my existence, and in all that time no word came across the ocean that separated us, to assure me that I was remembered. Changes, many and sad, had come to me. My father had died a bankrupt—and I, who had been a petted child of luxury, the darling of a rich man's home, went out into the world to struggle for my bread—to earn by unremitting toil the scanty pittance that should keep myself and invalid mother from starvation. The beautiful country home was exchanged for a couple of stived-up rooms in the hot, crowded, noisy city, and there my twenty-fourth birthday found me, a pale, sad woman, weary and old-looking before my time.

I do not recollect how my acquaintance with Paul Winter commenced. I only know that for months before my mother's death, he had followed me about like my shadow, pouring his vehement protestations of friendship into my ear, begging me to leave the toilsome, wearing life that was killing me, and share with him the wealth that was worse than useless to him without my love. All the coldness with which I tried to quench and stifle his passion, but fanned it to a fiercer blaze, until at last the power I acquired over him seemed a mystery even to myself. To all others he was arrogant, haughty, exacting—with me, always gentle, tender, docile as a child. I have seen his swart cheek flush crimson at my lightest word, though that word was spoken to another. I have heard his heart beat fast and loudly though I but passed him on the stairs, or glanced up at him carelessly from my sewing. For me the haughty mouth always relaxed into a smile of inexpressible sweetness; for me the dark eyes always softened, the manly voice grew tender and gentle as a woman's. From my first acquaintance with him I had regarded him with an unaccountable dislike; but who wonders that at last the strange, intuitive feeling of aversion died out, and a womanly

pity took its place? Who blames me, that standing by the corpse of my only earthly friend, looking forward into the future that stretched out so desolate and loveless before me,—believing with a despair only kept from utterance by the restraint of my great pride, that Alfred Warner had forgotten me and my patient love—moved to a momentary impulse of tenderness by Paul Winter's eloquent pleading, that I placed my hand, in his as a seal to the holiest vow that is ever registered in heaven to the name of woman? Perhaps, had I married him, my heart in time might have banished the pale ghost of memory that haunted it, and given birth to a passion as idolatrous as his own. God only knows. There have been stranger things.

But that night as he crouched at my feet, so quiet, so silently tender, so much my slave—as I noted the burning light of his dark eyes, the white gleam of his teeth beneath his moustached lip, the outline of his proud, handsome face uplifted to mine, I could think of nothing but that I had charmed a leopard to my feet—a worshipper as beautiful as he was dangerous. Three days afterward my mother was buried.

“Hester—Hester Etherby—is this you? Have I indeed found you at last?—or is this only a pale ghost of the little girl whose memory has been for years the holiest treasure of my heart?”

I felt a breath on my cheek, a touch on my arm, and paused in my languid promenade down Washington Street, the cowardly blood retreating backward to my heart, as that rich, musical voice fell on my ear. I should have known it anywhere. Eight years before I had breathed a farewell that well nigh broke my heart. I glanced up, passing my hands involuntarily across my eyes, to assure myself that I was not dreaming.

A tall man, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with the bronze of travel on his cheeks, had paused directly before me. My pulses stood still with the great shock of bewilderment and surprise. I was not—could not be mistaken. The deep blue of those questioning eyes, the soft, golden-brown of the waving hair, the frank, beautiful smile about the mobile mouth, could belong to but one person on all the earth.

“Alfred Warner!”

I gasped the words out convulsively through my faltering lips. It was a name that for months I had not dared to speak or even mention in my prayers, and its utterance almost strangled me.

“Thank God, it is you, and my weary search has not been in vain.”

There was something in the fervently spoken words that broke like a flash of light into my



soul, and warmed back into sudden life the dead hope buried there—something that told me I had not been forgotten—that the heart of Alfred Warner was as true to me as mine had been to him. He drew my gloved hand quietly through his arm as he spoke, and together we walked slowly down the street. As we went along, he told me all that I most wished to know—of his long absence and persevering labor in foreign lands—absence and labor brightened only, he said, by the remembrance of the pure heart waiting for his return beyond the sea. He told me too of his terrible disappointment, when he reached his home, and found the fine old family mansion of the Etherbys in the hands of strangers. No one could give him any reliable information as to my whereabouts, and sick at heart he had commenced a search which had been unavailing till that day.

His words fell like balm into my sore heart, and when I gave him a sketch of the last six years of my life—the desperate wrestling with want, the still more bitter struggle with despair,—when I told him of my precious mother's death, I knew by the quiet, soothing magnetism of his unspoken sympathy, by the pity that shone from his tearful eyes and softened his grave face, and more than all, by the quick way his hand sought mine, and the indescribable gentleness of his voice, as he said: "God be praised that I have found you at last!"—that his love was to be the shield, the blessing and the comfort of my future.

"Mr. Winter is waiting for you in the parlor, Miss Etherby," said a servant, as I pulled off my bonnet in the hall that afternoon after my return.

A cry of pain burst from my lips, so sharp and sudden, that Alfred Warner turned a startled, inquiring glance upon my face. It was the first time in all that blessed afternoon that a thought of Paul Winter had crossed my mind. In my great happiness I had forgotten my betrothal—forgotten that in one little, transient week my hateful marriage was to be consummated. I preceded Alfred to the parlor with unsteady steps. How could I tell him of my engagement?

"And so you have come at last, my precious little truant! The half hour I have waited for you has seemed an eternity." The low, musical voice was Paul Winter's, and without heeding the presence of my companion, he sprang eagerly forward, and putting both arms about me, kissed my flushed cheeks tenderly.

"Don't, don't," I said, huskily, pushing him away. "Public exhibitions of gallantry are not to my taste," I added, coldly, as I turned to introduce him to Alfred.

Something in the latter's countenance shocked and startled me. He stood fixedly regarding Paul—his face whiter than marble, a nervous tremor about his pallid mouth, a steel-like glitter in his blue eyes. The veins in his forehead and neck were knotted and swollen, till they stood out like rigid, purple cords. His hands worked convulsively, as though the thought of murder had magnetized them. There was scorn, passion, fierce, bitter, undying hatred in that glance, and I shuddered as I watched it. Paul felt its magnetism and looked up. The next moment, with a faint moan of terror he cowered back and put his hands over his face, while I shrank away, faint with the instinctive knowledge that something awful was about to happen. There was a moment's ominous silence, like the fearful lull which precedes a tempest, and then with a cry, like that of an enraged panther, Alfred Warner sprang forward and caught Paul by the throat.

"Coward!—villain!—devil!" were the words that came hissed in a passionate whisper from his white lips. "Defend yourself, or, by the God above us this moment is your last!"

O, the unutterable horror of the next few minutes, as fascinated by the terrible sight, I watched those strong men wrestling, panting in each other's arms—the wretched, sickening sensation that came over me when Alfred Warner fell down at his victor's feet, the red blood pouring from his breast over the carpet.

I did not stir or cry aloud in my mighty terror—did not faint, or even shudder, but stood like one stupefied, as Paul came forward, his great, dark eyes dilated with a wild look of anguish.

"I have killed him," he said, pointing to the motionless body with a shiver, "but God knows it was in self-defence. I have been a bad man in my day, Hester, but your love might have saved me. Loving you, a fiend would become in time an angel. Heaven has taken away my only chance for salvation, for I cannot ask you now to give your happiness into my hands—these hands stained with the blood of a fellow-creature. I did not deserve you—but, O, God pity me, it is very hard to give you up—very hard to feel the one influence that was purifying my life snatched away, now when it had so grown into my heart."

His voice died out in a hoarse, pitiful murmur, and I heard his heart heave with passionate sobs. At that moment, moved by his mighty sorrow and remorse, touched by the unutterable, tender mournfulness that struggled through his tones, I had well nigh said:

"Take me, Paul. In spite of sin and shame, I will keep the promise I have made. Take me,

and whatever of truth and purity and strength there is in my heart, shall go to redeem yours."

But one glance at that straight, still figure on the carpet froze the words upon my tongue. He looked into my face searchingly, wistfully, as if half comprehending the unspoken language that trembled on my lips, and then with a despairing sigh, that was almost a wail, caught me passionately to his heart, and covered my face with kisses.

"May God in heaven bless and keep you forever, Hester. Forgive and pity me, and do not forget that I loved you as man never loved woman before," he said, as he released me. The next moment I was alone.

Reader, for five years I have been the wife of Alfred Warner, for Paul Winter, after all, was not his murderer. He lived to call me the dearest of all earthly names, and to explain the terrible scene which came near costing him his life. Years before, there had fallen a blight upon his home—the shadow of a sister's shame. I was but a child then, and years had obliterated all remembrance of the tragedy from my mind. But like a forgotten dream it all came back to my memory as he told me—the grief of the gray-haired parents, the fierce oath of vengeance that made Alfred a man in his boyhood, the picture of the dead girl in her coffin, with her baby on her bosom. Paul Winter was the seducer of poor Nelly Warner. Knowing this, I thank God daily for the miracle of interposition that saved me from being his wife. I could have married a murderer sooner than a betrayer of innocence and womanly trust. The stain of blood is white beside that fouler one. And yet, I never recall my last interview with Paul Winter, his penitence and tears, the anguish that darkened his great, imploring eyes, the passionate blessing sobbed out over me as he fled from my presence—but my heart swells to Heaven with prayerful pity, and I ask God to guide and lead him back to peace of heart and purity of life, wherever he may be.

#### AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

The Rev. Daniel Waldo, late Chaplain to Congress, says: "I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You young men, who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time be honest."

[ORIGINAL.]

#### THE DESTROYER.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Old Father Death, at the break of day,  
Arose and hied to the earth;

"O, never, he sang, "shall they break my sway,  
These earthlings frail, but know alway  
That I doomed them at their birth!

"I will not come when my brother, Night,  
Has shrouded them with his wing;  
But I 'll strike them down when the skies are bright,  
When their feeble hearts are gay and light,  
And their pride allows no king!

"I 'll seek them not when the hand of Fate  
Hath darkened their little lives;  
But ever when Mirth holds the revel late,  
When old god Bacchus within doth wait,  
When Riot and Revelry guard the gate,  
And day with the night-time strives.

"O, thus shall they feel my chilling power—  
These children of men," quoth he;  
"And never shall bloom a fragrant flower,  
And never shall come a golden hour,  
But there will I also be.

"The fairest things of the earth are mine,  
Though I hold them in mortmain;  
Whatever is sweet, whatever is fine,  
The ripest fruit and the reddest wine,  
From either pole to the burning line,  
I count it all as gain!"

Forever thus is the dark one's song:  
Unchanged is its dreary tone;  
Yet I hear it not o'er the hills prolong  
With utterance never so harsh and strong,  
For I sing a song of my own.

"O, dark-robed Azrael," thus I sing,  
"Thou hast made grim Sorrow my guest!  
The beauty of earth, just blossoming,  
Thou hast dared to o'ershadow with thy wing,  
And tear it away from my breast!

"'Twas a flower that grows but once in the soil  
Of a loving human heart;  
But what mattered that?—'tis thine to spoil,  
To blight, to wither, to baffle and foil  
Each hope which of me is part!

"Thy mantle floats over hill and vale,  
But it will not rest on me;  
From the right and left I hear the wail  
Of stricken hearts—the same sad tale,  
And still from thy shafts I 'm free!

"O, tarry a moment, graybeard Death:  
Pause but for an instant here!  
Breathe on me once with thy frigid breath!"  
"Not yet, O mortal," the graybeard saith,  
"I strike where I hold in fear!"

Like heavy weights are his words on the breast,  
Whose anguish I may not tell;  
And I strive in vain to think it best,  
That cold, grim Sorrow is now the guest  
Where the beauty of earth did dwell.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LADY OF ROSENEATH.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

"EDWARD, my son, you had better ring for lights. It is time they were here."

The speaker was a fair English woman—paler and thinner than her country-women generally are—whose mourning attire proclaimed her widowhood. Her features were noble; her countenance wore a subdued, gentle expression; and so graceful, almost girlish her slight figure, she seemed still youthful—more like an elder sister than mother to the tall, slender boy who stood at her side with his arm thrown caressingly around her waist, while the two gazed from the long drawing-room window in the gathering twilight across the terraces and lawn to the broad avenue winding up from the highway through the oaks of Roseneath.

"Yes, mother." And Edward Dunmore turned to lay his hand on the bell-pull, then came back to his mother's side again.

Lady Amy Dunmore had been two years widowed. Roseneath, fair and broad, like many another old English domain, had descended with its title to her eldest son, Jasper, now living in London the gay life of a spendthrift nobleman, leader of his set, and man of fashion; while the boy Edward, of scarce twenty summers, quiet and thoughtful, seemingly wedded to his books and his mother's society, heired but a few hundred pounds of his father's fortune. But, happy in his mother's affection, his books, and the thoughts of a time in the future when he should win by a profession some quiet country curacy, where his mother might come and live with him, leaving Roseneath Hall to its gay young master, time flew speedily to the lad; nor thoughts of houses or lands disturbed his peace.

It had been rather lonely there at Roseneath since the death of the old lord—the unvarying monotony of Lady Amy's widowed life moving on in its quiet flow; but now there promised a new addition to their limited household in the person of her whose advent they awaited that still twilight hour.

A week previous, a letter, enclosed in a brief missive from "John Singleton, Solicitor, Temple's Inn, London," to the effect that "upon the sudden demise of your ladyship's friend, Mrs. Harlow, I deem it proper to immediately forward this letter, found among her papers," was placed in Lady Dunmore's hands as she sat at dinner with her son. She opened it and read in his presence:

"MY OLD FRIEND AMY.—It is years since I have written you, and yet in this hour I bethink of none whose face beams out so kindly from the past as yours. Almost deserted by former friends, and but a wreck of the once giddy girl who incurred the lasting coldness of her family by her marriage, and fast nearing the grave wherein I shall soon rest, in this hour I turn to the dear friend of my youth. Amy, I have reached England only to die. It is now but a year since I left India, where my husband and all my children, save one, fell victims to a fatal epidemic. Harrie only was spared—my youngest, just blooming into her seventeenth summer—and she will soon be motherless. My old friend, John Singleton, a lawyer here, advised me to seek a home for her among my own relatives; but I can never do that. Twenty-five years of neglect and coldness are not easily forgotten—God forgive me if it be wrong to harbor such feelings! But I leave her motherless—and friendless, save this kind man—unless my appeal to the heart of my old friend be not in vain. I have heard that you, too, are widowed—my heart bleeds for you there—I remember, too, the fair girl you had just buried when I was last in England. Why may not my child fill, in a measure, that rent in your soul—or at least perform for you the kind offices which an adopted daughter could? Or, if that be asking too much, will you not give her some humbler station under your roof? for it is hard to leave her bereft of womanly care or counsel. She will not be wholly portionless, for a small annuity which fell from a maiden aunt to myself will be settled upon her. For the sake of our early friendship, think kindly of the last request of

HARRIET HARLOW."

"And this is the end of the once gay and beautiful girl whom I knew in my youth so well, and whom, despite her faults, I loved so dearly," sighed Lady Dunmore, folding the letter. "Poor Harriet! I fear she was none too happy in her married life, and her friends' anguries against Colonel Harlow were not altogether unfounded; though certainly they have proved themselves hard and unrelenting in the extreme, and I can hardly condemn the spirit which prompted her to refuse application for their favor to her child, whom I shall feel it my duty to receive into my house. Edward, my son, please write what I shall dictate."

And forthwith a letter was written, and sent to "John Singleton, Solicitor, Temple's Inn, London," signifying Lady Dunmore's acceptance of her dying friend's trust, specifying the day on which she would like to receive Miss Harrie Harlow at Roseneath.

"Poor Harriet!" sighed the lady, continuing her soliloquy after Edward had despatched the letter for posting. "Young, gay and beautiful when last we met, and now so quiet in the last resting-place we all must seek—the grave! Her life has been a series of privations and vicissitudes."

tades—a soldier's wife's lot is never an easy one. When Colonel Harlow's regiment was ordered abroad, Harriet, true to the love which prompted her elopement, followed him and shared his fortunes. All her children were born on Indian soil, and all are buried there save one. Her life seems thrown away, wrecked; for if report can in a measure be trusted, Colonel Harlow was not the man to make a woman happy. Ah, well! she is at rest now; and, 'after life's fitful fever,' what matters it who have loved, joyed, or suffered? But pardon me, my son, I should not induce sad thoughts in the heart of the young and hopeful. We must endeavor to render this a happy, cheerful home for the orphan, who, perhaps, in her turn, may shed a cheery influence over this lonely house."

And now, in the fast falling twilight of the appointed day, Lady Dunmore and her son stood at the drawing-room window of Roseneath, awaiting Harrie Harlow's coming.

"Hark, is not that the roll of carriage wheels? They have come; will you go and receive them, my son?" said Lady Amy, as presently a travelling carriage came slowly up the avenue; and in another moment she received from the hand of Edward a slight figure in a travelling wrapper, which he, in turn, had helped to alight from the vehicle, while John Singleton, the solicitor, followed them up the broad stone steps and across the old wainscotted hall into Roseneath drawing-room.

After the customary greetings were over, and the staid, bald-headed old lawyer had ensconced himself in the comfortable arm-chair by the grate where burned a fire which the chilliness of the evening rendered grateful, and their young guest had divested herself of her travelling gear, Edward Dunmore found leisure to contemplate from his seat by the window the young lady thus installed in his mother's family, and who was to stand henceforth in the intimate relation of an adopted sister to himself.

Harrie Harlow had been born in India, and Edward Dunmore's imagination had involuntarily conjured the likeness of a tall, stately girl, with oriental eyes, clouds of raven hair, and imperious beauty; but instead, he saw only a slight, violet-eyed English girl, with careless, golden hair, cheeks fresh as haycynths, and the archest glances in the world escaping from the covert of her long, silken-fringed eyelids as she looked over opposite upon the bald-headed old lawyer who already was settling himself in a state that betokened a profound nap in the vicinage of the comfortable fire.

"We certainly shall be friends," was the mental resolve of the youth as he dismissed his visions of dark, imperious beauty into thin air; and when, a half hour after, his mother and the solicitor grew sociable over the fragrant beverage from the massive silver tea-urn, and the duty of entertaining the lovely young stranger devolved to himself, looking upon her animated face, and listening to her description of Indian life, he caught himself speculating on thoughts of the very pleasant addition Miss Harlow would be likely to prove to the hitherto lonely hall.

To look upon Harrie Harlow, with her low brow half hidden by the luxuriance of her golden hair—her finely arched throat of dazzling whiteness and polish, set off by her mourning attire, her hands of exquisite sculpture, and her face of exquisite beauty—one would have said only that her physical organization rivalled her mental; but when she spoke, in a voice whose sweetness might have been caught from the bulbul of her own native clime, and in the prettiest way imaginable related her charming gossip, one could but become entranced and forget the matter in the manner of her converse.

And when, that night, the respectable lawyer having duly refreshed himself and been shown to his room, where, under ancient canopied bed-curtains he might sleep so soundly that no dream of the defunct Lord of Roseneath, or ghostly visitant whom the servants averred haunted the long gallery, marred his slumber—and the trio lingered beside the drawing-room fire, where the kind-hearted Lady Amy put her arm about the girl in a motherly way, saying, "Harriet, you must endeavor to find happiness in your new home; for your mother's sake, who was to me a very dear friend, I feel my heart opening toward you," and the girl lifted her violet eyes and murmured grateful words to the lady, then laid her white hand in Edward's, saying in dulcet tones, "And you? why do you not tell me I am no intruder here?"—then the youth could only blush like a very school boy, stammering in a confused sort of way the warm welcome that, certainly had slept in his heart, if it had not rushed to his tongue.

A little gleam lit up the young beauty's violet eyes for a moment, for what woman, young or old, feels her power and glories not in the same? But in another moment, with down-dropping lids, she breathed regrets and fears of intrusion under that roof.

"Nay, my child, dismiss such thoughts," said Lady Amy, with a warm kiss; while Edward, with all his mother's simplicity and guilelessness—a guilelessness that failed to read the scheming

art of a girl of seventeen, who already had begun to "dream dreams and see visions" under Roseneath roof—added ingenuously, with heightened color:

"And if you are fond of books, Miss Harlow, it will afford me much pleasure to spend with you a portion of the mornings in the library?"

"O, thank you, Mr. Dunmore, thank you! But pray why not call me Harrie? 'Miss Harlow' is so formal, and every one called me Harrie—poor mama's name!" And she shaded her eyes with her white hands in the most touching, childish way conceivable.

"Certainly, my dear, we will both call you Harrie," said Lady Dunmore kindly, stroking her head caressingly, "you are not to be treated as a stranger here. I have two children now to cheer my solitude and lonely days." And she tenderly drew the girl to her bosom, laying her other thin, pale hand on her son's shoulder, while Edward quickly transferred it to his lips.

"She is very lovely and winning," said Lady Amy, afterward, when the twain were left alone in the drawing-room. "I suppose her nature is like her mother's, sympathetic and sensitive. It is hard for such to stand alone in the world, my son—so young!"

Ah, kind-hearted Lady Amy, had you seen the smile of triumph that loitered in the bloom of that young girl's lips as she stood in the grand old wainscotted chamber above, where the portrait of a stately lady, in ruffs and brocade—one of the old ladies of Roseneath—looked down from the walls; and had you read the thoughts that shot up from the heart, where they were born into those violet eyes that met their reflection in the long mirror, you might have been well startled at that bold web, woven warp and woof from ambition's loom!

But instead, you seek your own slumbers with the placid consciousness of having performed a good deed, and thinking how this fair girl may come to fill the niche in the heart of a daughterless mother; while that dark-eyed, graceful boy will linger beside the fading fire, to write new tracings on a leaf hitherto unturned in the book of his heart, and learn the bitter truth—that blue eyes may smile falsely!

What bright days at Roseneath Hall succeeded Harrie Harlow's domestication there! What a new glory seemed shed over all outward nature—a bluer tint upon the sky and waters—a deeper green upon the grand old forests! It was as if a new summer had fallen upon the landscape—as if a new world of flowers sprung up at Edward Dunmore's feet—as if brighter stars:

"Larger constellations burning, mellow moon and softer skies,"

were written on the firmament overhead.

And, in books, too—how much, unread before, was revealed on the pages of Shelley and Tennyson; and with what ease now the student grappled with abstruse theme and difficult science, drinking the while from the new elixir that made labor light, and life a long sparkling summer day-dream.

Strange that simply the sunshine of a pair of violet eyes should have so illumined all the worlds of nature, thought, romance and song, for Edward Dunmore! And Harriet Harlow, did she love this student youth whom she was bewildering and tangling in the meshes of her smile?

Yes, as much as lay in nature like hers to love—one could have sworn that, so tender, so caressing almost, her treatment of the infatuated boy—and yet, could one by chance have read aright the flash that sometimes lit her eyes and changed their softness to a cold, haughty fire, while as cold and haughty an expression flitted about her lips, when she stood before the portrait of the stately, titled dame on the wall, then might fears, and the question, "How will all this end?" have flashed across the mind.

One day, Lord Jasper, the eldest son, came home. A French valet came in the train of the man of fashion; and prints of French dancers and opera singers, and German pipes were hung upon his chamber walls side by side with his mother's portrait. The hall was filled with a set of gay young Londoners, come down with Roseneath heir to have a little "life" and "shooting" in the country; sportsmen and hounds ranged Roseneath's woods; the old dining hall rang with noisy laughter, and after dinner songs

"Across the walnuts and the wine,"

the latter beverage diminishing freely from Roseneath's wine cellars, and being broached oftener than the simple rites of hospitality demanded from the master of the house above.

At first Lady Dunmore looked on and sighed, for expostulation with her prodigal elder son was quite in vain; then sought the seclusion of her chamber, feeling that Jasper was master of Roseneath, and, however much she might disapprove, she had no right to forbid his course. Edward, with little sympathy in the pursuits of the brother who had never looked with favor upon "that book-worm, Ned," passed his days in the library or the woods, feeling that, so long as Harrie Harlow read with him the same books, or shared the same walks, his world of enjoyment was left intact.

But by-and-by a change came over the girl. Lady Amy had fallen indisposed, and Lord Jasper had requested Harrie to preside at table until her recovery; and perhaps, sitting there, opposite Roseneath's lord, filling (for the time being) the station of Roseneath's lady, was the first cause in awaking the ambitious question in the girl's mind, "Why may I not, one day fill, by right, the place I only occupy by substitution now?" To scheme, and to work that scheme toward fulfilment, was all one in the worldly, aspiring girl's mind.

Already had Lord Jasper's eye been caught by the rare beauty of the girl, and this she hailed with exultation as the principal step toward the winning his name. To effect her purpose she bent all the strong, subtle will that slumbered under her slender, girlish frame; the morning library readings and afternoon strolls with Edward were given up, on pretence of duty to his mother; she hung over the chair of Lord Jasper with her pretty prattle, or amused him with her lively sallies; she did the honors of the table in the most bewitchingly undignified way; her own white hand passed the wine cup, and then she sang, at the piano in the drawing-room, sweet airs which Jasper vowed "she caught from the bulbuls and the roses of her own sweet clime;" and so the charm worked to its fulfilment. One day, in a half-wine, half-love mood, Lord Jasper laid his title at her feet; and a few weeks after, a private marriage, unknown to Lady Amy or Edward, proclaimed the goal won; and then she trod Roseneath Hall its mistress.

And yet, all this while, by turns she had been caressingly tender or startlingly gay toward Edward; so had the two spirits, love and ambition, struggled in her heart. Alas, what woman who spurns the one and listens to the voice of the other, but sows a harvest, to be reaped in the hereafter, only in sorrow and tears?

The sequel came. Lord Jasper, who loved woman only as he did his horses and his dogs—the latter to complete his stud and pack, the former to preside over his house, to sit at his table, and minister to his pleasures—Lord Jasper one day came upon his scarce month-old bride, sitting with a book of poems she had once read in company with the student Edward, in her hand.

"Throw the book aside—I will have my wife reading no confounded love-sick trash!" he said, with an oath, striking the book from her hand.

She turned deathly pale; she reeled, and would have fallen fainting to the floor, but for the supporting arm of Edward who had witnessed the scene and sprang forward. This but irritated the

young lord, already inflamed by wine, the more. He turned upon his brother with an angry scowl.

"You romantic, love-sick boy, lay not your finger on my wife! I have heard enough, from the servants here, of your readings and walks together before I came. Perhaps you think to resume them now? A pleasant way to pass the time while I am absent, ha, ha! Thus I despise your sickly trash!" And he flung the book into the fire. "If you were a man, not a weak, love-sick boy, you would not spend your days over a heap of musty books in yonder library, but leave Roseneath Hall to its lawful owner!" And he scornfully laughed in his brother's face. "Only paupers, or cravens, are content to sit and take, as a right, what they never inherited."

The cup was full. A deathly white succeeded the crimson in the youth's face—omen of deepest passion.

"It is false! false as your own base heart!" he bogan; but the words were checked on his lips, as a figure, clad in white, and of startling pallor, appeared in the doorway.

Lady Amy, whom the angry words of Lord Jasper had reached in her chamber above, had descended the stairs. "My children," she commenced; but her gentle voice suddenly ceased, she fell forward on Edward's arm, who, horror-stricken bore her to a sofa, where the suddenly-sobered Lord Jasper bent above her but to gaze into the senseless eyes and white face of the dead!

Lady Amy had passed to that better country where there is no more sickness, neither sorrow nor strife; and the young Lord of Roseneath stood before her still form with remorse already stinging at his heart. And then, like the brutes that reason not, nor understand, he sought again the wine cup, deeming that therein he might drown memory and reproach.

The day after his mother's funeral, Edward laid a volume in Lady Harriet Dunmore's hand. It was the last book they had read in company before Jasper came—a book that had, by its description of happy, western homes, and grand old western lakes and forests, awaked all the enthusiastic element of Edward's mind, and left him less a dreamer than it found him—"Fredrika Bremer's Homes of the New World."

Sitting beside Harrie, reading its pages and listening to her artless comments, he had woven out a dream of a time in the future when they, too, linked in the ties of holy wedded life, might together cross the blue sea and wander over that wonderful western world; but that dream was over now—dead and crumbled to dust!

He might go to the new world, but it must be

alone. He would go thither, away from his mother's grave and the home that was henceforth no home to him; and so he laid that book in her hand, saying simply:

"In the future, Lady Dunmore, if you think of me, let it be as a wanderer mid scenes whereof you may read here," then turning, he left the old familiar scenes of Roseneath Hall.

What mute reproach, Harriet, Lady Dunmore, read in his farewell gaze; what a sickly pang came at her heart; what straining, anxious vision she turned each nightfall toward the west, whither the good ship that bore Edward Dunmore away from England, stood on, and on, over the waste of waters!

Three years had passed, and Edward Dunmore stood on New England soil—a graduate of a New England theological institution—ready to go about the profession he had chosen, the work his Master. The lapse of time had done much toward moulding his character, awakening him from out the dreamy reveries of his boyhood, and rendering him manly, earnest and self-reliant. If ever his thoughts reverted toward the home of his youth across the waters—the fair fields and stately mansion of Roseneath—it was with chastened submission to the hand that pointed the way to this western country, where he hoped to spend his days in arduous, pious duty; if ever a memory of that early love dream in which he had so briefly revelled disturbed "the even tenor of his way," he smiled to think how soon, even from the wreck of ruined hopes, a new structure may be reared in beauty.

True, Edward Dunmore had suffered, but he had conquered, and already had come his reward, for if ever maiden blushes, veiled eyes, and sudden tremblings of a girlish heart, betokened love, then the young minister of Hatfield possessed the assurance. But, as yet, he had not declared the feelings that warmed his own breast toward Lillian Flemming. Had any one said to him, "You are in love with the village school-mistress," he might have smiled and repudiated the charge; but when, day by day, he saw her slight figure glide past his window to her tasks, and found himself forgetting theme and sermon to gaze after her graceful movements—or when, on the quiet Sabbath, he heard a sweet, clear treble in the village choir, and wondered if angels in heaven ever sang more divinely—then he knew that, henceforth, if sweet Lillian Flemming and himself walked different paths through life, happiness could nevermore fold her white wings in his heart.

At length there came a time when he must

speak to the gentle school-mistress, or lose her forever. Lillian Flemming was about to leave Hatfield; another, and more remunerative situation was proffered her, and the girl whose own slender hand carved out her own support, might not waver or linger there, though in the new home whither she was going, there surely could be found no friendship equivalent to that which of late had brightened her lonely life.

"But why linger here?" mused the girl, as she wavered between inclination and duty. "What cares Edward Dunmore for me? I have but briefly crossed his path to be forgotten, as one forgets the flower they have looked upon or the strain of music they have heard. True, he is kind, and has honored me with his friendship; but others will come to fill deeper chambers in his soul, to climb up into the high and holy places of his heart. O, why did we ever meet? How much

'Better, unseeing, to come and depart,  
Than linger in being, divided in heart!'

But I go into my lonely future. Thank Heaven, he knows not how desolate the future seems! I am spared that pang, that reproach, that humiliation!"

But gentle Lillian Flemming was not destined to walk alone the paths of the future her imagination had thus mapped out. The fabled sisters who hold and weave the web of human life, shot golden filaments through the tissue they prepared for her. On a soft June evening, when "one sweet star came trembling in the west," and winds, born of roses and jessamine, stole in at the casement of the little parlor underneath the farmhouse roof where the village school-mistress had made her home in Hatfield, and where she sat in the hush of the summer night, another sat beside her, and another hand clasped hers—the hand that was henceforth to guide her steps tenderly "all her journey through."

"Lillian," said Edward Dunmore, the young minister of Hatfield, "Lillian, in this hour, before I ask you to join your fate with mine—before you ever tell me the confession I would fain hear from your lips—I would speak to you of my past, my present, and my future. What I am, you know already, an humble follower of Him at whose feet I trust I have learned wisdom; what I hope to be, you can share in making, for, sweet Lillian, I feel that my happiness lies in your keeping; but, Lillian, of my past I have hitherto told you little."

And then, rapidly, and in low, subdued tones, the young man spoke of other scenes and other days—the season of his boyhood in that fair, ancestral home whose towers rise among the loftiest

oaks of Roseneath—of his dead father, so proud, so stern—and of his lovely lady mother, whose white hand often lingered caressingly on the head of her favorite son, but who slept now in the ancestral vaults beside her husband. And then, in a rapid, husky tone, he spoke of the present Lord and Lady of Roseneath.

"Lillian," he said, earnestly, laying his hand on her golden head, "I would not wrong your gentle nature by deceit. Would you shrink from me now if I told you that I had loved before? But start not, Lillian, let me add that I have never loved as now. That was a fleeting dream, a boyish passion; this, the one, true love of my manhood. She was a beautiful mirage, false as fair; you, Lillian, pure, fair, and endowed with all womanly virtues—but, little one, how know I but that I am treading on forbidden ground—but that I am asking too great a boon when I beg for this?" And he lifted her slender hand to his lips.

But Lillian Flemming's answer, though it might have been scarce audible to the vines and roses outside the window, reached her lover's ear; for with a tender caress he gathered her to his heart.

"It is enough!" he whispered, "I have found one pure flower which will be content to bloom in the obscure home of a country pastor—one pearl which I may wear when the diamonds shall lose their splendor in the world-weary eyes of Harriet, Lady of Roseneath. Lillian, scarce three years ago, I bent my way—a boy, whose first idle love-dream had burst like a bubble, into thin air—to this new world; how could I then know that 'here my treasure lay?' Truly that Power which some men call fate, but which I call Providence, has dealt to me 'the better portion.' Jasper, Lord of Roseneath, may walk his life, while I am well content, so my Lillian walks beside me, to tread my humbler path."

The bridal was over—a quiet, unpretending ceremony, performed in Hatfield church; a month of unalloyed happiness had passed in the little bird's-nest of a parsonage where the young pastor wrote his sermons, and Lillian's busy fingers "touched the household into perfect grace and order;" and then a letter, stamped with the seal of a coronet, and bordered in black, was put into Edward Dunmore's hands. A sudden thrill came at his heart—a sickly sensation came over him—and he sat long, the seal unbroken, with bowed head. For he knew but too well the contents of that letter—the news of Jasper's death!

He tore open the envelope with trembling fingers; his eye ran rapidly down the page and his

features softened, for the Lord of Roseneath, though never a brother in affection, was such by the common ties of blood; and Edward possessed too great a share of his mother's sympathetic nature not to weep over the memory of the dead.

He passed the letter to his wife, whose hand rested on his shoulder, in sudden wonderment at his grief.

"Jasper is dead," he said, briefly. "He died without an heir—you know the rest—you are Lady of Roseneath now!"

"Is Edward? Surely, this is some dream! I am only 'the minister's wife,' you know," replied Lillian, smiling; then recollecting his words, "Jasper is dead," and looking on his saddened face, she paused and turned to the perusal of the letter.

"And now what shall you do?" she asked, when she had finished.

"What should you advise me?" returned Edward.

"I ought to say nothing. It is so strange—so sudden—so unlooked-for! like a romance one reads," replied Lillian, in a low, musing tone. "Do you think we should be any happier there, my husband?" she added, after a pause, laying her hand caressingly on his forehead.

"Just like my own noble, unassuming wife!" said the young minister, drawing her down to imprint a kiss on her brow. "No, we can never be *happier* than here, in the life that I had marked out for our feet to tread; but the ways of Providence are inscrutable. It will be necessary for me to visit England; and your eyes, too, shall look upon the scenes of my youth—your feet shall wander through the ancestral halls of my English home. Lillian, together we will cross the ocean."

Lady Harriet, of Roseneath, was alone in her boudoir. Her morning attire only served to heighten the purity of her English complexion, the exquisite polish of her rounded throat, and the whiteness of her tiny, sculptured hands.

When Edward crossed the threshold, and she rose to receive him, he seemed for a moment transported three years back into the past—for again the vision of girlish beauty that stood beside his mother, on the hearth of Roseneath drawing-room, was before him. Care, and heart-sorrow, and a life of gaiety, had made Harriet Dunmore, Lady of Roseneath, a weary woman, *at heart*; but they had not left a trace upon that soft brow, or peachlike cheek. Blooming, beautiful, lovely as of old, she came forward to receive him whom she had loved in those early days, the while



Ambition moulded all her plans and purposes to their fulfilment.

"Edward!"

"Harriet—Lady Dunmore!"

These were their salutations; and each told volumes.

There were few words spoken for many minutes. Lady Harriet sat, with her lace-bordered mourning kerchief to her eyes, and little convulsive sobs shaking her frame; Edward, silent—almost stern. The olden times rushed back too vividly—her falsity, her ambition—for him to pity her very deeply then.

But softer emotions soon crossed his heart. "Perhaps she has already suffered!" he mentally murmured. "At least, she is now in sorrow. She mourns my brother's death—my brother and her husband—and I should be unkind and unchristian to deny forgiveness and sympathy now."

"Harriet!"—and he approached and took her hand—"this is a sad errand on which I have come, and, from my soul, I wish it had been spared me."

"Ah, you are so kind, so noble! while I—" But a little gush of tears again rent Lady Dunmore's frame. "Have you been happy there, in your new home? Jasper was sorry—be sure, he repented his rash words."

"Do not think of them now, Lady Harriet, I beseech of you! I have long ceased to think of them myself," replied Edward. "Let us speak only in kindness of the dead. I do not regret that which sent me to America."

"Ah, then it is what I feared! You have been so happy there, that you could send us no word! Edward, why did you never write?" And Lady Dunmore's hand nestled closer in his grasp.

"Who, here, would have cared to hear from me?"

The tone was mournful, sad, in which the young man said this. His thoughts were of the gentle Lady Amy, sleeping in the ancestral vaults; but hers—ah, how could Edward read what thoughts his words, which she interpreted as a regret, aroused in this bold, ambitious woman's mind?

"Edward"—and she murmured very softly, laying her other white hand over his—"Edward, there has been one here, who cared for you ever—who never turned her gaze westward without wafting a regret over the ocean—who loved, even while she listened to the promptings of her own wicked ambition. O, Edward, what if I should tell you how much I have suffered? how, even when I wedded Jasper, my heart was not his? You will not think me bold, or wrong,

when I tell you all this?" And her beautiful head sunk on his shoulder, and her eyes sought his.

With white lips, and scornful gaze, Edward Dunmore rose, and lifted the lady's head from his shoulder. He did not touch the white, shapely hand, stretched forth entreatingly—he did not heed the passionate gaze of the woman who had forgotten honor and delicacy, in her wild, mad confession—he only stepped across the threshold to the ante-chamber where, in waiting, looking upon the sweet, gentle face of the dear Lady Amy smiling down from the wall, sat Lillian. And, taking her by the hand and returning, he led her before the beautiful woman sitting there, and paused to say:

"Lady Harriet, I have heard your words; and, in answer, would only ask permission to present Lillian, my wife!"

For many moments, no word was spoken; then the beautiful lady bowed her head in mingled humiliation, shame, and wounded love.

"So soon—so soon! My punishment has already begun!" she murmured, brokenly; then, raising her head proudly, while a mingled glance of rage and envy shot from her violet eyes, she added, in mock humility, curtesying and retreating as she spoke—"Pray, be seated, madame! It is your turn to command, for you are Lady of Roseneath now!" then swept past, to the seclusion of her own chamber.

What tears of anguish Harriet Dunmore there shed, man may never know; for the woman, who could have so far forgotten her delicacy as to betray her love, unasked, while the sods were yet green on her husband's grave, must have loved boldly and passionately, and suffered in proportion. But Edward, now Lord of Roseneath, and Lillian, his gentle lady, turned away with saddened features and tears of pity in their own eyes.

"I am sorry—so sorry!" murmured Lillian, laying her cheek softly against her husband's, and mutely pleading with a woman's tenderness for the wretched Lady Harriet's forgiveness. "You will not judge her too harshly, Edward?"

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," he replied. "I shall hold no hardness against Lady Harriet—but I cannot forget this, and we must not meet again. If she married Jasper only to gratify her ambition, Death shall not wrest her title and estate from her. I will gratify her. Lillian, cannot you and I content ourselves without these?"

"As you think best, my husband, I can be happy anywhere with you!" was her unambitious reply.

But not so was it ordered. That night—doubtless stung by shame and humiliation—Lady Harriet set off for London, where her jointure enabled her to live luxuriously for a season, till finally she again wedded a nobleman old enough to write himself her father, but of immense wealth, who forgot the fact that she might not really love him, in her rare beauty; and thus, in her world of fashionable pleasure, she strove to drown the memory of the only love her heart ever knew, but which had now become a guilty sentiment to cherish.

And Edward, inheritor now of that fair ancestral domain—though at first loth to relinquish his pastorate over the dearly-loved people in that far-off New England home—soon saw that duty led him among the tenantry who had grown up with the estate, and settled into a kind-hearted, generous, Christian land-owner and nobleman; and Lillian, surely—though no vaunted noble (?) blood coursed her veins, nor ancestral title met her eye on the peerage roll—surely, what lady “to the manor born” wore honors so meekly and gracefully as Lillian, the latest “LADY OF ROSENEATH?”

#### ALE AND THE FAIRIES.

“How do you account,” said a north-country minister of the last age, to a sagacious old elder of his session, “for the almost total disappearance of the ghosts and fairies that used to be common in our young days?”

“Tak’ my word for it, minister,” replied the old man, “it’s owing to the tea; when the tea can in, the ghaists an’ fairies gaed out. Weel do I mind when a’ our naiborly meetings—bridals, christenings, lyke-wakes, an’ the like—we entertained ane anither wi’ rich happy ale; and when the verra dowiest o’ us used to get warm i’ the face, an’ a little confused i’ the head, an’ weel fit to see amaisht onything when on the mairs on yer way hame. But the tea has put out the nappy; an’ I have remarked, that by losing the nappy, we lost balth ghaists an’ fairies.”—*Hugh Miller.*

#### MISCONCEPTION OF ART.

Alexandre Dumas the elder happened to be in Switzerland at a roadside inn where German alone was spoken, and he did all he could to impart to the master of the establishment that he wished to have some mushrooms. Finding that he could not make himself understood by language, he took up a piece of charcoal and traced on the wall a likeness of the article which he wanted. The innkeeper, on seeing the representation seemed quite pleased, and gave unmistakable signs of believing he was comprehended. “At last!” exclaimed Dumas, “and not without difficulty. However, it is well to be a man of invention, as otherwise I should be without my dish of mushrooms. However, here comes the host, I hear him returning.” And so he did, holding in his hand—an umbrella!—*Tribune.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MOCK PRINCESS. A TRUE TALE OF MOBILE.

BY WALTER CURTIS.

ONE century has gone by, and nearly half of another has followed upon its track, since the now rich and populous city of Mobile was aroused to eager and intense curiosity by the advent of an illustrious stranger, whose story created universal sympathy.

This stranger represented herself as no less a personage than the daughter of the Duke of Wolfenbittel, and wife of Czarowitz Alexis Peter, son of Peter the Great of Russia; and the reason given for claiming the protection and attention of American citizens, was the ill treatment of her illustrious husband, from whom she had fled, at the risk of unheard-of calamities, and with innumerable hair-breadth escapes.

Such a tale of foreign tyranny, exemplified on the very hearthstone of a Russian home, and in the midst of imperial dignity, was one of wonder and astonishment. Every honor and attention that could be bestowed upon the distinguished and unfortunate lady, were freely given—not only to her rank, but to her beauty, elegance and attractive manners.

It was evident that, however hastily her flight might have been at last accomplished, she had had sufficient time to make abundant plans for her escape before she attempted it. The richness and splendor of her dress, the immense value of her jewels, and the style with which she soon established herself in one of the finest mansions in Mobile, were evidences that however terribly her illustrious spouse might have treated her personally, he had not touched her in that tenderest point with some women, viz., that of depriving them of the means of adornment.

If any doubts of the lady's story sometimes arose in the minds of the cynical and prejudiced, they were speedily combated by the superior force of the believers. The prevailing feeling in regard to her was that she was a much abused wife, to whom all gallant and chivalric souls should and would extend the largest sympathy. The doubters were therefore obliged to be more quiet—muttering a little, however, at the facility which rich people possessed of spreading “glamour” over the eyes of the multitude.

Among the most ardent sympathizers of the cruelly treated princess, was the Chevalier d'Aubant, a young Frenchman, who had travelled, and who distinctly remembered having seen the lady at the court of St. Petersburg. Not that

he recollected her as in connection with the czarowitz, in particular; but her face had left an impression on his mind, which always came up vividly when recalling any remembrance of the imperial family.

To him, the wrongs and ill-treatment of the son of Peter the Great, towards his innocent and beautiful wife, were as real as any incident in his own life; and with the generous faith and high-toned sympathy of unsophisticated youth, before the world has left its blighting brand of suspicion and unbelief on the page of life, he devoted himself, like a true cavalier, to the service of the unhappy victim of Russian tyranny.

Not indeed that the lady showed any signs of a broken heart. In D'Aubant's view of the case, she was one who kept all her sorrows within her own bosom, never allowing any trace of them to appear in her countenance, which was as blooming as if no breath of wrong or injury had ever paled the rich glow. She entered freely into every plan of amusement, enjoyed the freest exercise, the largest liberty of out-door sports, and carried them all off with a winning sweetness of manner, and an innocent gaiety of spirits, that were perfectly bewitching.

Two or three years of residence in Mobile had rivetted the affection and reverence of the citizens to their adopted daughter, as they loved to term the distinguished lady. Nothing could draw the young Chevalier d'Aubant from his allegiance to one so lovely and charming; and, one day, when all circumstances of time and place were favorable, and the lady's confidence in him had been expressed in most unequivocal terms, he made her an offer of his hand and heart and the somewhat encumbered estates of which he was heir, and was accepted with undisguised satisfaction.

"A most proper union!" was echoed from one corner of Mobile to another—the approbation rising far above the significant "humphs!" of the cynics, who always deprecate everything to their own level. Madame was certainly free to marry. Her treatment and escape from a tyrant was surely a sufficient ground for a divorce, and the absence of any stringent law in the State, afforded abundant privilege for a step of the nature meditated by the lovers.

A wedding, the magnificence of which had never been equalled in America, and to which so many were invited, threw additional "glamour" over them all; and the pair left Mobile for Paris, followed by the regrets of almost the entire community.

At the French court, they resided in great style. No one knew or cared for the antecedents

of the charming princess, whose bewitching manners and rare personal beauty were indisputable recommendations in that atmosphere. It was enough that she was recognisable as the ton; and for the rest—why, "glamour" was not needed at the French court. Nobody asked for credentials of good character.

The fair Russian made a decided sensation among a people who require an endless variety of excitements; and the chevalier's affairs were wonderfully improved by the petitions which his lovely wife addressed to the king in his behalf. D'Aubant, however, had taken out no lease of life, no patent of uninterrupted health, with his marriage certificate; and not long after settling his residence, he fell into a state of prolonged and painful sickness, which too surely was the premonition of his death.

Tenderly and sincerely attached to her husband, the princess gave up all the attractions of the court, and devoted herself to his sick couch, from which no entreaty could detach her. From her hand alone, he received his food and medicine; and if she fell into a brief slumber at night, it was within reach of his hand and voice to awaken her.

Such devotion was very sweet to its object, and drew upon her the admiration of all around her. She bore so patiently with the whims and fancies of the sick man, and ministered to them with so much sweetness, that many of the courtiers, whose privilege it was to enter the sick room, professed to envy the invalid.

One day, while attending to his wants, she was suddenly called out of the room. In the ante-room, she met a courier in Russian costume, whose face, she thought, was familiar. The second look told her she was right. The stranger was recollected as a young man who had filled the post of private secretary to the Czarowitz Alexia.

The room swam before her sight, and, for a moment, she almost lost her consciousness; but her natural courage recovered its ascendancy.

"Olof!" she exclaimed; "what has brought you here?"

"Nothing but your charms, sweet Arria!" answered the young man, in a half earnest, half bantering tone, that seemed partly to throw her from her guard.

"Fie! that is your old story—repeated so many times that you begin to have faith in it, although such a transparent pretence to others!"

"True—upon my honor!"

Her lip quivered, and her breath seemed to come like strong, quick gasps, as she looked eagerly into his face.

"May I trust you, Olof?" she said, almost tenderly.

He looked at her, earnestly returning her searching glance.

"The Princess Alexina has already trusted me, Arria. I come on her business, solely. You know well; why I am here."

"And the friendship you profess for me, is not enough to shield me?" she asked, indignantly.

"Listen, Arria. When you disappeared, I alone suspected that you were guilty of taking the jewels of the princess. You planned it well. Your escape wore the semblance of being carried off by some one who met you in the forest; and it was attributed to one of the wandering gipseys, who had troubled us so much the year before. A week you had been absent, when the valuables of the princess—her rich clothing and ornaments—were all taken in a single night. I knew your footstep—saw you when you stole softly into the wardrobe—watched you as you turned away from the palace—saw the bright gems flash from brow and arm and neck, and the rich robes, the costly furs, and the superb dresses trailing from your person. I followed, afraid to call after you, lest some one should detect you. I wished, not to screen you entirely, but to induce you to replace what you had taken. I knew that there were twelve rouleaux of gold. I knew not how much more, but these I had deposited myself, at the prince's command, that very day. How you were to bear such weights, I knew not. I felt sure that you could not long sustain them, burdened as you were with garments. I dressed myself quickly, and went out. I looked round eagerly. Not a sound was to be heard. 'Foolish Olof!' I said to myself, 'to be misled by a dream!'

"Full of this faith, I retired to my chamber, quite noiselessly. The light shone from the apartment of the princess, and I looked through the key-hole. The wardrobe door was shut tight, and nothing seemed disturbed. I went to bed and to sleep.

"Did I betray you, Arria, when I heard the hue and cry that prevailed next morning? Believe me—no! I could not, for my life. Weary years went by, whitening my locks, as you see, with the burden of my untold secret. I left the prince's service and travelled, seeking you, even in your guilt; for, spite of it, I loved you still. I learned your whole story in America—marriage and all. Stung with jealousy, I took measures, in the height of my madness, to denounce you to the princess. Nay, start not, Arria! Let me confess all my folly. Last night, I arrived here, in obedience to the mes-

sage of the princess. I then learned that your husband was dying. There is but one alternative. Promise me, Arria, that when all is over, you will reward my life-long love, or run the risk of open detection and imprisonment."

While he spoke, the color had been gradually deserting her cheek. She had drawn him to the farthest end of the apartment, into the shelter of a deeply-curtained window, where no one could hear or see them. It was a trying moment. To be denounced before her dying husband—to have him depart from life, with the sense of her unworthiness—was more than she could endure; yet she shrank painfully from pledging herself to one who knew her one great sin. She was not now the vain, aspiring waiting-woman, but had grown earnest and thoughtful, under the burden of her crime.

"Spare me, Olof!" she said, wildly. "Spare me, till then, and I will bless you forever!"

"I am inexorable. Promise—or I speak, in yonder room, all you would conceal."

"Cruel! unkind!"

Olof turned, with a determined air, toward the room. She caught his arm. Through a distant gallery, she saw persons approaching to inquire for the chevalier.

"Leave me, I implore you!" she said.

"Never, till you say the word that seals our fate."

The word was spoken! At that instant, a stir was heard in the next room, and the attendants came to find her. The soul of D'Aubant was fast passing away. One feeble caress to the wife he deemed so good and pure, and his loving, trustful eyes closed upon her forever.

A week later, and Olof again entered her room to claim her promise of becoming his wife. Arria was weeping. She truly mourned her husband, and the heartlessness of this man was terrible to her, now that the object for which she had promised him was no more.

She bade him leave her, and defied him to harm her now. He threatened anew, but gave her a respite of two days to recover from her grief, as he tauntingly told her. When next he visited her apartment, she was gone. He knew that a Russian ship had sailed on the preceding day, but he deemed Russia the last place she would flee to. But Arria was indeed on board. Full of repentance for the past, which sorrow had shown to her in another light, she had hastily resolved to throw herself upon the justice or the clemency of the princess, and abide by the result. She was forgiven, and received into favor, while the heartless Olof was forbidden to return to Russia, under pain of severe punishment.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY BOY AND I.

BY MARY N. ROCKWELL.

In the twilight dim we sit by the hearth,  
And watch the flames leap high;  
While wondrous tales and childish mirth  
Delight my boy and I.  
We laugh to think of poor Sladbad's plight  
With the "Old Man of the Sea;"  
As we sit and sing in the changing light,  
None are so happy as we.

We talk of Aladdin's wonderful lamp,  
Of the "Forty Thieves" so bold;  
And wondrous caverns, dim and damp,  
Down in the earth so cold.  
Anon of the fishers of Galilee,  
Who followed Jesus' will;  
How he calmed the winds and raging sea,  
And bade them "Peace, be still!"

A tender awe steals over my boy,  
To hear the story told;  
And his bright brown eyes gleam out with joy  
Beneath their fringes of gold.  
O, bright-eyed boy!—when years roll away,  
And manhood crowns thy brow:  
When my brown tresses are mingled with gray,  
Wilt love thy mother as now?

[ORIGINAL.]

SKATING FOR A WAGER.

BY MATTHEW VINTON.

OF all the wild, unmanageable, deliciously-inexplicable little coquettes that ever lived to torment my sex, Katie More was the chief. I never realized the fact in all its bearings more sensibly than when she stood one brilliant winter morning, the centre and life of an eager group gathered upon the shores of Lake Sunapee for a skating frolic. To a nice reader of human nature, her very dress would have betrayed her. It was jaunty, coquettish, picturesque, yet most exquisitely tasteful. Her full skirt of blue merino was shortened to the ankles for the ostensible purpose of giving those useful organs greater freedom and ease of motion in their vigorous exercise. Yet I could not help thinking that if the little feet beneath had been large or clumsily shaped, she could have managed to wear it longer without inconvenience. The basque of black velvet with its trimmings of swan's down, fitted her round, full figure to a charm. Her fringed scarf of blue silk was so arranged as not to conceal entirely the graceful curve of her white, slender throat, and the dainty cap of quilted satin, with its single snowy plume, was not close enough to imprison the soft, floating hair that fell in a bil-

low of ringletty gold over her shoulders. Ah, Katie More must be a belle upon the ice, as well as in the drawing-room. And belle she was—bless her giddy little heart!

Charlie Howard, her gay, handsome cousin, knelt before her on the ice, fitting on the skates of rosewood and silver. Merry groups of girls and boys were already whirling in couples over the frozen water, shouting, laughing, singing, as they glided like fantastic shadows back and forth in the wintry sunshine.

Apart from all the rest I stood in moody silence, watching the gay pair before me. There was bitterness in my heart the while, though I tried hard to keep it down—bitterness, because among all of Katie's lovers, Charlie Howard was the only one whose rivalry I feared. How I envied him at that moment the splendid proportions of his figure—the heavy, nut-brown curls, just glossy and silken enough for a woman's white fingers to trifle with—the clear, hazel eyes, so large, so saucy, so daringly, winningly handsome—the fascinating ease of manner—the ready gallantry of speech—the merry, manly melody of voice! What mattered it that I knew my heart to be capable of a love a thousand times more strong and pure than his ever dreamed of? What mattered it that I knew his affection for his cousin to be but a fickle, boyish fancy for a pretty face, while mine was the one, single, matured and deathless passion of my manhood? Hearts are oftenest won by trifles, and I knew it. He was handsome, witty and wealthy,—I was none of these.

For a long time I had realized intuitively that Katie's choice would lie between us two. The voices of reason and hope quarrelled in my heart. One told me that the rich cousin would bear away the palm of victory. The other soothed me with musical whispers, and bade me believe that if my love was worthier the reward it asked, it must also be surer of its attainment. As for Katie herself, whether she loved me or not, she was abundantly able to keep her own counsel. There were times when her manner had so much tender coyness, such seeming partiality for my society, that the sweet hope in my heart would almost deepen into still sweeter certainty. But when these rare gleams of her gentler nature had gone by and she was herself again, wilful, perverse, indifferent and tantalizing, I found it hard to believe them other than the studied arts of a practised coquette, to be played upon every victim alike.

But why didn't you put an end to doubt by popping the question? I hear some inquisitive-reader ask. For the simple reason that I didn't

want to. Are you satisfied? I preferred a hopeful suspense to a hopeless surety. I dared not risk my happiness on so hazardous a throw. Besides, I was not at all certain of getting a frank answer to a frank question. I presume she would have replied to the most passionate declaration I could have framed, by asking me what the moon was made of—or how many black beans it took to make one white one?

No—I was too wise to stumble headlong into a confession. I chose to read her heart gradually. If she loved me I should discover the fact in my own good time; if not, I should save myself the mortification of a refusal, and cheat her out of the glory of one conquest.

On the particular morning of which I write, my prospect looked dubious. Had I been one of the sordid kind, I would have sold it for a counterfeit sixpence, and then thought myself a swindler. My hope was fainter than the taste of cream in boarding-house coffee—my fear stronger than a two-year-old potato. Forgive the comparisons—I had both for breakfast.

As I said before, Charlie Howard was fastening on her skates. I could have strangled him for envy. I would have given a year of my life to have ousted him from his place and taken mine there instead. It would have been worth the existence of a dozen ordinary men, to have had those pretty feet rest so confidently on my palm—to have felt the light weight of that little hand upon my shoulder—to have had that arch, rosy face bending to mine as it did to Charlie's, until the soft, fair curls brushed his cheek.

It was very evident that the little lady did not love me, I said to myself, retreating still farther into the background. She must have known that I stood there silent, chagrined, and jealously watchful, yet not by word or action—not by so much as a single uplifting of her eyelids, did she manifest her knowledge of my presence. If she had cared for me, she would at least have given me a chance word or smile. The magnetism of my jealous dissatisfaction and sorrow would have been felt by her, and moved her to pity or tenderness.

"Jove, man! what a sorry countenance!" said Charlie, as he sprang lightly to his feet. "Katie, look at him! By my soul, I should think he made a mistake and washed his face at the pickle-tub this morning. Don't you see the vinegar? Were you afraid, Frank, that I would pinch my little Katie's toes, that you stand guard over us in that wrathful manner? Why aren't you off with the company! There's Miss Wilson looks as though she wouldn't object to a little assistance. This is her first attempt on the

ice, I believe. Where is your gallantry?" he asked, tauntingly.

"Miss Wilson be—" I stopped short. Katie was there, and I choked back the naughty word that crowded to my lips for utterance. "As for my gallantry, it's gone in search of your brains," I added, tartly.

"Success to it then," laughed Charlie, who seemed to understand and enjoy my discomfiture. "May it have an easier task than it would if yours were the ones to be hunted up."

"If the labor of search be proportioned to the quantity and quality of the article searched for, I doubt not that your wish will be gratified," I replied, biting my lip.

"Fie, gentlemen! this war of words is dangerous. From such sharp weapons as your wits, I predict bloodshed," interposed Katie, taking a few initiatory turns upon her skates, as she spoke, and glancing into my flushed face with a smile.

"If you foresee such serious consequences now, what would be the result if we each had a woman's tongue in his head?" said her cousin.

"O, you ungallant wretch! Be careful how you aim your dull jokes at my head. Your ammunition is so light that it evaporates before it reaches me."

"Beg your pardon, Katie. But come, when you and I get to quarrelling, it is high time hostilities should cease. Here's something to seal our reconciliation with."

I had been looking moodily at the toe of my boot while he spoke, but glanced up just in time to see Katie's white hand descending upon his ears, and to hear him hum in a gay undertone:

"If a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?"

I understood what the seal of reconciliation had been, and I only wished that my hand had been in the place of Katie's. I fancy a certain body would have cried—for mercy.

"What do you say to a race, Katie?"

"Capital! capital!" And she clapped her hands like a delighted child. "But who shall I race after—one or both of you?"

"Neither. That would be a reversal of the order of nature surely. You may be the pursued one—we the pursuers. But to make the sport more interesting, you ought to assign some reward to the successful one who first catches you. Try it, coz, and you will find that the hot blood of rivalry is not to be cooled, even on the ice."

There was a little under-current of defiance, and I thought exultation, running through the gay speech, which made my cheeks burn with angry heat. I waited eagerly for her answer.

"I'm afraid it argues rather a crafty nature, Charlie, for you to urge reward in such a case; but since you do it, see what I promise to the one who wins the race."

She held up her little, tasselled worsted mitten before us, as she finished speaking.

"I'm of the opinion that Mr. Eastman won't care about working so hard for what he can get any time for the asking," replied Charlie, with a malicious laugh, turning to me.

"Don't trouble yourself, sir," I answered, haughtily, nettled by his air of ill-concealed triumph. "Let Miss More set her own terms. If I get the mitten, I shall claim the hand inside of it."

"I move an amendment, Katie. Have two prizes instead of one. The mitten to the loser, the hand to the winner."

Katie's cheeks flushed crimson, and she stole a shy, sudden glance into my face—a glance that in spite of myself went straight to my heart, taking along with it an electric thrill of hope.

"I second the motion," I said, quickly. Be it known that I was the swiftest skater for miles around.

The beautiful confusion doubled itself in her countenance. For a moment she hesitated—then looked up with an arch smile.

"I agree to the proposal, on condition that you leave me the liberty to exchange the prizes, if I find the first disposal of them against my inclination."

"Agreed! agreed!" we responded, in one voice—Charlie with a self-satisfied smile, and I less heartily.

"Well, then, give me a fair start. Count ten, Mr. Eastman, and then follow me."

She darted away like a bird, and long before the proper signal left my lips, I stood alone. Charlie had left me before the sixth number was counted. I sent a laugh of mingled scorn and defiance after him. He echoed back the challenge with a derisive shout, as I sped onward in pursuit. A moment, and I whirled past him—on—on—in the path of the flying girl. Her gliding figure wooed me onward, her merry laughter floated back on the clear air and inspired me to redoubled speed.

There was a wild fascination in the race. Behind me I could hear my rival's panting breath, as he struggled to overtake me—before me, Katie's graceful, flying form—her long curls streaming from under her plumed cap like a golden banner—her blue scarf fluttering backward in the wind. My blood rose to fever heat. On—still on I swept—a few more athletic strokes and I should have her prisoner!

A rough fragment of ice lay in my path, but my fascinated eyes did not observe it. The next instant, I had well nigh fallen prostrate with a sprained ankle. A sharp, irrepressible cry broke from my lips, less of physical pain than of angry disappointment, for while I halted, dizzy and faint, Charlie Howard went past me with a victorious huzza.

Just then Katie turned and glanced over her shoulder. Charlie's arms were already outspread to clasp her, but quicker than thought she wheeled about, and with a rapid bend of her body, darted beneath them. A gay trill of mocking laughter followed.

What did the manoeuvre mean? Did she realize how near, how very near she was coming to me in her backward flight? Was she showing partiality? The thought thrilled through me, and before the tremor of delight died from my heart, I held her captive, blushing, panting, laughing, in my eager arms. She struggled to escape. I half believed she was struggling more from pride than inclination, and so held her fast.

"Hurra! the prize is mine, Charlie, fairly mine," I shouted; and in the intoxication of the moment forgetting my disabled foot, I drew my sweet prisoner closer, and whirled away with her over the ice, in a kind of impromptu waltz.

Good heavens! what was that?—a crackling under our feet—a trembling and quivering of treacherous ice, that made my companion cling to me with a wild, quick sob of affright. A single glance into the white, terrified face hidden on my breast—one swiftly-uttered prayer for her precious sake—and the black waters of Lake Sunapee gurgled sullenly over our heads! I clutched at the ice as we fell. It gave way with my weight. Again and again I grasped it, and again and again it broke beneath the eagerness of my strong fingers.

A horrified group with Charlie foremost in the ranks had gathered at a little distance. Some shrieked, some shouted for help, some stood white and silent, but no one dared venture near enough to lend me a helping hand. It was but a few rods from the shore. In that knowledge there was hope. But, O, what a weary, weary distance it seemed to me, as time after time the ice broke with my weight, marked with faint spots of crimson, where my lacerated and bleeding fingers caught at it. A terrible, deathly fear cramped my heart, my eyes seemed starting from their sockets, intolerable, icy pains darted through my frame, my head was bursting with fierce heat.

I was not a coward. But for that sweet burden lying on my bosom, I could have met death

without a tremor of dismay. But she must be saved—God helping me, she should be saved!

And she was, dear reader. I hardly know how. But I know that half an hour later, when I stood among the terrified group about her couch, and a low, shuddering gasp of returning consciousness assured us all that our darling was not dead—when her blue eyes opened with a wild, bewildered glance, it was not her cousin's handsome face that they sought out most eagerly. I stood a little apart from the rest, and when her searching, wistful, inquiring gaze had swept the apartment, falling at last upon me, I knew by the glad, bright light breaking over her features, by the feebly outstretched hand, and the faint, whispering articulation of my name—what before I had only dared dimly to hope.

Charlie Howard understood it too, but the knowledge did not seem to disturb him greatly, and when I sprang forward at her call, and knelt by her side, with admirable *sang froid* he diverted the attention of the company, and the next moment had cleared the room of all witnesses to our interview.

Katie's little drenched cap and dripping mittens were lying on a chair close beside her. I pointed to them significantly, and then bending over her whispered a few magic words in her ear. What vivid roses broke into her cheeks, and how the rich stain deepened and deepened, as in reply to my passionate inquiry, she whispered softly:

"You saved my life, dear Frank—I cannot be ungrateful."

And then her golden head nestled confidently to my breast, her soft, white hand stole into mine, and with one long kiss, which seemed "to draw my whole soul through my lips," I sealed our betrothal vows.

A week from to-morrow is our wedding-day—Congratulate me!

#### TEXTS NOT FOUND IN THE BIBLE.

"We know a minister," says the Religious Herald, "who on Friday and Saturday wrote a sermon from what he supposed was a passage of Scripture, and was surprised and somewhat confused on Sabbath morning to find that there was no such passage in the Bible, and hence that his sermon had no text. Another minister read before a number of his brethren a discourse from the words: 'Work while the day lasts.' It was a carefully-prepared production, and he was taken quite aback, when one of his hearers asked him why he did not take for his text, 'Make hay while the sun shines;' for if the former passage was in the Bible, so was the latter."

#### HAPPINESS.

They live too long who happiness outlive;  
For life and death are things indifferent;  
Each to be chose as either brings content.

DAYDEN.

#### SUICIDAL WOMEN.

Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study; and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of any unoccupied moment. Such was his practice. He died early and fatigued!

There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by a physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired, he ought to lie down until he is most fully rested, when with renovated strength the work will be better done, done the sooner, done with a self-sustaining alacrity.

The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four, is time not gained, but time more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthful body, and if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep, and any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his arrival at the madhouse or the grave.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

#### AN INTELLIGENT GOAT.

Up in the Fourth District, New Orleans, lives a man, his infant child, and a maternally, well-behaved nanny-goat. The nanny is the hairy foster-mother of the infant, which the fever some time since robbed of its parent proper, and she entirely appreciates the peculiar duties which have devolved upon her. When she hears the hungry cry of her helpless little human charge, she is by its side in an instant, placing her teats at the service of its thirsty lips. Frequently the quick ears of the quadruped wet-nurse hear the child's cry when she is browsing in the street at some distance from the house, and leaving her own repast, she darts hastily off to supply the wants of the "motherless bairn" dependent upon her, as Romulus and Remus were, of old, upon the dogs of their wolfish protectress. We believe we have told a tolerably strange story—but truth is stranger than fiction.—*Picayune.*

#### HOW TO RUIN A SON.

Let him have his own way. Allow him the free use of money. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. Give him free access to wicked companions. Call him to no account for his evenings. Furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or you will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized this sad result, and gone mourning to the grave.—*The Myrtle.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## ALICE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

Alice the beggar maiden  
 Was awkward, shy and plain;  
 Like some rare plant unwatered  
 By dew or gentle rain.

Her dark eye, wild and burning,  
 Gleamed out through nutbrown hair,  
 That fell in tangled masses  
 O'er neck and shoulders bare.

And all that gazed on Alice  
 Could plainly see the trace  
 Of some strange spell from fairy land,  
 That gave her a weird grace.

E'en strangers in the crowded street  
 Would turn when passing by,  
 And gaze upon the maiden  
 With wonder-beaming eye.

And deemed perchance some fairy  
 Had strayed from elfin bower,  
 But earthly frost had nipped the bud,  
 And none might wear the flower.

The teachings of her gentle heart  
 They thought enchantment wild,  
 Or mystic spell, by fairy thrown  
 Around the beggar child.

No home or kin could Alice claim,  
 No mother's loving care;  
 No hand to smooth the tangled curls  
 Of wavy nutbrown hair;

But begged of those who knew no lack  
 Of gifts for every need,  
 And sighed when sinful man forgot  
 The Christian's golden creed.

One morning when the glittering frost  
 Shone in the sunlight clear,  
 And chilling wind and drifting snow  
 Of winter days were here,

They found poor Alice cold and dead  
 Beneath the snowflakes white;  
 A fitting shroud Our Father sent  
 The beggar child that night.

Gently they laid her down to sleep,  
 Where firs and dark pines wave;  
 And wild winds wall their requiem now  
 Above her lowly grave.

Though much we loved the beggar girl,  
 No tears we gave her then;  
 For we knew the earth-born fairy  
 Had found her bower again.

NOT IN VAIN.—There is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the churchyard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank and a nothing.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GRAVEYARD GHOST.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

SOME years ago, I was passing through the State of Maryland, and happened to stay over night at a lonely inn, in an unfrequented part of the country—an unusual thing, by the way, in that hospitable State. And, what is also unusual, several gentlemen happened to meet at the same place, and remain till morning.

It was a stormy night, in the month of December, and after daylight was gone, we were glad to draw round a fire of great pine logs, in a huge, old-fashioned fireplace. The room was a large one, and the frosty air whistled through the chinks a constant reminder to pile on more logs. Bedtime was a long way off, and for bridging the wide chasm which separated us therefrom, we had no resource but conversation. And so we talked and talked, until our treasures of commonplace were well nigh exhausted. Some one then suggested that we should have a dish of ghost-stories; and the motion was carried.

Each individual of the party went to work, rummaging among the dusty chambers of his brain for something which either memory or imagination might fashion into a ghost-story. I have now but a very indistinct recollection of the narratives then and there listened to, but I know full well that the very boldest of us were not without the experience of something like a return of the "pleasing terrors" which used to make our "milk-teeth" chatter in our far-off ante-coat-and-trowsers days.

My own contribution to the general stock I might possibly call to mind, but I prefer to reproduce another one of the batch, the last that we heard. It was told by a tall, thin, and somewhat pale gentleman, who had hardly opened his lips during the evening. Though pale and rather delicate-looking, he was a man of unusual muscular development, and doubtless a very strong one.

A rosy-cheeked, jolly-looking fellow, who took upon himself the office of master of ceremonies, addressed him as follows:

"Now, sir, it is your turn, if you will humor us so far as to give us a leaf from the book of your experience—or from somebody's else. I trust you will not refuse us?"

"I fear," answered the pale gentleman, "that any contribution I can make will cut but a poor figure beside the amusing narratives to which we have been listening. But it certainly would be unpardonable in me to profit by your kindness, and give nothing in return. I will therefore try.

"I have personal knowledge of but a single incident which could, in any way, be made to do duty as a ghost story, and that is one that I very seldom speak of. It is not a very pleasant subject to dwell upon, and it is now many years since I have spoken of it to any one. But, for the reasons I have mentioned, you shall hear it.

"In order that you may understand the thing properly, I will have to trouble you with something of a preface. I am a native of this State—of one of the counties of the Western Shore. My youth, and a considerable portion of my manhood, were passed in the United States Navy. I was enthusiastically devoted to my profession, and took every means I could to enlarge my knowledge of its details.

"On one occasion, while I was serving as a passed midshipman, I happened to be going down the Chesapeake towards Norfolk, with a detachment of United States seamen. We had taken passage in one of the bay steamboats, and when nearly up with the mouth of the Potomac River, a small sail-boat, manned by negroes, and having several white persons aboard, passed ahead of us, in dangerous proximity to our bows.

"'Port! Port your helm! H-a-r-d a-port!' I shouted, with all the strength of my lungs.

"But the man at the wheel seemed bewildered with the suddenness of the thing, and began to turn it in the wrong direction. I sprang to the spot, and so did the captain of the boat, at the same instant. We reversed the motion of the rudder, with all possible rapidity; but it was too late—the mischief had already been done, and the little boat soon disappeared beneath the overhanging bows of the ponderous steamer.

"In company with a young seaman of my squad, I plunged into the water, and, by our joint efforts, well seconded by the crew of the steamer, all were saved—that is, all who needed assistance; the negroes, and an elderly gentleman, the owner of the boat, managed to keep themselves afloat until they were picked up by the steamer's boat.

"It fell to my lot to rescue a beautiful girl, about fifteen years of age, who was crossing the bay, in company with her father and a sister, two years younger than myself, who was brought out of the water by my companion.

"The family was from my own county, and one that I had been well acquainted with in my early boyhood, when the girl of fifteen was little more than an infant. They accompanied us to Norfolk, and our intercourse was consequently renewed, under other and more agreeable auspices.

"From that day, Mary was the pole-star of my hopes and fortunes. She was tall, and

somewhat precociously developed; and I loved her as truly as if we had both been thirty. I will not trouble you, however, with the history of my courtship, or its consequences, further than to say that we were married the same week that I received my commission as a lieutenant.

"The marriage ceremony was performed in the morning, and we were to start upon a wedding tour immediately after breakfast. While we were sitting at the table, a great, clumsy envelope, with a great, clumsy seal, was laid beside my plate. I ought to have received it the night before, but had been accidentally prevented.

"To have such an ill-omened looking official document thrust under my nose at such a time, was not pleasant; but I had just returned from a long cruise, had secured a long leave of absence, and was troubled with no apprehensions about my being ordered off, on active duty, for a good long time to come. There was nothing else I could possibly have to dread, and I therefore opened the official missive with entire equanimity.

"Mary was looking over my shoulder, and I had hardly had time myself to gather the meaning of the words, when she fell heavily against me, in a deathlike swoon. Poor Mary! It was her first grief! And to be widowed, as it were, upon the very morning of her wedding day, was no small sorrow for a young and loving bride—and Mary was young, and loving too, to the very utmost capability of the female heart.

"The official envelope contained an order to start forthwith for New York, and report myself with all possible expedition at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A clap of thunder in a cloudless sky could not have been more unexpected than such an order. It was one of those hateful accidents common to the life of every man who lives and moves only at the pleasure of an official superior. There was nothing for it but to submit with the best grace possible.

"An expedition was on the eve of starting for the Malaysian seas, on a cruise against the well-known pirates who infest that quarter of the ocean. They were only waiting for me, and were to get under way as soon as ever I joined.

"I was to go out as interpreter to the expedition. The person originally appointed to that office had met with a serious accident, making it necessary for him to have a limb amputated, and his services, therefore, were out of the question. As ill luck would have it, I was the only other person known to the department who was sufficiently well acquainted with the Malay dialects, to supply the place of the man who had been injured. It was anything but a pleasant reflection that the very knowledge which I had striven

so hard to gain, and which I had hoped to make conducive to my happiness and respectability in my profession, should thus become a poison and a blight upon the dearest of my hopes. But regrets and lamentations were worse than useless. The thing must be, and I was resolved to bear it with equanimity, if not with cheerfulness.

"Poor Mary, for my sake, tried to control her grief; but nature would burst through all artificial barriers, and I left her drowned in tears, and looking the very image of despair. Under the circumstances, I could venture upon no more delay than was absolutely indispensable. In less than two hours after breakfast, therefore, I was upon the road, and before another morning I was tossing on the waves of the Atlantic.

"Somewhere in the labyrinth of islands which studs the Gilolo Pass, there was at that time supposed to exist a band of notorious pirates. Our little squadron cruised among these islands for several weeks; but the extreme shallowness of the water where the outlaws took refuge, rendered all our efforts abortive. After wasting a good deal of time in this way, we eventually procured from Batavia, in Java, a small schooner, of light draught, and a number of small, light boats, for the purpose of navigating the shallow seas and passages among the islands. I was placed aboard of this schooner, and had command of one of the light boats.

"One morning, at dawn of day, we saw a suspicious-looking boat, lying in the shallows, at no great distance from the schooner. There were only about half a dozen men in this boat, and they seemed to have been caught napping in their present position, so close to our vessel. I was immediately despatched, with my boat and eight men besides myself, to capture her; and at the same time another boat, with a like number of men, in charge of a junior officer, was sent to cut off her retreat and prevent her escape out the other side. This was the first opportunity any of us had had of coming in contact with the pirates, and we started off in high spirits.

"The pirates, if such they were, seemed singularly inactive—so much so, indeed, that I was at one time half inclined to think that there must be something more than met the eye in this unvarying apathy. Once, indeed, I ordered the men to rest on their oars for a time; but as I could see nothing to be afraid of, I soon began to be ashamed of my hesitation, and bade my crew give way with a will.

"Our prey offered no resistance whatever, and we quietly took possession of their craft; but we had hardly had time to congratulate one another

upon our bloodless victory, when twenty or thirty half-naked fiends made their appearance, as if by magic, and overpowered, bound and gagged us, in the twinkling of an eye, and then forced us to lie down in the bottom of their boat, while our own was bilged and sunk, instantaneously. The wily scoundrels had been concealed in the water, alongside of the boat, where it was just deep enough to allow them to stand upright on the bottom and keep their noses in the air. Never dreaming of such an ambush, we had not noticed them, and were wholly unconscious of their existence until we saw them in the boat, by our sides, with their murderous cresces at our throats.

"The whole affair was but the work of a moment, and we were secured and out of sight, and the imps of darkness back in the water again, long before our other boat had doubled the headland which had effectually concealed them from us, and us from them. As soon as they came round the point, they looked about for our boat, and seeing nothing of it, concluded that it had not yet come up, but was still concealed behind some one of the numerous capes and projections of land in which the island by which we lay abounded. Flushed with the idea of gaining an easy victory, and accomplishing it, too, before we could come up to share it, our shipmates dashed forward—to fall into the very same trap that had been so ingeniously set for us!

"Never had the catching of a Tartar, or the biting of a biter been more aptly exemplified. Eighteen of us—men and officers—were lying, tied hand and foot, in the bottom of the boat; while more than two dozen vigorous arms, with as many oars, were rapidly bearing us off, we knew not whither or wherefore.

"It was the extreme suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack, which had rendered it so successful. Before we had time to do anything, or even think anything, we found ourselves most effectually placed *hors du combat*. The schooner to which our boats belonged, was not in sight of the scene of the skirmish, and we were soon placed far beyond her reach. As we were entering a narrow inlet, between two marshy islands, our captors halted a moment, while one of their number waded ashore and planted a pirate's flag, with a horrid device painted thereon, which was surmounted by my cap, placed on the top of the flag-staff.

"Our friends in the schooner were of course greatly surprised, when they found that we did not return, and still more astonished and grieved, when they discovered the flag-staff, with its heathenish symbols, and my cap surmounting

them. Diligent search was made for us, for a week or more; but no trace could be found either of us or our captors. The natural conclusion was that we were no longer in the land of the living; and we were universally regarded as slaughtered victims of the blood-thirsty Malays.

"We were still living, but it must be confessed with very slender expectations of the enjoyment of whole necks for any length of time. We were hurried off, with great rapidity, through a labyrinth of low islands, lagoons, shoals and marshes, where no navigator in the world could have followed us, unless long familiarity with the intricacies of the passage had thoroughly engraved them on his memory. This tangled mass of inlets, passages, channels, etc., constituted a perfect Dædalian maze, in which strangers must necessarily be lost, or at all events obliged to concentrate all their energies upon the effort to escape with their vessel and their lives.

"After many hours spent in threading these devious windings, we at last came to a small island, not marshy, like all the others we had seen, but perfectly solid, and fertile and beautiful in the extreme. Many hundreds of square miles of an ambiguous mixture of land and water lie around this fairy isle, and cut it off from the rest of the world as effectually as if it were surrounded by a triple wall of adamant. And this secluded retreat, upon which nature has lavished beauties which might have graced a garden of the golden age, is solely known to, and inhabited by, a horde of pirates.

"Having been conveyed to this island, we were lodged in a long, low building, built of bamboo, and guarded by the men who captured us, in connection with ten or a dozen others, whom we found in possession of the place. They were divided into three squads, who kept watch over us in turn. Their watch was not a very strict one, however. In fact, it was little more than a nominal imprisonment, since for a stranger to escape from the island, watched or unwatched, was a manifest impossibility.

"What they meant to do with us, we never learned. I gathered from their conversation, in five or six languages, that their captain was expected before long, and that he was to bring with him some workmen, who were to erect a number of new buildings. It is probable that our fate was not to be decided till the arrival of the head man, and it is not unlikely that their design was to make slaves of us, and employ us about these new buildings. There were already quite a number of houses, but most of them old and dilapidated. Most of these fellows were Malays, but there were other Asiatics among them, and

a number of Europeans. They gave us enough to eat, and did not treat me very cruelly—though it was extremely annoying to be subject to the will and caprice of these minions of Beelzebub.

"It would make my story inconveniently long, if I were to attempt anything like a description of the island. I have never seen so much beauty in so small a compass anywhere else. Nor was it all natural beauty, either. A depot of piracy, perhaps for a century, there had been collected here multitudes of things rich and rare—too rich and rare, perhaps, to be disposed of in any market accessible to these outcasts of humanity. The little island, in fact, was a perfect museum of costly and magnificent articles, of all imaginable descriptions. Nor were beautiful women wanting to complete this fair collection of things.

"As I have stated, there were in all eighteen prisoners, two of them being officers, of whom I was the senior. The other was a passed midshipman, a very fine young man, who, like myself, was terribly mortified at having led his command into such a villanous man-trap.

"One night, I was waked out of a profound sleep by some one griping my shoulder. Looking up, I was much surprised to see one of the pirates bending over me, and putting his forefinger upon his lips, by way of enjoining silence.

"'Lie still!' whispered he, in perfectly good English. 'I will lie down, also, with my mouth close to your ear.' He did so, and then said: 'I am an American, like yourself, and a member of this gang of miscreants only on compulsion. I have professed to conform to all their ways and usages, and have so far prevented suspicion, as to be allowed to go and come freely like the rest. To-morrow they are to have a great feast, in honor of an important capture made by their captain, of which they have just received the news. Most of them will be thoroughly intoxicated on the occasion, and all of them will be drunk enough to sleep very soundly. Now, I will provide ropes and gags, and when I give the signal, by a low whistle, let all your men be prepared to use them. We will have to secure the women, as well as the men; but we can easily do it without hurting them. We will then seize the boats, and I will guide you through the passage to the open sea.' Having said this, the speaker glided away as noiselessly as he had come.

"Though it seemed to me to be news almost too good to be true, I communicated what I had heard to the rest, and we all held ourselves in readiness. As my informant had predicted, our guards, including both sentinels and women, were as drunk as they well could be, long before midnight. I had not seen the man who had spoken

to me, nor had I been able to recognize him by day; we were all, therefore, in the extremity of doubt whether he could be depended on or not.

"As the night wore on, we began to tremble with mingled apprehension and excitement. The suspense was becoming intolerable. Fortunately, we had not much longer to wait. At twelve, precisely, the promised signal was given.

"Trusting implicitly in the strength of their position, the pirates had taken no precaution whatever against surprise, and with the means provided by our friend, we bound, and gagged them, too, without the least difficulty. There were sentinels in the boats, but they were just as drunk as the others, and were secured with the same facility. The women were secured, and left lying on some straw, in one of the lumber-rooms in the main building. Fortunately for us, our piratical friend had made it his special business, for years, to familiarize himself with all the intricacies of the one, sole, tortuous passage, by means of which egress might be obtained to the world without. He told us that he had never relinquished the hope of eventually making his escape, and had consequently, for years, directed all his energies to this one point.

"Just as we were about to start, an alarm was given by a pirate who had been in some way overlooked. Thus far, we had taken no lives, nor had we even hurt any one seriously; but we found it impossible to capture this man without great delay, and as it would never do to allow him to liberate the others, we were compelled to shoot him. He was killed by a rifle-shot, in the moonlight, and at a great distance.

"We could make but very little headway through the winding passage by night; but when daylight came, we advanced with considerable rapidity, and gained the open sea before twelve o'clock, M. As soon as we reached blue water, we began to lay our course for the Dutch settlement of Timor; but on the morning of the second day, we fell in with an English brig, which picked us up and carried us into Manilla, in the island of Luzon, whence we eventually found our way to the squadron, one of the vessels having shortly afterwards touched there.

"As the man who had piloted us out could of course pilot us back again, we were all buoyant with the hope of returning with a strong party, and breaking up the 'depot,' if we did not also capture most of the gang. But this hope was frustrated by the unaccountable disappearance of the person who alone could secure its fruition. On the morning of our re-embarkation, at Manilla, he was nowhere to be found, and, as far as I know, was never afterwards heard of.

He had probably reasons of his own for not wishing to return to the pirates' island, but what they were, we could only conjecture. He did us a great service, and I will not hazard a remark that might in any way result to his disadvantage.

"In the meantime, I was beginning to feel very anxious to hear from home and Mary. I had had but two letters since we sailed, and had had opportunities for sending but two. A store-ship attached to the squadron had left for the United States almost immediately after my capture and supposed murder, and had of course a doleful story to tell at home. The agonies which I knew must be rending the heart of my bride of an hour, were a source of great distress to me; and my anticipations of the probable consequences upon Mary's delicate nervous organization, were of the very gloomiest and most depressing character. You can conceive, then, how gladly I welcomed the news that we were to abandon all further efforts, for the present, and return at once to the United States. The pirates had been much crippled, and many of them had been killed or taken; but the captain was still at large, and the main depot still untouched, and remains untouched and unknown, I believe, to this present moment.

"We had a short and prosperous home-passage. Immediately after landing, I despatched a letter to my wife, and followed it in person, as soon as I could obtain permission to leave the ship. My heart was a battle-field, in which hope and fear incessantly strove for the mastery. The joyful meeting which imagination pictured in the rapidly approaching future, would at one moment fill my soul with rapture; and the next instant, I would tremble from head to foot with vague terrors conjured up by the dread of what might have happened during that long interval of silence.

"Darkness had succeeded twilight, and the rising moon was illuminating the east, as I landed from the steamboat, within less than a mile of my own house, which was on the shore of the Chesapeake. It was a lonely place, with no other building within three-quarters of a mile, except an old Catholic church and cemetery, among the very oldest in the United States, directly past which led the nearest way to my dwelling-house. In spite of my eagerness to reach home, I could not refrain from making a solemn, anxious pause, at one corner of the grave-yard. It was a sad, sweet spot—a scene of quiet, I might say mournful beauty, with its winding brooklet, and its willows drooping to the water's edge, and shutting out all but a few scattered rays of the bright summer moonlight,

flecking the stream here and there with gleams of molten silver.

"My Mary, for one of her age, was of a remarkably pensive disposition, and this had been a favorite spot with her. A day or two before our marriage, we had wandered hither, and, at her earnest solicitation, had made a solemn compact to be buried here, side by side, I leaned my elbow on the grave-yard wall, and thought, with a long-drawn sigh, what a fit resting-place it would be for a virgin wife, for one so pure and good, so lovely, and so loved, as she. I gazed more intently at the spot we had chosen, beneath the largest of the willows, and there—gracious heaven! could it be?—there, dimly but distinctly visible, was a *new-made grave*!

"I dashed my hand hurriedly across my brow, and looked again. Something moved beneath the willow. It was a figure of human proportions, robed in white. It glided slowly forward, till the moonbeams fell full upon its front, and revealed to my astonished gaze the form and features of my beloved wife, as I had seen them last in life, save that they were slightly attenuated, and pale and rigid as monumental marble, and that they were enveloped in a shroud—yea, in the very mantle of the dead—the snow-white garment of the grave! There could be no mistake. My eyes were glued upon the awful vision, the moon shone brightly upon it, and I could see the form and fashion of the grave-clothes as distinctly as if they were in my hand.

"With straining eyeballs, I gazed still more intently in her face. Her eyes were fixed full upon mine as she passed, with a stony glare, devoid of 'speculation,' and with my own eyeballs now almost starting from their sockets, I still followed her as she moved, and gazed and gazed upon the sight that blasted me. I noted her form, her size, her walk, her features, one by one, and especially the horrid charnel-house robe, which seemed a more corpse-like, positive, ghostly reality than all the rest. Once or twice I strove to address the apparition, but my tongue refused to move, and mute and motionless with horror, I continued to gaze upon it till it glided slowly away, and I saw it no more.

"No tongue ever placed in human head could give you even the faintest idea of the terror, the torture, the horror, the despair crowded into those few moments of existence. I sank upon the ground, and lay for some time writhing there, in speechless agony. Eventually I roused myself, arose, and slowly dragged my limbs along until I reached my own front gate. As I opened it, a sylphlike female figure ran swiftly down the gravel walk, and the next moment, Mary, alive

and well, palpitating with love and joy, rushed into my arms!

"Like a large proportion of the inhabitants of the region in which she lived, my wife was a Roman Catholic—a devout and somewhat fanciful believer in the precepts and practices of holy mother church. When she received the news of my capture and supposed murder by the pirates, she did not at once give way to despair, as I feared she would do. Though terribly shaken by the blow, hope never quite deserted her, and in the depth of her affliction, she made a solemn vow to God that, if her husband's life should be preserved, she would perform certain acts of penance, in accordance with the rules and customs of the ancient church to which she belonged. Some of these self-inflicted mortifications of the flesh were very severe, but there could hardly have been any of them more appalling to most delicate females than the vow which she made to spend half an hour, for seven successive nights, in a lonely grave-yard, by a new-made grave, destined for herself, and clothed in all the habiliments of the tomb.

"And yet, in all sincerity, and in the earnest belief that she was doing her duty, this more than ordinarily timid girl fulfilled the conditions of her penance, to the very letter; and it was during its performance, that I happened to observe her. She saw me before I noticed her, but the terms of her vow did not permit her to be diverted from the solemn act in which she was engaged, even for a single instant. And no greater proof could be given of the sincerity and earnestness of her devotional purpose, than the fact of her passing me by, under the circumstances, without one token of recognition.

"Her youth, temperament and character, being taken into consideration, it may be said that the task was one requiring almost superhuman powers to accomplish it; and to the unnatural self-control, which she was then forcing herself to exercise, I attribute the strange, unnatural, stony gaze, which, more than anything except the shroud itself, tended to deceive and to unman me.

"The joy of that meeting, and the happiness which succeeded it, were such as few ever realize, this side of the grave. But joys most exquisite are always fleetest, and rarest flowers, alas! are the soonest to decay. My flower was such a one, and could not long be spared to me. In less than two short years, it bloomed in the garden of heaven, and I was left the lonely, melancholy man you see before you."

The pale stranger bowed his head upon his hand, and the rest of us passed quietly out and retired to our respective chambers.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TOKEN.

BY H. T. ELINGTON.

Take back this pledge I now return,  
 Though its petals withered be;  
 There's scorn enough within them yet  
 For a legion such as thee.  
 My little box is a sacred shrine,  
 With its treasures from the true;  
 And when I saw this rosebud there,  
 My memory dwelt on you.

But like the summer hours that fly,  
 In the sunshine and the rain,  
 We give no thought to their passing fate,  
 For they soon return again.  
 So will thy love—though I care not now  
 For its hollow and vain deceit;  
 But I throw its only token left,  
 With a smile, at your dainty feet.

The kiss that sealed the broken vow  
 With its fond, but false caress,  
 I would return, but I cannot give  
 What I do not now possess.  
 I did not prize the feathers worn  
 In the cap of each favorite bean:  
 So I lost them all, and I know not where,  
 Or I'd send them to thee now.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A SELF-MADE MAN:

—OR,—

## Three Epochs in a Naval Hero's Life.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCOCK.

"DOOMED! Yes, that's the term. Doomed to a life of miserable drudgery—to waste my youth, manhood and prime within these four dingy walls from which even the sunlight of heaven is excluded. And for what? Paltry gold, which can purchase neither health nor happiness. Faugh!" And the speaker, a bright-eyed, dark-haired youth, closed a ledger, over which he had been poring, and leaping from his office stool, assumed a chair before the grate, and dropping his chin on his breast, fell into a deep reverie.

Walter Hadleigh was the only son of a rich man, whose fame as a merchant had spread whithersoever ships bearing the flag of our young republic were wont to wing their way. The firm of Hadleigh & Son had been in existence over a century, being conducted by father and son for four generations, until the opening of our tale, when for the first time the sudden death of the senior partner had placed it under the control of a single individual—the parent of Walter—the

latter being still too young to appear as a partner. He was destined, however, to tread the beaten path of mercantile life, and to this end had received the rudiments of a mercantile education, which his father now sought to complete, placing him under the tuition of his confidential clerk, and assigning him the desk of junior clerk in the counting-room.

But the career of a merchant possessed but few charms for Walter. He panted for glory, such as had been acquired by the favorite and fortunate officers of the youthful republic in the momentous struggle for independence. But he dared not make those aspirations known to any save his mother, and she, aware how vain would be any attempt to win for them her husband's favor, guarded the secret as her own, trusting to time, and more mature reflection on the part of her boy, for that change in his sentiments which was necessary to his happiness, in the life marked out for him by his father.

In the midst of his reverie the counting-room door was pushed open, and his father entered, when perceiving the listless attitude of the boy, he exclaimed:

"What, idling again, Walter?"

The youth started, and coloring to the temples as he encountered his father's stern glance, replied:

"I was thinking, sir."

"Of what? Nothing relative to your business, I'll warrant."

"Father," and the youth's lips quivered, while his eye sought the floor as in a wavering tone he continued, "I was thinking how rapidly my youth was going to waste, and how unhappy my manhood would prove, if spent in a profession for which I have neither taste nor tact."

"Walter—what do you mean, boy?—taste nor tact for this profession! Am I to understand you dislike the life of a merchant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Zounds! you amaze me. You must learn to conquer this repugnance. Don't want to be a merchant! Why, boy, what are you thinking of? You must be a merchant—the honor of the oldest house in America demands it—you must succeed me in the firm, and your son, and his son and son's son, must be my successors."

"'Twill be one life needlessly wasted, father. As a merchant, I cannot succeed, and ruin would be the result of any attempt on my part to uphold the honor of the firm. Yes, sir, ruin!"

"What, ruin, failure! the name and paper of Hadleigh & Son dishonored? Never! God forgive you, Walter, for the thought. The house has stood unshaken, amid the wreck and ruin of

three commercial crashes which shook the mercantile world to its foundation."

"Because those who stood at the helm were equal to the task of guiding their bark in safety through the whirlwinds of adversity."

"Right, boy, right."

"But such am not I. No, father, I can never be a merchant."

"Eh, what's that?"

"I can never be a merchant."

"Why, Walter, do you know that such resolution threatens the existence of the firm? Yes boy, the existence of Hadleigh & Son. You are mad."

"Nay, father, I am sane, and though young, have scanned the future closely. Would to Heaven I could mould my wishes in conformity with your desires; I have striven, but in vain."

"May I ask to what you aspire?"

"To glory, father; glory such as encircles the names of Washington, Lafayette, Paul Jones, and the gallant officers of our navy."

"Ah, you would emulate their examples on the field or deck? But, my poor, foolish boy, we are at peace."

"Yes, a hollow, deceptive peace. The clarion notes of war will resound ere long throughout our land, foreshadowing a struggle, as bloody, if not as protracted, as that which covered those heroes I have mentioned with immortal glory."

"Walter, you have studied too deeply matters which concern you not. Your brain is diseased, and you need rest."

"No, father—pardon me, but my brain is sound—I am well, but unhappy."

"What profession do you choose, boy?"

"The sea."

"The sea! Did I hear you aright—you would be a sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never! No, boy, I had rather see you dead. Enough—return to your desk, and henceforth beware how you indulge in such childish fancies."

"But, fath—"

"No replies, sir. You heard my order—obey them. And mark me, from the hour in which you suffer this foolish caprice to betray you into a disregard of my desires for your future, from that hour you are no son of mine. Another shall take the name, enjoy the wealth, and succeed me in the business for which you have neither taste nor tact."

A crystal tear, which dropped from the eye of the boy on the cover of the ledger as he re-opened it, was his only response to the cruel threat above recorded, while his parent retired from the counting-room, vainly endeavoring to smother his an-

ger, leaving the former to await the return of his fellow-clerks. That evening he laid his pen on the rack for the last time. He had decided, and ere morning had bidden adieu to home.

He experienced but little difficulty in obtaining a berth, and ere forty-eight hours had elapsed he was afloat, boy before the mast in a European trader, and under the command of one of Neptune's hardiest sons; one who had never experienced the comforts of a landsman's home, whose heart had never thrilled with delight at a tender wife's joyous welcome, and whose leisure hours were never rendered less dear by the childish prattle of his children.

Such was the man under whom Walter Hadleigh was to commence that career which he was resolved should be glorious ere it terminated. Nor were the mates more tender-hearted; brave, hardy, just and generous, they had but few emotions or weaknesses in common with their brethren of the land, and thus our young adventurer found himself thrown entirely on his own resources, and missed sadly that care and tenderness in which he had been enshrouded life-long by a mother's love.

'Twas his first night at sea, and he was paying a landsman's tribute to the ocean, when the watch to which he belonged was called to relieve the deck. He ventured to remain below, believing his sickness would exempt him from duty. Vain hope.

"Where's that landlubber?" he heard the mate demand, when a watch-mate promptly replied:

"Sick, sir; he aint turned out."

"Sick, is he?" And a minute later the growling officer stood by his berthside. "So you're sick, eh?"

"Yes—ug-h—sir, I'm—ug-h—very sick—ug-h!"

"That wont do, youngster; come, bear a hand out o' this."

"I can't—ug-h—get up—ug-h—sir."

"Can't, eh? You're skulking, you soger. But I'll help you, so come along." And the rough seaman raised him in his arms as he spoke, and placing him on deck, led him from the fore-castle.

Then commenced his career in reality, and he doubtless asked himself for what had he deserted home and friends? To be subjected to indignities such as he had never dreamed of? To hear epithet on epithet—too vile to be repeated—heaped upon himself? To meet abuse—and lastly to writhe beneath the rope's end—and why? Because when weak with illness and racked with pain he hesitated to ascend to the main royal yard, a feat he could scarce perform when well,



even in smooth water and with steady nerves.— Yet such was the old seaman's remedy, and he persisted in applying it until the sick youth declared himself cured, proving the fact by the manner in which he performed the task apparently so impossible but a few brief hours previous. Yes, he had taken his first lesson, and learned that to perseverance all things are possible.

Three years passed, three years charged with momentous events. A change, as swift as Arabian simoon, and as startling as rapid, had swept over the American Republic. Throughout the land all was confusion, preparation and panic. And why? Because a party of hot-headed, inexperienced, stubborn patriots had hurled the gauntlet at Britain's feet, and bid her prepare for war. So said a majority of the elders, who would have tamely submitted to the stinging insults of the sea-girt empire, rather than peril their dear-bought independence, in a struggle to protect the rights and immunities of their citizens.

The house of Hadleigh & Son was still in existence, but its principal was absent in India for the purpose of winding up his affairs there, previous to the commencement of hostilities. Of his absent boy he knew nothing, and had heard nothing; and though he seldom mentioned him, prior to sailing for India, his letters to his wife from that distant land betrayed the fact that he had undertaken the journey thither, with a secret hope that he might obtain some trace of the wanderer. But from the last received from him, his wife had learned that he was on the eve of returning home, disappointed and despairing. Perhaps she also mourned her boy. What mother would not? Yet her grief was tempered, lightened by an assurance that be he where he might, he still remembered the home to which he was a stranger.

The clarion had sounded, and the war of 1812 had begun, when the Firefly Privateer, O'Brien master, sailed from New York to cruise the North and South Atlantic in quest of the foe. His vessel was a staunch clipper brigantine, mounting eight twelve pounders and a long eighteen, the latter a swivel, and carrying as a full complement one hundred and twenty men, and proving an extraordinary fast vessel, he captured everything he fell in with showing British bunting. The cruising ground he had chosen was in the neighborhood of St. Helena, and while on his passage thither he succeeded in making six prizes, which were manned and sent home, while the crew, highly elated with their success, evinced

the utmost impatience for a brush with the enemy on more equal terms.

They were just five weeks from port, when, as the day dawned, the lookout at the masthead reported a sail dead to leeward, and standing to the northward on an easy sail. On hearing the report, the mate, whom our readers will recognize presently, sprang into the rigging, and examined the stranger attentively for a few moments, when regaining the deck, he ordered the helm down, and tacking ship made all sail, when keeping away, shaped a course to cut her off. He then repaired to the cabin to report to his superior, whom he found on the point of visiting the deck, and with whom he returned thereto, where they found the men making preparation for action of their own accord, under the impression that the vessel in sight was one of the Royal East India Company's marine, or armed traders. And such Captain O'Brien pronounced her to be after a brief examination; when accosting his subordinate abruptly, he said:

"Now, Walter, you will have an opportunity to prove yourself." And after a momentary pause, during which a faint smile wreathed his features, he demanded, "Do you remember the first night you spent in the old ship Sophia?"

"I sha'n't forget it, sir, at least, not till I forget the remedy you applied for sea-sickness."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the commander, "you remember then, I came near giving you up as a gone case; but you did show the true grit at last. Yes, the true grit, boy. Some men would ha' babied you then, an' spoiled ye sartain; but I wanted to see what you were made of, and to that desire you owe your present rank, as first officer of the Firefly. Walter, I rope's-ended all the soft talk out of you that night, and it made a man of ye, for which I'm glad. I want a man to take my place on this quarter deck, before we've done with that fellow—a man that will fight till the last against any odds—and I know that I have that man in you."

"What do you mean, captain?" demanded Hadleigh, betraying some surprise at the strange manner of the former.

"What I say. But"—and the master's voice sank to a whisper as he continued—"I sha'n't see the last of this day, Walter. I feel it here; but I can go, confident that the stars and stripes will wave over my remains, so long as your arm can be raised in defence. Hist! not a word. There goes the stranger's bunting. Show our colors and beat to quarters." And turning away, Captain O'Brien took his glass from the becket, and levelling it at the stranger, scrutinized her closely.

The two vessels were closing fast; the Firefly going two knots to the ship's one, while the latter had evidently remained entirely ignorant of the true character of the brig until the American union was run up to her gaff, when she fired a gun to windward, and clueing up royals and top-gallant sails, hauled to with an evident disposition to bring matters to a crisis at once.

"In topmast and lower stunsail!" shouted Captain O'Brien, as he saw the ship's bows look up towards the brig. "Hand the royal and gaff-topsail." Adding to the gunner, "Try that long gun, Brett; we can heave them a pill at this distance."

"Ay, ay, sir, that we can," was the gunner's ready response, as he cast his eye along the piece in question, and the next instant the gun vomited forth a long jet of flame, followed by a deafening roar, when every eye was turned toward the stranger to note the effect of the shot.

"There goes his quarter galley, Ben!" exclaimed Captain O'Brien, as he witnessed the splinters fly in all directions from the starboard quarter of the Indianman. "Aim at his spars, now, and make your shot tell. Forward, there! take in the foretop-gallant sail. Haul the foresail up. Quarter gunners, balance reef the mainsail. If that fellow desires a closer acquaintance he must do the travelling. Are you ready with that gun, Brett?"

"In less'n a minute, sir," was the cheerful response. "So, steady; a trifle more for'ard, Jack. So, well—now my beauty," added the eager gunner, and the next instant his pet had vomited a second missile at the approaching foe.

"Hurrah, Ben, you've spoiled his foremast!" exclaimed Hadleigh, springing on one of the waist guns to observe the effects of the shot, adding, "Another like that and we'll have him bobbing up in the wind, old boy, when we can sweeten him to our heart's content."

"He shall have it, Master Hadleigh," exclaimed Ben Brett, with a broad grin, as he superintended the preparation of his pet for a third discharge, which being completed, he again cast his eye along the piece, and pulling the lock lanyard, leaped on the traverse-bed, bending an anxious gaze on the stranger.

Nearly a minute elapsed, and he was about to descend, believing he had missed, when the Indianman's weather fore-yard arm swung round, catching the head sails aback, and creating some confusion, at the same time obliging the latter to yaw broad off, when she fired her whole broadside, nearly all the shot falling astern of the Firefly, one only striking her on the quarter, where it shivered the rail, a splinter of which

was driven with such force into the captain's right eye, that it penetrated the brain, killing him on the spot.

"Try him again, Ben!" shouted Walter, as he witnessed the effects of the shot which had made him commander. "Let him have it, and then stand by the mortar. We must stop his barking or he'll sink us."

"Take that for the skipper," exclaimed the old gunner, as he fired his pet for the fourth time, when issuing a few brief directions regarding the next charge, he turned his attention to the mortar, in which a shell had been placed.

The old gunner after a few brief directions ordered the mortar to be discharged, but the shell fell far short of its object. A second attempt proved equally unsuccessful, the shell exploding in mid air, but the third was crowned with complete success; the shell falling on the enemy's deck and carrying death to a score of the bravest of their number.

In the meantime each vessel had delivered two broadsides, those of the brig proving the most effective. But the vessels being now within short range, Captain Hadleigh, dreading the effects of grape among his people, let fall his foresail, and putting his helm up kept away, resolved to lay the Indianman aboard, and decide the conflict hand to hand. He was running some risk in so doing; yet that risk he knew to be counterbalanced by the greater that he avoided, and to which he must be exposed, had he continued the action within grape-range. To his joy he observed three of the ship's midship guns silent when the ship fired her fourth broadside, to which old Ben replied with the long gun, which he had trained with particular care, aiming at the disabled foremast, which now went over the side with all its hamper, dragging with it the maintopmast and mizzen-top-gallant mast.

The crew of the Firefly hailed this token of their success with a loud cheer, to which their no less gallant enemies replied, as they sprang to clear away the wreck of their spars, from which they were called by the order, "Repel boarders on the starboard bow," as the intent of the young commander became evident.

"Grape and cannister, Brett; fill to the muzzle, old boy, and clear a path for us over that forecattle!" exclaimed the former, as he stood between the brig's knight-heads, at the head of his boarders. "Give it them!"

He was obeyed, and almost at the same instant four of his gallant comrades were stricken down by a volley of musketry from the Indianman's forecattle, which he was prevented from return-

ing effectively, owing to the great height of her deck. On sped the little brig, rushing down on her gigantic foe, apparently courting destruction, yet advancing thereon steadily, as if resigned to meet her fate, while the latter, encumbered with the wreck to leeward, lay almost stationary, awaiting the crash. A second volley of small arms from the ship told with dire effect among the crew of the schooner, when Captain Hadleigh, bounding into the brig's fore-rigging, made a signal to his helmsman, who instantly put the wheel hard down, and clapping on the becket, grasped a musket, which he aimed and discharged point blank at the chief mate of the Indianman, who was apparently about to heave a lighted hand-grenade from her fore-rigging into the crowd of privateersmen. It took effect in his heart, and as he bounded from the rigging dead, the death-dealing missile fell in the midst of his own crew, and exploded, killing and wounding nearly half of the brave little band.

Simultaneous with the explosion the brig fell foul, and an instant later her crew were tumbling over the ship's bulwark, in twos and threes, without encountering the least resistance. The hand-grenade settled the question, the destruction it had scattered depriving them of courage to resist an enemy, twice or thrice their number; and retreating to the quarter-deck they threw down their arms, and lowered their ensign, in token of submission.

Yes, glory had dawned on the young adventurer. The foundation of his fame was laid, and thenceforth he had but to press onward to the goal. The prize proved immensely rich, in cargo and treasure, having made three prizes previously, one of which she had taken some two days previous, obtaining by the capture over two hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds, dust, ivory and specie, the property of an old merchant, who was in the ship as passenger.

All this treasure had been removed to the Berampore, enhancing her value as a prize, and rendering her safe carriage to port an object of much solicitude to her captors. Her last prize, too, being laden with silk and tea, was worth recapture, and with that end in view Captain Hadleigh repaired his damages as hurriedly as possible, and crowded sail in chase, which proved successful, when restoring her to her former commander, he shaped a course for home, resolved to act as convoy to his prize.

Peace was declared. Commerce, so long dormant under the devastating influence of war, was rapidly awaking, and among the first to extend their trade was the firm of Hadleigh & Son,

which at once re-opened communication with, and established agencies at all the principal points of trade in both hemispheres, launching as extensively into business as ever. Yet the head of that firm was alone in the management of that vast business. No son nor junior partner shared his laborious task. The former had never set foot in that counting-room since the memorable evening on which he avowed his repugnance to a merchant's life.

Yet amid all the bustle and excitement incident upon the revival of his business, Mr. Hadleigh found time to superintend the erection of a splendid mansion, which was destined to be the residence of that son whom he had threatened to disinherit, and when completed it was thrown open for the reception of guests, who assembled to welcome its tenant and his noble bride. But ere introducing the closing scene of our narrative, our readers will pardon a brief explanation, with a retrospective view of his career.

We left him in the act of guarding his rich prize to her new destination, where he found himself a rich man, and also discovered that he had proved the saviour of his father in the recapture of his ship and treasure. We will not pause to describe the meeting between father and son; suffice it, that the young man was received into favor gladly, and on his own terms, his father receiving his wealth in trust while he offered his services to Congress, which gladly accepted them, presenting him with a commander's commission.

To be yet a stripling as it were, and the holder of such rank, was of itself great honor; but ere a year had passed he had covered himself with glory, and won the highest rank in his profession, gaining additional fame in twenty actions with the enemy, to whom his name became at length synonymous of defeat. In France he met, wooed and won the daughter of one of its proudest nobles, who loving him for himself, became his bride, content to reign queen in the heart of her citizen husband, and preferring that throne and the homage paid her there, to the false though flattering homage of the court, in which she had shone the brightest star.

Then came the peace, that peace he had aided to win, when his country, having no longer need of the services she would gladly have retained, accorded him the furlough he demanded, when with his bride he turned his face homeward. Need we add, the welcome which awaited him was earnest and cheering? Of a surety, no. He had left his native city, a nameless youth; he now returned, the idolized hero of two score of glorious struggles, and as a hero that city wel-

comed him. In his new home his parents welcomed him, not as a hero, not as the idol of a multitude, but as a son of whom they were proud, receiving to their hearts and their embrace, as a treasure richer than the wealth of India, the gentle being who had woven her destiny with his.

I said his parents received him in his new home. Yes, and in that new home he was destined to experience the proudest moment of his life. The joy which thrilled his soul when he stood a victor on the deck of his first prize, or that greater still when his father folded him in his embrace, terming him his saviour, or the last ecstatic emotion which pervaded his being when the peerless and beautiful Marie laid her hand in his at the altar, all, all combined, did not equal the joy of that moment when his father, introducing him to his guests, laid his hand caressingly on his head, "To the world he may be a hero, to his country an idol; but to me he is still a son!" That moment was the grandest epoch of his life, and the turning point of his destiny. Those words, simple in themselves, yet fraught with so much meaning towards him, won him from his glorious career, and from his country's service.

In the history of our confederacy his record is bright, and will remain untarnished, while in our navy his career is still held up as an example worthy of emulation; but he is forgotten as a hero even by those amongst whom he dwells, and as he seldom reverts to the past, but few even of his most intimate friends identify in him aught save the plodding and prosperous principal of the time-honored firm of Hadleigh & Son, in which he will be succeeded in a few years by his son, the present junior partner, whose position will then be filled by *his son*, a youth of rich mental endowments, yet who is probably ignorant at this moment that his beloved grandfather was once a naval hero.

#### AN UNIQUE FAMILY.

Conversing with the proprietor of the "Happy Family," which stands on Waterloo Bridge, I was informed that this exhibition has been in his family upwards of thirty years, and that his mode of socializing the animals was simply by placing young ones in the cage in lieu of those who died. The magpie was the patriarch of the cage; he had had this bird five years hopping about and chattering. The next to the magpie was the starling; he had been in the cage two years. He left all the creatures in the cage together regularly every night—owls, rats, rabbits, jackdaws, dogs, etc.—but he was obliged always to take the monkey out, and put him in a different place; he was so very mischievous, and kept all the other animals awake, teasing them when they were asleep.—*Buckland.*

#### THE WONDERS OF THE GULF STREAM.

The general characteristic of the Gulf Stream, apart from any question as to its sources, is that of a vast and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, doubling the Southern Cape of Florida, pressing forward to the northeast, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern borders of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles; and finally losing itself, by still wider diffusion, in the Bay of Biscay on the British shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coast. Its identity in physical characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow,—the only change being that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates.

The maximum of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Bemini, which compresses its egress from the gulf, is about four miles an hour; off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of seventy-five miles, the velocity is reduced to three miles. On the parallel of the Newfoundland Banks it is further reduced to one and a half miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes a similar change. The highest observed is about eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Between Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still twenty-five or thirty degrees above that of the ocean through which it flows.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

#### PLAYING WITH WILD BEASTS.

A few weeks ago, a Miss Noble, while attempting to pat a tiger in a cage behind the scenes of the circus at Philadelphia, was shockingly mutilated by him. This is not the first accident of the kind which has happened upon the same spot. Several years ago, when a menagerie was located in this building, says the Bulletin, a huge elephant became enraged and he killed one man and injured others before he could be subdued. The fury of the animal was such that it was feared that he would tear down the building and make his way into the street where the consequences might have been frightful. So great was the alarm that a field-piece was brought to the front of the building in readiness to fire upon the animal in case of his escaping. Dr. E. K. Kane was among those who brought the elephant to terms finally.

#### A PERFECT WOMAN.

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warm, to comfort, and to command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel-light.—WORDSWORTH.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOST!

BY JAMES K. FITZROY.

I have wept for beauty perished,  
Though its wounds my heart has bled;  
I have mourned that idols cherished  
Should be numbered with the dead;  
Yet my tears and all my mournings  
Were for things forever fled!

I have prayed that days departed  
Might be summoned back again;  
I have waited, weary-hearted,  
For a glad surcease of pain;  
Yet my prayers and all my vigils  
Were, and ever must be, vain!

I have hoped that clouds might vanish;  
That the rain might soon be o'er;  
I have wished the sun might banish  
These black shadows from my door;  
Yet my hopes and all my wishes  
Shall be granted nevermore!

Hopings, yearnings, aspirations—  
Cherished children of my heart:  
Are ye shadowy, vain creations?  
Must ye come but to depart?  
Joy!—O, how thou quickly fadest!  
Life!—how sorrowful thou art!

[ORIGINAL.]

FROLIC UPON SKATES.

BY ATALANTA SKATER.

THE scene of the commencement of my story is the interior of a large Dutch kitchen. Before the window is a large wooden table, and at the table stands as comely a damsel as can be found in Holland. She is dressed in a short scarlet petticoat, which shows to advantage the lower part of a rounded limb, a prettily turned ankle, and a fat little foot encased in a serviceable blue stocking and a stout leather shoe. She wears a tight-fitting boddiece of black, which is laced in front over a scarlet stomacher. Above the low-cut corsage, and below the short sleeves, appear snowy ruffles. An outer skirt is looped up with careless grace over the scarlet petticoat. This is Greta Van Tromp. Her face is round and rosy, and there are bewitching little dimples in her cheeks and beautiful chin. Her nose is neither Grecian nor Roman, but like many of her country-women, short, straight, and slightly *retrousee*. Red, full lips, which, ever parting in a smile, disclose a regular row of brilliant teeth, little merry brown eyes and an abundance of soft, brown hair confined by a large, gold pin at the back of

her head, complete the picture. Greta is mixing bread with her little dimpled hands, and the roaring, crackling oven will soon be ready to receive it.

The day is cold and clear. After finishing her household labors, Greta prepares to go skating on the canal. She is accompanied by her cousin Katrina Becker, and her two brothers Nicholas and Oloff. The girls wear gay shawls wrapped warmly about them, and blue caps with gilt tassels. They are furnished with skates, the broad irons of which present a smooth, flat surface to the ice, and are turned up in front with a long, graceful curve. When they arrive at the canal, their eyes are greeted by an animated scene. Old and young, men, women and children, nobility and peasantry, all Holland is on skates this beautiful winter's day. Here a peasant girl shoots along, her bright, short petticoat flashing in the sunlight—on her head the most fragile of things, a basket of eggs. She is going to market, and skating is the swiftest and pleasantest mode of travelling. Now look again for her; she has vanished—but far away in the distance a black dot is rapidly disappearing. There gracefully glides a noble lady. She is clad in rich furs and carries a muff to keep her noble fingers warm. Her ladyship, though richly dressed, looked not half so pretty as our two heroines, Greta and Katrina, who are now quite ready to begin the afternoon's enjoyment; and as for skating, Greta and Kate are acknowledged to be the most skillful and graceful skaters within the circuit of many miles. Nicholas and Oloff, though fine skaters, do not pretend to compete with them.

Here comes a merry little urchin. He has neither furs nor overcoat. A little red cap is stuck jauntily on one side of his head. A short jacket of coarse cloth and leather breeches complete his costume. Greta challenges him to a race. He looks up at her out of the corner of his eye, nods, and off they start like arrow from the bow. Nicholas and Oloff have discovered two maidens, who, if they are not so skillful as Greta and Katrina, still keep excellent time and stroke, and besides they nod and smile, and the little gilded tassels on their caps swing so merrily that the boys think them charming partners.

Katrina starts—but I have not yet described her. She is a tall, slender maiden, with large, dark eyes shaded by a heavy fringe of black lashes. Her nose is long and straight, with delicately-arched nostrils. Her lips are thin, but with sharply-cut outlines, and of great mobility of expression. Her face is a classic oval, and her forehead high. Jet-black hair falls in silky waves

over her temples. Her hands and feet are long and slender, and her fingers delicately tapering. She is partly of Spanish extraction, and bears no resemblance to her rosy Dutch cousin.

As I said before, Kate starts. Slowly, gracefully, she moves on without apparent effort, her slight, elastic figure swaying with each gliding movement. Gradually she accelerates her speed, still with the same long, easy strokes. She soon meets Greta coming back, laughing and showing the dimples in her rosy cheeks. She has won the race, sadly to the discomfiture of the boy, who had raced with many and never before failed to be victorious. Greta is highly amused, and Kate joins heartily in her glee. As they are chatting and laughing, a stout old burgher comes skating towards them, smoking a long pipe with a very satisfied and contented expression on his rosy countenance. He takes the pipe from his mouth, and after hearing Greta's mirthful story, laughs until his rotund body fairly quivers in every part. His round face turns as red as Greta's petticoat, and his little blue eyes shoot out merry sparks from beneath his half-closed eyelids. Now he nods, resumes his pipe, and puff, puff, away he darts, leaving a long train of smoke behind him, like a locomotive puffing forth its long, fleecy pennon.

The girls are now exhilarated and excited by the exercise. Katrina shows it by darting off with lightning rapidity, but never losing her graceful, easy motion, now backward, now forward, and now in dizzy circles. Then she turns in short, quick curves, and disappears just as the admiring gazers who have stopped on their skates to watch her, discover written in graceful characters on the ice, her name—Katrina Becker.

Greta is as mischievous and frolicsome as a kitten. She plays many mad pranks on the youths of her acquaintance. Darting up to one, she snatches off his cap as he passes, holding it up in gleeful triumph, and casting roguish glances at the tall stripling in hot pursuit. Sometimes she takes off her own cap and substitutes the stolen one in its stead. And then, when her pursuer is ready to give up the chase in despair, suddenly wheeling, she passes so swiftly as almost to blind him. When he recovers his scattered senses, he finds his own cap on his head, and his fair tormentor rapidly disappearing, while her gay laugh still rings in his ears.

There is a young Englishman who displays much skill in the performance of a variety of difficult manoeuvres, and evidently considers himself the chief attraction to the spectators.

"Kate, Kate," cries Greta, "just look at the conceited monkey! I'll teach his English impu-

dence a lesson." And before Kate can remonstrate, the madcap has passed him leaving him bareheaded, and he has started in angry pursuit. John Bull is a fine skater, but so is Greta. On, on, they go for miles, Greta doing all the provoking things she can think of, and the young man growing more and more excited. He exclaimed to himself, "I'll catch that provokingly pretty Dutch wench, and I will obtain not only my cap, but a kiss besides for her mischievous pranks."

Three or four times he thinks he has her, but with a quick bend of her trim little figure, she shoots under his arm. All things must have an end, and the strap of Greta's skate suddenly breaking in two, she just saves herself from falling and breathless awaits her doom. The young man instantly overtakes her, throwing his arms around her and kissing her until she was overwhelmed with confusion and shame. Then, snatching the cap, he flies off with precipitate haste.

It is now growing dark. Katrina, Nicholas and Oloff soon joining her, they unstrap their skates and start for home. Kate and the two boys are in high spirits. Greta, not a little mortified by the unfortunate result of the frolic, is fully occupied in parrying the bantering remarks of her brothers.

The next day Greta went as usual to the canal, accompanied by her brother Oloff, and, as she half hoped and half feared, she met the young Englishman. Feeling rather shy after the occurrence of the previous day, she tried to avoid him. He appeared determined to prevent that, and she was surprised to find that he greeted her with a respectful bow. She dropped a short courtesy and turned instantly away, but could not prevent a merry twinkle of her eye as she darted off.

After she had skated the usual time, she called to her brother, who was coming towards her with rapid strokes, to return with her and help her take off her skates. As she was speaking, she noticed that Oloff was racing with the young Englishman. Oloff called out, "Yes—go to the bank, and in a few minutes I will join you."

Greta seated herself, awaiting her brother, and she soon saw him approaching, accompanied by the Englishman. They stopped before her, and Oloff said, in rough, boy fashion:

"Here, Greta, this is Mr. John Goodrich—he says he was rude to you yesterday, and wants to make an apology."

Greta blushed, and Mr. Goodrich said:—"I hope, vrowlien Greta, will excuse my rough behaviour yesterday. I was excited by the sport, which must be my apology."

Greta replied, with downcast eyes:—"I am sure you thought me very bold, but if that unfor-

fortunate strap had not broken, I should have returned the cap and escaped the punishment you thought proper to inflict upon me."

Greta was a bit of a coquette, and as she was repeating the latter part of her answer, the truant corners of her mouth belied the demeanor of her voice and manner.

"As a pledge that you have forgiven me," said Mr. Goodrich, "will you not join hands with me, and take a turn upon the ice before you take off your skates?"

Of course Greta could not refuse this pledge of amity, and all eyes were at once watching their graceful and rapid movements. It was now Oloff's turn to call Greta, and it must be confessed that she stopped with reluctance, when he told her that they must not stay any later. Of course Greta's partner took off her skates, and of course he would not permit her to carry them, so he could not help walking home with her. When they reached her home, Greta timidly asked him to walk in, and he promptly accepted the invitation. The vrow mother looked at him in astonishment, and Greta made some unintelligible explanation of the way she had made his acquaintance. He had no want of tact, and it was not difficult to put the good mother at her ease by talking of her children, a subject which he had found to be of endless interest to all affectionate mothers.

The entree once effected, Greta's new friend was not at a loss to find excuses for repeating his visits. He was in Holland on business, as agent for a large mercantile establishment in Liverpool. The time was approaching when he must return to England. He began to think that the society of the bewitching little Greta was essential to his happiness. The admiration that he at first felt towards her had changed to love, as he witnessed the thousand affectionate and endearing ways she manifested towards her parents and brothers. He found that her frolicsome pranks were but the exuberance of youthful spirits, and he was charmed by the sweetness of her temper, and the innocent frankness of her heart. Greta could not forget her first encounter with the young Englishman, and the sudden recollection of it always brought back her fits of shyness, so that Mr. Goodrich could not satisfy himself whether Greta really loved him.

One day they were on the ice together, and had skated on until they found themselves alone and miles away from home. John held her hands clasped in both of his. Suddenly he stopped and looked steadily in Greta's face and said:

"Greta, I am going home. Will you not give me something before I go?"

"O yes," replied she gaily. "But are you really going?" she added, with sudden gravity.

"Yes, and I will tell you what I want," he said, as he dropped one hand and took the other in both of his. "I want this little hand all for my own. Yes, dear little Greta, will you take the hand and heart of the rough Englishman and give him your own in exchange?" He paused and looked still more earnestly in Greta's face. A tear glistened in her eye, but a smile was on her rosy lip, and with her innocent, childish grace she raised her face to his, and said:

"You took the first without leave, and to punish me—now I give you the last of my own free will." He caught her in his arms and took not the last kiss, but many, many more. And thus terminated Greta's FROLIC UPON SKATES.

#### THE POISONOUS TREES OF PARIS.

Much excitement is said to have been produced in Paris by the announcement made in the name of several philosophers of renown, of the dangerous nature of the trees now being planted on the Boulevards. The belief is current that this tree is of the most poisonous nature, "being no other than the Tsichu of the Chinese, from which varnish is gathered, a single drop of which running from the tree causes the most venomous ulcers to arise—ulcers which are incurable, and end in the painful death of the victim." Of course, this is a groundless conceit; meanwhile, it is said to be amusing to witness the care with which the promenaders avoid either walking or sitting in the shade of these "arbres maudits," as they are already called.—*Lancet*.

#### A YANKEE STORY.

The Yankees, I am told, take advantage of the cannibal propensities in the rats. A clever Yankee being much troubled with rats, and being determined to get rid of them, tried every possible plan, but without success. At last he got a lot of rats and shut them in a cage; they devoured one another till only a single one was left. He then turned this one loose, who, excited with the blood of his fellow-rats, and having become a genuine cannibal, killed and ate all the wild rats he could find on the premises. [A good Yankee story.]—*Buckland*.

THE WORLD'S OPINION NOT TO BE DESPISED.—I like not those that disdain what the world says of them. I shall suspect that woman's modesty that values not to be accounted modest. While I am innocent, injurious rumors shall the less torment me; but he that is careful of his health will not only avoid infected places, but fortify himself by preventing antidotes; and will not be abstemious only at a feast, but in his private diet.—*Belden*.

#### TEARS.

Raise it to heaven when thine eye fills with tears,  
For only in a watery sky appears  
The bow of light; and from the invisible skies  
Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping eyes.  
FRANCIS ANN KEMBLE.

{ORIGINAL.}

## THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

BY SYBIL PARK.

I have wandered through the meadows  
 When the clover white and red,  
 With the buttercups and daisies,  
 Such a rare mosaic spread;  
 And no costly Indian fabric,  
 Wrought in some far Eastern loom,  
 Ever wore such brilliant splendor  
 As these hollows, rich with bloom.

I have wandered through the meadows  
 When the midnight stars looked down,  
 And the purple hills were hidden  
 By the shadows still and brown;  
 When the low-voiced Susquehanna,  
 All the lonely, starry night,  
 Murmured sweetly, as if singing  
 To the blossoms and the light.

I have wandered through the meadows,  
 My young heart as blithe and gay  
 As the shining mist which floated  
 O'er the hilltops far away;  
 I have tarried—idly tarried,  
 For the summer days were long,  
 Till my soul grew mute with gladness,  
 As the fragrant air with song.

I have wandered through the meadows  
 Underneath a leaden sky,  
 When my heart hath vainly murmured  
 Such a yearning wish to die;  
 For the added years have borrowed  
 Pages of sad mystic lore,  
 That were never near to haunt me  
 In the sunny days of yore.

I shall wander through the meadows  
 Of one valley evermore,  
 Till my soul hath caught the music  
 Wafted from another shore;  
 Where the silver waves are breaking  
 Softly on the golden sand,  
 And eternal summer reigneth  
 Full of beauty o'er the land.

{ORIGINAL.}

## HOPE CLIFTON, THE QUAKER.

## AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY REV. WILLARD CHASE.

THE morning sun had not yet risen. The mists still lay upon the three hills, and the fog rested yet upon the waters of Boston harbor, hiding all its beautiful islands from view. As it gently began to clear away, the white sails of a ship were seen quite near the land; and just as the sun began to gild the hill-tops, she lay at anchor, her sails down and her deck thronged with busy sailors, who were getting out boats, in

order that the eager passengers might come on shore.

It was the 11th of June, 1655. The ship proved to be the *Swallow*, from England, but last from Barbadoes. She was a Boston vessel, and commanded by Captain Simon Kempthorn, of Charlestown. There were English passengers on board, and some of them were impatient to be the first in the boats. There were glad and joyful meetings on the wharf; parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters. Amid the happy tears and animated exclamations of delight, two of the passengers, who had lingered on board until the boat returned for the last time, were unnoticed. No one awaited their arrival; and no demonstration was made when they took their quiet station on the wharf.

They were two young girls, their pure and unsullied complexions denoting, even after a sea voyage from a West Indian clime, the remarkable qualities of a beauty that the sun and wind could not spoil. They were dressed in the Quaker garb; and their garments were of a delicacy and purity that denied all contact with the sea stains so plentiful in the dresses of the other passengers. The pale drab silks were spotless and immaculate, the white lawn handkerchiefs were folded smoothly over the bosom, and the quaint, flat bonnets deeply shaded the beautiful faces.

There they stood—one no asking them if they needed help or protection, until the captain's son, a bright, handsome youth, who had stepped ashore to see his mother and little brother, as they came down to the wharf in a carriage, returned to see what had become of the two unattended Quaker girls. All the voyage, they had been a wonder and an admiration to the young sailor. Never had he before encountered such beauty and such simplicity combined; and Abel Kempthorn thought he should never be able to stand the sight of gay and flaunting colors in a lady's garments again.

All his attentions on the voyage had been devoted to the two, in preference to other passengers; and in the quiet evening watches, he delighted in finding them on deck—gazing at the stars, or watching the white track left by the ship beneath the moonlight. Shy and timid as they were, they seemed perfectly at ease with Abel, while they shrunk painfully from being noticed by others. And during the long voyage from England, and the tedious stay at Barbadoes, none but the captain and his son had been addressed by the soft voices which made “thee” and “thou” seem the most delightful words in the language.

But notwithstanding that the young sailor



made no difference in his manner towards them, there was still a decided preference of one over the other. While he revered Mary Fisher, he positively loved Hope Clifton. From the moment when he saw the two delicate Quaker girls step into his father's vessel (of which, by the way, he was chief mate), his heart went out to the younger with a love as ardent as it was hopeless. For that she—a creature so etherealized, so free from the taint of common mortals, so apparently fit for the society only of angels—should ever return the love of a blunt sailor like himself, was almost beyond belief. Such small service, therefore, as he could render to this angelic being, he would be proud and most happy to show. But, in her presence, he felt that he must utter no word of that spontaneous affection that would have flowed out into words to an ordinary mortal.

Partly, the young man had divined the mission of Mary Fisher to the shores of America. He had no doubt that it was to spread the tenets of her peculiar faith. No other object could have brought an unprotected girl to an unknown country presenting no inducement to travellers of her sex, and boasting, as yet, of no beauty save that of grand natural scenery.

Of Hope Clifton's object, he was not quite so sure. She evidently loved and revered Mary Fisher, and he sometimes thought that Hope might be under some great obligation to her, that she clung so closely to her. Beautiful, indeed, was the love which the two girls manifested for each other. Without an iota of *expressed* affection—without the fond clinging of twining arms and caressing lips—one might see that the love was as beautiful, as sincere and as tender, as that which breaks out into words and kisses.

As they stood there together, Abel Kempthorn hastened back, fresh from his mother's welcome. With a perception born of his love, he had been all along convinced that the Quakers had no friends awaiting them—no place to go to in the strange town they were entering; and he had whispered in his mother's ears an earnest request that she would allow him to take them home.

The glad wife and mother, with all her happiness flowing in upon her soul at the return of her beloved ones, could not refuse her son's first request—although, if truth must be told, she would rather have granted any favor than to admit strangers while overflowing with joy at the presence of her husband and son. But Abel had always been a privileged child, and she would not contradict him now; and she alighted from the carriage and followed her son, enforcing his invitation and urging them to ride home with

her. Captain Kempthorn had already invited them; so it was decided at once.

Mrs. Kempthorn was a kind and motherly woman, and the friendless girls at first attracted her strongest sympathy. She soon found, however, that Mary Fisher had a spirit that could sustain itself alone. She had come as a missionary, and her missionary spirit feared neither hardships, privations, nor enemies. She brought out the books of her faith, and distributed them broadcast in the town of Boston, to which her steps were every morning directed.

Mary resolutely refused to stay with the Kempthorns, without remunerating them for the home they had provided her and her friend. Abel's eyes told how much he wished them to stay, and by this time Hope Clifton knew that the youth was more to her than any other being had ever been. Mary complained to Hope that she was remiss in many of her duties; but Mary did not read the solution of Hope's carelessness for a long time. When she did, it was with an outbreak of distress that, from one so habitually calm as Mary Fisher, seemed like drawing water from the rock.

"Thou knows not what thee is doing," she said, when her emotion would let her speak. "Thou is preparing a great gulf between thee and thy friends. The youth is well enough, and hath treated us kindly; but thee must remember, Hope, what my father said to thee about strange gods. And truly, now I think of it, thee has a way, lately, of pushing thy bonnet off thy face, which is unseemly."

"Nay, Mary, thee seest that which is not. The air is warm, and I am constrained to let my cheeks cool, if possible. They are burning even now."

And Hope looked the personification of her words—for close to the open window, Abel stood in the little flower-garden and heard all that they had said. Turning to hide her blushes, Hope caught sight of him. True, his name had not been mentioned; but enough had dropped to tell him who was meant, and from this moment, the young sailor knew that thenceforth his soul and that of Hope Clifton would be one and indivisible.

A thrill of joy ran through him at the thought; but it was checked by the reflection that his family would be grieved, and public opinion offended, at his choosing a wife from a people proscribed by the Puritan prejudices of the day. He walked more slowly down the gravel path, and his heart bounded less lightly. And yet what had he to do with public opinion? His father and mother had sheltered and loved the

unprotected girls; and although no questions were asked, and no motive or object explained by Mary Fisher, still Abel knew they must be aware of the work she was performing in Boston.

He leaned over the gate in a reflective mood, unheeding any one who passed, until he was struck lightly on the shoulder, and his name spoken by a familiar voice.

"Asleep, Abel?" said the cheery tones of a neighbor. "Are you thinking how to dispose of your contraband goods, in the house yonder, that you look so sober?"

"Contraband goods, Mr. Stillman? What do you mean, sir?" asked Abel, fiercely.

"O, don't flare up so, Abel! I don't mean coffee or sugar, but the pieces of drab satin which your father has smuggled from England, and on which, it seems he has got heavy duties to pay—or, rather, to forfeit them altogether to the king's custom house officers."

"Still in the dark," said Abel, now beginning to think that Mr. Stillman was forcing a joke at his expense. "We brought no goods from England whatever. Our cargo was altogether from Barbadoes, and you may be sure, sir," he added, a little proudly, "that every pound of it was entered. My father scorns the mean ways which many of the captains take of evading the duties."

"Bless the boy—can't you understand? The silks I am talking of had live people in them. I mean the pretty Quakers. Your father ran some risk there, Abel."

"How, sir?" asked the young sailor, his face crimsoning as he spoke.

"Don't you know that a penalty has been laid of a hundred pounds on every person who brings a Quaker to the colonies, and forty shillings an hour on any one harboring them?"

"How long has this been?"

"O, not long! I guess the captain will get clear of the first—the order not having passed when he sailed; but he is amenable to the second. So I advise you to look out."

Mr. Stillman passed on, leaving Abel in a whirl of confusion at what he had heard. He knew that his father was a great stickler for obedience to the laws; but whether he would, in his devotion to them, abandon two helpless girls to the enmity which evidently awaited them, he could not tell.

He had no time to solve the problem; for, as he turned back to the house, he met Mary Fisher just going out on her missionary tour to the neighboring town. Before he had time to greet her, he heard footsteps at the gate; and two or three men approached, one of whom laid his

large, coarse hand on Mary's shoulder, and said:

"Young woman, you are my prisoner."

The delicate shoulder shrank from the rude contact, and the mild eyes almost flashed. The young sailor gave the man a blow that prostrated him at once to the ground.

"Touch her, if you dare!" said Abel, as the man scrambled up and followed Mary, who had gone towards the house, with the mark of a soiled hand visible on the otherwise spotless white handkerchief. "Touch her, if you dare! Who are you, that come hither to insult women?"

The man exhibited his credentials.

"I don't blame you much, Mr. Kempthorn," he said, quite humbly, "for I should have done as much myself to defend a woman. I did wrong not to show you this paper first. You see that she *must* go with me, and the other one too."

Abel started back, as if a knife had been thrust at his heart. She, too! It was too bitter, but there was no evading it; and while one of the men guarded Mary, the other accompanied Abel to the house to find Hope Clifton.

His heart failed him, when he saw her sitting so quietly in the shaded room, reading one of the books such as Mary had been distributing. There was no one else in the house. Captain Kempthorn and his wife had gone out to ride, and the men would admit of no delay.

Hope was startled and frightened; and as the man stretched out his hand to her shoulder, she forgot her maidenly reserve, and clung closely to Abel, with pale cheeks, and lips from which the roses had fled.

"Touch her not! she is fainting," said Abel. "Nay, do not! I will be answerable, my friend," he continued, condescending even to plead with the man, to spare her from such contact.

She did faint, and it was sometime before she revived. When she did so, the men declared they could lose no more time, and they suffered their two prisoners to follow them down to the gate without laying hands upon them.

Near the gate, two square-topped chaises were awaiting them. Abel sprang in after Hope, as soon as he had lifted her to the seat.

"Stop! Mr. Kempthorn, that will not do," said the man who was to drive.

"Get in, sir!" answered Abel. "I shall not leave this fainting woman. I will account for it to your employers." And placing himself next the man, he held Hope firmly on the other side, during the whole ride to Boston.

There was a trial—a burning of Quaker books in the market-place—and then the two delicate women were put in prison. It is unnecessary to say that Abel Kempthorn and his father kept

alternate guard, night and day, at the prison door. A few interviews had been obtained, by bribing the jailor, and Abel had, in one of them, received Hope Clifton's promise to be his own.

Eleven weeks passed in this way, before a sentence was pronounced upon the young Quakers. Men had talked of dreadful things that were to be enacted. Some said that nothing less than a public execution, on the Common, would prevent further efforts of the English Quakers to gain ground in the colonies. Abel sometimes heard these whispers; but the heart of the generous young sailor refused to believe it. Where could a man be found that would lay hands on the two fair young girls, to drag them to such a death? He had more faith and trust in human nature, than to credit it; and if, indeed, human nature might deceive his faith, he felt sure that God would not permit such an outrage.

In those eleven weeks, the alteration in Abel's appearance was almost frightful. Constant watching—save when relieved by his father, whom he would not permit to stay long—want of food, and anxiety, had all wrought their work upon his strong and youthful frame and open, manly countenance. He was thin and pale as a shadow, and as the time approached for the final sentence, his health was nearly giving way beneath his anxiety.

The day came. The youth and beauty of the prisoners indisputably softened their judges; and the sentence was only banishment, instead of a more fearful one. They were to be carried away in the first vessel that should sail from the port of Boston—should not be allowed to speak to any one on the voyage—and should be delivered up to the proper authorities on their landing.

From this moment, Abel began to form plans for rescuing Hope, many of which were rejected, because of their hopelessness. It was no use for him to plan for Mary. Her schemes were already formed, and, from the strength of her character, he did not doubt their fulfilment. Disappointed of her object in America, she resolved, immediately on reaching England, to embark for Constantinople, and carry her principles into the domains of the Grand Vizier.

A poor orphan girl, whom Mrs. Kempthorn had rescued from want, had been the attendant on the young Quakers since they had been domesticated in her house, and had become greatly attached to them. All the time they had lain in prison, this girl, Rebecca, had been mourning sadly. In one of her weeping moments, Abel, who had come home for a short time, while his ather watched for him, said suddenly, after surveying her earnestly:

"Rebecca, how would you like to go to England with Mary Fisher?"

The girl dried her tears. "Only for leaving your mother, Abel, I would be very glad to go."

"Then, if you wish, I will see that you have the opportunity. But do not name it to a single person, or you will injure Mary."

This was enough to seal the girl's lips. Mrs. Kempthorn was very busy for a week or two, after this, in fitting Rebecca with new clothes. All was done in a private room, so as not to excite remark from curious neighbors. The crowning feat was to make several quiet-looking suits of drab, in the Quaker mode. When all was done, she was dressed completely, and Abel and his father called in to see the effect.

"Capital!" exclaimed the captain. "Even that prying jailor would never discover the difference. Exactly Hope Clifton's height! and so covered up, that she might well pass for her."

Abel's eyes were not so well deceived. He feared a discovery; for, lover-like, he could not believe that any one could perfectly resemble Hope Clifton. To any other, Rebecca, in her simple garb, with her quiet motions and statuesque figure, might have well passed for the beautiful Quaker.

The time came. All night, Mary Fisher had been setting forth to Hope the fatal error into which she deemed she was falling. She had mourned over her, even with tears. Hope's only answer was a confession that she loved Abel Kempthorn.

"And for this love, thee is willing to separate from our people forever?"

Hope paused, before she answered. Her lips were pale, but after a moment, in which she seemed to concentrate all her powers, she said, in a low but firm voice:

"Yea, I am willing to give up all for him. Will thee hinder it, Mary Fisher? Will thee betray me to these men and take me away with thee, when I have no heart to help thee in the work thee loves so well?"

"Nay, Hope, if it is in thy heart to do wrong, thee cannot be more guilty than thou art already."

Hope knelt at her feet. The constraint of an education, like hers, forbade her to utter all the passionate words that rose to her lips; but she overran the bounds of the permitted language enough for Mary to know that further expostulation was vain. She turned away from her more in sorrow than in anger, and the tears flowed without restraint from eyes in which such emotion had long been quenched.

The jailor entered to say that Captain Kempthorn's family had arrived, and wished to take

leave of them. They were admitted at once; for early as it was, Mary and Hope were up, and had dressed, long before dawn. It was still in the early light of morning. The interview lasted but a short time. There was the sound of weeping, and they all came forth with bended heads, and handkerchiefs pressed to their eyes.

A glance into the room showed the jailor that both of his prisoners were there, although the youngest had her face turned away from him. A moment more, and the carriage was on its way to Charlestown. And Hope Clifton, dressed in the garments worn that morning by Rebecca, was weeping out her glad and joyous yet half repentant tears, upon the faithful heart to which she was closely held.

Hope never resumed her Quaker garb again; but although her garments were cut in the world's fashion, they were as beautifully neat and modest as ever. It was harder to drop the "yea" and "nay;" but after a while, they were forgotten. When she became Abel's wife, it was with the promise that she should accompany him in all his voyages, for he was now to be commander in place of his father, who was going to retire.

On one of their voyages to Smyrna, they heard of Mary Fisher. She had, on her return to England, embarked, as soon as possible, for Constantinople. The Grand Vizier lay encamped, with a great army, near Adrianople. She had been to Smyrna first, and the English ambassador had sent her back to Venice. Undismayed by difficulties, she had preceded by land, by the coast of the Morea, six hundred miles, and arrived at Adrianople. Here she was allowed an audience with the Grand Vizier, to whom she sent a message, and was treated with great respect. She wrote to Hope that she went back "without hurt or scoff" from a people who, though Mahometans, had treated her better than she had been treated in America—gratefully excepting the Kempthorns. She still mourned Hope's falling away from faith; but it was evident, from the tone of her letter, that she still loved her with a sister's love.

#### A FASHIONABLE CITY PHYSICIAN.

Such an one is thus described by the N. Y. Herald: "It is his theory to keep delicate patients in such a condition that the yearly bill will be plethoric. He does not rudely tell madame that nothing really ails her except laziness, but gives her a good deal of the latest gossip and a little harmless mendicament. He is a nice doctor to the ladies, not unpopular with the men, and so kind to the children. He lives in a good quarter of the city, has a fine equipage, is an amiable man, takes things as they are, and when his patients die he lets them down easy. His funeral manner is superb."

#### INSTINCT OF FISH.

The late Colonel Durg, who resided at Hadley in Middlesex, for nearly half a century, was much devoted to the science of natural history. He had acquired by a long course of perseverance and pursuit, towards the acquisition of nature, a very well-ordered and arranged museum. In his fruit garden he possessed a spacious pond, filled with gold and silver fish, which he looked upon as a very valuable aquatic preserve. This class of creature was at the above period of time comparatively scarce, as fancy piscos in this country, and he took great pride in furnishing many of his neighboring friends with these then highly-prized fish, which he had originally imported to him from China. The finny tribes under consideration were every morning during the summer months regularly supplied with food, consisting of paste made from bread, simply saturated in warm water.

That fish possess auricular pretensions, there cannot exist the slightest doubt, for the moment the colonel opened his voice on approaching the pond, they would simultaneously rise to the surface and riot among each other, like a crowded company of gnats in the stilling presence of a summer sunbeam. The fish would approach to the edge of the water, and actually receive bread from their considerate feeder, and so reconciled had they become to the sound of his footsteps while descending the gravel walk that descended and conducted to their aqueous habitation, that they would acknowledge his approach by pursuing each other in the water, and effecting their summersaults as if they rejoiced at his near-approaching presence. That fish possess the faculty of hearing there cannot be the slightest doubt, for every incidental sound that infringes upon the atmospheric medium, appears to create a sensible effect upon the nervous organization of these creatures. I remember upon one occasion, when I was angling in a small stream, known as Dollia Brook, near Hendon, observing a large assemblage of chub and dace sunning themselves at the surface of the water. All at once a sudden intonation vibrated through the air, as if a thunder clap had been experienced, momentarily and unexpectedly—the fish immediately precipitated themselves into the depths of the stream, and appeared reluctant to present themselves at the surface for some minutes afterwards.

The late Mr. Fenn, the fish-monger, of Pudding-Lane, Thames Street, was in the habit of preserving his carp, when he intended them for the use of the table, in capacious net-bags, bottomed with wet moss. He caused the fish to be fed upon bread soaked in milk, through which application his finny stock fattened prodigiously well. He was in the practice of stocking noblemen's and gentlemen's fish-ponds in the country around London, with carp, tench, perch, gudgeon and eels, and among the strict preserves now in being, are the Virginia Waters, those of Ossory Park, near Enfield, etc., all of which abound with the above class of an extraordinary size.—*London Review*.

#### ANTICIPATION AND REALITY.

Youth, with thousand-masted vessel,  
Ploughs the sea at morning light;  
Age, in shattered skiff escaping,  
Calmly drifts to port at night.

[ORIGINAL.]

## HASTENING IN THE RAIN.

BY GARRIE CALDERWOOD.

When she heard the rush and the whistle  
Of the hurrying evening train—  
Whether the air was balmy,  
Or thick with the falling rain:  
Still she went to the depot  
Over and over again.  
And I often looked and wondered  
Why, in a drenching shower,  
She plodded her way to the depot  
Thus at the evening hour.

The wind or the storm-clouds lowering,  
Came often my walks to prevent;  
But she, so pale and pensive,  
What her more earnest intent,  
That thus, when the storm was raging,  
Sullenly still she went?  
How steadily on she would hasten—  
On through the driving rain,  
While I looked wondering, pitying,  
Out through the misty pane!

At last one came and told me,  
That many years away,  
One who had promised to love her—  
To love and protect her for aye—  
Fled with a fair, frail maiden:  
And so she, day by day,  
Hastily, hopefully hastens  
When the hurrying evening train  
Comes with its rush and its whistle,  
Trusting to meet him again!

She was rich, and gay, and gentle  
When they wedded—but years went apace,  
Till he said he was tired of looking  
At that same old faded face:  
And he sought for an eye of brightness,  
And a form of beauty and grace.  
So he fled one summer evening,  
With a maiden careless and vain,  
And the sad wife faithfully watches,  
Expecting his coming again.

And sometimes she may be heard saying,  
When the winds are walling and chill,  
"O, how few come to my cottage—  
My cottage so humble and still:  
Of those who came to our mansion  
On the summit of the hill!  
But some time—perhaps on the morrow—  
When penitent he comes to me,  
These losses of friends and of riches,  
As nothing—as nothing will be."

And after I heard this story  
Of the faithful watcher told,  
The face that was always so pensive,  
Careworn, and wrinkled, and old,  
Seemed bright with the glowing fervor  
Of a heart that ne'er grows cold;  
While oft as I heard the whistle  
Of the hurrying evening train,  
I saw her hopefully hastening  
On to the depot again.

[ORIGINAL.]

## NANCY, THE MILL-GIRL.

BY M. T. CALDER.

THE great bell of the mill sent out its clanging notes over the quiet village, and with its welcome sounds out poured the stream of life from the close, noisy work-rooms. Young and old, male and female, they came surging out, thankful enough, no doubt, to breathe freely the delicious air of that sunset hour on that pleasant June evening. Most of them paired off, chatting cheerfully with their companions. It was a New England village, so the operatives were generally bright, handsome and happy in their appearance. There was none of that woful, weary depression on their healthy faces that so sadly characterizes the same class in the old countries. Now, as they strolled along homeward, toward the line of clean, brown houses that bordered either side of the principal street, they added a lively and picturesque charm to the quiet beauty of that country scene. The repose and calm of the mellow sky, the tranquil, glassy river and motionless foliage seemed doubly attractive varied by their restless, busy life. How beautiful it must have seemed to them, after the whirling, noisy machinery and stifled atmosphere of the factory.

Behind all the rest, without a companion, and seemingly without interest in anything that concerned the others, lagged a woman who might have been twenty-eight years old—and yet, after all, on closer scrutiny, you would judge her to be even younger—that is, if the ruffled, dishevelled hair had been tastefully arranged, and the tanned complexion and neglected teeth properly cared for. A soiled dress, a faded and tattered shawl and antiquated bonnet, gave her a still more repulsive look, especially when contrasting them with the neat, tasteful attire of some of the pretty maids of the mill. All by herself, and quite unnoticed by the rest of the mill folks, her eyes wandering carelessly around, and her mind evidently unoccupied, she strolled along till she came to a little lane leading off from the highway. Passing in, she returned the salutation of a neighbor just coming down the lane with a short nod, and soon entered a low, miserable cottage, so old and dilapidated it hardly seemed fit to be inhabited by human beings. And this was her home, and here she was happy and contented in her stolid way, for no one yet had ever seen Nancy Hocking either gay or unhappy in outward appearance. All alone in that neglected home had she lived ever since the overseer of

the workhouse had pronounced her old enough to provide for herself, and engaged her services to the mill owners. All alone had she passed through her uncomely awkward girlhood, and all alone she seemed likely to end her days there, in uncomplaining apathy. No one had ever felt much interest in her. Perhaps because she had always been strong and healthy and never seemed uncomfortable or unhappy, there had been nothing in her case to appeal to the sympathy of the benevolent or philanthropic. The village people all pronounced her foolish, not exactly an idiot, but little better able to mingle with her fellow-creatures. So all looked upon her lightly and carelessly, and as much an appendage to the town as the guide post or shade tree, and as mute and inanimate. Life with her was dormant—there were no joys, no hopes, no fears. She provided for her animal wants, worked when she was obliged to, and idled away the time she could call her own in the easy, careless way we hardly see in the lowest orders of creation, since they have their hours of play and recreation.

Her mother had died long years before within these lowly walls, and the orphan infant had been brought up through her long, unchildlike youth at the workhouse, from which she had been transferred to the mill. She had become so familiar at the village that no one thought of scorn or ridicule when her untidy figure crossed his path. She was something like the homely brown miller, that attracted by the warm cheery light, occasionally found entrance to their houses—not beautiful enough like the butterfly to tempt the children's rosy mischievous fingers, and not troublesome enough, like the wasp, to provoke their hostility.

Who thought, alas, with sorrowful solicitude of that sterile human soul, in this world of beauty, of striving, and reward, dragging out an existence so useless, and cold, and dead? Poor Nancy Hocking. The crown and glory of human life, the warm, vivifying rays of love, had never shone upon her lonely heart. But the hyacinth in that dark, repulsive bulb seems lost and dead, yet when the warm earth, and gentle rain, and life-giving sunshine come, how soon within our garden walks it blooms in perfumed loveliness and grace! So after weary years of ice and snow came light and spring for Nancy Hocking. With clouds of shame, and dishonor, and reproach, came the clearing shower and the welcome sunlight, and the stupid, foolish mill-girl awoke from apathy.

In the old, neglected cottage a babe opened its blue eyes to the light, and those tiny hands, with weak, clinging fingers, unlocked the rigid fetters

that bound her soul. At the first wailing of that feeble voice, the glamour fell from her eyes. She woke and lived, and looked forth into the world where now the finger of scorn waited for her, and felt for all of disgrace that life was beautiful. This innocence and purity that she became familiar with, how plainly it showed to her eyes the sinfulness of the pathway she had trod! This frail, clinging helplessness, how it woke within her heart a mine of energy and strength! This priceless blessing, all hers, and hers alone, how above all it filled her soul with gratitude and love, and brought her penitent and prostrate at the throne of mercy! And now began the miraculous change. Suddenly the curious neighbors passing by, discovered that the loose, neglected look had vanished from the cottage. The pathway was swept out nicely, the broken windows were whole and shining again, and a wild rosebush had been newly set out by the gate, while a few pinks and lilies nestled modestly in the plat before the house door. Nancy's child had smiled one day at a blossom she accidentally held towards it, and that very day while it slumbered, its mother's worn fingers had transplanted several roots where it could see them always. Then a canary bird, purchased by a day's labor from a gentleman in the neighborhood, warbled from a cage that hung in the cottage stoop, for the crowing baby's delighted ear. Next, as soon as the child could amuse itself, early in the morning dew, and long after nightfall, might Nancy's tall form have been seen at work here, there and everywhere. Her industry and perseverance were wonderful. How she managed to produce such a wonderful change in her cottage home no one could imagine, yet manage she did, and that cheerfully and briskly. Nor was the transformation in her own personal appearance less remarkable. Plain, neat clothes, with a careful hand at her luxuriant hair, wrought magically and every one discovered all at once, what she herself never knew, that she was really a fine-looking woman. So it happened that presently the poor woman who had never in her lifetime received a single glance, became the talk of the whole village. The simple neighbors, who expected to find her more reckless and lost than ever before, could not fathom the mystery. Was it so very strange? What mighty transformation is too difficult and great for the potent magician, love, to undertake and effect?

Nancy knew nothing of all the scandal and virtuous indignation her conduct had excited. She went on her way humbly and meekly, thankful for every friendly nod, or encouraging word. The change in her conduct which seemed so

marvellous to others, was very simple and natural to her. It was because those sweet, wistful eyes loved to look at her, that she laid her tattered dress aside, and tried to make herself as pleasing and nice as possible. It was for those baby feet that the floor and walks were kept clean and white, and to deck that cherub form and provide for those growing wants, that she roused herself from her indolence and toiled early and late. In her new, earnest enthusiasm, her mother's heart declared the child of her love, the one only treasure in her humble world, should lack no advantage that her unceasing toil could procure for her, and she kept the promise well. But soon began a mightier task. As the little one advanced in life, and those asking eyes and lisping lips questioned her of the deep truths that whispered to her in her dreams, how Nancy's conscience woke, and with un pitying finger pointed to her neglected youth, and uncultivated mind, and how amidst agony and shame arose the brave spirit and declared it would begin anew. Her child must be good and pure. Then from her mother's lips must fall no word of angry hate, or selfish, evil thought. She must see no spirit in her mother's deeds to lead her innocence astray. How little did those in their luxurious homes, scarcely a stone's throw from that lowly cottage, who so indignantly denounced her guilt and shame, ah, how little did they guess the countless times, on her bended knees before the spotless child, that Nancy in tears and prayer confessed her sin, and hated and reviled herself. And if from such hours of remorse and penitence she came forth sad, but calm and hopeful still, whose sinless hand should dare to cast the stone?

Steadily and devotedly Nancy labored on. Years came and went, and the cottage, remodelled, nicely painted and creeping out from the fresh, carefully trained shrubbery, was truly as happy a home for that singularly beautiful child, as any of the stately dwellings in the land could be to the most favored ones of fortune. It no longer merited the name the villagers had long ago given to it—"Nance's old hut" no longer—but "Mrs. Hocking's cottage." What a thrill of joy shot through the poor creature's heart, when she first found out the old name had been laid aside, and how she had caught up her child in a transport of delight, as the sweet hope rose up that her unwearying efforts might yet be rewarded, and on that innocent head no cloud of slight or shame be thrown. Little by little, her steady adherence to the right path had won the respect and friendliness of most of the town's people, and it is possible that she might have

mingled with them on an equality, but for the strong opposition of a few of the leaders, who tossed their heads in virtuous indignation when Nancy, with a heroism unequalled by any rash venturer before the cannon's mouth, made her appearance in the church aisle, leading her fatherless child.

Among these, and most bitter of all, was a Mrs. White, the gay, pretty wife of the village lawyer. She had once angrily and contemptuously withdrawn her idolized Lillian from a picnic to which one of the benevolent mothers in Israel had invited Grace Hocking, and peremptorily commanded the frightened Grace never to presume to play with her at school. Many and many an hour had Nancy prayed and struggled to overcome the bitterness and anger this lady's persecution caused her, and the child soon learned to conceal the grievances from her mother, because they invariably caused her a burst of frantic grief.

But a change came at length. A fearful epidemic suddenly appeared in the mill. Death and disease stalked unchecked through the village. The utmost consternation spread through their pleasant homes, and when the disorder extended to the town's-people, the excitement became almost frantic. Among the first victims was the one ewe lamb in the lowly fold of Nancy Hocking. Little Grace left her play one warm afternoon, and nestling her head on her mother's breast, whispered that her head ached, and she was sick. With a wild cry for mercy, as the terrible suspicion first flashed through her mind, the mother tended, nursed and prayed over her. Vainly—for delirium and agony followed, and when the harassed, worn physician was dragged at last to the cottage by Nancy's frantic hand, he shook his head sorrowfully in answer to the hoarse inquiry, and left her there alone. With a low, shuddering groan, Nancy sank down beside the child, wrestling with this new, terrible grief that had come to her lowly door. The last scene followed speedily. The rounded, graceful form ceased its writhings and lay straight and still. The dimpled, clinging fingers stiffened, and the white arms grew rigid. Never, never more should they clasp her neck with their tender embrace. No more caresses for her in this cold world—the only being that had loved and cared for her had left her there alone. Alone!—O, that terrible word! And terrible it was to see poor Nancy's icy sorrow, as she bent above that pale, sweet face, and kissed the lips which so little while before were clinging with dewy kisses to her own. The little coffin was borne away, and Nancy looked around her des-

olate home, which had echoed to those pattering feet, and rung with that silvery laughter, shivering but tearless. Then she went forth fearlessly to the houses of sickness and death. Her hand smoothed many a dying pillow and bathed many an aching head. Delirious eyes lost their fierce glare while gazing into the undisturbed calmness that reigned in hers, and whispered blessings followed her from couch to couch. At first she had kept entirely among the poor. But when she heard how many there were suffering, whose money could not bribe nurses in this woful time, she went boldly to them.

In her stylish, handsome house lay Mrs. White tossing restlessly on her couch of pain. Her youth, her beauty, her wealth, her unassailed, spotless reputation availed her little now. Her servants had fled, her friends had forsaken her, and only her worn, exhausted husband remained to minister to her wants. Every few moments the groans of her sick child reached her ears, but she was too ill to aid her. Her heart sank within her in despairing agony, as she lay alone while her husband had gone out for medicine, when she heard a firm, light step beside her bed, and looking up saw the despised, persecuted Nancy standing there, calm, composed and gentle.

"I have come to help you," said she, simply, and then went to work to verify her words. The suffering child was taken in her arms, its feverish forehead bathed, while a cooling draught moistened the parched, blackened lips, and soon the anxious mother had the satisfaction of seeing it sleeping sweetly by her side. Then, with a woman's ready tact, which the tenderest husband cannot gain, all the invalid's little wants were divined and gratified, without the trouble on her part of explaining them. The disordered rooms were righted, the accumulation of glasses in the sick room disposed of, and when Nancy brought the first bowl of palatable gruel, and with it the welcome intelligence, that her tired husband was sleeping soundly on the sofa, a smile actually illuminated Mrs. White's melancholy face. Like a ministering angel Nancy glided about the house, never seeming fatigued or worn, till health came back to the sick room, and Mrs. White, an humble, penitent woman, was able to take charge of her household once again.

"Nancy," said she, in a broken, tremulous voice, "can you ever forgive me for my cruel treatment of you? I have received a salutary lesson. Henceforward I shall know there is but one judge for human sinfulness. I have been the erring one, and you are an angel of mercy. You must never go back to the cottage in its loneliness—you must live with us, dear Nancy."

At these words of humility and love from the lips that had so often wreathed themselves in scornful reproach, Nancy smiled a dreary, sickly smile—but the first since her child's bright head was laid beneath the sod—then her eyes roved wistfully up to the clear, blue sky, and she shook her head.

So she returned to the cottage, but the eyes that had roved so often upward had caught a gleam that shone on her face like a benediction, and when her new friends lamented her loneliness, she answered, cheerfully, "It is but for a little time." And so indeed it was. The very last victim of the epidemic was followed to her grave by all that remained of the mill corps—hands, overseers, owners, and all. And before all, pale, tearful and trembling, walked the bowed figure of Mrs. White.

The cottage was vacant now, and Nancy the mill-girl's humble life was over here below.

#### THE YOUNG LADIES OF AUSTRALIA.

Like the boys, the young ladies of Australia are in many respects remarkable. At thirteen years of age, they have more ribbons, jewels, and lovers, than perhaps any other young ladies of the same age in the universe. They prattle—and very insipidly too—from morning till night. They rush to the Botanical Gardens twice a week, to hear the band play, dressed precisely after the frontispiece in the latest reported number of "Le Follett." They wear as much gold chain as the lord mayor in his state robes. Once, as I visited the theatre, I sat near a young lady who wore at least half a dozen rings over her white gloves, and who, if bare, mosquito-bitten shoulders may be deemed beautiful, showed more beauty than I ever saw a young lady display before. Generally, the colonial damsels are frivolous, talkative, and over-dressed. They have, in brief, all the light, unenviable qualities of Eastern women. They excel in finessae. I heard of a young lady who, wishing to make a dilatory gentleman who had been for some time hovering about her, definitely propose, had her boxes placed conspicuously in the hall of her father's house, thus labelled—"Miss P. Jackson, passenger by the 'Archimedian Screw' for England." "If that does not bring him to book," she was heard to declare to her mother, "I'll get Fred to thrash him!" That is an incident for a comedy—here is something for a melodrama: I was at a ball last Christmas, and walking along a corridor saw two lovers in earnest dispute. "Augustus, you are mistaken," said the young lady. "Boosh!" returned the gentleman, gruffly; "I saw him. Good night." "Augustus, don't leave me; you are wrong. I love you too well. Your suspicion kills me." "Pish! I'm off; so good night!" And he really was moving away, when the lady changing her tone of supplication for one of solemn impassiveness, said: "Go, sir—go; but remember—I'll not survive it. This house, thank heaven, has a spiral staircase!"—*Southern Lights and Shadows.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RIVER—A SIMILE.

BY JAMES F. FRANKLIN.

Where the aspens faintly quiver  
In the spring-time of the year,  
I have watched thee, gentle river—  
Fairy river, peaceful river:  
Gliding on with stream as clear,  
As if Delty had made thee for his own!  
And gliding, gently gliding,  
O'er the pebbles slow subsiding,  
With a sweet, low, murmuring music  
In thy tone!—

Where thy waters dash and shiver  
On the huge embattled rocks,  
I have watched thee, maniac river—  
Fretting river, brawling river:  
Roaring on with countless shocks,  
As if seeking for a haven of repose!  
And roaring, wildly roaring,  
Everywhere thy stream outpouring,  
While its deep, impetuous sobbing  
Tells thy woe!

Where thou flowest on forever,  
Although lapsing to the sea,  
I have watched thee, beauteous river—  
Glorious, majestic river:  
Merge in thine eternity,  
As if seeking oblivion of the past!  
And merging, calmly merging,  
Every wild, rebellious surging,  
All thy being, as thou gainest  
Peace at last!

Ever thus, O gracious Giver,  
Is the life thou 'st given me  
Like a fairy, peaceful river—  
Fretting river, glorious river:  
Flowing onward to the sea—  
To the great hereafter, the eternal shore!  
And flowing, sweetly flowing,  
Still more fair and peaceful growing,  
May the trees of Eden shade it  
Evermore!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TWIN SISTERS OF RYDALE.

BY COUSIN EMMA.

THE spring-time and summer of my life are gone, and as I sit waiting amid the withered leaves of autumn, I find it in my heart to write out a few brief pages of my life's history. Not that it differs substantially from that of thousands of women who live, and love, and suffer, and die, and are laid away to rest among churchyard shadows—not that there is anything of startling interest connected with it, for to all outward seeming my path had been less thorny than that of others who have walked by my side (though

when the blood flows freely from a wound, it heals sooner than when a thorn enters the flesh and rankles there, leaving no mark upon the surface), but, because in every life there is enough of instruction and interest for whoever will diligently study it.

In the quaint old parsonage of Rydale, on a dull May morning, my twin sister and I opened our eyes to the light, and at the sun-setting of the same day our mother died. Aunt Eleanor, who from that hour took us so close to her gentle heart that we never knew our loss, said that before she died, she took us each in her weak arms, pressed her white lips to ours, and gave us a mother's blessing. It was this early death of his love that silvered our father's hair, and furrowed his brow while he was yet in the vigor of his manhood. It cast a shadow over his life which was never to be dispelled, until he met her again in the better country where partings are unknown.

From our birth up to our fifteenth year, we lived in unbroken seclusion, never going beyond the limits of the parish, and seeing no strangers at home. Aunt Eleanor was our teacher and companion. It was she who led us out into the woods and meadows and gathered pale spring blossoms, drawing sweet lessons from each green leaf and half-opened bud—it was she who blessed and kissed us at nightfall, as we knelt at her feet to lip the prayers her pious lips taught us; to her we went with every childish grief and trial, and always found comfort and quiet in her gentle smile.

The calm, grave face and passionless demeanor of our father was too far removed from our childishness to win a confidence like that we readily gave Aunt Eleanor. His mornings were invariably passed in his study among his books and papers—thither, Lillias and I never ventured to go—and the afternoons were passed in visiting the members of his church and congregation. This was no small tax on his time, for the parish was large and scattered, and composed chiefly of mechanics, farmers and day-laborers. In my childhood I often wondered how he could leave the comfort of his cheerful fireside, and the books he loved, to go through the sleet and snow of a wintry storm to visit the poorest and vilest of his flock, who needed the comfort of his prayers or the aid of his counsel. It seemed very strange that a man of his refined taste and cultivated scholarship could content himself among such a people, when he might command a wide influence in some large town or city. But a larger experience of life has taught me that true servants of the Master find no work too humble, no limits

too narrow, where souls are to be saved. In our life of seclusion, Lillian and I grew up in almost entire ignorance of the great world that lay beyond the hills of Rydale. Our ideas of it were vague and undefined. We fancied it a sort of fairy land, peopled with noble men and beautiful women, quite unlike the simple inhabitants of our quiet village, and often longed intensely to leave our home and see for ourselves the strange country beyond.

The fifteenth summer of our life brought to the parsonage an addition to our family, in the person of Allan Deane, the only son of a college friend of my father. He was a little wild, ran the letter which he brought with him, but a generous, noble-hearted boy, the darling of his parents, who gave him in charge to Mr. Scott, hoping a year or two of quiet country life and systematic study would discipline his mind, and make him all his friends could wish. An onerous task this, for a man like my father, and one he would gladly have excused himself from, but the letter of his friend, and the frank, ingenuous face of Allan Deane, won his consent.

Allan was nearly twenty, and so little accustomed to restraint of any kind, that it seemed almost impossible to win him to his books. But my father was firm in his requirements. Every morning they passed in the study together, while after dinner, Allan's time was at his own disposal. For a few days after his arrival he employed these hours of leisure in rambling about the village, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with my father. Very soon, however, he began to stay with Aunt Eleanor, Lillian and I, in our pleasant summer sitting-room, and as he was always cheerful and ready to talk to us, who seemed mere children in comparison with him, we were glad of the change. We looked upon him in those first days of our acquaintance as a hero of romance, for, had he not been in the distant, shadowy country we thought so different from our own? He teased us by laughing at our simplicity, but so kindly that we never thought of being vexed—he held skein after skein of silk for Aunt Eleanor, waiting with all patience while she untangled obstinate knots—he read aloud to us while we sewed hour after hour, and his voice was very sweet and low—he brought down his flute and played as we sat in the old-fashioned porch during the long, delicious hours of summer twilight, while Lillian and I sang the songs he loved. I think it was not strange that we learned to look forward to those still evening hours as the pleasantest of the day, for we were very young, and life seemed full of beauty, and poetry, and delight, to our young hearts.

Lillian had a great talent for drawing, from her earliest childhood. The walls of the parlor were covered with pretty sketches, many of them taken from nature, all the work of her pencil, but she had never had a master to direct her. Allan brought his portfolio for her inspection one afternoon, watching with great amusement her delight as she examined its contents. When she had seen them all, she turned her eyes upon her own pictures and blushed painfully.

"I shall never want to see them again," she said. "I wish Aunt Eleanor would allow me to burn them all."

"Indeed, Lillian, you do yourself injustice," said Allan, earnestly. "Your natural taste is much greater than mine. You want training, little girl, and if you like, I will be your teacher."

The beautiful eyes of my little sister beamed with delight, and she caught Allan's hand, pressing it to her lips, and though she said not a word, Allan understood how much she thanked him.

Month followed month in quick succession, until a year had passed. Allan had grown very dear to us all. He had won my father from his habits of strict seclusion, so that now he often passed an evening with us in the parlor. Aunt Eleanor's cheerful laugh was much oftener heard than of old, while Lillian and I—

It was one afternoon in July, just as Allan had finished reading a new poem he had received a day or two previous, that a carriage stopped before the parsonage gate, and a sound of footsteps on the gravelled walk was followed by a knock at the door. Allan answered it, and in a moment we heard his voice:

"Father—mother!"

I fancied the tone was not altogether one of pleasure, and as I glanced at Lillian, I saw her cheek was deadly pale, and she held her little hand tight over her heart. I had just time to whisper to her:

"Run away, Lily, you don't look well; I will come up stairs in a moment!" when Allan ushered in and introduced to my Aunt Eleanor and me, his father and mother.

Mr. Deane was a noble-looking man—his son was very much like what he must have been in his youth—indeed, I had often heard my father tell him so—he had the dignified manner of a true gentleman, and all the polish which contact with the world gives. I thought I should like him very much, and was smiling and blushing as he held my hand, when the voice of Mrs. Deane attracted my attention.

"This is one of the children you wrote us about, Allan?" she said, with marked emphasis

on the word children, and holding out her hand to me.

I looked in her face. It was proud, cold, and passionless, as though carved out of marble, and she carried her head like a queen. I shrank from the expression of her gray eyes, and glanced at Allan, who with heightened color, made answer :

"Bertha and Lillian were indeed children when I came to Rydale, and I have always thought of them since, as I did then." He spoke in embarrassment, quite unlike his usual self-possessed manner, and as I made my way unnoticed from the room—and ran up stairs, I felt a strange sinking at my heart.

Lillian sat crouched on the floor close by the window, as I entered, her long curls quite covering her face, and her whole attitude so dreary and hopeless, that I threw myself down beside her, and clasped my arms about her slender waist, while I strove to comfort her. A little morocco case lay open on her lap, she had forgotten it in her grief. It was a miniature of Allan. I put my finger upon it, and the motion recalled her to herself. O, how the blood rushed over her fair face, dying it crimson—and how her delicate fingers trembled, as she caught it up and hid it beneath the folds of her muslin robe.

"Did Allan give it to you, Lily?" I asked, quietly.

"No—no indeed, Bertha. I was very foolish, but I drew it myself. I liked to have it. And now they will make him go away from Rydale, Bertha, and we shall never, never see him again!" And with a sob Lillian laid her head upon my shoulder. The bell rung for supper, and I went down stairs. Lillian was suffering from headache and remained in her own room. My father was away from home, but Mr. Deane and Aunt Eleanor would not suffer the conversation to flag. As for Allan, I had never seen him so absent and ill at ease, and Mrs. Deane sat in dignified silence, though every time I looked up, I caught her gray eyes fixed on my face. It was a very uncomfortable evening on the whole. Mr. Deane had, as Lillian suspected, come for his son, and was intending to leave on the following day, and as soon as my father returned, he retired with his friend to his own apartment. Mrs. Deane retired early, and as soon as she left the room, Allan whispered to me :

"I want to talk to you a few minutes, Bertha. Will you not come out in the garden with me?" I was about to refuse, when the thought that it was the last time, perhaps forever, he would make the request, decided me to go. We walked in silence up and down the quiet paths for many minutes. Allan was the first to speak. "Bertha,

I have never realized until to-night, that you are no longer a child—neither had I known, until now, just as I am about to leave you, what a dreary thing life will be without you. I love you, Bertha, with all my heart—"

I cannot repeat the words that followed, although they are treasured in my memory every one, and have power even now to bring light to my faded eyes, and joy to my lonely heart. I listened to him in silence, and trembled when he paused for an answer. My thoughts flashed back to my twin sister, weeping and almost heart-broken in the solitude of her apartment, while I was listening to words that would have brought back the smiles to her sweet lips, and the sunshine to her heart. Could I suffer Allan Deane to know how much I loved him, and so cast a shadow over all Lillian's life?

"Will you answer me, Bertha? Let me go from Rydale with the knowledge that you love me, and will some day be my wife."

How could I resist his pleading? I paused a moment, and then I said, firmly :—"I can never be your wife, Allan—never—and if you love me as you say, you will never ask me again."

I waited to hear no more, but sped away to my room, where Lillian had forgotten her sorrow in a sweet slumber. I did not close my eyes that night.

The year that followed Allan's departure from Rydale was the most eventful of our life, for in it our father died and left us penniless. We left Rydale parsonage—Aunt Eleanor, Lillian and I—and went to a neighboring city, where we hired two small rooms, and by embroidery, in which Aunt Eleanor was very skillful, plain sewing, and copying for a lawyer, who was an old friend of our father, we managed to keep warm from our door. Through his means, too, Lillian obtained several pupils in drawing, and with the sum thus acquired, she, in turn took lessons of one of the best teachers the city afforded. For we thought with her rare talent and enthusiasm she might soon be enabled to give herself an independent support. In this case, as in many others, man proposes, but God disposes. Constant application, even to a late hour of the night, injured the dear child's eyes—she was obliged to leave her pencils untouched, to give up her pupils, and sit for long weeks in a darkened room. And still the pain and dimness continued. Sad indeed was the hour, when Lillian first realized that the light was gone from her eyes for life. She shut herself in the little bedroom, denying admittance even to me, and there she remained alone until nightfall. I shall never forget the sweet resigna-

tion of her countenance, as she stole softly up to my chair, and kneeling beside me, whispered :

"I think I have found peace, Bertha. I trust you will never again hear me murmur at my loss."

Thenceforth by every means in our power, Aunt Eleanor and I strove to supply her loss, and bring back her old cheerfulness, and soon her spirits rallied, although her physical strength seemed to fail. Aunt Eleanor was first to propose returning to Rydale. We had many simple friends there, who would receive us kindly for the sake of their beloved pastor, and we could live more comfortably in the village than in the city on our very slender income. Lillian's wistful face decided us, and in a few weeks we found ourselves again in our native village. Not far from our old home we found a small cottage which answered all our needs. This we hired and furnished simply, and again went hopefully to work. From Allan we had never heard but once, and that was through a note to my father, in which he said he was about to sail for Europe.

Lilian and I avoided mentioning his name as much as possible, which was best, for it was our place to forget that we ever knew him. One afternoon about a fortnight after our return to Rydale, I treated Lillian and myself to a long ramble in the fields and woods, for we longed to see the roses again on her white cheeks. Hand in hand we wandered along, like little children, Lily seeming quite happy, and stopping every few moments to breathe the delicious June air. After one of these pauses, she said :

"It seems to me, Bertha, that I smell the sweet-brier leaves, and I can feel how the daisies are springing up beneath my feet. O, you don't know how glad my heart is that summer is here, and we are once more in our own beloved village. We will never leave it again—will we, Bertha?"

"I hope not," I replied. And then we sat down together on a flat rock, under the shade of a group of elm trees, to rest. I made Lillian lean her head upon my shoulder, while I threw my arm around her waist, and smoothed the soft, damp curls from her brow, and she went on to speak of our past life, and at last, she mentioned Allan's name.

"I thought I could not live after he went away, Bertha," she said, hiding her fair face from my view. "You did not think how I loved him, but he was so kind, so good to us always, how could I help it? And now you must promise me, Bertha, that if ever you see him after I am gone, you will tell him how grateful I was, and that I shall watch over him always, if spirits are suffered to watch over the friends they loved on earth."

Before I had time to answer, a figure emerged from behind a large tree, and Allan Deane threw himself down at Lillian's feet, clasping her thin hand in his. He spoke no word, but she knew him, and her face brightened.

"You will not die, Lily," he said, at length. "You will live to bless me with your love."

I disengaged myself from Lillian. For one moment Allan's eyes met mine—we understood each other, and I was content. I left them together, and made my way home, weeping a little, I confess, but glad for Lillian.

It was nearly dark, when they came arm in arm up the path, and into the cottage. Lillian was radiant with joy—Allan seemed quietly happy. In a few weeks they were married, and left Aunt Eleanor and me in our home, which Allan's bounty had transformed into a beautiful cottage. They took passage for Europe, in the hope that Lillian's sight might be restored, under the care of more skillful oculists. But the hope was vain. We had long and frequent letters from her, written by Allan, who was far more to her than eyes, or even life, she said, and indeed I could easily believe it.

At the end of four years they returned to Rydale, but it was for Lillian to die. Even her husband's care and affection could keep her no longer. She died in his arms, and her last act was to place my hand in his, and clasp them both in her own. We laid her in the churchyard beside our parents, and then Allan left us again to our loneliness and grief.

Two years passed away, when we met again, and now once more Allan repeated the words I had heard so many years before, urging Lillian's wish that I should listen. It was with a feeling of chastened happiness that I placed my hand in his and received his first kiss, for I had learned how uncertain are all earthly things. The day appointed for our wedding dawned clear and bright. I dressed myself in my white bridal dress, and stood waiting at the window that overlooked the main road, my heart overflowing with tranquil joy. Allan was to come from Boston in the morning train, and take a carriage for Rydale from the nearest station. It was past nine o'clock—ten o'clock was the hour fixed for the wedding—why did he not come? Trembling so that I was obliged to lean heavily against the window for support, I strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of an approaching carriage. I saw a cloud of dust—it drew nearer, and nearer still—it must be Allan. But why on horseback, and at such speed? The rider stopped before the gate—he threw himself from the saddle, and rushed up the path. Aunt Eleanor met him at

the door. His voice was low, but every word fell like a blow on my ear.

"There has been a fatal railroad accident. Mr. Allan Deane sent me to bid you come quickly, if you would see him once more!"

Heaven gave me strength. I went to my beloved—and, thank God, he died in my arms, blessing me—not in words, for the power of speech was gone, but in the weak pressure of his hand, and the tender glance of his eyes.

Many years have passed since then, and I have written all this calmly. Aunt Eleanor was spared till her years numbered fourscore, and now I am waiting and hoping, for I know that "there remaineth a rest" for me, and ere long I shall meet again the beloved ones whom I have missed so long. They call me "an old maid," but they all love me, from the grandmothers who knew me in girlhood, to the little, lisping children, who pause on their way to and from school, to bid me "good morning," and I am sure there will be some kind hand to plant a rose-tree over my grave, and perhaps drop a tear to my memory when I am gone.

#### LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

Cases of highway robbery are as common as they are novel in California. The editor of the California Culturist, an agricultural monthly, was travelling on foot in Alameda county, when three Mexicans, armed with knives, assaulted him and demanded his money. He refused, saying, "No;" whereupon one of them threw a *reata* or lasso over his head, and the three then dragged him a quarter of a mile, the *reata* choking him almost to unconsciousness. While he still had his wits about him, however, he took two twenty dollar pieces, and one four and one five dollar gold piece from his pocket, and put them in his mouth, and there kept them, though his tongue was afterwards forced out of his mouth by the choking. The Mexicans having dragged him into a ravine, cleaned out his pockets, getting \$17, and then let him go. He saved \$49, and had the skin all taken off his neck where the *reata* or raw-hide rope had pressed.

*Boston Journal.*

**MAKE A BEGINNING.**—If you do not begin, you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning.

#### FROGS IN A DILIGENCE.

Returning from the University of Glessen, I brought with me about a dozen green-tree frogs, which I had caught in the woods near the town. The Germans called them *Laub Frosch*, or leaf-frogs. They are most difficult things to find, on account of their color so much resembling the leaves on which they live. I have frequently heard one singing in a small bush, and though I have searched carefully, have not been able to find him. The only way is to remain quite quiet till he again begins his song. After much ambush-work, at length I collected a dozen frogs and put them in a bottle. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy old smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and after the first mile every one settled himself to sleep, and all were soon snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted sudden fear and anger. What had woken us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs, though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and with one accord all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they one and all of them began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made, seemed in the close compartment of the coach, quite deafening; well might the Germans look angry. They wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake, to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again two or three times. These frogs came safely to Oxford, and the day after their arrival, a stupid housemaid took off the top of the bottle to see what was inside; one of the frogs croaked at that instant, and so frightened her, that she dared not put the cover on again. They all got loose in the garden, where I believe the ducks ate them, for I never heard or saw them again. These frogs cost six shillings each in Covent Garden Market. They are not difficult to keep alive, as they will eat black beetles, and these are to be procured at all seasons of the year.—*Buckland.*

**ANÆSTHETIC AGENTS.**—The Westminster Review in an article upon anæsthetic agents as aids to surgical operations, estimates the number of operations in the United Kingdom, United States, France and Germany, during the past ten years, at one million two hundred thousand. The total number of deaths, so far as has been ascertained from the inhalation of anæsthetic vapors, in Europe and America, has been as follows: Deaths from chloroform, 68; from ether, 2; from mixture of chloroform and ether, 1; from mixture of chloroform and alcohol, 1; from amylene, 2. Total, 74.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;  
But words once spoken can never be recalled.

## The Florist.

Sweet violets, love's paradise, that spread  
Your gracious odors, which couched you bear  
Within your paly faces,  
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind  
That plays amidst the plain;  
If, by the favor of your propitious stars, you gain  
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,  
Be proud to touch those places.—SCOTT.

### Violets and Lobelias.

Sweet violets, including varieties of *viola odorata* and the Neapolitan and Russian violets, are very desirable ornaments in every collection of flowers, and the fragrance of their blossom is delightful, especially in the winter months, when they are placed in some suitable depository in parlor or sitting-room. To have them in their greatest perfection, a new growth should be made every year as soon as they have done flowering. The lobelia is a plant which affords, when well cultivated, a very pleasing group of flowers. The most showy are the cardinals, fulgens, splendans, etc., and there are several hybrids of great beauty. The cardinal flowers, a superb scarlet is propagated either by seeds or offsets. The fulgens, a rich crimson, is equally showy. A lobelia bed consisting of these species and their hybrid offsprings produces a beautiful effect, and possesses the double advantage of brilliancy and durability, for they continue in blossom for a long time.

### The Auricula.

This beautiful plant has long been a favorite one with all lovers of flowers, from the prettiness of appearance which it presents, and the ease and readiness with which it may be cultivated. Besides the double varieties, which have never been in much repute, varieties are classed under two divisions—the selfs, or plain colors, and the variegated, or painted sorts. Regular florists usually confine their attention to the latter. It must, however, be confessed that their criteria of fine flowers are often quite capricious, and that although many of their favorites are specimens of undoubted beauty, the eye of the uninitiated would generally prefer the simpler hues of the self-colored flowers. A moist soil and shady situation are suited to this plant; and where superior specimens are desired, there should be a compost of rich loam, old and decayed manure and sand.

### Forget-me-not.

A British plant worth cultivating for its blue flowers, as well as for its pretty name. It is a marsh plant, and should be grown near the water. Once in the garden, it will sow itself year after year, spreading very rapidly. It requires no protection during the winter. A very pretty looking bed is formed by sowing these and lilies-of-the-valley together. They blossom early in the spring.

### Portugal Laurel.

A handsome evergreen shrub, which thrives best in shady, moist situations, and which sometimes attains the size of a tree. In Ireland and Portugal laurels attain an enormous size, the moisture of the climate suiting them admirably. Here they must be protected during two or three winters until they become hardy.

### Bladder Ketonia.

Hardy annuals, natives of Italy and Barbary. Seeds should be sown in March or April, with the usual treatment of annuals.

### Roses.

The leaves of rose-bushes are often found marked, in summer—and occasionally, though very rarely, in winter—with pale brown sigmoid lines, with a narrow black line running down the middle of each. These lines are the work of a very small yellow or orange colored caterpillar, not more than two lines long; that lives on the panchyma of the leaf; and the pale brown mark is occasioned by the epidermis drying when the pulp beneath has been removed. Tobacco water is an excellent remedy, if not too strong. It should be made by steeping half a pound of the best tobacco in a gallon of hot water; and as soon as the infusion has become cold, the young shoots should be dipped in it, or sprinkled with it, and suffered to remain a few minutes, or rather only seconds, after which they should be washed with clean cold water. This will also be found to remove the little green fly.

### Fragrant Flowers.

Four of the most powerfully fragrant flowers are the mignonette, heliotrope, daphne, odora and cape jasmine. They unite fragrance to exquisite, delicate beauty. What lover of flowers does not admire the purple-tinted heliotrope, the pink, wax-like blossoms of the daphne, and white, camellia-formed flowers of the cape jasmine? The daphne require the soil and treatment of the camellia. They are impatient of too much water, but must have a sufficiency during the warm season. After blooming they require but little water. Mignonette may be treated in the same manner as the sweet violets. The heliotrope should be grown in a rich, light soil with plenty of air and light. Can be turned into the open border in June. It is propagated by cuttings which easily strike.

### Geraniums.

Few plants are more easily grown, or that better repay the cultivator, than geraniums. All the half shrubby kinds require a light, rich soil, composed of well decayed manure, leaf mould, sand, and a little loam, kept moderately moist. A cool greenhouse, where the sashes can be frequently thrown off, and a balcony or window, not too much exposed to the sun, are best adapted for them; and in such situations they may be left during the whole year, only requiring, when in full flower, to be slightly shaded from the sun, to prolong the blossoming season. Immediately after the plants have flowered, they should be cut down nearly to the soil, or they will present a blanched, unhealthy appearance.

### Rhododendron Trees.

The rhododendrons vary very much in size, as well as in the color of the flowers, some being trees, and others trailing shrubs. The handsomest of the tree species is the nepaul, which grows about twenty feet high, with immense bunches of dark scarlet or crimson flowers, which have the rich hue of velvet. Most of the tree rhododendrons are too tender to stand the winter in the open air; but a rose-colored variety, and one with snow-white flowers, are nearly hardy.

### Vesicaria.

Herbaceous plants, mostly with yellow flowers, natives of Europe and America, which should be sown on sandy loam and are easily propagated by seeds and the division of the roots.

### Bulbs.

Keep bulbs in the house well watered and close to the light; but take them away from the window at night if they are in glasses.

### **Hyacinth.**

If the bulbs are in glasses, a few hints may be useful. The glasses should be filled with water, but not so high as to touch the bulb itself, as too much water is apt to make the bulb decay. The glasses may be put in a light, but cool situation, until the roots grow at least half the length of the glass. The longer the roots are before the plants are forced into flower, the finer the flowers will be, and when rooted may be kept warm or cool, as flowers are required in succession. The flowers will not put forth even when the glasses are filled with roots, if they are kept in too cool a place. The water should be changed twice a week, and rain water is the best for the purpose.

### **General Care of Flowers.**

Numerous plants which it would require too much space to enumerate, will need all attention at this time. All fine climbing plants should be carefully headed in, re-potted and placed in the warmest part of the greenhouse, till they begin to start. *Euphorbias*, *Clatums*, etc., which have done blooming, should be put away under the stage, in a cool place till time for them to commence to grow. *Camellias* will now be sending out their flowers in greater profusion, and become the prominent objects in the greenhouse. Syringe them well, and water freely, at the roots

### **Pomponé Chrysanthemums.**

The miniature or daisy-flowered chrysanthemums, which have been much improved by scientific culture, are yearly becoming greater favorites, and displacing in a measure the greater flowered kinds. The chrysanthemum is deservedly a favorite plant. They display their flowers at a season when there are few other gay blossoms—and the ease with which the plants are raised, endears them to every amateur florist. For pot culture, pompones are thought superior to any other kinds yet introduced, and deservedly so.

### **Malpighia.**

The Barbadoes Cherry. A stove climber, a native of the West Indies, and requires a stove here. It should be grown in light, loamy soil, and is comparatively easily propagated by cuttings taken from the ripened wood. The blossom is not remarkable for beauty, though the plant in itself is very pretty.

### **Air and Water.**

Be sure you give your plants air and water enough, and forget not that few flowers will endure a deprivation of sunlight. Turn the pots on the stand frequently, so that they will grow shapely and even, and not be distorted in stretching to the light.

### **Salsola.**

Saltwort. Annual and biennial succulent plants, which grow wild on the seacoast in Britain, and which are often cultivated for their curiously-shaped round stems. Soda is made from one of the species.

### **Dampness and Dryness.**

Guard against dampness in the greenhouse and conservatory, and against dryness in the stove—both are fatal. Plants will mildew if exposed to too much damp—especially the lemon verbena.

### **Fuchsias.**

Fuchsias are often spoiled by too much trimming. They should never be touched till they begin to shoot in the spring.

### **Flowers throughout the Year.**

How to keep plants perfectly healthy in living-rooms has long been, by everybody who has tried the experiment, a problem rather difficult. It is sufficiently difficult in a greenhouse, but in a living-room vastly more unsuccessful. The Wardian cases for flowers have become of late very fashionable, but in our eyes they are not so very beautiful; for the glass soon becomes obscure, and the plants lose half their interest by being shut up. The best method to keep plants in the parlor and sitting-room fresh and brilliant looking is to be careful that no speck of dust remains on them, and to shower them frequently, and change the position of the pot. Geraniums require a great deal of watching, as well as the heliotrope. If any shoots grow longer than the rest, cut them back. Give all the air you possibly can to the plants.

### **New Heliotropes and Geraniums.**

Quite a large number of new varieties of the heliotrope—one of the most fragrant and admired of flowers—have been produced by French florists. One of the best and older varieties is the *Louis Napoleon*, a dark one with light eye. The varieties known as the *Gem*, *Corymbosa*, *Constance*, etc., are very pretty and fragrant. The newer varieties are better. One of these, called *Albicans*, has a fine light flower, nearly white. The French florists are also very successful with new seedling geraniums, among which the most beautiful are the *Reubens* and *Domage*; the first a superb crimson, the latter an exquisite salmon pink. There are also the *Nemesis* and *Consuello*—the former a delicate pink, with a white centre; the *Consuello* is a rosy scarlet.

### **Bulbs.**

The different varieties of Cape bulbs usually found in a greenhouse collection, should be kept in the shade until they begin to grow, after which they should be placed near the light. The variety known as "*wachendorffia*," has a large red tuberous root, and requires a pot about six or seven inches deep. All hyacinths and other bulbous roots should be carefully examined, to prevent the secretion of snails or slugs. Give them plenty of water when planted; keep the saucers beneath them always full of water. Change the water every week on those that are in the glasses, being careful to put in tepid water.

### **Tube Roses.**

The tube rose is a superb flower, and justly esteemed for its gorgeous hue and fragrant odor. It is a plant which is generally cultivated in pots, in early spring, and transferred to the garden as soon as the temperature of the air is of a degree sufficiently mild to insure security from frost. They will do well, however, oftentimes, when planted out, without the previous preparation of potting. They are partial to a light, rich and warm soil, moderately deep and moist. One plant will generally produce a number of shoots, which should be preserved and detached the ensuing spring.

### **Deutzia.**

Slender branched, graceful shrubs, with compound panicles of beautiful white flowers. They will thrive in any light soil in open ground, but require some slight protection during the winter. Most of the species are natives of Japan, where they grow so luxuriantly, that the leaves are used by cabinet-makers for polishing the finer kinds of wood.

## Curious Matters.

### A Happy Family.

A gentleman travelling through Mecklenburg about forty years ago, was witness to a very singular circumstance in the post-house at New Hargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat with a bell about its neck. They all four went to the dish, and without disturbing each other fed together; after which the dog, cat and rat lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed among these animals, informed his guests that the rat was the most useful of the four, for the noise he made had completely freed the house from the other rats and mice with which it had previously been infested.

### Ingenious Experiment.

M. Gorini, a distinguished German Professor, has originated an interesting experiment in illustration of the formation of mountains. He melts certain substances of specific gravity in a vessel, and allows them to cool gradually. At first there is an even surface, but it soon cracks open, and portions of the lower strata ooze up and form gradual elevations, until ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification, the resemblance is said to be surprisingly complete, and M. Gorini also produces in a similar manner, on a small scale, the phenomenon of volcanoes and earthquakes.

### Immense Estate.

Sir Francis Drake died in England in 1622, or thereabouts, and left an immense estate worth some \$80,000,000, which, after passing through several generations, has at last been unable to find one of the family upon whom to bestow itself. The sons and daughters, uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers, cousins and cousins' cousins, have all died, and in the whole of Britain not a relative exists to accept the colossal fortune. A widow lady of Cincinnati has put forward a claim to the estate, as a lineal descendant of Sir Francis.

### A Great Novelty.

An ice-boat on a novel plan, intended to ply on the Mississippi River, between Prairie du Chien and St. Paul, and connect with the Mississippi and Milwaukee Railroad, is in progress of construction at Milwaukee. The whole structure is supported on two pair of runners, hung upon journals which vibrate, thus insuring an even bearing upon the ice.

### An Eternal Perfume.

Among the curiosities shown at Alnwick Castle in England, is a vase taken from an Egyptian catacomb. It is full of a mixture of gum-resins, etc., which give forth a pleasant odor to the present day, though probably fully three thousand years old.

### A Large Family.

Solomon Pierce, of Essex, Vermont, 98 years of age, has 28 children, 92 grand-children, and 27 great grand-children, constituting a family of 142, all but eight or ten living in Chittenden County.

### Interesting Discovery.

An interesting discovery has been made at the village of Nonancourt, France. The cover of the silver vessel in which the consecrated wafer is kept, becoming old, the curate of the village church determined to take it to pieces and clean it. In doing so he found in it a paper with this inscription: "I am the ribbon of James, the last King of Great Britain, the last King of the Stuart family. If you would know how I came here, see the anecdotes of the times; as, for instance, the History of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, the Private Life of the Duke of Orleans, etc. I was given to the church in 1753, by Madame l'Hopital, mistress of the post." The books referred to, mention that the Pretendant was attacked in 1715, at Nonancourt, by assassins hired by the English ambassador to despatch the Pretender who was saved by the courage and presence of mind of Madame l'Hopital. The ribbon was the ribbon of the Order of Bath.

### Death from Grief.

An English newspaper gives an account of the death of a father from grief. His boy, aged eight years, was accused on a charge of stealing a sovereign. Bail was refused and the lad sent to prison. The father, on parting with his child, took the matter so deeply to heart that he went home and never again looked up. A deep-seated melancholy took possession of him; he was obliged to give up work, and on the day his little boy was tried, the father breathed his last. The surgeon that attended him says he died of a broken heart. The boy was discharged.

### Smart Work.

Mrs. Rhoda Smart, wife of Daniel Smart, aged 71 years, of Fryeburg, during three months of the last summer and fall, spun three hundred skeins of yarn and wove one hundred and twenty-five yards of woolen cloth, twenty-five yards of which was carpeting. Mr. and Mrs. Smart, the former being 78 years old, lately visited Bangor, having travelled about five hundred miles in an open sleigh on a visiting tour to their friends.

### Origin of a Saying.

Among the ancient warriors, it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle, by presenting them with a feather to wear in their caps, which, when not in armor, was the covering of their heads, and no one was permitted that privilege who had not at least killed his man. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has effected a meritorious action, that it will be a feather in his cap.

### An Ancient Curiosity.

A man in Buffalo, New York, wears a most rare and ancient curiosity, in the shape of a wooden watch, only one hundred and fifty-six years old! It was made by Casper Glatz Stetten, in Switzerland, in 1702. The pinions and verge are of steel; the barrel, main and scope wheels are composed of brass, and so is the balance. The rest of the watch is entirely of wood, including the case.

### Better than Leather.

Among the most curious discoveries announced in London, may be named a leather cement, so strong and adhesive, that boots and shoes are made with it, in which not a single stitch is seen or required, and the process of mending so simple, that every man may be, if not his own boot-maker, at all events his own boot-mender.



### A strange Rat Story.

A late Scotch paper has the following singular story: "About the end of July or the beginning of August last, a woman named McLean, at Clifton, near the head of Loch Lomond, lost her marriage-ring while engaged in putting in or building peats, and notwithstanding that every search was made for it at the time, it could not be found. A cat lately brought a rat into the house, and around the neck of the rat was the missing marriage ring. It is supposed, as rats are known to carry off coins or pieces of silver or gold, that the ring had been taken to the rat's nest, where it had gone over the neck of one of the young ones, and remained there until the animal had advanced in growth, and curiously enough, been captured by the cat. Mrs. McLean, who had been about a year married, was no less rejoiced in getting possession of her lost ring than surprised at the singular way in which it was recovered."

### A Remarkable Case.

A man in Wisconsin, according to the papers of that State, lost a considerable portion of his brain by an accident, and considerable more through the exertions of the surgeons who attended him. His case was deemed entirely hopeless. But he unexpectedly improved, and has nearly recovered. Previous to this accident he had never been known to whistle or sing, or display the least musical talent; but as soon as he was able to speak, he began to sing with correctness, and now displays a taste for music amounting to a passion:

### The Fatal Dressing-Case.

In the arsenal at Venice is shown a curious dressing-case, containing six small cannons, which are so adjusted as to explode on the opening of the case. This is said to have been sent as a present to the Contessa Sacratini by Francesca Carrara, the last lord of Padua, famous or rather infamous, for his cruelties. The unfortunate lady, little suspecting the nature of the *cadeau*, hastily touched the spring by which the box was opened, and immediately fell, shot through the heart.

### An Extraordinary Case.

An extraordinary case of hydrocephalus, which is Greek for water on the brain, occurred at Paris, Maine, lately, in a child of Mr. Farren. At the time of the child's death at the age of twenty-one months, it measured two feet over the vertex of the head while the body was but two feet five inches long.

### An Ice Party.

In China they bake ice! An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and the ice is still unmelted, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate with the grateful contents.

### Canine Instinct.

A small dog was run over by a drayman in Centre Street, near Chambers, New York. His head was badly crushed, and the wound speedily ended his existence. With his remaining strength, however, as if conscious of approaching dissolution, he ran across the street, and lay down directly in front of the coronor's office, and there died.

### A singular Experiment.

Spirits of wine poured on a teaspoonful of common salt in a vial, well shaken, and then put either on to lamp cotton, or tow, and ignited, will burn with a peculiar colored flame, giving out purely yellow rays. This mysterious effect changes the appearance of all earthly objects. Coral lips become of a livid hue; rosy cheeks turn ghastly pale; red cap ribbons become black; in fact, everything appears different to what it does by the white light we are familiar with; and of all things, the human face undergoes the greatest change. Very young children should not be shown this experiment; for though there will be laughing lips and dazling eyes, yet they are of such an unearthly color, that old friends would appear with new faces, and a child would scarcely know its own mama.

### The Soap Plant.

The soap plant grows all over California. The leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or about six weeks after the rainy season has fully set in: the plants never grow more than a foot high, and the leaves and stock drop entirely off in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all summer without decaying. It is used to wash with in all parts of the country, and; by those who know its virtues, it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it is merely to strip off the husk, dip the clothes into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick lather, and smells not unlike soap.

### Curious Charges of Treason.

Walter Walker, a publican, was indicted under Edward IV. on a charge of high treason, for saying he would make his son "heir to the crown," meaning his inn, so called. In King James's time, one Woolridge accused Sandis, a constable, with concealing "treasonable words spoken by William Laver, who, in a drunken quarrel with James King, declared he would kill him if he could get at him; which words Woolridge pretended to mean he would kill King James, and accused Sandis for not reporting them." The grand jury, however, were wise and honest enough to throw out the bill.

### Remarkable Invention.

Norman Wiard is now engaged in constructing, at Prairie du Chien, a boat twelve feet wide by seventy long, designed to run on the ice of the upper Mississippi, which prevents navigation during the winter months. It is to be supported on skates or runners so arranged as to pass through snow five feet deep. Should it break through the ice, it will rest upon the water with safety. The inventor expects to run it safely (by steam) on smooth ice, from twenty-five to forty miles an hour. If it answers his expectation, it will be an exceedingly useful invention.

### A vagrant Millionnaire.

The Buffalo Republic states that a Russian named Albert David, who was sentenced last February to the penitentiary of that county as a vagrant, has fallen heir, by the death of his father, to an immense fortune in Russia, valued at over two millions of dollars. The banker of the deceased was recently in Buffalo, taking measures to effect the release of David, who, he says, came to this country four years ago, with sixty thousand dollars in his possession, one half of which he lost by the panic, and the balance of which he squandered.

## The Housewife.

### Wearing Flannel.

The very best thing that can be worn next to the skin, in summer as well as winter, is common woolen flannel. One color has no advantage over another, except that white is more agreeable to the sight, and it is more likely to "full up" in washing; but this may be almost entirely prevented, if done properly. Pour boiling hot strong soapuds on the garment in a tub, let it alone until the hand can bear the water, then pour off and add clean water, boiling hot, let this stand also as before; pour off and add more boiling clean water, and when cool enough, merely squeeze the garment with the hands—no wringing or rubbing. Stretch it immediately on a line in the hot sun, or before a hot fire; and as the water settles at the most dependent part of the garment, press it out with the hand, and be careful to stretch the fabric as soon as the water is squeezed out, aiming as much as possible to keep the flannel hot until it is dry. If woolen garments are treated literally as above, they will remain pliable and soft until worn out.

### Never Paint.

The use of white paint as a cosmetic affects the eyes, which it renders painful and watery. It changes the texture of the skin, on which it produces pimples; attacks the teeth, destroys the enamel, and loosens them. It heats the mouth and throat, infecting and corrupting the saliva. Lastly, it penetrates the pores of the skin, acting by degrees on the spongy substance of the lungs, and inducing disease. Powdered magnesia, or violet powder, is no further injurious than by stopping the pores of the skin; but this is quite injury enough to preclude its use. The best cosmetics are early hours, exercise and temperance.

### Hashed Goose.

Put a spoonful of chopped onions into a stewpan with an ounce of butter, which fry over the fire until becoming rather browned, then stir a tablespoonful of flour, put in the remains of a goose, cut into neat pieces, and well seasoned with pepper and salt; add a pint of stock, let the whole simmer about ten minutes, and it is ready to serve. A little apple sauce may be served separately in a boat, or a couple of apples sliced; a few leaves of bruised dried sage may be stewed with the hash.

### Egg Gruel.

Boil a pint of new milk; beat two new-laid eggs to a light froth, and pour in while the milk boils; stir them together thoroughly, but do not let them boil; sweeten it with the best of loaf-sugar, and grate in a whole nutmeg; add a little salt, if you like it. Drink half of it while it is warm, and the other half in two hours. It is said to be good for the dysentery, as well as nourishing.

### Rice Jelly.

Boil a quarter of a pound of rice-flour with half a pound of loaf-sugar, in a quart of water, till the whole becomes one glutinous mass; then strain off the jelly, and let it stand to cool. This food is very nourishing and beneficial to invalids.

### Staffordshire Syllabub.

Put a pint of cider and a glass of brandy, sugar and nutmeg into a bowl, and milk into it; or pour warm milk from a large teapot some height into it.

### Buckwheat Cakes.

These with molasses make a favorite winter dish for multitudes in winter time. Why not in summer also? We need in winter the food which contains most carbon; that is, the heat-producing principle—something which will keep up the internal fires, to compensate for the external cold. Meats, everything containing fat, are largely made of carbon; hence we instinctively eat heartily of meats in winter, but have small appetite for them in summer. The same instinct receives greedily the buckwheat cakes in winter, and turns from them in summer; while other forms of bread materials, meal and flour, are desired all the year. It is because buckwheat cakes are superior to bread as to fatty matter; while the syrup and butter used with them are almost entirely of carbon. So that there is nothing more suitable for a winter morning's breakfast than buckwheat cakes and molasses.

### To boil Potatoes.

In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection. The humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in America, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets." Peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable. They should be thoroughly washed, and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil. Cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done. Pour the water off completely, and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

### Lemon Dumplings.

Mix with ten ounces of fine bread-crumbs half a pound of beef suet, chopped extremely small, one large tablespoonful of flour, the grated rinds of two small lemons, or of a very large one, four ounces of pounded sugar, three large, or four small eggs beaten and strained, and last of all the juice of the lemons, also strained. Divide these into four equal portions, tie them in well-floured cloths, and boil them an hour. The dumplings will be extremely light and delicate; if wished very sweet, more sugar must be added to them.

### Painted Rooms.

The offensive smell of rooms newly painted may, it is said, be removed by simply placing therein, for a night, a bucket of water with some hay in it.

### Remedy for House Ants.

Go at once to the nest and pour boiling water into it until the ants are destroyed. If they come in through a crack, stop it up.

### Cod-Liver Oil.

Bitter orange wine is a pleasant medium of taking it, but it is by no means unpleasant when combined with a little salt.

### Grouse.

The Scotch method is to plain roast the grouse, dress it upon toast, and pour plain melted butter over.

### To fatten Poultry quick.

Boil rice in sweet milk, and feed them with it.

**Turkey.**

To carve without withdrawing your fork, place your fork firmly in the lower part of the breast, so as to have the turkey at perfect command. It is not difficult to complete the entire carving of this fowl without extracting the fork till done—the whole back, of course, making one joint. Proceed to remove the wing, the leg, another wing and leg. (This may be done either before or after slicing the breast.) Next remove the merrythought, the neck-bones, the neck itself; then, cutting through the ribs, the job is done.

**Curry Powder.**

One ounce of turmeric, one ounce of coriander seed, one ounce of cummin seed, one ounce of white ginger, one ounce of nutmeg, one ounce of mace, and one ounce of cayenne pepper. Pound all together and pass them through a fine sieve; bottle and cork it well. One teaspoonful is enough to season any dish.

**Bad Butter.**

This may be improved greatly by dissolving it thoroughly in hot water; let it cool, skim it off, and churn again, adding a little good salt and sugar. A small quantity can be tried and approved before doing a larger one. The water should be merely hot enough to melt the butter, or it will become oily.

**Tomato Marmalade.**

Gather full grown tomatoes while quite green; take out the stems and stew them till soft; rub them through a sieve, put the pulp on the fire, seasoned with pepper, salt and pounded cloves; add some garlic, and stew all together till thick. It keeps well, and is excellent for seasoning gravies.

**Mutton Steaks.**

Hang a leg of mutton where it will freeze. Then cut slices out of the thick part, pound and put them on a gridiron over a clear fire, and broil them quickly. When done, season with pepper and salt, baste well with butter, and serve while hot. This is a very nice dish for breakfast.

**Egg Plants.**

Pare and cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, season them with pepper and salt, dredge a little flour over each piece, and put them in a pan with some hot butter. Fry them slowly until they are perfectly soft and of a dark brown on both sides. Send to table hot.

**Codfish Cakes.**

Wash the fish, and after remaining in water all night, boil it. Take out all the bones, and mash it fine with some potatoes, a piece of butter, cayenne, and a little salt, if necessary. Then make it out into small round cakes, and fry in lard, a light brown on both sides.

**Tincture of Allspice.**

Bruised allspice one ounce and a half; brandy a pint. Steep a fortnight, occasionally shaking, then pour off the clear liquor. Excellent for many of the uses of allspice, for making a bishop, mulling wine, flavoring gravies, potted meats, etc.

**To Cleanse Gold.**

Wash the article in warm suds made of delicate soap and water, with ten or fifteen drops of sal volatile. (The sal volatile will render the metal brittle. This hint may be used or left at pleasure.)

**Plain Mock Turtle Soup.**

Boil a calf's head till very tender; strain the liquor on taking out the head; let it stand till next day; skim the fat off; cut the meat up, with the lights, and put both into the liquor; place that over the fire, seasoning with pepper, salt, mace and cloves, sweet herbs and onions, if liked; stew slowly thirty minutes; add a tumbler of white wine just before taking up. Chop a little salt pork, with lean veal, fine, adding the brains, seasoned with pepper, salt, mace, cloves, sweet herbs or curry powder; make all into balls of the size of the yolk of an egg; boil part in the soup; fry the others for a separate dish.

**Roast Chicken.**

Procure a nice plump chicken, which draw and truss, and out the sinews; pass the spit through under the skewer as usual, and set it down before a clear fire; after being there five minutes, have ready a pat of butter, in the bowl of a wooden spoon, with which rub the chicken all over; if the fire is too fierce, put it back a short distance, that it may roast of a yellowish-brown color; when a light smoke arises from the chicken, which will be in about twenty minutes from the time it is put down, it is done. But to be quite sure whether a bird is done, the better way is to press it lightly with your finger and thumb; should it feel quite set, it is sufficiently cooked.

**St. James's Cake.**

Put one pound of very fresh butter in a good-sized kitchen basin, and with the right hand work it up well till it forms quite a white cream; then add one pound powdered sugar, mix well, add ten eggs by degrees; put to dry a pound and a quarter of flour, which mix as lightly as possible with it; blanch and cut in slices two ounces of pistachios, two ditto of green preserved angelica, add two liquor glasses of noyseau, two drops of essence of vanilla; whip a gill and a half of cream till very thick, mix lightly with a wooden spoon.

**Veal.**

The best piece of veal for roasting is the loin; the breast and rack are good also. The breast makes a good potpie, and the rack is good cut into pieces and broiled. The leg is fine for frying; and after several slices have been taken off for cutlets, the rest is nice for boiling with a piece of salt pork.

**Carrot Pudding.**

Boil tender six carrots of middling size; pound, sift and mix them with a pint of cream; sugar, spice and orange to the taste; bake in a dish lined with a thin rich paste, from thirty to forty-five minutes.

**Oysters.**

No oyster should be eaten under four years old; their age is known by their shell—just the same as the age of a tree is known by its bark, or a fish by its scale, and the small oyster has the finest flavor.

**Cocoa-nut Cake.**

One grated cocoa-nut, half the weight in sugar, the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, mixed thoroughly, and dropped on white paper, laid upon tin sheets.

**Ground Rice Sponge Cake.**

The weight of nine eggs in sugar, and six in ground rice; lemon and salt to your taste.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### A FEW FACTS ABOUT RAIN.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few results derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered. First, were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated. Again, the absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity is proportionably greater in warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate. Now when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?

“RODERICK THE ROVER.”—This captivating sea story, elegantly illustrated, written by *Lieutenant Murray*, will be sent *post paid* to any part of the country on the receipt of twenty cents in postage stamps. Five editions of this remarkable romance have been issued, and the demand is as great as at first!

FEMALE VOTERS.—Women are now allowed to vote in two electoral districts of Sweden, but are forbidden to wear crinoline on voting days.

CHESS.—This brilliant game is wonderfully popular just now all over the country.

### THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

There are certain ages, in the history of the world, on which the heart dwells with strong interest and affection; but there are none which excite our curiosity, our admiration, and our love, more intensely than the days of chivalry. At that period, the world was enchanted, and history was a romance. The heart of man was bolder, and his arm firmer, than in these days of dull reality, while the spirit of adventurous knight-hood was softened with heroic gentleness and gallant love. The beauty of woman then was a boast and a treasure, and the “mortal mixture of earth's mould” was worshipped as a starry divinity. But “the last crowning rose of all the wreath” was the universal spirit of poetical feeling, which was awakened in the heart of the nations, and which, in its mighty consequences, tended most powerfully to refine away the ignorance and barbarity, which had been the accumulation of centuries. The fountains of purer and gentler feelings were opened, and the impetuosity of their first gushing carried away the corruptions which had confined them in their source. The effect of this spirit on the habits and manners of after-times, was prodigious. It spread refinement and civilization through the world, and, by awakening the soul to a sense of its own powers, it gave the first impulse to that progress of the intellect, which ensures, in its mighty advances, the liberty and the welfare of man.

A POOR BUSINESS.—The chances of drawing a prize in the Delaware State lotteries are estimated at seventeen to one against success—this is when they are fairly drawn.

SIGNIFICANT.—The French government have been buying up all the Colt's revolvers in the Liverpool market. It was done in small lots not to excite attention.

REMEMBER.—*Ballou's Pictorial* and *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* are sent together for *Three Dollars* a year. This offer was never before equalled.

A DEFINITION.—Lord Byron thus defined *negus*: “A wretched compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water.”

## COTTON GROWING.

The extension of the cotton cultivation in the Southern States keeps pace fully with the demand for that staple in the markets of the world. Within a year past, as estimated by the Mobile Register, fifty thousand negroes have been brought from other parts of the country into the sugar and cotton-growing States. Alarm is expressed lest this great influx of labor should produce disastrous effects, by reducing the price of cotton so low that planters will not be able to meet their maturing engagements. Doubtless the effect of this superabundance of labor will be to open new lands both for sugar and cotton culture, and the aggregate produce will thus be greatly increased. But sugar will always be in demand, and the American article cannot fail to command the market of this country, to the full extent of its production. As to cotton, there is more uncertainty. Should Europe remain at peace, and become settled in its international relations, the increased demand for the manufactures of the old world would take off all the surplus beyond the crops of former years. The factories of our own country are likely to do a good business for some time to come, and their consumption will materially help to keep down the annual surplus. It may therefore with safety be asserted that the value of negro labor, for some time to come, will depend upon the state of Europe. Should peace prevail, it will be sustained; should war break out and continue, it must come down, to the serious injury and perhaps ruin of the planters.

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**THE STATE OF OREGON.**—This new State does not comprise the whole territory of Oregon; the eastern boundary, being defined by act of Congress in such a manner as to cut off one half of the territorial area, which is annexed to Washington.

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**A POSER.**—A fellow who lives at a boarding-house where they give the toughest of tough beefsteak, staggered his landlady the other day by handing his plate, and asking, in a very loud voice, for a little more of his daily "board."

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**TRUE.**—The man who does all he can, in a low station, is more of a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one.

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**WHISTLING.**—A man in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

## BEAR-CHILDREN.

M. de la Metraye, in his interesting and instructive travels, gives us this singular information respecting the bear at Oza, a large Polish village two miles from Grodno. He writes: "I was assured that the bears of that forest, though very numerous, are so far from doing any harm to human creatures, that, on the contrary, the she-bears have often reared infants exposed by unnatural mothers; that in King Cassimer's reign, some huntsmen had taken two of these infants alive, which, although they went on all-four, could not run so fast as the bears which nourished them; they roared in the same manner, and fled from the sight of men as they did; the one, by his growth, was computed to be eleven or twelve years old, and the other nine or ten. It was a great while before they could be brought to talk, to eat any cooked victuals or bread, or walk on their feet as other men do—particularly the one who was kept at court; and the other, being put to a convent at Warsaw, there learned a few Polish words, but never to that perfection as to understand or be understood well. Their bodies were very hairy, their skins tawny; and so hardened that they could bear cold weather better than hot; in a word, they had nothing to distinguish them from beasts but their shape and figure. However, as it was believed they were human creatures, they were baptized. The king made a present of that which had been kept some time at court to the vice-chamberlain of Pomerania, who employed him in his kitchen, but he could not be reconciled to the heat thereof, nor weaned from his brutish customs. He often took a ramble into the forest to visit his friends the bears, which always used him with all the tenderness imaginable; and he always brought home some wild-fruit, which he used to eat with more pleasure than anything the kitchen afforded."

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**STATISTICAL.**—We find by the Massachusetts Register, that there are 1373 clergymen in this State—1616 physicians—1142 lawyers—5410 justices of the peace—243 newspapers or periodicals. Good many people in the Bay State.

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**SAVINGS BANKS.**—There are eighty-eight savings banks in this State, five of which are in Boston. Excellent institutions.

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**A SAD ACCIDENT.**—The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duty, is slowly recovering.

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**JUST SO.**—Self-respect is the noblest garment we can clothe ourselves in.

## THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

The absolutely despotic form of the Russian government, though eminently fitted for the conservation of old systems, is badly adapted to the introduction of reforms. Theoretically the emperor is supreme, reigning by divine right, and accountable to none for the exercise of his power. In practice, however, custom and public opinion impose certain restrictions upon the sovereign, which serve in some measure to direct his course. These influences, having no clearly defined limits up to which they can act, are often made to yield to the imperious will of the emperor, and the personal character of the czar for the time being, usually determines that of the government as to the intensity of the despotism.

There is no such thing as a national legislative body in Russia, and the laws of the empire are merely the decrees of the ministers as approved by the sovereign. An institution has long existed in the Russian government, which partakes something of a representative character, but it is without practical influence upon the ordinary laws of the country. This is the imperial council, which is composed of deputies from all classes of the nation, and over which the emperor presides in person, or by delegate of his sole appointment. This council, though it still exists in law, has fallen into disuse for many years. The last time it was called together was during the reign of Catharine II., about eighty years ago. At that time it established regulations for the government of the various provinces of the empire, and several other laws of great importance. Ever since that session of the national council, the czars have governed by means of decrees or ukases, which have at length accumulated into a vast mass of conflicting regulations, that presents a lively picture of a legal chaos.

The regulations by which the serfs of Russia are considered as property, are of this character, that condition of the peasantry having never been established by state law. About two hundred and fifty years ago, the Czar Godounove made a law imposing permanent residence upon the peasantry, in their then localities, but not depriving them of civil rights or citizenship. The code of Juan IV., prior to this enactment, made no distinction between the condition of the peasantry and the other inhabitants of the country; and the code of Alexis, fifty years later than the law of Godounove above referred to, did not recognize personal slavery as the lot of the peasantry, but considered them merely as the subjects of the lord on whose lands they were located. It was not until the reign of Peter the

Great, which begun in 1682, that they were treated as property, and then only by administrative regulations, and not by any state law. Neither has this manner of treating them been confirmed by any subsequent action of the imperial council of the nation. This state of affairs in reference to the condition of the serfs of Russia, very much complicates the question of their emancipation, which is now uppermost, and places the various parties in interest in antagonist positions towards each other.

Acting in conformity with the manner in which serfdom has grown up, within the last hundred and fifty years, the emperor has seen fit to attempt its abolition by the same means; that is by imperial ukase. The nobles object to this method of initiating the reform, both on account of the process itself, and of the regulations which are prescribed for the treatment of the subject. They say that the change proposed, is a fundamental one in its nature, and affects the whole condition of society; and that therefore it should be ordained by state law, framed and sanctioned by the imperial council, instead of being disposed of by a mere imperial decree. They furthermore wish to have some voice in the matter, in order that their own interests as landholders may be protected, and that the liberated people may feel that they are in some degree beholden to the nobility for the boon they receive. As the matter now stands the serfs will have nothing to thank them for, and by the imperial regulation these lands are to some extent taken out of their control. This they say degrades them, while it can subserve no good purpose in promoting the comfort or prosperity of the peasants, in their new relation. But the emperor designs by his regulations to throw every possible safeguard around the liberated serfs, and to secure them fully against the caprices, the avarice and the necessities of the landholders; and he has moreover very little desire that the peasantry should as a body become strongly attached to their late masters. He knows full well by the lessons of history, as well as by his own experience, what a fierce and formidable power against the throne is the Russian nobility, and he does not forget how often his predecessors have been put to death by violence at the hands of this turbulent class. He is therefore perfectly willing that the mass of the people should become strongly attached to him, and stand as a barrier between his throne and the nobles. This it is which makes Alexander II. so strong a friend to the cause of the people, and justifies a remark which we made some time ago, that he was the most democratic sovereign in Europe.

## A NEW TELESCOPE.

The speculum, or mirror, of the large reflecting telescope is a concave surface of highly polished metal. The material usually employed is an alloy composed of two parts of copper and one of tin, with a little arsenic to increase the whiteness. The difficulty of casting and polishing these mirrors to an accurate parabolic surface, imposes practical limits to the size of which they can be made, and renders them very expensive. To supersede these mirrors of solid metal, Professor Perkins has proposed a reflecting surface of fluid mercury in a state of rapid revolution. His theory is, that a vessel containing mercury, placed on a table and made to revolve horizontally, with a rapid and equable motion, will assume the exact parabolic form which is required for an accurate telescopic speculum. The rapidity of the motion will determine the focal distance of this speculum, while steadiness and uniformity in the motion will secure a surface sufficiently steady and constant to reflect the images of heavenly bodies accurately. As the position of this fluid speculum must necessarily be always horizontal, it would be capable of reflecting only those objects situated in the zenith, or directly overhead. To obviate this difficulty, and enable the observer to view objects in other parts of the heavens, he proposes to use a large plain reflector, inclined at a proper angle, to throw the image upon the reflecting surface of quicksilver. With a large reflecting telescope thus improved, the professor thinks the moon may be scrutinized so carefully, as to settle the question, beyond dispute, whether it be inhabited or not.

**THE GROWTH OF ROMANISM.**—There are, at the present time, upwards of twenty-three hundred Catholic churches in the United States, against two hundred and thirty in 1829. This is an increase of nine hundred per cent. in thirty years.

**A STERLING ACTOR.**—Henry Placide, the inimitable comedian, is living on Long Island. The elder Matthews, it will be remembered, thought him the best comic actor in America.

**SMALL TRADES.**—How much money is made out of minor branches of business! For instance, \$600,000 worth of kindling stuff was sold in the city of New York last year.

**A MORBID TASTE.**—It is said that many ladies are addicted to the pernicious practice of eating musk. Think of *musk-eters* in crinoline!

## THE ABBEY OF ST. DENIS.

This ancient sepulchre of the kings of France was built by Dagobert I., the eleventh king of the Merovingian race, who reigned from A. D. 628 to 638. He was distinguished for early piety, subsequent licentiousness, and a royal knack of putting away his wives, upon the non-affinity principle. He also sat upon a throne of solid gold. The kings of France have been interred in that royal mausoleum of Dagobert for more than a thousand years; and it is a singular fact that Westminster Abbey, the place of royal sepulture in England, was founded by Sabert, King of Kent, at about the same period that St. Denis was built. Quite a significant fact may also be noted, in the recent removal of the remains of Napoleon the Great from their *second* burial place, the Hospital of the Invalides, to the vaults of St. Denis. This act of Louis Napoleon shows a fixed determination to carry out the ideas of the first emperor, and make his race the legitimate successors of the ancient French dynasty. It is another step in the great drama, which he hopes to play, of restoring the empire of Charlemagne. The occasion also gave him a good opportunity to outbid Louis Philippe in his demonstrations of reverence for the memory of the first emperor. Louis Philippe, while king of the French, recovered the remains from St. Helena, and buried them with great pomp at the Invalides; but Louis Napoleon has caused them to be enshrined in the ancient sepulchre of the royal line.

**A FUNNY MISTAKE.**—J. G. Holland's new poem of "Bitter-Sweet" was recently ordered of a bookseller in Cedar Rapids, who complied with the order by sending his correspondent six packages of bitter-sweet herb, instead of the books.

**A STEAM WOOD-SAWYER.**—George Page, of Washington City, has invented a machine for sawing and splitting wood by steam, which will despatch a cord in five minutes, and pile it up.

**WASHINGTON AS A MASON.**—Powers, the sculptor, has nearly finished a life-size statue of Washington, clothed in the regalia of a Master Mason.

**LADY-LIKE DIALOGUES.**—"Burn the crinoline!" "Yes, my dear, 'tis all very well to say burn the crinoline; but suppose you are in it?"

**LESS.**—The British railroad receipts of 1858 were less by £408,700 than in the previous year.

## THE ROSETTA STONE.

Some three years ago, the Philomathian Society of the University of Pennsylvania received a present of a plaster fac-simile of the famous old Egyptian relic, known as the Rosetta Stone. The society thereupon appointed a committee of three of its members to prepare a translation of all the three inscriptions engraved upon the stone. The committee have completed their labors, and presented the results of their three years' toil in a small quarto volume of one hundred and sixty pages, handsomely illustrated, and bearing the modest title—"Report on the Rosetta Stone." The volume contains a description, sketch and history of the Rosetta Stone, with translations of the three inscriptions, and essays on each of them, and an historical account of King Ptolemy, who is the subject of honor in the three inscriptions. This curious and valuable work is the joint production of three young men, composing the committee, viz., Charles R. Hale, S. Huntington Jones, and Henry Morton, who have each taken up and investigated one branch of the subject, and then combined the fruits of their studies to elucidate the important historical problems which this remarkable relic of antiquity suggests.

This stone was found in Egypt, near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, some fifty years ago, by a French officer, who was engaged in repairing some fortifications, during the war between the English and the French. It is a block of black basalt, three feet in length, about two feet wide, and from six to twelve inches thick. Upon the face of it are sculptured three inscriptions in different characters—one, the hieroglyphic of the priesthood, the second, the demotic or common character of the ancient Egyptians, and the third in Greek letters. The first inscription occupies fourteen lines, the second, or middle one, thirty-two lines, and the lower one, fifty-four; and all were supposed to convey the same meaning. The savans of the French army made copies of these inscriptions, and also took impressions from the face of the stone with printing ink. The army was subsequently defeated by the English, and this stone was among the spoils captured by the victors. Lord Hutchinson, the commander of the British forces, caused it to be removed to England, where it was deposited in the British Museum. Plaster casts were taken, and distributed among the English universities, at the time of its reception, and the attention of the learned was directed towards discovering the meaning of the writing.

The Greek text upon the stone was much defaced and impaired, so as to be in many places

undecipherable; but some of the attempts to translate what was legible, were successful. Dr. Young, in England, also Mr. Osborn and Mr. Foster, and Champollion, in France, devoted much attention to the other two inscriptions, and made some progress towards rendering their meaning. Several scholars in Germany also essayed to read the riddle, but met with no satisfactory success. Aided by all the light which these wise men have thrown upon the subject, and the later discoveries of antiquaries, the three young Philadelphians have made accurate translations of all the inscriptions, filled up many of the breaks, and thrown a strong light upon the hitherto dark mystery. The translations of the three texts being accomplished, the three inscriptions have been collated throughout—a most important and hitherto unattempted labor, which will prove of great service in aiding future investigations of a similar character. The book is very copiously illustrated with *fac-similes*, and other designs, printed in colors, there being over one hundred pages ornamented in this way, and all the illustrations bearing upon the subject.

The three inscriptions are shown to be almost identical in meaning, the second and third being probably repetitions of the first. The subject is an apotheosis decreed by the priests to King Ptolemy Epiphanes, i. e., *Illustrious*, for his devoted services to the gods, under the administration of his able minister, Aristomenes. These services are set forth in terms of high eulogium in the inscriptions; and it also appears that this stone was prepared in compliance with an order for a similar tablet to be set up in all the temples of Egypt. No second stone, however, has yet been found, though a similar inscription was subsequently discovered by Salt and Lepsius, on the walls of the temple of Isis, on the island of Philoe. This had been partially destroyed, by being engraved over with another inscription, at a later period; but the portions extant proved very valuable in supplying breaks in the Rosetta Stone. The Ptolemy, who was the subject of this apotheosis, reigned about two hundred years before Christ; and if history be true, his life was little deserving of the honorable mention which the inscriptions make of him. But his minister, Aristomenes, was a good ruler; and in this case, as in many others, the virtues of the servant probably shielded the vices of the master.

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A TIME TO SELL.—An old bachelor, hearing a report that he was going to get married, purchases a pound of wedding cake, and sends pieces of it round to his acquaintances on the 1st of April.



**THE SUN'S DISTANCE.**

Were the centre of the sun to occupy the place of the earth's centre, that body would fill the whole orbit of the moon, and extend two hundred thousand miles beyond it, in every direction. From this consideration we derive something approaching to a clear idea of the sun's magnitude. Its diameter is 886,000 miles, or about one hundred and twelve times as great as that of the earth, and four hundred and twenty-two times that of the moon. From the fact that the sun appears no bigger than the moon, we may readily infer that it must be at an enormous distance from the earth. This distance is calculated by astronomers to be about ninety-five million miles. We may conceive some idea of this distance, when we reflect that a steamboat voyage of two hundred miles per day, would take us there in thirteen hundred years; and that a railroad car, travelling thirty miles per hour, would occupy three hundred and sixty-one years in the journey. But steamboat and car would be burnt to a cinder long before they approached within the orbit of Mercury, which planet is only thirty-seven million miles from the great source of light and heat. The relative distances of the planets was known long before their absolute distances were calculated; and it is to the transit of Venus across the sun's disk that astronomers are indebted for the elements by which they calculate the absolute distance of the sun from the earth. This phenomenon is of very rare occurrence, and can happen only twice in a century. The next transit will take place in 1874, and will be anticipated, provided for, and observed throughout the world, as a means of rectifying the present data of astronomical science.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—A melancholy occurrence took place at Ostend a short time ago. A person named Sweetlove was lying on his deathbed, surrounded by his wife and children, when his father came to see him. The father was so affected that he was struck with apoplexy, and he and the son died at about the same moment.

**GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE.**—It is reported in Paris that M. Fould, minister of the emperor's household, gained upwards of five millions of francs by the recent fall in the price of the French funds. M. de Morny is said to have been even more fortunate.

**CHEAP POWER.**—The New York Central Railroad Company use a caloric engine to pump water at their works, at Rome, New York. The cost of running it, is only twenty cents a day.

**THE CITY OF PARIS.**

A new extension of the city of Paris is said to have been decided upon, by which the present octroi limits will be carried back to the fortifications. The space between these two points comprises, says the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, a vast belt filled with people and industry under government distinct from the city population. During the space of about nineteen hundred years the walls of Paris have been altered nine times, encircling wider territory. The first enclosure under Julius Cæsar contained but forty-five acres. In the thirteenth century, under Philip Augustus, the enclosure was seven hundred and fifty acres. Under Henry IV., it was enlarged to fifteen hundred and sixty; this was in the sixteenth century. A century later, under Louis XIV., it was enlarged to two thousand six hundred acres. Under Louis XV., a century ago, it was enlarged to eight thousand acres; and to-day the walls enclose about eight thousand five hundred acres. The proposed measure of enlargement will make the area equal to eighteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five acres, and will add to the population 350,000 souls. The population of Paris proper in 1836 is given at 1,174,000 souls. With the added territory, therefore, it will amount to 1,524,000.

**A DOG-TROT.**—A young gentleman connected with an express office in Stillwater, Minnesota, says the Messenger, had occasion to go to Arcola a few days since, on business requiring speed, whereupon he harnessed a fine Newfoundland dog to a light hand sled, and made the journey on the ice in twenty-seven minutes! The distance is seven miles—being an average of one mile in a little less than four minutes. The dog is about four years old, but large and powerful.

**BINDING.**—Every description of binding done at this office. Magazines, pamphlets, sheet music, newspapers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Punch, The London Illustrated News, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Magazine, Graham's Magazine, Peterson's, Ballou's Dollar Monthly, Ballou's Pictorial, Weekly Novelette, Flag of our Union, etc., etc., bound and returned in one week.

**LEGAL REMEDY FOR LOVE.**—No sensible young woman whose sweetheart has proved false, will ever die of a broken heart. Having taken the precaution to secure a promise of marriage, she will always recover in a court of law.

## Foreign Miscellany.

It is a singular fact that duels and suicides are unknown among the Turks.

The debt of Spain amounts to 14,000,000,000 reals, or about £140,000,000.

Lord Dufferin, it is said, will visit New York, next summer, in his celebrated yacht *Foam*.

The cultivation of oysters, in France, by direction of the emperor, is resulting in great crops.

An exhibition of works of art, by living masters of all nations, will be opened at the Hague on the 22d of May, which is to last till the 4th of July.

John Murray, the publisher, is about to publish a complete cheap edition of Lord Byron's works.

Miss Amelia Ross, aged 117 years, died last month in England. She lived in the reigns of five sovereigns of Great Britain.

The population of London has nearly doubled since 1811, and the carriages plying for hire are more than twelve times as numerous.

The 32d Regiment, which gained such glory at Lucknow, is now only 215 strong, 469 having died since May, 1857; of these, 235 were killed in action.

The municipality of Passy, France, has decided to call the boulevard which borders the ground purchased by Rossini, and on which he is building a mansion, the Boulevard Rossini.

A "Biographical Study on the Life and Works of Daniel Webster," the American orator, has been published in Russia, by Professor Katchenovsky of the University of Kharkoff.

If one could trust official figures under the imperial administration, the French army has cost only £29,000,000, during the six years in which England has paid away £54,000,000.

The locomotives of a new railroad line in Scotland are constructed to consume only seven pounds of coke per mile, or about one-fifth of the consumption of locomotives annually.

A French physician claims to have discovered that whooping cough is the result of suppressed cutaneous eruptions, yielding invariably to the production of an external rash.

A patent for improvements in the construction of fire-proof floors, the combination consisting of malleable iron joist, corrugated iron plates and concreted filling, has been taken out in England.

It is said that toys figure for a sum of 4,300,000 francs among the fabrications of Paris. In 1858, the gross sale of dolls amounted to 1,400,000 francs, while military toys only attained to the amount of 750,000 francs.

The total value of the minerals produced in Great Britain during 1857, was estimated by the government officers to be \$129,805,000; the value of the metals produced in the United Kingdom, for the same period, was \$90,525,000.

A curious statistical return has lately been made of the supply of eggs to England from France, by which it appears that the annual value of this export to that country exceeds that of wine. The quantity sent is over two hundred millions annually.

It is estimated that England pays three millions of dollars, annually, for manure.

Captain Hudson, U. S. N., has been presented with a medal and gold box by Queen Victoria.

Miss Burdett Coutts has given \$125,000 for the endowment of the Church in British Columbia. This is the third bishopric she has endowed.

A copy of Dante, belonging to Orsini, with his autograph, fetched 60 francs at a book sale in Paris.

Louis Napoleon is now said to possess a navy that, in effective strength, is not inferior to that of England.

Great preparations are making throughout Germany for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Schiller, the poet, on the 10th of November next.

The Duke of Buckingham has two volumes of "Memoirs of the Court of George IV." in the press. These memoirs, it is understood, are made up from original family papers.

The London Times says that there are 9000 miles of railway in Great Britain, which has cost £315,000,000, or \$1,575,000,000! The average interest which they pay is about 3 1-3 per cent.

The Mersey steel works of Liverpool have just turned out the largest piece of steel supposed yet to be manufactured in the world. It weighs over seven tons, and is intended for the piston of a newly invented steam hammer.

In Sweden, the business of distilling, as also that of brewing, is very extensive. In 1856, 10,616,434 kanna of brandy (a kanna being nearly equal to 3 1-2 English quarts,) were distilled, value about a million and a half dollars.

A manufacturer of clothing at Limerick lately stated to the British Army Contracts Commission, that with the steam power at his command he could clothe the whole British army, assuming that 250,000 suits would be required annually. He employs about 1100 persons.

M. N. Macdonald Hume presented to the Edinburgh National Gallery an interesting and valuable portrait of Mrs. Hume's grand uncle—Hume, the historian and philosopher. It is an excellent work of art, and by a Scotchman—Allan Ramsay, the son of the poet.

A recent letter from La Rochelle, France, says that the yield of the grape has been more abundant than drinkable water. Coopers were employed night and day, but being unable to supply the demand for casks, the wine had to be converted into brandy.

Instances of exquisitely honorable conduct are of frequent occurrence in France. A receiver general recently defaulted to a large amount. His family and relations instantly came forward and advanced the whole sum. They preferred making this sacrifice, and thus preserve the honor of the name.

Within the last fifty years, steam power and labor-saving machinery have wrought a mighty revolution in industry, and rendered almost superfluous manual labor in the great department of mechanical industry. In the British islands, the work done by machine power is computed by Lord Brougham to be equal to the labor of eight hundred millions of men.

## Record of the Times.

According to the Naval Register for 1859, our navy consists of eighty-seven vessels.

The New York Sun is printed on Beach's press—which prints both sides at once.

Louis Napoleon, it is said, has immense sums invested in England and this country.

An agent of the British Museum has collected 400 biographies of George Washington.

The amount of coal raised annually in Great Britain, is 68,000,000 tons.

A reading-room, free to all travellers, was recently opened at Cleveland, Ohio.

Long Island, during the last two years, has been entirely re-supplied with Bibles at a cost of \$4202.

Of the nine thousand seamen registered in 1857, more than four thousand were registered in Massachusetts.

The number of deaths in the city of New York in 1858 was 24,492, an increase of 1159 over the previous year.

It is stated that a firm in New York have made a profit of \$100,000 by manufacturing steel hoops for ladies.

Mormonism in California, as well as elsewhere, is understood to be on the wane, slowly but surely.

The gold fields in New Zealand have already yielded £100,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets.

The New York State prisons are overflowing. At Sing Sing, there are 1170 prisoners, and the Clinton and Auburn prisons are crowded.

The census of next year (1860) is expected to show a population in the United States of over 30,000,000.

A couple were recently married in Rockland, Me., who had been married once before, and had been divorced. It is four or five years since they parted.

A "land locomotive" successfully traversed the streets of Dayton, Ohio, recently. It is designed for draught on the farm, in ploughing and threshing and other labor, and for use on the farm.

The Secretary of State of New York says that during the last two years, there have been granted in that State four hundred and twenty-six pardons, ten commutations (seven of which were from death to the State Prison for life), and forty-two restorations to citizenship.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly advocates the use of tea and coffee. "How much resort to stronger stimulants," he remarks, "these innocent beverages prevent, can be judged only by the weakness of human nature and the vast consumption of both."

Plaster of Paris used freely about the stable, is quite desirable, both on the score of comfort and profit. It is cruel to foster a noble horse in a stable where the air is suffocating on account of noxious gases constantly generating and escaping for want of a few quarts of some absorbent.

In the seventeenth century, the epithet "miss," applied to females, was considered a term of reproach.

The Milledgeville Recorder gives a list of newspapers in Georgia, showing sixty-one in all.

The debt of the city of Boston is nearly \$4,000,000.

New York city is growing daily richer in works of art. Some private collections are splendid.

Thirty-three stars now shed their light from the flag of our Union.

The number of drinking saloons in Cincinnati is stated to be 1680.

The Jewish race, scattered all over the world, is said to number about 4,690,000 persons.

The gold crop of California last year amounted to nearly \$50,000,000.

Gutta-percha house-paper is among the late inventions.

The law of food is, that man should eat what is good for him, at such times, and in such quantities as nature requires.

In Wisconsin, they call a bribe a "pecuniary compliment," and a defalcation in a public officer an "official conveyance."

There are 47 engines, 57 hose and 15 hook and ladder companies, employing 3700 men, in the New York fire department.

The President has selected the circle of Pennsylvania Avenue, near Georgetown, for the bronze equestrian statue of Washington, on which Clark Mills is engaged.

San Francisco has, every Sunday night, English, French and German theatres in full blast. Probably no other city in the world, of 70,000 population, could say as much.

There are in the State of New York 11,327 school districts, exclusive of the cities. The number of children between the ages of four and twenty-one is 1,538,175, of which 842,137 attended school in 1858.

The returns show that our commerce with the Amoor country, last year, when the trade was first opened, amounted to one million of dollars. The Amoor is rich in furs, and agricultural and mineral resources.

The Trenton (N. J.) Democrat says that between thirty and forty of the inmates of the State Prison have professed conversion during the past year, and their daily conduct warrants the belief of their sincerity.

A spirited woman in Dayton, Ohio, caught her husband, the other day, in the act of breaking up her hoops. The exertion of something else had a singular effect upon him. His hair came out at an astonishing rate.

An Indian has been discovered in California, five feet and a half high, and weighing only sixteen pounds, being a mere skeleton, but in good health, and lively. This is supposed to be the veritable "Lo, the poor Indian!"

The Memphis and Ohio Railroad is completed. A junction is now formed with the Mobile and Ohio road, completing the continuous connection by rail with Columbus, Kentucky, and through that place with the entire system of roads radiating from Cairo.

## Merry-Making.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

A military paradox—a disorderly orderly sergeant.

Why is the theatre like a bird? Because it has wings and flies.

How does the most punctual of paymasters incur a mighty debt? By sleeping on tick.

Why is a young girl of sixteen like pity? Because she is achin' to love.

Down-east Lyceum—question for discussion: "Can a big man ache harder than a little man?"

Whatever may be the reputation of a man while alive, when dead he is generally allowed to be a "finished" gentleman.

The "little curtsies" of life, a friend assures us, are for the most part to be found among the gentler sex, between the ages of four and six.

A fop, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii! "Not very well," was the reply: "They are awfully out of repair."

The bronchial epidemic, by which so many ladies have been afflicted, has been traced to *expanded skirts*, and hence it is suggested that the disease is in reality a species of *looping cough*!

"You would be very pretty, indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them!"

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards or burgundy.

"What object do you now see?" The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is *your shadow*."

A lady, sitting down to a dinner of roast veal, the other day, exclaimed, whilst eating: "I do think that the butchers are the most cruel creatures that ever lived, these poor calves!—another piece of the shoulder, if you please, Mr. Smith!"

A Frenchman on his way to this country was very sea-sick. One morning the cabin-boy came for his boots. "Boots?" feebly sounded from the berth. "Ah, sare, you may take zem—I sall want zem nairy more."

It having been proposed in the Mississippi Legislature to authorize the State Librarian to subscribe for all the papers in the State, one of the editors says he shall require payment in advance, as he is afraid of trusting the State!

Somebody advertises for agents to sell a work entitled, "Hymeneal Instructor." A contemporary adds, "The best hymeneal instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know, there is no use learning."

An editor of a newspaper desired to show his knowledge of musical terms and phrases, by referring to the "chest tones" of a singer of the fair sex. Unfortunately, the printer was not so well posted in musical nomenclature, and printed it "breast bones."

Railway travellers should invariably avoid the 12.50 train, because it is ten to one if they catch it.

Why did Job always sleep cold? Kase he had poor comfortors.

People drink hot gin because they dislike cold *schnapps*.

Why is it pleasant to be late at a ball? Because it is *past-time*.

"Speaking your mind," Jerrold says, "is an extravagance that has ruined many a man."

Why is a very angry man like the clock at fifty-nine minutes past twelve? Because he is just ready to strike one.

At Atlanta, Ga., a man named Webb was assassinated by another named Choice. Is death from choice, murder or suicide?

Roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths, will make most any man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

A schoolmaster in Texas advertises that he is prepared to teach the juvenile undergrowth of that country how to shoot.

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could; but as he can't, he does all he can to show the world that he is not a man.

The young man who cast his eyes on a young lady coming out of church, has had them replaced, and now sees as well as ever.

It is very unhealthy to fall in love with another man's wife. In Arkansas, this kind of thing usually terminates in "death" the first year.

There is a phrenologist in London who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head. He makes his examinations with a gimlet.

The following question was offered at a down East debating society: "If one pine tree makes pitch, how many pine trees will it take to make pitchers?"

A jockey who incautiously burned his fingers by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly, in your school?" "A willow branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole willow tree."

The scaly inhabitants of the briny deep lately held a meeting, to rejoice over the failure of the Atlantic telegraph, the prince of whales presiding, and the cashier of the Bank of Newfoundland acting as secretary.

A little boy being sent to a neighbor's to borrow some tea, delivered the following message: "Mother wants to borrow a little of your tea, and when she gets some she'll pay you; if she had it now, she'd pay you now."

A certain barrister, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed, "that he had been turning over Coke." "I should have thought that it was coals you had been turning over," observed a wag.

### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge.

M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 54.

## THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

**CONSTANTINOPLE! Stamboul!**  
What a throng of images are awakened in the imagination and the memory by these words! What visions of glowing domes and splendid minarets, and gilded palaces, and splendid caiques, of tempting bazaars and veiled beauties, they conjure up. We know too well the magic of this spell to doubt for a moment that our readers will be pleased with our endeavor to arrest, for their amusement, and fix some of these bright images, while we sketch with a rapid pen the most striking characters and features of life in this celebrated Eastern city. Let us, in the first place, enumerate the engravings from drawings made on the spot, which illustrate our article. These are, the Kaidji, or boatman of the Bosphorus, a stout fellow pulling his huge oars, cross-handed; the Cavass of the Consulate, armed to the teeth; a Hammal, or porter carrying his burthen; a public scribe in the bazaar writing letters for ladies whose education has been neglected; a Sckergi, or vender of sweetmeats, of which the eastern women are extravagantly fond; an Alebtji, or cake-seller; a Turkish woman in the street, closely veiled; the same lady at home, with her brilliant features exposed; a group of porters carrying a heavy case of goods; a black slave going for water; Turkish and Armenian women keeping the Kef; a young Turkish girl, and a richly dressed lady reclining on her couch and waited on by a slave, which closes the series of pictures. It will be seen that we have devoted a large space to the ladies, who occupy a peculiar position in the East.

A very false opinion is entertained of the condition of the women of Turkey. If they do not enjoy the same rights and privileges as the women of Europe, if the part assigned to them in society and the family is less, if their religious law, agreeing in that with the popular tradition, permits certain inequalities to exist between them and the men, which sensibly diminish day by



KAJDJI, OR BOATMAN OF THE BOSPHORUS.

day, the condition and part of the wife, we speak of the legitimate wife, among the Mussulmen, does not differ essentially from that of the different European societies. The *harem* is the house, or portion of the house, occupied exclusively by the women. The *selamlık* is the apartment of the husband, the place of reception, the place where he exchanges the salute or *selam*. The first is open to all visitors; the second is, as its name indicates, a reserved place, a *sanctuary*, access to which is allowed only to the wives, and at the entrance of which even the authority of the law is powerless. So great is the feeling of sanctity the Orientals attach to the word, that to speak of it even is a sacrilege. The authority the legitimate wife exercises in the harem is without control. If she is alone, which is frequently the case, for cases of polygamy are very



CAVAISS OF THE CONSULATE.

rare in Turkey, either by the effect of legal restrictions exercising over it a right, or in consequence of changes effected in the customs, the whole house obey her. If she has one or more companions, her authority is restricted to that part of the house which she occupies with her children and her slaves, the law obliging the man who marries many wives to give to each of them a separate apartment and income proportionate to his means and to the rank of the wife.

The female slaves are divided into the *odhalyg* (*odaliques*), and inferior slaves (*alaiyg*), charged with the domestic cares. The first hold a place in part of the harem, and are less constantly and painfully occupied than the other slaves, in the crowd of which they will some day be mingled, unless the fancy of the master raises them to the rank of *cadine* (legitimate wife), or the birth of a child opens to them the way of freedom. They take their meals separately after the mistress of the house, under whose authority they are placed, and whose right always remains the same, whatever amount of favor her rivals enjoy. They form, so to speak, her cortege or body guard, and accompany her when she goes out.

Although the law does not regulate the number of slaves, *odaliques*, and others, as it does that of the legitimate wives, the number ought always to be in proportion to the fortunes of the particular individual; as all slaves, whether male or female, if not well taken care of by their masters, can reclaim their freedom before the tribunals. The wives who people the harems are all of a foreign race. Some of them are from Sennaar and Ethiopia; others have been brought from Circassia and the provinces of the Caucasus by the merchants.

The Turkish ladies have, in general, very white, delicate complexions, a consequence of their sedentary mode of life, and of their habit of veiling themselves when they take the air. Their mode of life, and their great addiction to the bath, render them rather disposed to *embonpoint*; but it is absurd to allege that this constitutes the *ne plus ultra* of a Mussulman's idea of beauty. Had such been the case, the Circassians and Georgians would not have constituted the pride of the harem. The care of the children is the principal occupation of the women of the interior of the harem. It is averred that family feeling does not exist in Turkey. It is a grave mistake. It is there, on the contrary, more developed than among us, because with us the great multiplicity of affairs, the calls of the world, of ambition, of dissipation, tend to diminish the strength of the feelings, while the isolation of the harem concentrates and exalts them. There exists no country where the children are surrounded with more care and affection than in Turkey; and, a strange thing, these cares, this affection, appear stronger in the father than in the mother. Nothing is more touching or at the same time more true

than the picture drawn by a traveller who shows us in the streets, on Friday and during the ramazan (a fasting month), and the bairam (a holiday), the Mussulman, proud of his son, leading him by his hand slowly and carefully, carrying him upon his shoulders if fatigued, seating him by his side on a bench at a cafe, speaking to him in tones of affection, never allowing his eyes to wander from him, whilst the other Mussulmen, old and young, remove their pipes, look at the child with much interest, and congratulate the father upon having a son who will be *inch Allah* (if it please God), the support and the comfort of his old age.

It is a great error to represent the women in Turkey as doomed to seclusion, as they were in the dark ages, or even in the middle ages. It is very far, in this respect, from the severity of the harem. They go out when the day is fine, perhaps on foot, perhaps in the *araba* (as they call a kind of coach, ornamented with flags, and drawn commonly by oxen), or even in an European calash. It is enough for them to be clothed in the *seredge*, green or blue, hiding their faces with the *yachmak* of white muslin, and protecting their feet with yellow boots of *maroquin*, over which are the *babouches* of the same color. In fact, the women, in the interior of the harem, are very thinly, lightly clad. Pantaloon of silk, or some light material, which are confined at the waist by a girdle, descend almost to the ankles; a jacket covers their backs and leaves off at the waist, leaving the breast uncovered; upon their heads a turban loaded with spangles, or a handkerchief, twisted in the hair, a pair of slippers which are more often at the side of the sofa than upon their feet, make generally the whole of

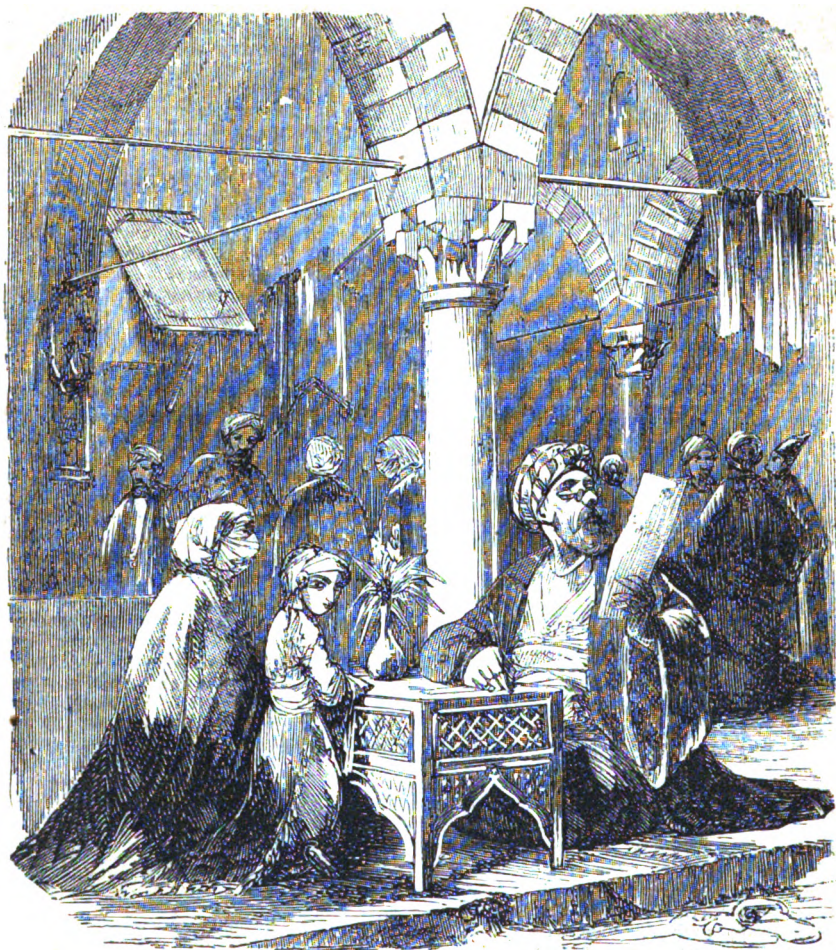
their attire. When the time for the walk comes, or a visitor is unexpectedly announced, the *feredje* and the *yachmak* quickly make their appearance, for to neglect them would be little in conformity with the prescriptions of the prophet. The *feredje* is a kind of veil in the form of a domino, very ample, with which the Turkish and Armenian women muffle their faces in the street, and which envelopes the whole of their bodies down to the ankles, and leaves very little for their dress to be seen above the extremity of the pantaloons. The shape, the cut of the cloth, the nature even of the stuff, save a little more or less of the fineness of the tissue, are the same; and a little difference only in the color. The Turkish women, in general, affect soft colors, blue, pink, and green; the Armenian women have the *feredjes* sombre colored; brown, maroon, deep gray. This distinction, established by the ancient sumptuary regulations, and which subsists still in practice, though it has been abolished in principle by the new reforms, which liken the Christian to the Mussulman, shows itself even in the colors of the *babouches*; yellow among the Turkish women, black or brown among the Armenians and Jews, which seems to be fixed by the force of indomitable habit. Concerning the *yachmak*, it is a kind of veil or bandeau of muslin, which envelopes the head and all the face, with the exception of the eyes and the upper part of the nose. When you meet a female so ruffled up in the streets, it is nearly impossible, unless the purpose be very marked on her part, to discover whether she is young or old, pretty or homely; the husband even may pass by the side of his wife without knowing her. Besides, the wives very rarely show themselves alone in the street. When one goes out, the whole harem accompanies her. There only remains at home those charged with domestic duties. The place of rendezvous varies according to the season and day of the week; it is commonly a kiosk, a promontory, or the borders of the sea, or a picturesque spot near one of the villages which border the two branches of the Bosphorus, and which form the precincts of Constantinople, as well as of *Eaux-Doüces d'Europe*, *Fener-Bachtche*, *Moda-Bournou*, *Buyuk-Dere*, and the valley of the *Grand Seigneur*. Upon leaving the *caïque* or *araba*, the attendants spread upon the earth carpets or mats, upon which the troop seat themselves in a circle, the mistress and her companions in the centre of the circle, and the black and white slaves on the outside, for in the East they are either walking or sitting down. The attendants and male slaves, if there are any, remain standing or squatted down at some distance, watchful for the slightest sign. As for the eunuchs, they have become rare in Turkey, and are found only in the harem of the sultan, or with members of the imperial family. If it is the day of the *benick*, and there is a great concourse of people, there is

placed before the camp, for the greater security, a lattice, breast high, like those used in the inside of the windows of the Turkish houses. The harems are thus camped side by side of each other. The *avass*, charged with keeping order, walks about the open spaces and keeps the indiscreet at a distance. The *kavass* is the sergeant of the city of Constantinople; he replaces the ancient *bostandji*, of whom the sight alone froze with terror the Greeks and Armenians loitering in the streets. But his authority is exercised in a milder manner, and his injunctions are given in a fatherly way, and are nearly always listened to with greatest deference. A curious custom obtains upon such occasions, which is exceedingly popular with them. Every few steps, under a platane, a *cavedji* has established a movable booth, and furnishes the passers with excellent coffee at the rate of twenty *paras* (two cents) the glass, made of a cup of water and the *tchibouk* mixed, and they are thus supplied with a pleasant drink. The vendors of the sherbets, the *chekerdjis* (sweetmeat merchants), instrumental players, Greek and Armenian dancers occupy the rest of the ground, or are intermingled with the other groups. The representations finished, the women return to their favorite pastime; some look at themselves in little circular mirrors, the frames of which are bordered with little gold and silver figures; others paint the nails with the *henna*; these, pressing to their half closed lips the amber stem of a long jasmine pipe, immovable, the head slightly inclined, taste the sweets of the *kef*. The *kef*, the extreme of voluptuousness with the orientals! untranslatable word, of which the Italian *fer niente* gives only an incomplete idea, which is neither waking nor sleeping,



HAMMAL CARRYING A BURDEN.





PUBLIC SCRIBE AT THE BAZAAR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

where the senses are as if suspended, and the sudden cessation is always accompanied with the same sweet feeling that is said to follow the awakening of a somnambulist.

There exists in Constantinople, and in the great cities of Turkey, a population whose face and manner of life present many peculiarities to the curious observer. The individuals who compose it are designated by the generic name of *bekiares* (bachelors). They are the Savoyards and Auvergnats of Turkey. The greater part come from the provinces in the interior, and principally from Anatolia to Constantinople, to amass there, by labor, patience and economy, a little competence, which allows them to go back and establish themselves in their native place. Their number at Constantinople is estimated to be not less than seventy-five, or seventy-six thousand, of which two-fifths are Turks and the other three-fifths Greeks and Armenians. The greater part leave their villages, having no profession or any determined end, and trust to

chance the care of pushing them in the way which seems best for them. A traveller speaks of two Armenian *bekiares* who were attached to his caravan upon quitting Erzeroum, one of whom was a goldsmith, the other an ostler. He came across them sometime after at Stamboul, the first was then a pastry cook and the second a vender of snuff. Nevertheless the *bekiares* prefer those little trades which have some end and a few instruments, such as those of the *hammal* (porter), *sagga* (water carrier), *khalvadji* (seller of *khalva*), *chekeradj* (sweetmeat vender), *djiguerdj* (seller of sheep's livers), etc. The *hammals* are commonly the Turks or Armenians of Anatolia. This class of *bekiares* is numerous, and does not consist of less than four to five thousand individuals, under the inspection of a chief called *hammal-bachi*. In fact, the streets of Constantinople, with the exception of a small number, and for short distances, do not permit the passage of their two-wheeled carts, with bulky or weighty materials, which have to be transported on the



backs of men or by the aid of horses or asses. The hammals station themselves at the foot of the steps of Top-Khane and Galata, or at the entrances to the khans where the counting-houses of the merchants are established. They go from there, maybe alone, bending under the weight of five or six bundles, and perhaps in bodies of eight, ten or twelve men, carrying together, by the aid of large poles resting on their shoulders, and moving at a slow run, casks of colossal dimensions, and often tasking strength. The *saggas* are the water-carriers of Constantinople. Furnished with a leather bottle which they carry suspended by a scarf, they can get water from the public fountains nourished by the *bends* (reservoirs) of Belgrade, and thus supply those houses which are not provided with fountains or cisterns. The *chekerdjis* and *khalvadjis* traverse the streets and squares, carrying before them little tables, covered with sweetmeats and bon-tons of all kinds. The *khalva* is a particular kind of pie, made of almonds, honey and perfume, and of which the Turks are extravagantly fond. The baggage of the *djiguerdjis* consists of a long pole which they carry on their shoulders, and from which hang the livers of sheep and lambs, which attract a multitude of hungry dogs and cats. Many kind souls buy their meat and distribute it among these poor animals, for the charitable Mussulman would consider he had committed an offence towards God if he did not do so. But none of these walking traders can be compared, either in importance or numbers, to the *kiatibs* (public scribes), and the *caikjis*, or boatmen. The profession of *kiatib* (the name is given to



ALBEJJI, OR CAKE-SELLER.



SCKERGI, OR SWEETMEAT VENDER.

writers of all kinds) is exercised exclusively by the Turks, so it ought not to be classed with the number of common trades of the bekiers. A *kiatib* is a man of literature; he has a right to the title of *effendi*. The writers generally take their stand outside of the bazaars and mosques. Seated upon their heels, having before them a little square table, about six inches high, upon which they lay their paper, at least when they do not prefer to write on their knees, the girdle ornamented with a brass inkstand, a long flat box, also of brass, in which is enclosed the *kalem* (reed pens) and the penknife, they await, with their spectacles on their nose, the practice which they are rarely in want of, so small is the number of people in Turkey who know how to write. They know how to write in seven different ways, each corresponding to a particular use, such as *nessik*, which is used principally for the transcription of the Koran and sacred books; the *divani*, used for official acts; the *rika*, the current hand, etc. Sometimes it is a bekier who wishes to send word to his family, sometimes an artist wishes to address the grand vizier; at other times a mother, who asks the *kiatib* to trace a few verses of the Koran on a piece of paper which she will suspend in the shape of a *nusha* (amulet) round the neck of her sick child. The *caikjis*, or conductors of the *caiques* (that is the name given to the thousand boats which glide at all hours of the day up and down the canals and in the port), form the largest body, although their number has

diminished since the establishment of the steam-boat company of the Bosphorus, eight or ten years ago. Nothing is more graceful or lighter than the boats, fifteen to twenty feet long, and about three feet and a half in the widest part, and ending in two peaks, behind and before, the latter very sharp and ornamented with a little gilded spur. Nothing is more picturesque than the attitude and costume of the rowers, with their large pantaloons, their heads shaved, their breasts covered with a silk jacket, seated in the middle of the boat, facing the stern, and each provided with two oars, which they use with great regularity and marvellous dexterity. Besides the public caiques, which are stationed at the different steps, and are propelled generally by one oar, there are private caiques, manned by caikjis, belonging to part of the house, and furnished with from four to seven pairs of oars, according to the rank of the proprietor. The last number is fixed according to law to be the greatest for the ministers of state and the ambassadors of foreign powers. The caique of the sultan is furnished with twelve pairs of oars and surmounted by a scarlet awning. There is also the *payar-caik*, which is a common caique, and which, for a few paras, transports passengers from Stamboul to the different villages which border the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. Here the ages, sexes and religions are confounded. Mussulmen, Armenians, Jews and French even are welcome. The women, veiled with their *yachmak*, keep in the stern with their little children in their arms or by their sides; the men occupy the middle of the boat. Not in brilliant



TURKISH WOMAN AT HOME.



TURKISH WOMAN IN THE STREET.

conversation, bursts of indecent laughter, or merry songs do they pass their time. They talk in a low voice, and oftentimes a profound stillness reigns during the trip. At the prow are four, six or eight choice rowers, vigorous and athletic. Each of them uses a long, heavy oar. All keep time; the sea foams under their redoubled efforts. Looking at the large boat and the numerous population it contains, one can hardly believe that their efforts can propel the boat so rapidly. Then the fatigue is extreme. At other times, for everything is compensated for in this world, the winds are favorable and they move less rapidly; the wind is sufficient and the rowers rest upon their crossed arms. In the evening, when they have achieved their day's work, which ends at sunset, they re-enter their boats and regain their lodgings. Very few of them are married; the majority belong to the class of *bekiares*. The end of these being to economize as much as possible, they go, in general, five or six together, and hire, for the sum of fifteen or twenty piastres a month, a large chamber, in which each retires to his cushion and carpet or mat for the night. They give a small sum to some old man (frequently the parent of one of the members of their society) to take care of the room and prepare supper. This veteran fills the office of counsellor and arbiter, and, as old age is nowhere more respected than in the East, he passes his days calmly and pleasantly. All his expenses are paid, and the young men who employ him lend him every assistance, as if he was a father, or they domestics. At the end of five or six years' following this course of life, all of

them have amassed enough to enable them to return to their country with a little fortune, unless, who knows? they have left the profession of boatmen for that of captain-pacha, seraskier, grand vizier. Why not, if God wishes it?

The Rev. Mr. Prime, in his "Travels in Europe and the East," furnishes us with some very vivid pictures of the city and the people we are sketching. Of the first view of Constantinople he says:—"It was a morning never to be forgotten till all the sense of the beautiful and glorious has passed away, or a vision of brighter magnificence is revealed. The snow-capped summit of Mount Olympus was now resplendent in the beams of the rising sun, and these were streaming along the hillsides, and flowing into the plains, with a wastefulness of glory that excited and charmed us as we stood high on the bows of the ship to take the view in the first blush of its opening charms. And there stood the swelling domes, the arrowy minarets, the shining palaces and towers of Constantinople, gleaming in the morning sun. At first view a mass of temples and human habitations crowded on a mountain side, and gardens, cypresses, and pinnacles appear to be

thrown in without regard to arrangement; but we soon distinguished Stamboul and Scutari, and then we rushed by the Seraglio Palace into the mouth of the Golden Horn. Pera rose from the water's edge with the new marble palace of the sultan on the Bosphorus; and there we came to anchor, having Scutari behind us, Stamboul on our right, with St. Sophia, the St. Peter's of the Moslem, and a score of mosques with their surrounding minarets in full view, and Pera, surmounted by the Russian palace, on our left. The Golden Horn, an arm of the sea, was stretched out before us, clasped by a bridge, and filled with the shipping of every clime; a sight, in all its parts, of such extraordinary elements of beauty and grandeur as the approach to no other city in the world presents. No wonder that it has been besieged twenty-six times! No wonder that every conqueror that comes in sight of it covets it, and resolves to have it! No wonder that Nicholas longed to transfer his palace to this enchanting zone!

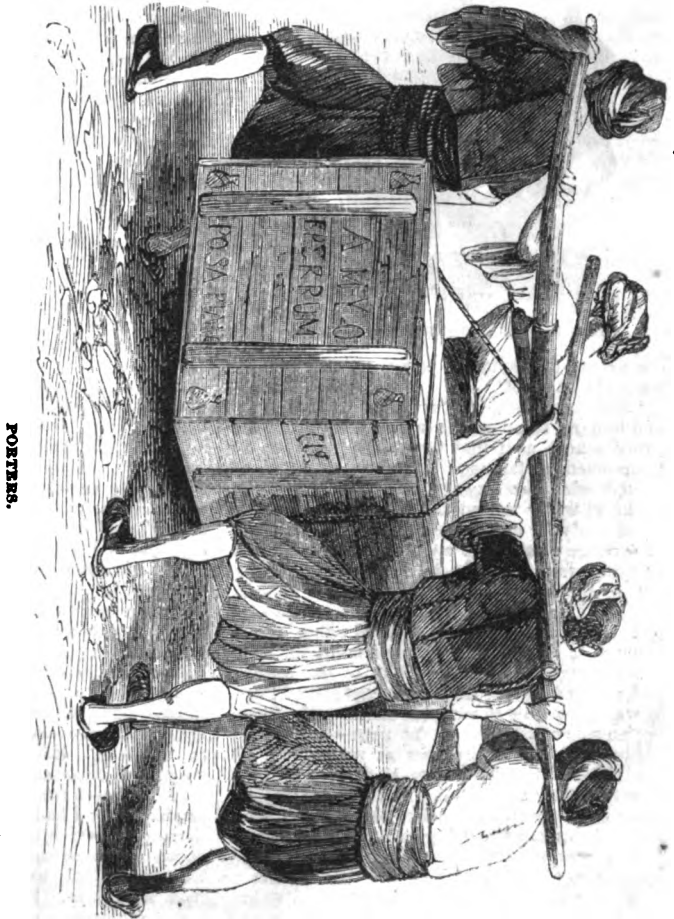
"We came to anchor just in the mouth of the Golden Horn, and in full view of the Seraglio Palace of the sultan, at the water's edge, on the point of land made by the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. The chaplain of the British ambassador at Constantinople was our fellow-passenger, and now pointed out to us the many objects of interest which met our eyes, and of which, with eager curiosity, we were seeking the names.

"That opening in the dead wall around the palace grounds you see, and an inclined plane extending to the water?"

"Certainly, sir; is it remarkable?"

"That," said Mr. B., "is the door and plane by which the victims of the sultan's displeasure are silently passed out into the sea, tied in bags, and instantly sunk. Many a poor wife, without crime, but having lost favor in her master's eyes, has been suddenly murdered there."

"I was afterwards told by others in Constantinople that this door and inclined plane are used for the discharge of rubbish from the gardens and palace—a statement not inconsistent with the former. No rubbish is more likely to be



PORTER.



BLACK SLAVE GOING FOR WATER.

cleared out of a sultan's palace than a wife he wishes to be rid of.

"Fourteen dogs, a scurvy set of curs, ugly and hungry, stood on the wharf when we were rowed ashore, as if they were ready to eat us on the moment of landing. A score or more of porters seized our luggage to carry it on their backs wherever we wished, and saddled horses stood ready for us to mount and ride. No cart or carriage of any sort was to be had. All the carrying from vessels in the harbor to any part of the town is done by the hands of porters. A bale of goods, or a hogshead of molasses, is girt with a rope, and two poles being thrust through, it is carried off by main strength.

"Through the mud and filth of the narrow and crooked streets, we climbed the hill of Pera. It was impossible to walk out of the mud. There are no sidewalks; and as the dogs—a 'peculiar institution' of the city—act as scavengers, all the refuse from the houses is thrown into the street for their consumption. The dogs belong to no one in particular, but to everybody in general. I counted five dying or dead, whom I had to step over or around in my first walk from the shore to my lodgings. Now and then we met a lumbering kind of carriage drawn by a single horse, and led by a servant, a Turkish lady sit-

ting on the floor of the carriage, with a white veil over her head and the lower part of her face, leaving only her eyes to be seen."

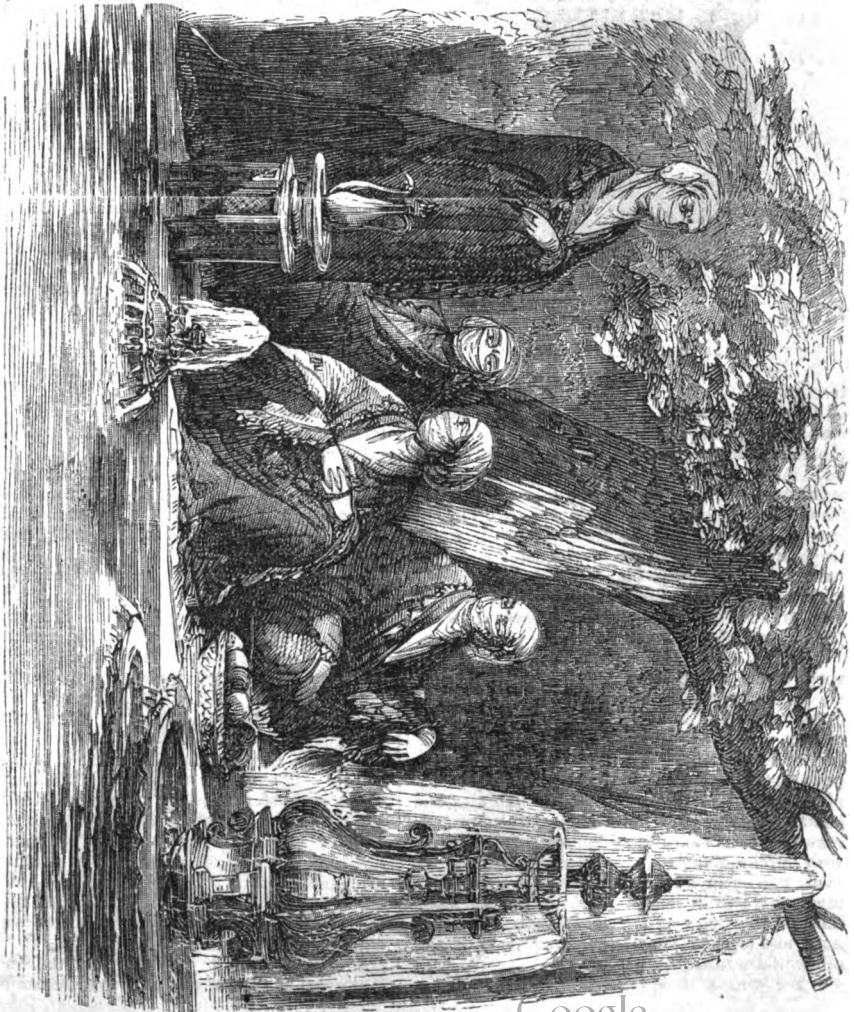
Soon after landing, our traveller indulges in the luxury of a Turkish bath. "We entered a large apartment with a white marble floor, and a fountain of water playing in the centre. A dome was pierced with many holes, shedding a dim twilight over the room, and its warmth induced a pleasing languor. On a raised platform were divans, and bathers were reclining. We stretched ourselves to rest a moment after our long walk. A servant then assisted me in undressing. Enveloped in a large shawl, and with towels about my head, I rose up from the divan, and stepping off from the platform, put my feet, not on the marble floor, but into wooden clogs, which stood ready to receive them, and marched unsteadily along in the procession of similarly clad, or und-clad bathers. Passing out of this room, we entered another steaming with heated vapor, all but suffocating. It grew hotter as we advanced, and I paused, fearful to proceed. Becoming accustomed to it in a few moments, we were led into still another room, with a marble circular platform about a foot high in the centre, while all around the sides were niches, a fountain in each, from which hot and cold water were flowing. On the marble floor a naked Turk was lying flat upon his back, and a stout fellow was bending his joints, and kneading him all over as if he were dough. I sat down by the side of a fountain, and surrendered myself to the soft, enervating influence of the atmosphere. At first it was oppressive, but soon was exceedingly agreeable. A young Turk, a smooth, handsome boy, came now, gently removing the covering from my head and shoulders, letting it fall loosely over my limbs. Taking one of my arms he rubbed it with a cloth mitten, at first softly, and then more briskly, with warm water. Then he took the other arm and went through the same process, my neck, and back, and breast; the cuticle seemed to roll up and off as he continued his manipulations, and I began to fear he was skinning me, or that I had never been washed clean before. With closed eyes, and a gradual falling away of consciousness, I let him complete the process in his own way. When he had thus thoroughly cleansed me from head to heels, he took a wisp, or mop of palm fibres, like tow, and lathered me with light suds, pouring it over my head and neck, piling it on me, though it would run down on my beard, as the ointment on Aaron's. Dipping bowls of hot water, he poured them on the top of my head; and as it steamed in a fiery torrent over my eye-balls, I thought they must be destroyed. I dared not open them to see if I could see; but I held my hands tightly over my eyes while he continued to dip and pour, till endurance was no longer possible, and I groaned to him to have mercy on me and stop. He did rest, but for a moment only; and once more covering me with the lather, he repeated the *douche* of hot water till he was satisfied; for I had no words which he could understand in which to convey my fears of the fatal consequences of such a scalding operation. He let me sit quietly for awhile and recover slowly from the effects. Returning with dry napkins, soft and pleasant, he rubbed me gently, and my

good-nature came back with the friction. After he had made a turban of a towel and put it on my head, and winding several folds of a large shawl around me, he led me through two or three successive chambers, becoming gradually cooler as we withdrew, into the grand central hall, where the divans invited us again to repose. The servant now brought the chibouque—a pipe, with a stem four or five feet long, handsomely ornamented—and placing the pipe in a saucer on the floor, displayed his skill in bringing the amber mouth-piece so that it would rest upon my lips. I took a few whiffs, and then another servant appeared with coffee in a tiny china cup, and this cup in another of silver filigree-work. The coffee is drunk without milk or sugar, black, strong, and bitter, not to my taste at all; but the Turks are fond of it. I preferred the pleasant sherbet that followed; and by this time I was refreshed and ready to be dressed. With all the aches and pains of a week of hardships taken out of

me, and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, I left the bath with my friends, after paying about twenty-five cents for the various luxuries of bathing and refreshment which I had enjoyed. Money must go a long way here, or all this could not be had for a quarter of a dollar."

Mr. Prime sketches the sultan as follows:—"A strong guard kept back the crowd, and no one was allowed in the street which the sultan was to take. We were just in time. A company of soldiers, preceded by a band of music, marched by as we came to a halt; and then the chief officers of state, in splendid dress, and mounted on noble Arab steeds, rode slowly along, their horses prancing, as if proud of the pageant of which they formed a part. Three horses, richly caparisoned, were led—beautiful creatures, belonging to the sultan. Then came a body of Janizaries on foot; and in the midst of them, on a magnificent black horse, sat Abdul Medjid, the Sultan of Turkey—a pale, thin-faced

TURKISH AND ARMENIAN WOMEN OF CONSTANTINOPLE KEEPING THE KEF.





YOUNG TURKISH GIRL.

man, of middle age, but worn with care and vice, of which he is the miserable victim, with a downcast visage; and apparently unconscious that thousands were gazing at him, as he rode slowly on. As he passed within a few feet of me, I had a fair opportunity of seeing the expression of his face. I pitied him. His dress was rich, but not showy—a black cloak, secured by a girdle, and a single diamond blazed on his breast. A sword hung by his side, and his feet rested in golden stirrups. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. No cheer, no mark of respect from the people greeted him as he passed.”

“The bazaars,” he tells us, “are streets of shops but a single story high, more like large closets than stores, and covered over, with windows in the roof to admit light. The proprietor of each establishment sits cross-legged and smoking, apparently quite indifferent whether any one buys or not, and an assistant stands ready to display the goods, to boast of their qualities and amazing cheapness.” The narrow streets or passages between the rows of the stalls are crowded with purchasers, chiefly the veiled Turkish women, who seem to take pleasure in using their musical voices in haggling about prices; while their ever-roving eyes are watching the merchantman, and especially his Frank customers, if any of them are near.

“Yet within these rooms—so small that a

tenth-rate shop-keeper would not think them adequate to his business in New York, more like cobblers’ stalls than the stores of merchants—are fabrics and goods of untold value; piles of India shawls, and rich embroidered silks, and robes of splendid color, that would be the glory of any establishment in Broadway. Each street is confined to a distinct branch of merchandize, and this practice is more common in European cities than in America. The customer stands in the street and examines the goods as they are laid out on a bench before him, and if he wishes to see more samples than are there exposed, he may step in and have the interior laid open to his inspection.

“We were in the shawl department, and the merchant very politely invited us to walk in; a smaller room was behind the front, and here were piles of costly robes, that would be a modest fortune, exposed in all their tempting brilliancy and beauty, while the prices were stated at the highest conceivable mark. We made him an offer, something like a third of what he demanded, and the shawl was ours in a moment.

“On we wandered through long rows of jewellers’ shops, admiring the gems that are to glitter on the arms and breasts of the fair women of the East; gold and silver wrought in forms of beauty to make beauty more attractive, and diamonds in clusters, constellations sparkling with living light, set and unset, which were offered to us as if we had bags of gold to leave in exchange for these precious stones. One street was wholly occupied with drugs, the odor of which was not unpleasant. We returned to the fancy departments, and made some further investments in embroidered bags, a few drops of the ottar of roses, etc., and then sought our horses, which had been tended at the entrance for the couple of hours we had devoted to this entertaining stroll through the bazaars of Constantinople.”

With a sketch of the Seraglio Palace, we must bid adieu to Stamboul and its manifold attractions.

“Where the Golden Horn sets up from the Bosphorus the old city of Byzantium stood, and Mohammed II. selected this unrivalled site for his palace, and laid out the grounds, and prepared a residence that had no equal in the Eastern world. Armed sentinels admitted us by the great pavilion, which is called the *Porte*—a gate, and from this the Ottoman Empire takes its name. Fifty men are the usual guard at this door. We were at once in the midst of a vast court-yard (the whole palace grounds are three miles in circuit), and passing across it we were conducted into the palace. A flight of stairs brought us to the audience-chamber, a wide apartment, carpeted, and surrounded with a rich divan. The throne room was furnished with chairs and sofas, showing a conformity to Western customs. Another and another chamber, and we entered the sultan’s bath—luxuriously fitted up, but without some of the contrivances for comfort which poorer people enjoy. A brass bar across a door we were passing, told us, or at least the guides informed us, that this was the entrance to the harem. No profane foot may cross that threshold. No man but the husband is allowed to enter the Turk’s apartments for his



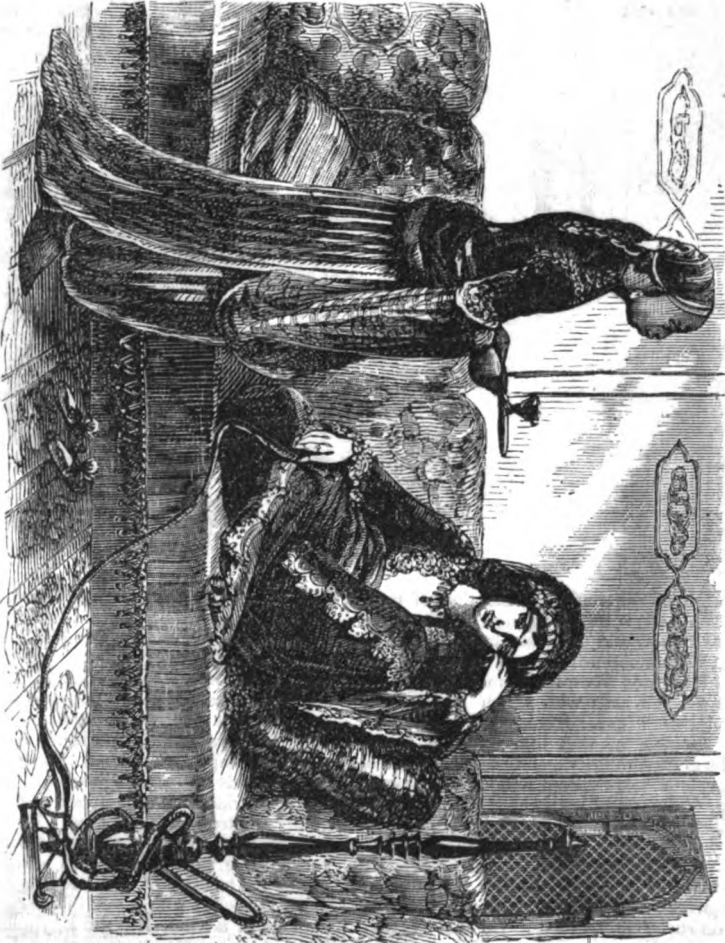
wives. But a long gallery opening near, we now entered, hung on one side with engravings, chiefly Napoleon's battles; and on the other side a row of windows looked out on the court. This is the hall in which the one hundred and fifty wives of the sultan are daily assembled for the amusement of their common lord. Here each one of them may exert her art to win his favor; and it is said that he drops his handkerchief at the feet of the one who has been most successful. Through the hall we were led along to the private armory of the sultan, and while admiring the pistols, swords, dirks, yataghans, cimeters, sabres, etc., of elegant workmanship, adorned with gold and precious stones, my attention was called to an adjoining apartment, the sultan's bedchamber. Two janizaries, with bayoneted guns, stood before the open door, and permitted me to look in, but not enter. It was reported among the company in the other room, that *gentlemen* were not allowed to go in; and the ladies, presuming on their privilege, hastened to step in, but the crossed guns of the guards brought them to a sudden halt on the

threshold. We could see the magnificent couch, and its gold and crimson damask canopy, and the sumptuous furniture of the chamber, where the most uneasy man in the Turkish empire has often sought in vain for sleep, that comes unwooded to him who earns it with the sweat of his brow, and does not wear a crown.

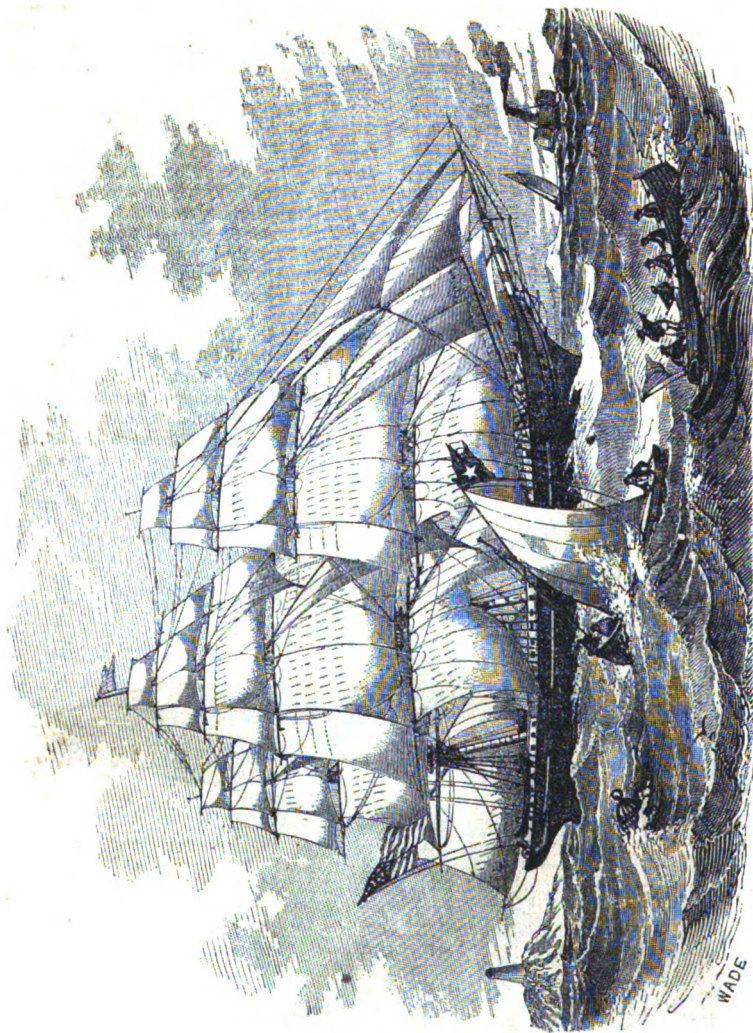
"In the gardens of the palace, and near the water's edge, are many beautiful but small cottages, which from time to time have been erected at the desire of one or another of the sultan's favorite wives. Fitted up according to the taste of each fair inmate, we could see in the low windows that opened on the walk, that they were very elegant and very oriental. The sultan has the range of them all, as cages in which his pet birds are confined. And then we gathered some flowers; for in the last of December the roses were in full bloom in the open air, and everything was fresh and green as May."

The records of other travellers abound in descriptions of the beauty and magnificence of this land of the East, soon to be, we trust, the field of a higher civilization through Western influence.

SLAVE OF SENAAR AND TURKISH WOMAN IN THE HAREM.



## VOYAGE OF AN AMERICAN CLIPPER.



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, ALL SAILS SET.

The origin of ship-building, like that of most of the useful arts, is lost in the dim night of antiquity, and poets and fabulists have lent their aid in yet further obscuring it. The wings which Dædalus fabricated to escape from the labyrinth of Crete were the sails with which he fled from the pursuit of Minos. Hercules, we are told, used his lion-skin to waft him over the water. We find a great similarity among the contrivances of savages and half-civilized nations to navigate the deep. The primitive canoes of the Egyptians, Ethiopians, Arabs and early Britons, as described to us, were not unlike those of our North American Indians. The early Egyptians used to traverse the Nile on rafts. Sicily and Corsica were colonized by parties who came thither on such contrivances. So the "balza" of the modern Peruvian is made of a number of

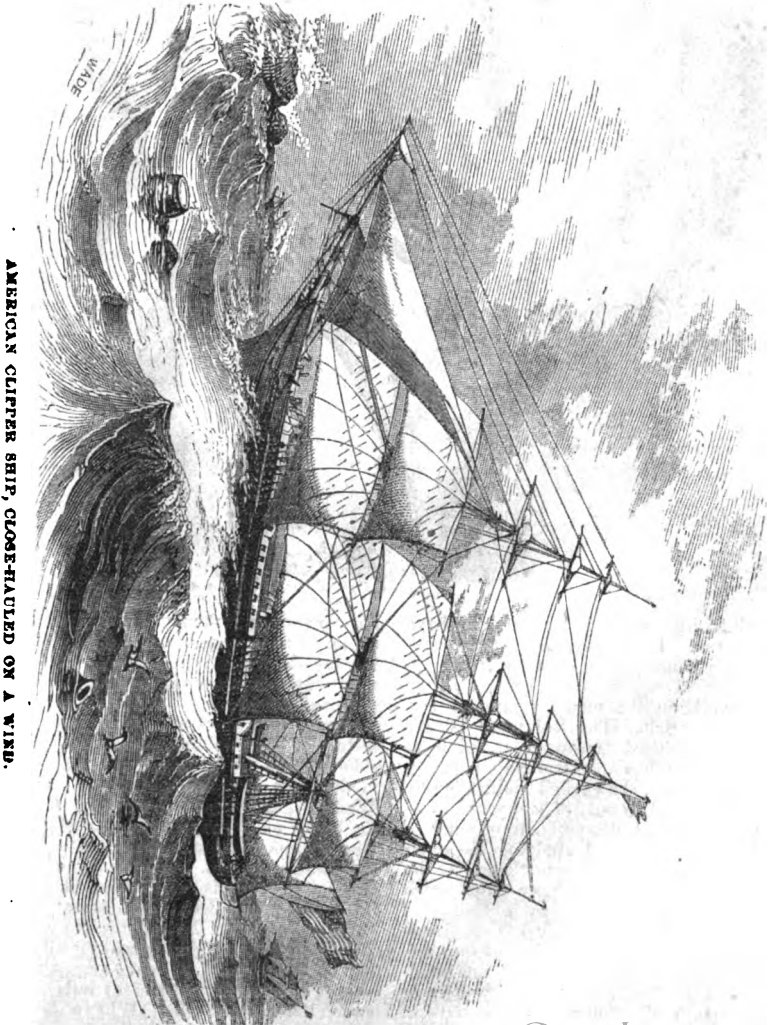
logs tightly bound together, secured by transverse beams, and sharpened towards the prow, while vertical planks, almost identical with our centre-boards, hold the water, and enable the balza to sail on a wind. Some of these rude vessels safely navigate the stormy coasts of Peru, carrying ten and twenty tons of merchandize. The Egyptians, who probably originated the raft, soon improved on their contrivance. They built vessels of strong joists of the acanthus wood, overlapping each other, and secured together by strong wooden pins. The seams were strengthened by introducing leaves of the papyrus, and the stout fabric, thus constructed, supported the benches of the rowers. Afterwards, a mast, furnished with a sail of papyrus, took advantage of a wind. But the Egyptians improved little on this rude contrivance. Their naviga-



tion being confined exclusively to the Nile, necessity did not prompt the spirit of invention. They had a horror of the sea, which they figured as the monster Typhon swallowing up their sacred river. They were emphatically fresh-water sailors. The Phenicians, a more adventurous and sea-faring people, improved on the contrivance of the Egyptians, and rendered their vessels somewhat more sea-worthy. In the Chinese junk of to-day, the same in model and equipment as the junk of thirty centuries since, we probably behold the counterpart of the Phenician ship. The early ships of the sea-faring people of the East were broad and flat-bottom, without a keel, which was subsequently added.

As ship building improved among the ancients, the form and size of ships was greatly varied. The war galley was extremely narrow and sharp, with an armed prow, while the merchantman was broad and capacious. The first sailing

vessels had a single mast, with a leather, and afterwards a cloth sail, managed with ropes of the same material, or of a bush broom and hemp. The first anchors used were large stones attached to a cable, afterwards they were made of wood and stone combined, and finally of iron with large teeth to enable them to take hold. Naval architecture, with other valuable arts, was driven backward by the night of the dark ages. The vessels which carried the Saxon invaders to Britain were rude structures of wicker-work sheathed with hides—mere floating-baskets. Then mariners began again, and, by slow degrees, to recover the lost arts of ship-building. The Mediterranean was again covered with war-galleys, until, finally, the oar was banished by the sail. The introduction of the compass and the application of astronomical principles to navigation, gave it a new impulse, and from that moment the art of constructing ships has been



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, CLOSE-RAIDED ON A WIND.



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP ON HER BEAM ENDS.

rapidly advancing, until it appears to have reached its acme. It was reserved for the mechanics of this country, by industry, perseverance and practical experiment, to surpass all the rest of the world in the model, symmetry, and speed of their vessels. The Baltimore clipper schooner first attracted European attention to the skill of our builders. Overhauling everything upon the ocean, she excited admiration by her performances. It is only of late years, however, we have resolved the problem of combining speed and capacity, and, applying the same principle which governed the construction of the clipper schooner, produced clipper ships which vie with it in speed, and nearly so in facility of handling. The American clipper ship stands forth pre eminently the champion of our mechanic skill. She carries the fame of our builders to every port. She gladdens the waters of San Francisco, and astonishes the natives of Japan. The rake of her masts, the gleam of

her canvass, and the flash of her beautiful sides excite as much attention in the waters of the Mersey as they do in the ports of Australia, where the gold flies for transportation to the stars and stripes.

From this necessarily brief glance at the history of ship building, let us proceed to a consideration of the series of beautiful engravings made from original designs by Mr. William Wade. This series might be termed not inaptly the life of an American clipper ship, for it is next to impossible to look upon a noble ship as an inanimate object. Byron says of his corsair bark: "She walks the waters like a thing of life;" and a ship does indeed seem to move by her own volition. The first picture shows the American clipper, gliding majestically down the bay on her outward voyage, every stitch of canvass set, her royals and sky-sails seeming to sweep the very heavens. What a beautiful and complicated fabric! Yet there is not a line, not



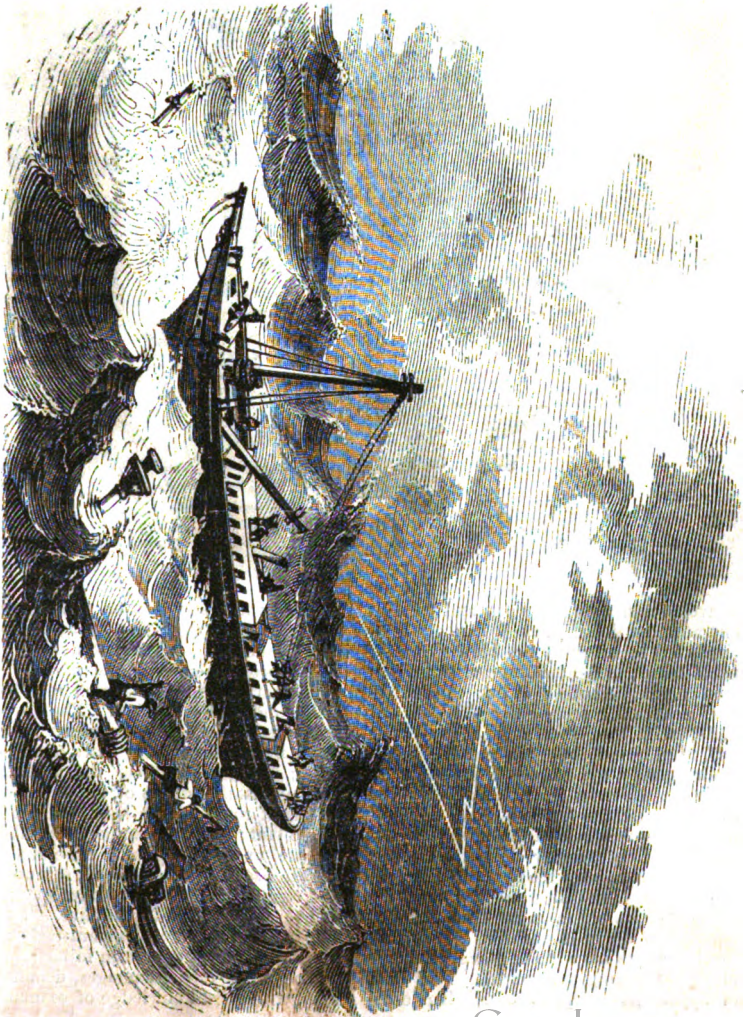
a spar, not a sail in that magnificent moving pyramid which has not a name and a purpose. The whole structure is nicely balanced and adjusted, and she rides like a sea-bird on the wave. A thousand hearts beat high as they see her moving onward in obedience to the pressure of the breeze, gathering headway as she glides, and gradually disappearing on the verge of the horizon, her white sky-sails being the last to fade from the object-glass of the observer, as they melt like mists in the distance.

The second engraving exhibits another phase in the adventurous career of our ship. She is no longer darting through the waters under a press of canvas. The wind has shifted and is blowing fresh, and the clipper is now on the wind, close hauled, under double-reefed topsails, courses, spanker, fore-topmast staysail and jib. She holds her own gallantly, and now the pride of the naval architect is seen as she runs steadily

into the wind's eye, the steersman at the wheel keeping her on her course. The shattered waves are pierced by her sharp prow, and flash away under her counter. But a change in her circumstances calls into exercise the seamanship of her commander, and the prompt obedience of her hardy crew. It is now blowing a gale, and the noble ship, unable to make headway against the fury of the wind, is scudding under close-reefed fore and main topsails and storm-sails. The waves are running high, and every sign informs the wary commander that a hurricane is at hand. He is prepared to meet the exigency. His orders, brief and peremptory, are promptly obeyed; for every man feels that on perfect obedience and alertness the safety of the ship and cargo depends.

In scudding, the safety of the ship depends on the steering, which demands a "quick small helm," and the best man in the ship. Sometimes

AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP RIGHTED—MISTS CUT AWAY.





AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP MAKING PORT.

the sea travels faster than the ship, and swamps her. The minutest detail must be attended to. Many a ship has been lost by the blowing out of the binnacle lamp; a lighted lantern should always be on hand. Another of our engravings represents a thrilling scene—the ship on her beam ends, with the crew cutting away her masts. If, in this exigency, the wreck be not cleared immediately, the ship will infallibly go down. The mizzen-mast is cut away first and secured to the quarter to act as a drag. This is a period that tries the souls of those who encounter the dangers of the stormy deep. The next picture shows a change for the better. The hurricane has subsided, the ship righted, and the decks are clear. An old mast or spar attached to the ship is now useful in enabling her to lay to. After the waves have gone down, all hands are employed in rigging jury-masts. The ship, as it now appears, is stripped of all her orna-

mental work, and lies on the waves a naked hull. The last engraving shows us fair weather and a calm sea. After all her trials, the noble ship is proudly entering the port of Marseilles, under jury sails, with her rich merchandize safe and sound under hatches. The jury-masts are rigged in the following manner: Take any large spar (and all ships carry extra ones), say a topmast; with the head over the night heads, and heel against the stump of the foremast, rig on a couple of ropes to the head, take to sides and heave taut; hook on another, and take aft. Lash the heel to the stump, and raise the mast with the after-rope. When raised, set up with stays and rigging. Send up a smaller spar for topmast, and rig on what yards you have. To navigate a ship in fair weather is comparatively easy; but to meet and control the storm in its might, and ingeniously to repair damages, demands a brave man, with good knowledge of seamanship.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIE E. PAROE.

"But when Youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts  
That will never come again."

So the old man said, whose fingers  
Trembled with the touch of Time;  
One of those whose memory lingers  
Ever in the Past's dim clime.

Youth, the dream—it had departed,  
Taking with it as it went,  
Links in chains that, when they parted,  
Never could again be blent.

Honors, that in dreams ran riot,  
Fame and wealth in glittering heaps,  
And a sense of sweetest quiet,  
Such as in fruitless sleeps.

Homage, offered to an idol  
Shrined within the inner heart,  
Linked to memories of a bridal  
In which he did not take part.

Broken strings in lutes, whose story  
Ever ran in grooves of truth;  
Snatches of a strain of glory  
Only heard in dreams of Youth.

These the "something" from him taken,  
When the dream of Youth was o'er;  
Leaving him sad and forsaken,  
Lonely pilgrim on life's shore.

And each one, like him, thus reckons  
What he keeps and at what cost,  
In the hours when Memory beckons  
Back to things forever lost.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DAUGHTER

— OF —

## VON TROMP LE HUYS.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMAN.

SHORTLY after the abdication of Charles the Fifth, at Brussels, and long before, the Baron Von Tromp le Huys lived at the junction of the three provinces of Artois, Picardie and Flanders; that is to say, his castle and demesnes were so situated on the extreme border of either country, that in cases of emergency he found it difficult to tell under whose domination he existed, that of France or Spain. In the present instance the continued vexations had broken into open warfare. The not very distant city of St. Quentin was besieged by the brilliant campaigner Egmont, on the part of Philip the king; and Montmorency, the Grand Constable of France, was ad-

vancing to the relief of Coligny, who was shut within the city, and thus drawing on the approach of the famous battle of Gravelines. The Baron Von Tromp le Huys, who like the Vicar of Bray, wished to secure his own possessions, and like the woman whose husband and the bear were antagonists, did not care much which beat, endeavored to maintain neutrality, and had succeeded quite as well as he expected, until one day a direct herald from Montmorency was admitted at the castle gates, and ushered before him. This herald was a gentleman, a knight of the grand constables, *Monsieur Du Relle*. It happened that on the same hour another herald, the young Marquis Van der Velt arrived from the opposite side, the camp of Philip—so called, although that royal scoundrel was nowhere near it. Both of these gentlemen came ostensibly to summon the old baron to his allegiance, whatever it might be, and one certainly, to see if the baron's pretty daughter *Lisette* had lost any of her bloom since his last visit in a private capacity, on the previous week.

As the French knight entered Von Tromp le Huys's presence, the old baron rose to a commanding height, and although the knight was not himself a short man, looked down on him with his lion-like face from the altitude of a magnificent stature, with supreme hauteur.

"Good evening, monsieur," said the knight. "It gives me pleasure to find you so well and at home."

"Good evening, *Du Relle*. Daresay. What then? Out with it, man. What are you bowing and scraping for? Manners are manners—when you've bent your back enough, sit down." But as the knight continued to stand, the baron continued to talk. "Well well—here, I'll spare you the trouble. You've come to stop with me—natural embarrassment on broaching the subject—hungry out there in the camp, to be sure. Sit down. They lay the cloth in the next hall now. A round of beef such as you've not seen for one while, I'll warrant, capons, cakes of the finest wheat, ale, with froth winking over the brown body, like foam on a ground-swell off the coast—*Lisette's* brewing. Tell you what, *Du Relle*, when you have a daughter can brew such ale as that, why, you can afford to sit and drink it, and let swords and fisticuffs alone. Ale! the—"

"Supper is scarcely my errand, *Le Huys*," exclaimed the knight, as soon as he could interpose a word, and speaking very fast, in order to maintain his ground—"although I accept your invitation with pleasure, and hope you'll accept mine. I summon you in the name of his most Christian majesty—"



"Bah, leave the titles! Say the king, and be done with it!"

"As you please. In the name of the King of France, to bring your forces into the field to the assistance of the grand constable. I must demand your answer. What say you, Le Huys?"

A small panel at one side of the great fireplace was here noiselessly pushed aside, and a pair of bright eyes peered out unobserved and took a survey of the guest. At the same time the great door again opened, and the Marquis Van der Velt was announced. This personage was of a different stamp from the Frenchman or the old baron. Still little more than a youth, tall and slender to a fault, but with a face as remarkable for expression and intellect as for beauty. "Brown beauty," Lisette had once said, "and I'm brown myself."

"Good evening, Von Tromp," he said.

"How are you, Van der Velt?" responded the baron, cordially—"how are you, my boy? Night falling chilly, eh? Draw up to the fire,—Andrew, more logs. There's your chair, Van, down by the chimney, where—"

"Here, here, Von Tromp, wait a bit!—one word. I summon you in the name of his most debonair majesty, Philip, King of Spain and Dominator of the Netherlands, and—"

"O yes, Van, I know all about it."

"And," continued the unabashed marquis, "in the name of Egmont—"

"Hurrah for Egmont!" cried the baron.

"A bas Egmont!" exclaimed Du Relle. "Vive Montmorency!"

"A moment, gentlemen," said the other—"of Egmont, commander-in-chief of the forces at St. Quentin's, to come out and help him."

"The mountain's mouse. Twins. Well, Du Relle, you call me Le Huys, Van says, Von Tromp. Von Tromp le Huys is my name—part Dutch, part French, maybe. One part may go to Egmont, one part to Montmorency—I'll stay at home. There's your answer, both of you, now make yourselves at home. I am neutral, and will drink to you both at supper. What's the news in France, monsieur?"

Herewith an animated conversation ensued between the knight and baron, while young Van der Velt seated himself quite at the other side of the immense fire-place, and as it happened directly beside the open panel, and therat a little white hand issued from the room behind the panel, and tapped him on the shoulder. The marquis turned, half rose and bowed.

"Ah," said a voice behind, "is it you?"

"At your service."

"What have you come for?"

"For yourself."

"Ah! And how will you take me—*por mejor o menos, en gros ou en detail?*"

"For better, for worse, little lady."

"Two for a bargain, marquis."

"And will Von Tromp join us, lady?"

"To be sure. See here." And she held some bright-colored needle-work to view—a mass of fringes, flosses and bullion.

"What is it?" questioned her interlocutor.

"Come and see."

"Dear lady, I'm not so ethereal as to pass through stone walls. Pray how shall I get there?"

"You've forgotten the way since last week? Nonsense! Come or stay, as you please." And the panel clashing together, separated him from the sparkling little vision. Directly afterward he had passed round the great screen and through a door into the next hall. Here, a table covered with dazzling linen and silver gave back the multiplied glitter of a ponderous silver sconce; and Lisette sat in the chimney corner by the blazing fire, half-buried in the crimson folds of her massive work. As he entered, she rose and retreated a step.

"What is it, Lisette?" he asked, taking a corner of the work she had dropped.

"A knight not know his own banners!"

"Whose fault is that, the knight's or the banner's? Yet, is it my banner?"

"By no mean. It is that of the Baron Charles Von Tromp le Huys."

"Then he will join us?"

"Without doubt," she replied, nodding.

"You are sure? Why?"

"Certainly, senor, monsieur—I mean—Herr Van der Velt. I will it—that's enough."

"I fear not, senorita, mademoiselle—I mean,—Fraulein Von Tromp le Huys."

"*Todos los santos!* How rude you are!"

"Twenty pardons! And you—whence this sudden Spanish? Your words forswear your country."

"O, you don't know," said Lisette, laughing and sweeping a gay step backward, "who has been here. A gay lord, a fine lord, a Spanish chevalier!"

"Who!" demanded Van der Velt, moving impetuously forward.

"What odds who? I'm not obliged to tell that the Senor Dandar deserted camp for a call here this morning."

"Dandar!" The marquis paused an instant on the announcement of this new rival in the field. A formidable one, a gentleman high in favor at Brussels and Madrid, a wealthy, dashing,

unprincipled officer—as Lisette had said, a gay, fine, Spanish cavalier.

“Your morning passed quickly then,” said he, directly. “Dandar is the life of us at camp.”

“He is a hateful man!” cried Lisette, disconcerted at Van der Velt’s praise of him. “I hope he will never come again. The baron hates him, you hate him, you know you do, and I hate him!”

“Bravo, Lisette! A hateful man indeed, if all that be true.”

“No ‘if’ about it.”

“Very well. Lisette, don’t keep the room between us. We might as well have kept the wall and panel. I am going to ask you a question.”

Lisette took a step forward now, still maintaining, however, a respectful distance. “*Allons donc*,” she replied, sententiously.

“Ah, Lisette,” I must not stay. I’m off for the camp. Some fine morning when the wars are over, will you be my wife?”

“Do you suppose Von Tromp le Huys would let me?”

“I wait for your reply. Will you be my wife?”

“Yes, monsieur.”

Herewith she looked up half-blushing, came forward to meet him, and put both her hands in his. But he brushed the little hands aside, and catching her round the waist, lifted her till her rosy lips were on the level of his own.

“Put me down! Put me down!” she clamored, and just at the instant the old baron entered. One glance, of course, from under the shaggy brows told him how matters stood, but without another, or a word, he stalked through and left them. Meanwhile, the marquis had suffered Lisette to touch the floor again.

“High time,” said he, half laughing, “if I cannot kiss my own wife.”

“I’m not your wife yet,” said she, pointing, “and if you are not careful, I never will be.”

“And now that I go, it is without any friendly farewell. Good-by, Lisette!” An instant more and he was gone; but whether he took the kiss with him or not, I am really unable to say.

The French knight was in no such hurry. He had heard of the baron’s hospitality, and was determined to test it. But on following his host to the next hall, he stood transfixed a moment before the radiant and unexpected little Lisette. So impossible did Monsieur Du Relle find it to attend to two matters at once, to affairs of supper, and affairs of beauty, that the beautiful repast would have remained untouched, had not the baron, whose hunger was uninfluenced by any incipient passion, bestowed all the attention denied by the others. Lisette, with the natural coquetry of her

kind; so soon as she found herself thus absorbing, exerted all her pretty arts and liveliness to complete the conquest, for, unlike the baron who apparently had no animosities, she considered the French her natural enemies, and believed all was fair in war. And so complete was her success, that before the knight’s departure, on the next day, he had asked the baron to accept him for a son-in-law.

“Hem,” said the baron. “Little Lisette—you want her. I don’t know as to that. You should see that she has other lovers. There’s a Van der Velt—” Here, the knight interposed an ejaculation more short than sweet. “And there’s Burghenenn, and the Senor Don Ruy Dandar, and—”

“No more, Le Huys,” cried Du Relle. “But what of them? Consider, monsieur, my proposal is equally honorable—”

“Honorable!” thundered the baron. “Where is the man dares dishonorable—”

“You misunderstand. I should have said equally advantageous.”

“Ah, indeed. But let me see. It lies here, monsieur. If the French beat, why, you’ll take her; and if the Spaniards, Van der Velt and Dandar, and the others will fight it out among themselves till there’s little left of them; so that I don’t see any consent of mine required. Here’s ale. Let us drink to your good luck, my friend, and good morning.” So the baron with admirable diplomacy dismissed his guest.

But close upon the knight’s heels followed the Senor Dandar. The baron hastily inquired his business, for his own horses and hounds were waiting below for a hunt. The lofty Spaniard, however, showed no wish to accelerate matters, and proceeded with grave elaboration and a hundred bows, till the rough baron brought him to the point. “All that is well enough,” said he, “but what do you want?”

“You have a daughter—” commenced the other.

“Peter and Paul! Must you come from the fosse round St. Quentin’s to tell me that? Odds, I have heard the fact before!”

“I am the Senor Dandar—”

“And that is no news. Proceed.”

“I am Don Ruy Dandar, a gentleman of Spain, a noble of Madrid,” cried the other, with a darkening brow, “my fortune is—”

“Ten gueldres per annum, maybe,” laughed the baron.

“I came to ask your daughter in marriage, and you insult me. Listen, Baron Charles, you give, or I take.”

The baron leaned back and laughed. “Was ever one so tormented with a little baggage?”

The third since yesterday's sunset. Tush! she wout have you, man, nor the others wout let you have her. He that gets her will keep her, and in the fight there may be nothing left of any of you!"

"By'r lady!" cried Dom Ruy, "I, a lord of the empire, a chevalier of the Cortes, have come to be beard by a beggarly Fleming?"

"Fair words, young man," said Le Huys, and at a wave of his hand, three stout yeomen took the Senor Dandar and conducted him outside the gates.

Still, day by day the siege of St. Quentin continued, the grand constable drawing vainly nearer to relieve his friends, and contemplating the great movement which constituted his eventual ruin. Nearly a week had passed, and the skirmishing between the armies grew daily hotter. One afternoon toward sunset, Lisette had climbed the hill behind the castle to look out across the country and see what was to be seen; she had turned from sight of the distant specks traversing the plain, which were hardly to be distinguished as parties of hostile soldiers, and in her safe remoteness had lifted a briery spray from a bird's nest, and was idly watching the speckled eggs, when a fierce arm suddenly threw itself around her, black eyes and beard flashed in her face, and she found herself struggling in the wiry grasp of the Senor Dandar, while his two servants held his horse a few paces off. Her wild shrieks there were none to hear, and Dandar had already reached his saddle, and with the exhausted girl hanging over his arm, had one foot in the stirrup, when a clear voice called from above:

"Do not stir, Lisette!" And in another second a ball whizzed by her ear, and as suddenly the arm that held her relaxed its grasp and hung shattered and nerveless, while she fell to the ground. For a breath the sharp pain overpowered Dandar; then, immediately he stooped to recapture her with his unbroken arm. But the effect of the shock was different upon her, for, scrambling to her feet, she ran like the wind down the hill, while he threw himself into the saddle to pursue her, swearing great oaths at his confounded assistants who followed with him the chase. A thicket, bordering a ravine was at one hand. A mile below was the castle. A bold leap to a shelf of rock in the ravine might save her—in the long run to the castle Dandar would regain her. She tore through the thicket, hesitated, and sprang down to a narrow ledge of turf some fifteen feet below. Hardly had she reached it, when a great black horse with his rider plunged down the slope, and Dandar—his chase of her

turned into flight for himself—galloped past before the fierce foe, not once turning to see, while Lisette, looking up from her hiding-place, saw Van der Velt thundering after him above, and knew that it was his daring shot that had saved her. Unable to see how the two servants had fled upon the other side, she would not stir from the ledge, but continued clinging to the holly bushes that grew from the interstices of the rock, when night fell, even then not knowing how to climb the wall down which she had jumped so easily. Once or twice endeavoring to do so, she found herself in such danger of falling headlong down the black chasm below, that she desisted, and waited in the growing darkness for whatever might happen next. The stars came out, and shone calmly above, but nothing human ventured near her lair. It must have been nearly midnight, when a voice from far, far away, called faintly. It might be some distant farm noise, it might be Dandar—so distant as to be unrecognizable at all events. She dared not reply, but remained in breathless silence. It came nearer.

"Lisette, Lisette, my darling!" she heard, in a voice as dear as familiar. Never were so simple words fraught with such joy.

"Here, below—on your 'right," she cried. "Bring ropes, Van der Velt, I cannot climb."

Before she could breathe after speaking, it seemed, he was hanging over the edge, his bridle reins, and sash, and leathers knotted together, and one end thrown into her hands. She tied it round her, and giving the word on the instant, was drawn up, caught in his embrace, held closely while he re-attached the reins, and directly afterward lying in his arms, she was carried at a dashing pace to the castle gates.

"I shall settle with Dandar for this when I reach him," said the marquis, as he relinquished her to the safe shelter of her father's walls. "But now there is hot work ahead. Montmorency is in the marshes, seeking to throw himself into the city to Colligny's aid; we must prevent him. So farewell."

"And I may never see you again!" cried Lisette, for an instant losing all her archness. "You may be dead to-morrow. O, Van der Velt, stay here."

"Honor first—then delights," he said. "Lisette, one word. Though you said you would one day be my wife, you never said you loved me. I know it, my darling—but say it now."

"Will you fight better for it—will it do you any good—to hear me say—I love you?"

"Yes—say it."

"There—put me down—I've said it."

"Lisette!"



"Yes. Good-by." She loosened his hand and stood upon his foot to spring to the pavement of the courtyard, where they were, when moved by as sudden an impulse, she turned, flung her arms about his neck—"Good-by, good-by," she whispered. "O, with all my heart, with all my heart I love you!"—slipped from his arms and vanished in the door, while the marquis rode out beneath the arching gateway, struck spurs to his horse and dashed on to join his regiment.

The day dawned slowly for Lisette, but more slowly apparently for the baron, who sent out perpetual scouts for information how the fight lay. He was at breakfast when the last one returned with word that the brave Egmont was getting the worst of it—that victory was crowning Montmorency.

"My spurs, Andrew," cried he, wiping his mouth. "My jacks, my cuirass! Here, Lisette, little rose, buckle my old iron on—I'll die in the harness. Summon the men, Jacques! We'll take a good three hundred to Egmont, never will I lie idle, and see him down. Haste, you lazy pack!" And storming and shouting, the old baron gathered his forces and marched out to battle, scarcely leaving a guard at the castle.

Lisette, taking no warning from yesterday's adventure, judged all would be too busily engaged to think of her, and from the highest tower watched, as well as she could, the progress of events. Van der Velt's division she discerned by the colors, wheeling along the distance. It disappeared, and the crowded fields were barren for her. Thus absorbed with her participation in the fight, she paid no attention to the surrounding country, nor to the movements in the castle, till suddenly a great uproar among the household rose to her ears, and starting she saw Du Relle with some thirty men behind him, riding at the open gate. She sprang down from the turret, through the halls, out into the courtyard, calling the frightened servants to her aid, and endeavoring to close the gates before their arrival. Unsuspectingly, the French knight advanced secure of his booty, and before they could close both valves, dashed in. Instantly the other one clanged behind him, the bolts were drawn, the keys abstracted, the servants fled before the knight, and Lisette had hidden herself behind a buttress of the gateway. As he turned, he believed himself alone in the place; saw that his companions were shut out, but trusted that he should regain the keys, and well knowing the terror that a single man in armor could inspire among a parcel of women-kind, dismounted and strode boldly into the hall, determined in his turn to obtain Lisette, and by foul means, since fair

had not availed him. Lisette, looking out, thought him infinitely preferable to the Senor Dandar, but prayed in her little heart that she might escape both. As he vanished within an inner hall, she stole out and followed him unobserved. The knight proceeded, peering into one room and another, till having mounted a long staircase, he entered one apartment whose single window Lisette knew was strongly barred, and on the outside of whose single door she saw the key. She flew forward, pulled the door noiselessly before he discovered that the room was a mere closet, shut it with all her force, and bending to the great key turned it in the wards and left the Knight Du Relle a prisoner. Still the day drew on. Noon came—flying soldiery covered the country, cries and shouts filled the air, the evening closed, and the baron and his men rode over the plain, well satisfied with a good day's work. As he neared the gates, the thirty men posted there seemed to him a most novel guard, and called forth his utter surprise, but, as it appeared, theirs in an equal degree, for after wavering an instant they turned with a rush, and scattered themselves in flight. The baron's horn opened the great valve speedily, and hardly was he within, when another party followed, and Van der Velt threw himself from his horse and flung the weary beast the bridle.

"Safe, by Jove!" cried the baron, bringing a heavy hand down on the marquis's shoulder. "Lisette, where are you?"

She was already dancing down the dark passage with a candle in her hand, her face beaming with love and gratitude at the preservation of her friends. "Who conquers?" she asked.

"We're alive!" said the baron—"that says who conquers. Egmont, to be sure."

Here Lisette's eyes sparkled with glee, and she related her own little skirmish. The baron turned with a loud laugh at her adroitness, and then, snatching the candle strode to the French knight's abode. Throwing open the door, he entered, saw the prisoner standing near the window, and without a word took him by the hand as though he had been a refractory child, and led him through the phalanx of retainers, to the gates. Here he paused, coolly surveyed the knight and held him up like a boy while he detached his spurs.

"Disgraced and degraded," he exclaimed, flinging them aside. "Take a hind's punishment!" And giving him a box on either ear, he shoved him out with another laugh and closed the gates. An hour afterward the baron issued from his apartment cleansed and refreshed, and Lisette told him her yesterday's escape. She

was just ending as Van der Velt joined them. Von Tromp le Huys rose and caught his hand. "Here, Van der Velt," he cried, "take her—you deserve her. She's a jewel, but she's yours. By Paul and Peter, an hour shall not pass and leave you single. Andrew!" he shouted, as that attendant appeared, "call the chaplain, light the chapel, and let them set out a banquet. Orange himself will be here anon, and the heir marries to-night. Little Lisette, little rose, Von Tromp le Huys resigns you, Van der Velt claims you." And when the next hour had chimed, Lisette Von Tromp le Huys was no more, but the Marchioness Van der Velt listened.

#### DRAWING INFERENCES.

"I liked your sermon very much to-day, with a single exception," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?"

"I think you use rather too many technical phrases."

"Did I? I didn't think of it."

"You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now, that was Greek to many hearers."

"O, no. Most every one, of course, knows what we mean by drawing an inference."

"You are mistaken, brother, as sure as you live; I do not believe one-half of my congregation would understand the phrase."

"You certainly cannot be right."

"I am. Now, there is Mr. Smith," pointing out a man just turning the corner, "who is quite an intelligent farmer; we will overtake him, and I will ask him if he can draw an inference, and I do not believe that he will understand me."

Accordingly, the two ministers quickened their pace, and as they came up to the said Mr. Smith, his pastor said to him:

"Brother Smith, can you draw an inference?"

Brother Smith, thus summarily interrogated, looked at his pastor for some fifteen seconds quite surprised, and then, rather hesitatingly, said:

"Well, I suppose I could. I've got a pair of steers that can draw anything to which they are hitched; but I shouldn't like to on Sunday."—*Constellation.*

#### DISTINGUISHED POTATOES.

In Gerard's time, 1597, Virginian potatoes, as they were then called, were just beginning to be known. A sweet potato had been previously known, which was used as a kind of confection at the tables of the rich. Of these Gerard says: "They are used to be eaten roasted in ashes; some, when they be so roasted, infuse them, and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes, and so eat them. And likewise others dress them (being first roasted) with oil, vinegar and salt, every man according to his own taste liking; notwithstanding, howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish and strengthen the bodie." These were sold by women, who stood about the Exchange with baskets.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### ALONE.

BY E. B. BRANDON.

O, think not that I'm always glad!

Ye cannot read my heart;

Ye cannot feel the thrill that bids

Its joyousness depart.

I mingle in the merry maze,

My heart grief-bound the while;

But sunshine sparkles in my gaze,

And freedom in my smile.

But when towards western day the night

Slow draws her covering dark;

When Luna beams with her cold, cold light,

And the stars stand still and stark:

'Tis then, O, then, that my spirit's lyre

Is touched for the cherished dead;

And the jarring chords wake an echo wild,

Mid the scenes of the hours fled.

And then a soft voice ripples clear

Through memory's misty maze—

My mother's voice, I've bent to hear

In childhood's happier days.

Her look was such as seraphs wear;

Her eyes, so gently blue,

I thought that heaven must kneel to her,

To lend its lovely hue.

But the Angel Reaper took her home,

All heedless of our tears;

And O, she left a stricken one—

The partner of her years.

In vain he sought her gentle eyes,

Listened her voice in vain;

He hears it now—its soft tones rise

To swell the angel's strain.

A trio band—we did not part

Affection from the dead;

To bind anew each throbbing heart,

Grief gave the strengthening shred.

Affection's pure and holy flame,

We revelled in its light;

But blind, we saw not where disease

Had fixed its withering blight.

But on our sister's cheek the glow

A brother's love soon read;

He knew the aspect of her foe,

And, trembling, with her fled.

Beneath Italia's sunnier climes

He bore her from my side;

But foreign lands gave not the health

That kindred earth denied.

He saw her frail life's slow decay,

He felt the last pulse-throb;

Then bore her cold, pale form away,

To lay 'neath native sod.

But ocean and the ruthless storm

Grant not the boon we crave:

Her narrow bed, his noble form,

The dull, dark waters lave.

The slimy reptile o'er his brow

Slides 'neath the billowy zone;

Alone I'm left a wanderer now—

In this wide world, alone!

[ORIGINAL.]

## I LOVE THEE!

BY CHARLES H. DEMOND.

I've a song, love, to sing thee!  
O, list to my lay,  
While I set it to music  
That's gladsome and gay!

And heed not the murmurs  
Harsh voices will breathe;  
Nor the cold, cruel caution—  
Love smiles to deceive.

Then trusting, confiding,  
O, list to my lay!  
It is this—that I love thee  
Far more than I say!

[ORIGINAL.]

## LAME FOR LIFE:

—OR,—

## MY FRIEND'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

"DEAR Stewart!"

"My dear Ray!"

With this salutation, and a hearty hand clasp, we met after three years' separation, my old friend Lonsdale Stewart and I. It was no place to make remarks in the busy, crowded depot where he had come to meet me; but a glance sufficed to show me the changes time had made in my friend. Once seated in the carriage, and on our way to his home, we could talk with the old brotherly unreserve.

"Yes, I believe I have changed somewhat for the better," Stewart said, in answer to my remark. "That year in Switzerland did it; I never opened a book for more than six months."

"You had better have closed them six months before," I replied.

He laughed his old merry laugh. "Better for you and the others, Charley, but not better for me. I should not have dared to come home if I had not been first in my class then."

"Having always been first, I think you might have given some of us a chance that time."

He laughed again. "I am afraid that would not have been sufficient reason to satisfy my mother. But here we are." And as he spoke, the carriage door was thrown open, and we were ushered into a hall of magnificent proportions, and from thence Lonsdale led the way to a large and lofty chamber, fitted up with every appliance for the comfort of a weary guest. "You will

just have time to refresh yourself before dinner, we have no company to-day, and I mean to keep you to myself this evening, Charley."

I had time not only as he said to refresh, but also to ponder on the different destinies of myself and this, my most intimate friend. My prospects were not very promising, a school teacher with just income enough to live on decently, without parents or relatives save some English cousins of whom I knew little and cared less. I felt rather an insignificant object in society when compared to Stewart, with his princely income, his town house, his carriage, his summer residence, his proud, rich mother, and his stylish sisters.

Once I had prided myself on my superior strength, but even this was denied me now, for in his graceful proportions and well-knit frame I beheld the very perfection of manly beauty, while his face had fulfilled an earlier promise of being wonderfully handsome. Envy him I could not, dare not, he bore his blessings so meekly; yet in this first hour of my visit to his home, did many bitter feelings crowd into my heart. I had never felt the difference in our fortunes so keenly as at this minute; why the very furniture in the room where I stood cost more than I was worth in the world.

The sound of the dinner bell disturbed my reverie, and Lonsdale's entrance drove away the shadows for a time. We went down the broad staircase together to the parlors, where I was introduced to "my mother," and "my sister Julia." Mrs. Stewart, a very stately lady, dressed in lavender cashmere, received me with some show of kindness as her son's "dearest friend;" her daughter bowed with freezing coldness—it was quite evident that Miss Stewart knew to a dollar the extent of a teacher's income. She too wore what ladies call "half mourning," a lavender and black silk dress, delicately relieved by white at the neck and sleeves, a diamond glittered on her hand, another on her bosom in a pin. Not the least fault could have been found with either dress, looks or manner, and yet I felt an instinctive aversion to my friend's sister, a dislike which I believe was mutual.

I had known very little of Lonsdale's family, for intimate as we had been he rarely spoke of any one save his father, now dead, and his letters from abroad were merely descriptions of his travels. I cannot say that I was prepossessed in favor of either of the ladies, and looked forward with some terror to the three weeks' penance I should have to perform in their society. After dinner we went to a handsome parlor opening on

a conservatory, and while I was enjoying the fragrance of the rare flowers whose perfume filled the air, my senses were suddenly entranced by a strain of delightful music coming from some unseen performer. It only lasted a few minutes, and died away in a plaintive wail, and when I turned to ask my friend the meaning of it I found he had left the room.

"It is my daughter, sir," said Mrs. Stewart, who had noticed my movement. "My poor child has few enjoyments, but her organ is one of the greatest, as she is passionately fond of music, and has become quite a proficient."

I remembered now that Lonsdale had spoken of two sisters, but until this moment I had forgotten the fact. Before I had time to conjecture what possible affliction had fallen upon this one, Stewart himself appeared.

"My sister Genevieve would see you, Charles. She has long wished to express her gratitude to the man who saved her brother's life." There was a slight tone of reproach in Stewart's voice, and I fancied the stately Julia bent her head to hide a conscious blush, so intent was she upon her embroidery.

My friend led me to a beautiful boudoir fitted up with every luxury and comfort an invalid could desire. The flowery carpet gave back no sound of footfall, the rosewood furniture seemed fashioned for a fairy's use, the leunges were the embodiment of ease and comfort, while in an alcove shaded by pale pink draperies stood a snowy couch. Two silver lamps with violet-colored globes stood on a table, two more upon the open instrument, while vases of ground glass filled with flowers stood in various parts of the room.

But the fairest object in this exquisite apartment was the gentle owner, "Veva," at once the joy and the sorrow of all her family. Dressed in black with heavy folds of crape falling over her arms, she looked actually transparent, the great crimson chair in which she reclined adding even more to the delicate purity of her complexion. A pair of slight, but strongly-made crutches told the story of the dear girl's affliction; for years she had been a cripple, for months quite unable to leave her room unless in her brother's arms.

She received me with all of his affectionate kindness, bidding him place my chair near her own, and talking with the freedom of an old acquaintance. I felt at once that my name had frequently been mentioned by both brother and sister, and that she shared all his feelings of regard for my unworthy self. We talked of the old school and college days, of later events, and

at last of my visit to Boston, long talked of, never accomplished until now, and then we asked for music. My heart smote me for making the request, when I saw with how much apparent suffering Veva rose from her chair, balanced herself for an instant on her supporters, and then slowly crossed the room. No one could assist her unless by taking her actually in their arms, and this she would not permit. I saw the sadness in Stewart's face as he watched her movements; for myself, I could not hide the tear her expression of patient suffering had caused to flow, as she seated herself at the organ.

But once in the full excitement and delight of the music, pain and weakness all appeared to be forgotten, the color rose to her pale cheek, her eyes flashed with unwonted brightness, her fingers flew over the keys. It was such a treat as I had rarely enjoyed, not only to listen to the music, but to watch unchecked the variations in the expression of that beautiful face. Veva's face was her brother's copied in miniature, the same dark blue eyes with long curved lashes, the same expressive mouth and beautifully moulded chin, only that Lonsdale now sported an extensive beard which marred the beauty of his, but both had the same silky brown hair; and looking at their father's portrait which occupied a conspicuous place in this gem of a room, I was at no loss to account for their peculiar characteristics, a handsomer face or more noble brow I had seldom seen.

"Can nothing be done for that beautiful girl?" I asked Stewart, when our interview with his sister was over, and we were seated in his room. "Can it be possible that she is doomed to this suffering and seclusion all her days?"

"I fear so," he replied sadly. "While my father lived she had the best advice upon the case, but he would not consent that she should be made to suffer, and as she herself has always had a great repugnance to receiving the visits of physicians, we gradually gave up the hope. She seems quite contented now, and I believe is happy, though I tremble to think of what she would have to endure, should any sudden change of fortune come upon us. My mother and Julia do not love the confinement of a sick room, and since my return I know she appears better; her nurse is a treasure, and takes all possible care of her, and we have one dear friend who makes frequent visits to our house." From Lonsdale's confusion I judged this friend was no gentleman.

"And do you think it right to allow year after year to pass on while she is losing her only chance for recovery, and yet forbear to insist on something being done?"

"I do not think it right, I have always felt an uneasiness and disquiet about it, for I believe her state could be much improved, but I dislike to combat her terrors, to annoy my mother, who thinks physicians can do Veva no good now, and I also shrink from causing the poor child pain by making perhaps vain attempts to effect a cure. Altogether I feel very unhappy about it, more so since I find she occasionally sighs for the enjoyments Julia partakes of so freely."

"But I should not employ a physician to annoy her by his visits; I am confident that very much might be done for her by careful, persevering attention. Everything to strengthen, nothing to weaken, exercise in the open air, instead of spending months in the enervating luxurious ease of that room. Living as you do beside this beautiful Common, you have every facility for giving her exercise far from the noisy streets and the gaze of the importunate. Let me entreat of you then, at once to commence a new system, and persevere until you see your lovely sister take her place in the society she is so well fitted to adorn. I will give you written directions which if faithfully followed, I guarantee an improvement."

Stewart considered a few minutes, then looking up suddenly, he said:

"It shall be as you say, Charles. I have been very negligent of my duty, and may yet live to mourn the lost opportunity; but what can be done shall be attempted at once, for Veva is too gentle and yielding to refuse any earnest wish of mine. If through your advice she is saved, the long-standing debt between us will be doubled."

"Mr. Ray, Miss Durant, whom I take the liberty to introduce to you, feeling sure that for my sake he will meet a warm welcome."

"Yes, and for his own sake too. Do not all your friends owe a deep debt of gratitude to him who saved your life? Mr. Ray, I welcome you to Boston; I have long wished to see you, I am very happy now to have my wish gratified."

Could anything have been more satisfactory, especially when the speaker was a most beautiful girl, when her large dark eyes looked bewitchingly into my own, when her soft white hand rested confidently in mine, when Lonsdale watched with joy-beaming countenance this first meeting of his two best friends? There was nothing to remind me that I was only a poor teacher in the reception I met from Miss Durant, the wealthy, fashionable belle, the idolized daughter of a millionaire, the betrothed of Lonsdale Stewart.

I saw at a glance that she was surrounded by

all that money can purchase for its owners, a very queen in her magnificence, and yet I thought her no fitting mate for my friend whose thousand admirable qualities of heart and head I felt certain she could not appreciate. Miss Durant would have received with smiles any friend of Stewart's, she tried to please him in all possible ways, and yet I felt as sure as I was of being alive that she did not love him. What her motive was I could not tell, but it completely deceived my single-hearted friend.

"I consider that I am peculiarly blessed," he said to me, after we had left the presence of the bewitching Sophia. "It is a fearful thing for a man to suspect that he is loved for his money, but Miss Durant's large fortune, even larger than my own, precludes all such painful ideas. There is no room therefore to doubt the sincerity of her affection; and my only fear is that I may not be able to supply the place of the many kind friends who now surround her. I fear she will miss the constant watchful love of her good old father whose idol she has always been."

Genevieve, who now made a daily visit to the parlor, hinted to me one day that she did not like her brother's intended.

"Julia and she are very intimate; and they think alike on every subject, but she is not worthy of Lonsdale; in truth I hardly know any one good enough for him. I have been sick so long I have had a chance to study her very thoroughly, and I don't believe she loves him. If he was poor, or occupied a less prominent position in society, you would see that she would cast him off."

I was struck by the earnestness of the gentle girl, usually so shy about expressing her opinion, but her brother was her idol.

"Do you know I have a strange presentiment about this journey, Charles? I have intended to leave home twice since my return from Europe, and something has happened to prevent me each time, and I have a sort of forewarning that this will not turn out well."

"Nothing but a lover's fears, Stewart. Your parting with the fair Sophia yesterday has overcome your usual courage. For my own part I love to travel in the care; we are conquering time and space so nobly, it always raises my spirits, and never more than this morning." And I threw open the window, and inhaled the delicious breeze which came rushing in as we sped wildly along.

Stewart left his seat, and walked once or twice up and down the car. I saw him stoop and look from one of the opposite windows, when there

came a shrill scream from the whistle, the jar of the brakes suddenly being put on, then a collision, a violent crash which sent every one prostrate, and for two seconds the horrible sensation of falling, as we went over the embankment. I was stunned, I know not for how long, but the first sensation I remember was the violent dashing of cold water on my face, the first object my eyes beheld was Lonsdale's deathlike countenance, with the blood flowing slowly from a great gash in the forehead. Three men were trying to recover him, one whom I had seen near us in the car, tried to lay him in a better position, but the agonized moan he gave induced him to let him remain.

"He is badly hurt somewhere, poor fellow," one of them said. "I fear it is all over with him."

They stood looking at him, as if uncertain what to do; and gradually others came, until the crowd surrounded him and shut him from my sight. Only two cars of the train had gone over, and the other passengers had hastened down to render what assistance they could in taking the people from under the broken fragments, and also in extinguishing the fire which had burst out underneath one of the crushed cars. A little bustling man who had been exceedingly active, came hurrying past where I lay on the sandy bank.

"There are only three badly wounded," he called out to some one else. "The others are only stunned, but this chap looks dangerous." And he pointed to Stewart, whom the men were now placing on a sort of litter made out of the broken doors and panels.

As they lifted him up, he groaned again, and I saw how helplessly the right leg fell down.

"It's a sad smash for him, that's a fact," said one of the men. "I guess he'll lose this leg fast enough."

Three times I attempted to rise, and as often fell back again, weak and helpless.

"Take a drop of this, my good sir," said the bustling man at my side; "it will put the strength right into you." And he pulled from his breast pocket a pint flask of brandy, a small dose of which seemed to give me new life. "I suppose you want to go with your friend," my companion said, helping me to my feet and aiding me with his arm to steady my steps. "Poor fellow, he's badly hurt, and that old gentleman there who is a doctor says he must go back to New York in the next train."

"Lame for life!" I turned away sick at heart, for I knew what Stewart must suffer. I could

neither face him nor the three surgeons who bent over the couch. The eldest of the party had just delivered the verdict. "We can save the limb, but you will be lame for life."

He had borne it all manfully, the agony of being moved, the fearful torture they had subjected him to in setting the shattered bones, it was all nothing to this.

"Charley!" he called faintly. I turned round, the strangers had left the room, and we were alone together. He stretched out his hand to me, "Charley, my mother, Sophia, you must tell them this, you must go at once."

"I shall not leave you. I can write to your mother; Miss Durant will hear from her; at present you are not fit to be left."

"I will write to her myself," he said, with much emotion, and he did write in spite of all I could say to the contrary. "Perhaps her father will bring her to New York to see me," he said, as he watched me seal and address the note. "Dear Sophia, I am sorry to inflict such a pain on her as this will be."

On the third day, Mrs. Stewart herself came. She was a woman of few words, and I should have thought her heartless had I not been able to read the meaning of that pale, quivering lip, and tone of her voice, strong efforts as she made to control herself.

"I bring you something, I trust, will hasten your recovery," she said, after the first greetings were over, handing Lonsdale a letter.

We turned to the window while he read it, where I gave her more minute particulars than could be sent in a hasty letter. We were interrupted by a low moan; and hastening to Stewart found that he had fainted. So deep and death-like was the swoon that it required all our skill to recall him to life. When he recovered, we asked no questions, it was too evident what had caused this attack.

In the night while I watched beside him, he suddenly handed me the crushed note, bidding me read it. Like the writer, it was cold, selfish, heartless. After condoling with him on the affliction, she begged him to release her from her engagement, declaring that it would be utterly impossible that she could ever be the wife of a lame man, and assuring him if such an accident had befallen herself she should instantly have released him from his promises. I started next morning in the early train for Boston. Of my interview with Miss Durant, I need give but a short description. She was far more stately than when I first met her.

"I want Mr. Stewart to view this in the right manner," she said. "My feelings towards him

have undergone no change, no words can express how much I suffer (here she elevated her costly lace handkerchief for an instant); but he must see how utterly impossible it would be for me to marry a lame man—scarred too, I think you said. O, horrible! Mr. Ray, do not let us speak on this subject any more. I trust to Mr. Stewart's good sense not to be annoyed by any further interviews relating to this matter."

"I think I can answer for him, Miss Durant, that you will be annoyed no more on this subject."

I found Genevieve overwhelmed with sorrow for her brother's misfortune; she realized more than Julia could what he must suffer.

"Dear Lonsdale, he has been so kind to me, and now I cannot go to him." And she wept like a child at the thought of his sufferings. She was indignant at Sophia's conduct, but Julia defended her friend. "Lonsdale could not expect a handsome girl like Miss Durant could sacrifice herself to any one disfigured as he now was, she wondered how he could expect it."

I returned to Stewart in fear and trembling for this bitter disappointment, but to my great joy he listened with composure to the message I bore, and never from that hour mentioned her name again. With the utmost care and tenderness he nursed his crushed limb, and bade the physicians use all their skill in healing the wounds on his face, and so well were their efforts rewarded, that a deep cut on his cheek was cured without a mark, while the one on his temple left a mark far from disfiguring. The uniting of the shattered limb was the slowest process, but even that was accomplished in time, and once more my friend walked abroad among his fellow-men, if not as erect as he once did, at least with the hope of ultimate recovery.

Through his persuasions, I gave up my school, and accompanied him on a six months' tour through our own country, travelling easily as became an invalid. It was just one year from the time he left Boston until he returned, and it needed a watchful eye to detect the slight lameness which told of all he had gone through in those twelve months. In vain I had attempted to return to my old occupation, every argument was overruled, or met by one equally as good, and at last the truth came out.

"You must not leave me, Charley, your society is actually necessary to my perfect recovery, and I don't want to hear anything more about the school."

"Yes, that's all well enough, and so I am to stay here a pensioner on your bounty? Very manly and independent I shall feel at the year's

end. No, no, Stewart, your recovery is in a fair way now, and I must go."

"Now, Charley, you don't think I meant to insult you by such an offer; no indeed, but you can be of the greatest assistance to me if you will stay, and you may as well earn money one way as another. My head is still too weak to puzzle over accounts much, and if you will undertake the care of my business for one year it will confer a double favor on me by relieving me of the charge and by giving me your society."

And so it came that my home was under the same roof with Genevieve Stewart, and I fancied she too felt pleased with the arrangement. Perhaps her gentle smile had something to do with my consent.

Stewart and I were leisurely strolling down Washington Street one pleasant June evening, when, just while we were making critical remarks to ourselves on the variety of faces one sees in a half hour's lounge in that locality, a light and graceful figure passed us, walking very fast. She had not gone more than ten yards, when a red-faced Irishwoman, evidently a new comer, stopped her to inquire "The way to South Boston, if it's plasing ye, ma'am." Before she had finished telling her which way to go, we were up to them, and had a fair look at one of the sweetest faces I ever beheld. As soon as the woman trudged off, the beautiful unknown drew down her veil and hurried on again, but Lonsdale's curiosity was excited.

"I should really like to know where that young lady lives, Ray. I don't think I ever saw anything more perfect than her face, and her voice, did you notice how sweetly she spoke to that poor woman?"

"But, my dear Stewart, is it right for us to follow her? She is evidently some poor shop girl who has been detained, and if she sees us may be alarmed?"

"And in that case I will go up and tell her she must allow me to escort her; I am not afraid of any woman misunderstanding my motives," he added, proudly. "But she is far too beautiful to be alone in the streets at this hour."

I said no more. And so keeping at a respectful distance, the fair pedestrian led us to one of the ferries, where, as it happened, a great crowd was gathered about one of the engines returning from a fire. A gang of half-tipsy firemen occupied the sidewalk, while others stood in twos and threes down towards the wharf. We lost sight of the girl in trying to force our way through the crowd, and when we got free, saw that her progress was stopped by two of the rowdies, the

youngest of the two a lad of nineteen or twenty standing directly in her way, and insolently asking her name. In an instant Stewart was at her side.

"You have made a mistake, sir; this lady is under my protection."

The young fellow with a muttered curse moved off, while Stewart, taking his companion's basket, drew her hand under his arm, and quietly led her down the wharf. The boat came in, and I joined them at the same moment, and we all went on board together. There was no one in the ladies' cabin, but I saw by the glaze of the lamp that our charge looked very pale.

"I hope you do not feel frightened now," Stewart said; "you are perfectly safe, and if you will allow us, my friend and I will see you safely home."

As he had truly said there was no danger of her mistaking his motives.

"I do not live far away, and will thankfully accept your protection, sir. I am very rarely detained so late, but to-night there was work at the rooms we had to finish, and I could not leave before."

I was much pleased with the simple earnestness of the girl's manner, there was no affectation, no pretended reluctance to accept our offer, her speech and behaviour were those of a true lady. As she had said, her home was not far from the ferry, a pretty white house with a garden in front, a grape-vine trellis at one end, a climbing rose in front. It was one of a row of white houses all with gardens, grape vines and roses alike, all as neat and pretty as care and attention could make them. A lady was standing by the garden gate who accosted our companion as we came up.

"Is that you, Annie? I was afraid something had happened to you, child, you were so late."

In a few words the girl explained all, and bowing to the lady's thanks, and bidding our new acquaintance "good-night," we retraced our steps homeward, Stewart in profound silence, myself humming an old tune I had learned in younger days, the refrain of which, "The rich man wo'd the cottage lass," would pertinaciously keep in my mind to-night.

The next day was the Sabbath, and after dressing with unusual care, Lonsdale informed me that he was going to C—— to church. I made no remark, but accepted his invitation, and when the bells were ringing, sure enough, we found ourselves seated in one of the prettiest churches of that very neat town, or city, I ought to say now. The congregation came in steadily until the edifice was well filled, the minister walked up the aisle, a practised hand was playing

the voluntary, to which all sat listening in silent repose, when a party entered the pew directly opposite where we sat, an elderly man of genteel appearance, a middle-aged lady in mourning, and our acquaintance of the night before. So unexpected was her appearance to me that I could not forbear a slight start, while glancing at Stewart I saw that his face was flushed crimson. But there was no more time for worldly thoughts; the pastor rose, a pale, slender man, evidently in feeble health, the psalm was given out and beautifully read, then the prelude on the organ, and then a burst of song as though the choir were one person. That singing was a fit preparation for the sermon which followed, the best and holiest sermon I ever listened to. Hours after those thrilling tones had ceased, their influence drove from our recollection the first object which had that day led us to the sanctuary.

About the middle of the following week, Stewart invited me to go with him again to C——. The remembrance of the strange girl would not leave him, and he had determined to call and learn more of the family. There are not many men who would have taken such a step, but he was very impulsive, and ever conscious of the purity of his own motives, dared to do what many a bolder man would have shrunk from. We were politely received by Mrs. Smith, the lady of the house, shown into a plain but very neat parlor, and introduced to Mr. Smith, who sat writing at a desk. As the lady did not remember us, Stewart had to explain his motive for calling, his meeting with their daughter, the impression she had made on him, and his wish to be admitted a visitor at their house.

Mrs. Smith answered him. "Miss Annie Browning is not our daughter, is no relation to us, though we love her well. She has no relatives in the world that I know of, and her mother confided her to my care many years ago. We would not let her sew for a living if we could help it, but Mr. Smith is feeble in health, and she will not consent to be a burden on us. I should like to see the child do well, and if she is willing, we shall be happy to see you at any time you can make it convenient to call."

Mr. Smith now expressed his approval, also, and naming the time he would come again, Lonsdale took leave. Six weeks passed, during which his absences were frequent, and then he told me he was about to marry Annie Browning.

"But your mother, Lonsdale, what will she say? Only a sewing-girl, you know?"

"I intend telling her to-day. I have thought it all over; it has been no hasty conclusion, for I had suffered too much to do anything rashly



again; and I have decided that there is no reason why Miss Browning cannot be my wife, while there are a thousand to induce me to share with her the blessings Providence has given me."

"But how will it be if your mother decidedly objects? Your wife will not be happy here."

Stewart smiled. "Do you suppose, dear Ray, that I would subject my gentle Annie to Julia's supercilious criticism? She is now truth and simplicity personified; to come up to the standard of fashion, she must become a living lie. I have guarded against such dangers by providing a home of our own, where my wife can be sole mistress. Our house will be large enough to contain another couple, but I suppose you will not let me broach that topic."

As I had feared, Mrs. Stewart was very angry at Lonsdale's choice—Julia so indignant that she would not speak to her brother—and their fashionable friends were filled with astonishment. Amid all these discordant elements, Stewart went his way unmoved, the same respectful son he had ever been, the same kind brother; he knew their prejudices, and made no attempt to combat them. When the appointed day came, Genevieve and I accompanied him in his carriage to C—, called for the beautiful young bride, and in another hour witnessed their marriage at the minister's house. We then drove back to Mrs. Smith's, where the white garments were exchanged for a travelling dress; and having started them on their wedding tour, Genevieve wiped away her tears, and accompanied me home.

"You must allow me to supply your brother's place now," I whispered, as I lifted her from the carriage, and carried her to her room.

"Yes, I have only you, now," she said in reply, while I inwardly cursed the poverty which kept me from asking her to be mine forever.

I was surprised to see how changed Mrs. Stewart was at dinner. There were traces of recent tears on her face; but she no longer wore the angry look of the previous week. Though no allusion was made to the wedding, she spoke cheerfully of her son more than once. It was over now, and evidently a better spirit had come to the mother. Julia ate her dinner in sullen silence; more than once I rejoiced to think that the sweet little wife would be safe from the proud girl's disdain.

It was a great day for surprises. A letter was brought to me in the evening from an old friend in Philadelphia. On opening it, I found an extract cut from an English paper, giving the particulars of the death of "Charles Ray Cuthbert, Esq., of Cuthbert Lodge, Sussex," who had broken his neck while riding home from an elec-

tion dinner. The paper went on to state that "The next heir had lived all his life in America, but was lately reported to have died." My correspondent bade me at once take steps to prove my identity, and put in my claims to the property, which was considerable. The deceased was the child of my father's cousin; both branches of the family were now extinct, with the exception of myself, and I had no difficulty in establishing my claim to a fortune, which though of inconsiderable dimensions in that country of colossal incomes, in our own less pretentious land places me on an equality with those who once despised my poverty. Once certain that wealth was mine, I scrupled no longer to ask Genevieve to be my wife—my beautiful, patient Genevieve, whose persevering attention to my prescriptions had now enabled her to share in many of the cares and joys of daily life.

She was still a fair and frail flower, whom the mother confided to my care with many anxious charges; but Lonsdale called me "brother" with such evident satisfaction that I took renewed courage, and no longer doubted my own ability to make the dear girl happy. By his earnest wish we took up our abode in their beautiful home. Annie's active housewifely qualities and careful superintendence of their troop of servants making it a most desirable residence for an invalid. But you must not think that Stewart's wife is merely a housekeeper, honorable title as that is. She is an accomplished lady, a passable musician, a talented artist with the pencil, and possesses a surprising memory for languages.

I learned the other day that Julia is about to marry a wealthy man of no education, refinement or taste, a rich plebeian with a vulgar, red face, a loud voice, and a vile habit of sweating, the very man of all others I should have supposed to be her aversion. But the fair Julia has seen her best days, has yielded the palm of beauty to younger and lovelier rivals, and has no idea of being called an "old maid," hence her acceptance of Simeon Boulder who tells his friends the price of everything, from the large mirror in the grand drawing-room, to the ducks on the dining-table, and who boasts as he finishes his sixth glass, that his father commenced life in "a ten foot grocery, and couldn't spell a letter of his own name." Miss Sophia Durant is still unmarried, not all her father's property having induced any man to risk his happiness in the keeping of that stately lady.

But Stewart's lameness has long since disappeared, and the scar on his heart has long been healed, and a happier group than he has gathered under his roof you cannot find in Boston.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LINES

*Suggested by hearing the first notes of a Robin in March.*

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

Sweet bird, what message dost thou bear  
From the sunny South and its flowerets fair?  
Like the patriarch's dove, hast thou come alone,  
To cheer each cold breeze with a musical tone?

Has a lost sephyr claimed thee, companionship meet,  
And lured thee away from a pleasant retreat,  
Where thy mates sing as gaily, and flowers bloom as fair,  
And Zephyrus is roving mid sweet-scented air?

Our climate is cold, and unfitting a guest  
Who is 'wilder'd and lone without shelter or rest;  
Our forests are leafless, and flowerets are aere,  
While around us the wind sighs a requiem drear.

I have in my window a sweet-blooming rose,  
Secure from the storm and each cold wind that blows;  
Where, nourished and tended with delicate care,  
The bud and the blossom expand rich and rare.

O, come, and repose on its branches so fair,  
No blight or unkindness shall mingle with care;  
I will feed thee with crumbs, and tuft a soft nest,  
Where the shadows of twilight may lure thee to rest!

Then when Spring shall resume her green mantle again,  
And bird, bee and floweret give life to the plain,  
Thy mates may return, and their carols renew,  
And bless the kind Power which unites them to you!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE NICHE IN THE WALL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE long rankling discords between the two grand opposing parties of Guelphs and Ghibelines had given way, outwardly at least, to the influence of the good Piedmontese Prince, Louis of Achaia, in 1403. The statutes of Lucca, five years before, had indeed forbidden any one to use the obnoxious names; but with Louis, it was a matter so near his heart, that he not only made laws, but strictly though mildly enforced them. The bad passions of men, however, were not tamed by the cessation of public troubles, but only directed to a different channel. Private feuds glowed more fiercely, and family troubles assumed a deeper and more terrible significance, when the more dignified hatreds of political life had faded into a less deep intensity. Revenge, that besetting sin of Italian hearts, as Gallenga has so justly called it, found its weapons of subtle and refined cruelty; and the unhappy subject of them, whether the high-born and delicate woman, the noble and wealthy gentleman, or the low and

degraded, alike met a fate of which the recital turns one sick at heart.

Antonio Grimaldi, a nobleman of Chien, had wedded a young and beautiful girl, somewhat beneath his own degree. Her extreme loveliness had justified him in the eyes of some of his friends; but there were others who never forgave this sin against caste, as they deemed it. But this sin was not the greatest one connected with this marriage.

Isora Allesandri, who was not, as is seen, of noble birth, was already betrothed to Pietro Lilli, a youth in her own rank. The marriage day was fixed, the residence of the bridal pair was purchased and even furnished, and nothing but the priest's benediction remained to make them happy. On the very eve of the appointed wedding, the bride in the full flush of maidenly happiness was returning with her lover from the inspection of their new abode, at which already the bridal presents were deposited in great profusion. She was dressed in simple white, without a single ornament; but such beauty as Isora's needed no adornment, and although she was most carefully draped, yet the lustrous eyes and the bands of superb hair that showed through her transparent veil, were sufficient to make one believe that they belonged to one of nature's most favored children. It was in this walk that the lovers were met by the Marquis de Grimaldi, and the first glance sealed the fate of Isora. That very night Signor Allesandri received a proposal to make his daughter a marchioness—and the temptation was too great to resist. The poor, weak-minded parents believing, as Grimaldi declared, that Isora was born for a better fate than to be the wife of Pietro Lilli, abetted every plan of the marquis. Lilli received an anonymous epistle that night, requesting him to go to a certain place on the morning of his wedding, and he was forcibly detained until the appointed time had passed. When, at length he was released, and flew to the house of Allesandri, he was coolly received with the intelligence that Isora, after waiting in vain for such a laggard bridegroom, was married to a person of high rank.

This was true. She had become the wife of the marquis; but they did not relate the deceptions that had maddened her into compliance, and the proofs they had given her of desertion. For months the half-distracted young man gave up everything to the fruitless search for his lost bride. He looked so earnestly into every carriage, and examined every palace window so carefully, that men thought him insane. But as he committed no outrage and made no noise, he was not committed to confinement. Chance led

him one day a short distance from town, and in passing a beautiful villa, he saw a female figure at one of the windows that resembled Isora's. He failed in attracting her attention, but he was confident it was she herself, and his heart beat loudly when he saw that she looked sad and emaciated. "She loves me still," was his first thought. And it consoled him for much that he had suffered, although it was a hopeless sort of comfort.

He marked the arms upon the gateway, and on consulting the book of heraldry, he discovered that they belonged to the house of Grimaldi. For days afterwards he watched constantly for one glimpse of Isora. He discovered that the marquis frequently rode away by himself, and that Isora inhabited the west wing of the palace. He dared not attempt to win the favor of any of the servants, although he could have bribed high—for Pietro Lilli, although not ennobled, was yet in the possession of a fine property, and had already provided a residence for his intended bride fully equal in all respects to the villa of the marquis. One day he was rewarded by the sight of Grimaldi's departure, and soon after by that of Isora, who came with a weak and drooping air, into the garden, alone. Pietro watched his opportunity when no one was in sight, and appeared before her. The sudden apparition of one whom she believed dead or faithless, acting upon her enfeebled frame, rendered her almost senseless, but his impassioned kisses brought her to life. When she recovered, she besought him to leave her, but he would not unless she listened to the tale of duplicity which had separated them. In return she revealed to him the tyranny practised upon her by the marquis, and the strange chance by which she had escaped being watched on that day, as it was usual for her husband to leave a confidential servant on guard. To find her thus, awakened all Pietro's affection, and aroused his indignation also. She entreated him never to come near her again, but to endeavor to be happy with another and leave her to her fate.

"You would not counsel thus if you still loved me, Isora," he said, bitterly.

"Alas, am I not bound?"

"By law I grant, but not in spirit. Think you, Isora, that you are Antonio Grimaldi's wife? By heaven, no! You are mine—mine, by the right you gave me to love and protect you—mine in the sight of God and angels!"

"But mine in the sight of men!" said a contemptuous voice near them.

Isora shrieked. "Fly, Pietro, fly!—or you are lost!" she said, faintly, and full prostrate to the ground.

The marquis touched her with his foot, and Pietro sprang forward to prevent the insulting act.

"Stand back, young man!" shouted the marquis. "Even this lump of frailty shall not be protected by you, nor shall you glory in my dishonor."

Over the prostrate form that lay between them, Grimaldi attacked the distracted young man, wounding and severely injuring him. Calling his servants, he ordered them to bear the wounded and disabled youth to one of the apartments in the upper part of the palace, and on their return to carry their unconscious mistress to the same, while he also followed them thither. A strange thrill of delight ran through Pietro's breast, when he saw that Isora was conveyed to this apartment. He madly thought that Grimaldi having wounded him, had satiated his wrath, and was generous enough to yield Isora to his superior claim. As well might he have expected such generosity from the fierce wolf. Revenge alone stimulated the black heart of the Italian. He called his wife's maids, and bade them carefully restore her. He stood apart while they performed their task, and the first words he heard when she recovered was an exclamation of terror at Pietro's bleeding wounds, for which nothing had yet been done. Feebly she arose and tottered towards him—laid her cheek to his pale one, and felt for the heart-beat which she believed gone forever. But he opened his dying eyes and looked upon her with such love, that the tyrant's hatred was again roused to frenzy. He called for a mason to be brought, and when he came, he instructed him to provide materials for walling up a niche in the room. In this he forced Isora to stand, while inch by inch the terrible wall closed in upon her figure. Only one small aperture was left, by which her face alone was exposed. Through this she could witness the sufferings of her lover, as he lay dying of his wounds. A little food, a little drink was given her each day by the hand of her tyrant—not enough to satisfy hunger, but barely enough to keep breath within her body.

Shut up in this room with his victims, and maddened by Isora's protestations of innocence, at the same time admitting that she loved Pietro, whose dim eyes looked gratefully at her for the words, the marquis was taken suddenly ill. The fresh plaster of the mason had acted with terrible vengeance upon the already gouty limbs of the tyrant, and his servants were obliged to carry him away, though he cursed them at every step. The disorder was fast making its way to the vital parts of his system. In this state of affairs, no one seemed to concern themselves about the un-

happy captives, who, however, were enabled to hold a few brief words of conversation, until chance sent one of the servants into the room to look for something that was wanted in the sick room. This man was shocked with the sight presented to his eyes, and lost not a moment in summoning the mason to undo his work and to call in assistance to the wounded man.

The youth of the lovers gave them a chance for life, and although Pietro's wounds were long in healing, and Isora was nearly paralysed by the wet mortar in which she had been encased, they both recovered by the unceasing of the servant Paulo, who with his wife attended them well and faithfully. The tidings which he brought them every hour convinced them that their cruel enemy was near death; and Isora resolved to see him once more. Led by Paulo's wife to his bedside, she assured him of his mistake, and entreated him to make his peace with Heaven for the horrible cruelty of which he had been guilty. The sight of her angel face so pure and spiritual, overcame him. His dying words were a prayer for her pardon, and Isora freely gave that forgiveness to the expiring man that she must have withheld to the living tyrant.

His death set her free; and glad to escape from a place so fraught with terrible recollections, she found a new home at Pietro's house—the same which had been prepared for her a few months before. Her father and mother were ashamed to meet their injured child. But the sweetness of her temper smoothed the way to reconciliation, and both father and mother became sincere penitents.

#### AN ENGLISH THIEF.

Very adroit is an English thief at "priggling what isn't his'n." He is a man of science—well versed in chemical discoveries, as Captain Kruse found lately on his way to London in a railway carriage. The train was no sooner in motion, than Captain Kruse's fellow-passenger addressed him, and said: "There is some dirt on your face—some black; allow me to wipe it off." Captain Kruse nodded assent. The stranger advanced towards him with a handkerchief in his hand, and put it on the face of the captain, who immediately became insensible, and did not return to a state of consciousness until the train reached London, when he found himself alone in the carriage, and missed his pocket-book, containing £60 in gold and notes.

#### A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER SON ON MARRIAGE.

Sun her with your smile  
When she is joyful; and whenever she stands  
Within the shade of grief, stand you there, too!  
Pray with, read to her, lead her gently on  
Up the ascent of life, until you reach  
The spot whence one of you shall be caught up,  
And landed in the golden steps of heaven.

J. B. JACKSON

#### A MALE UNA.

Two French soldiers, who had been in the village for some purpose or other, set off one day to proceed to El Artouch, a settlement on the road between Philippeville and Constantine, to which there is a direct route from Jemappes by a path through the bush. They did not start together, and the one who commenced the journey first was much intoxicated. After proceeding some distance, in the course of doing which he lost his sword, he felt himself overcome with fatigue, and stretching himself on the grass, fell into a sound sleep. His companion, who was perfectly sober, following after him a time, picked up his sabre, and at last found the slumberer on the grass. He gave him a kick and called to him to get up, when to his horror there rose up—not the man, but a huge lion, that lay crouched by his side, which he had taken for part of the trunk of a tree covered with grass. The sober soldier instantly ran off, under the impression that his comrade had been destroyed by the animal, after losing his sword in an unsuccessful combat with it; but the lion instead of pursuing him, resumed his place by the side of the still sleeping man. After a time the latter awoke too, and got upon his legs, much astonished at discovering what company he had been keeping. The lion also again arose, but without any sign of ferocity; and when the soldier set off on his route, accompanied him, walking close by his side for several miles, as far as the immediate neighborhood of El Artouch, where, probably because the forest there ceases, he turned about and sought his old haunts again.—*Blakesley's Four Months in Algeria.*

#### OYSTER PLANTING.

The experiments of the French government, in improving the culture of oysters on the coast, have thus far succeeded very well. A very interesting report has recently been made of the operation in the bay of St. Brieux, on the coast of Brittany, by which it appears that some three million oysters, taken from different parts of the sea, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds in the above bay. The bottom was prepared by covering it with old oyster shells and boughs of trees, arranged like fascines. To these boughs, the young oysters attach themselves; and so successful are the results of these efforts to promote the growth of the "natives," that one of the fascines, upon being examined at the end of six months, was found to have twenty thousand young oysters upon it. The expense of this oyster culture is very moderate indeed; for, according to the report, twelve thousand hectares may be brought into full bearing in three years, at an annual expense not exceeding ten thousand francs, which is at the rate of about six cents to the acre.

Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge; but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man.—*Lord Bacon.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## IT WILL NOT DO TO TELL.

BY SPERANZA.

Dear Ruth, when you were fair and young,  
I saw you leaning o'er the well,  
As down the iron bucket swung,  
And thought—but 't will not do to tell!

Bright Ruth, I once stood on the hill,  
And heard you singing in the dell;  
And listened to your song until  
I dreamed—but 't will not do to tell!

Fair Ruth, I led you in the dance—  
Yes, you, the lovely village belle;  
Then said I, "Had I but a chance,  
I'd give"—but 't will not do to tell!

Good Ruth, I saw you kindly nurse  
The sick who all around did dwell;  
Then thought I, "If I had a purse,  
I'd give"—but 't will not do to tell!

Sweet Ruth, at last you read my heart;  
I wondered if you'd love me well;  
Ah, since those days we never part,  
For you—but 't will not do to tell!

But I may say your father smiled,  
And you my own did not rebel;  
When he said, "Leonard, take my child,"  
Your eyes—but 't will not do to tell!

You hid your face beneath your curls,  
And kissed your little sister Nell;  
She told the merry village girls,  
While we—but 't will not do to tell!

Your mother's bright blue eyes grew dim,  
She asked you how it all befell?  
"How long have you been loving him?"  
"Ah, mother, 't will not do to tell!"

The church's door was opened wide,  
And sweetly rang a marriage-bell;  
See happy groom and blushing bride!  
Their names—it will not do to tell.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DISOWNED.

## A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. M. F. MINOT.

"BEWARE, young man! Mark well what I say, for this is no idle threat!" and Mr. Irving raised his finger by way of emphasis, "if you persist in this purpose, not one penny of mine shall you inherit. I'll disown you henceforth and forever!"

This deep voice, rough with passion, vibrated harshly through the apartment, and those keen black eyes glared upon him whom he addressed. The glance they met was respectful but deter-

mined, as in a voice whose flute-like sweetness contrasted strangely with that old man's discordant tones, Harry Irving replied:

"Father, in the duty I owe you I never have and never shall fail; but this was a question of conscience, which manhood demanded I should myself decide, and the resolve I have made is the result of mature, deliberate thought."

"You will give up all, then, to herd with those vile rebels, even Ella, your beautiful betrothed?" And Mr. Irving smiled maliciously as he beheld the spasmodic contraction of features and pallid face caused by these last words.

There was a pause. "I give up nothing," answered Harry, at length, with glowing cheeks and kindling eye. "I go at a call which it were inhuman in me to resist—to aid the down-trodden in their struggle against the iron heel of tyranny, which fain would grind them in the dust—to yield, if need be, my life in the cause of liberty."

"Stuff, trash, treason!" hissed Mr. Irving, now foaming with rage. "How dare you breathe such words in my presence? Begone, I say, begone!" And he added curses loud and deep, as Harry withdrew, buoyed up in spite of them by the consciousness of a rectitude which had guided him in this as in every other act of his life.

Shortly after he sought an interview with Ella. Her blue eyes filled with tears as she gazed into those looking so fondly, so sadly upon her.

"Harry, I need not ask," she murmured, "you are going to-night; and I shall be alone—all alone." Her tears now flowed fast.

"Not alone, dearest," responded Harry, "for I leave my heart here in your keeping. It is a solemn trust, Ella; do you think you can prove true to it, you who are so timid and yielding, with the stern opposition with which you will have to contend?"

"Harry, yes—yes—where you are concerned, nothing can move me."

The young man gave a melancholy smile as he gazed on that delicate, fairy-like figure and the upturned face, almost childlike in its innocence.

"Ella," he resumed, "you are very young, hardly yet sixteen; if your father should in all the strength of his unconquerable will, bid you wed some weakly tory, do you think you could resist even then?"

"Harry, come what will, I will be faithful to you. I know I am often too easily influenced, but here you will find that weak girl though I am, I shall prove true to my trust—true as yonder stars in their courses."

The youth gazed admiringly, for Ella looked unusually lovely as she stood there in the strength and dignity of a pure resolve.

"God bless you, dearest!" he exclaimed, "I can now go in peace. And though at present a penniless outcast, the time will come when I shall have won for you a home as luxurious as this." And he gazed around upon the rich furniture of that spacious room.

The young girl shook her head tearfully. "Ah, Harry," she murmured, "I care not for the luxury, if God only spares you to me amid the fearful dangers through which you must pass."

In silence the young man folded her in his arms, and a few moments later Ella gazed with strained eyes as he disappeared in the darkness which then, pall-like, settled on her soul.

A few days after Harry left, Philadelphia fell into the hands of the British. And some months later, with the commission of lieutenant, he joined a garrison which was stationed at Fort Mifflin, on Mud Island in the Delaware River, in order to aid in intercepting the enemy's supplies. All was excitement within the fort, for the arrival of a hostile fleet was momentarily expected. At last it appeared to view, and ere long a fierce and bloody conflict began. But aided by the continental galleys, they not only succeeded in defending themselves against their formidable foe, but grounded two of their vessels so that they were compelled to abandon them.

Harry had been severely wounded, and had just passed through the hands of the surgeon, when his commander entered. After satisfying himself in regard to the nature of the young man's injury, he said, while he fixed his keen glance upon him:

"This was your first action, I think, Mr. Irving?"

"It was, sir," responded Harry, while the color mounted to his temples.

"I'm glad to say you've done yourself credit, sir. I'm proud of my garrison, both officers and men. You received your military education at a school in Paris, I am told."

"I did, sir. I always from boyhood had a passion for the profession."

"And a passion for the right, also, I should judge from what I have learned," said his commander, approvingly. He then added a few more encouraging words, and withdrew, leaving Harry happier from this gleam of sunshine thus thrown across his path.

It was found necessary to abandon Fort Mifflin, and the island was submerged by demolishing the bank. Shortly after, the continental army was quartered for the winter in Valley Forge. On a bitter cold day Harry went out to distribute what little he could spare from his own scanty

purse and wardrobe among the soldiers, for the army was in a state of fearful suffering. As he moved on his errand along the huts he heard hopeless voices crying:

"No food, no clothes, no pay," while many a miserable being flitted by, whose sole covering was a soiled and tattered blanket, leaving bloody prints of his naked feet on the icy, frozen ground. His heart sank within him, and he dashed the unbidden tears from his eyes. Just then, he beheld approaching, the majestic form of Washington, the idolized commander-in-chief, but for whose presence the army would ere this have inevitably disbanded. The chief extended his hand.

"Let me thank you, Mr. Irving," said he, "I have heard your praise from more than one sufferer to whose relief you have contributed."

"Such praise is hardly merited, I fear, sir," responded Harry, modestly, as he returned the friendly grasp.

Several hours later, on re-entering his own cabin, Harry was greeted by a friend, who, the previous autumn had been taken prisoner by the royalists.

"De Haven," he exclaimed, "I'm heartily glad to see you again. But what lucky chance has rescued you from the clutches of the foe?"

"'Twas my guardian angel, I believe, who put the seal to my escape," replied De Haven. "My pursuers would surely have secured me, had I not suddenly come in contact with a crowd, and quietly passed with them into a church, where shortly after I witnessed the nuptials of the most lovely woman I ever beheld. She was a delicate little creature, just my idea of a fairy-queen; and the people assembled seemed to be mostly her friends, for I heard her name repeatedly accompanied with expressions of delight."

"And who was this lovely maiden?" queried Harry. "Perhaps I know her, for my circle of acquaintance in Philadelphia was pretty large."

"Somers, Ella Somers," was the answer.

"O, Heaven!" groaned Harry, and in reply to his friend's startled look he added, "De Haven, she was my betrothed!" Then rushing out into the cold and darkness, he passed into the deep recesses of the forest, there to struggle unobserved with the fearful agony that convulsed his soul. And when compelled by his military duties, he mingled again with his fellows, there was a deeper shade of thought on his intellectual brow, a touch of sadness in his tones, and this was all. But within—ah, within, the tempest wailed wildly over his wrecked hopes.

Six months later Harry was again about to engage in battle. On, on, mile after mile, with

cautious motion, moved that body of stern men. Finally they paused, and instantly prepared for the assault. Stony Point, a fortress on the Hudson River, was the post to be attacked. It had recently been strengthened and rendered, it was supposed, invulnerable by the enemy, and its possession was of vast importance, as it was the key to the Eastern and Middle States.

The company was divided into two columns, the van of each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty picked men; and in this order shortly after midnight, they advanced to the contest, in profound silence, with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Suddenly the firing of musketry and booming of cannon reverberated in the darkness, and in the face of it on rushed the assailants, foremost among whom was Harry Irving. Fiercer and fiercer raged the contest. They had entered the fort, and the foe were now fighting with the energy of despair. Harry's eye suddenly fell on the standard, and he was cutting his way to it, when the shout:

"Down with the rebel! Cleave him to the earth!" drew his attention to the perilous position in which he had involved himself and the few brave fellows who had succeeded in following him.

"Liberty, liberty forever!" was his inspiring cry, as hand to hand they grappled with thrice their number. They were soon relieved, however, for the tide of assailants had poured resistlessly on, and a moment later, Harry saw the standard which had so narrowly escaped his own grasp, waving in the hand of his colonel, who had just struck it. Then came the watchword:

"The fort is our own!"

"Thank God," said Harry, "the battle is won!" And again and again he joined in the glad shout which echoed and re-echoed for miles around.

The dauntless bravery with which Harry conducted himself during this conflict added fresh laurels to his already rising fame, and subsequently, as a reward for a brilliant achievement by which he surprised and captured a large party of the foe, he received the brevet of captain.

Finally the struggle in which he had toiled and suffered was over. The goal was won, and the joyful shouts of freedom rang through the length and breadth of the land. Then, donning once more the peaceful citizen garb, with war-worn frame and pensive brow, the disowned re-entered the city once his home.

"No glad smile, no fond embrace will greet me now," he murmured; "and yet, could I recall the past, again I would go forth and battle for the right."

"Do you know why I am so particular about my toilet to-night?" And Ella looked up with a melancholy smile.

"I was trying to account for this exception to your usual indifference," replied her sister.

"It is because a few hours since I learned that Harry arrived this morning, and would be there." And her voice fell almost to a whisper, while tears sprang to her eyes.

"You are going purposely to meet him then, in spite of the past."

"Yes, Netta, I am prompted by a desire which I cannot, will not resist."

A half hour later, conspicuous among the brilliant assemblage, was the lovely Ella. But her eye wandered restlessly, and she replied carelessly to the remarks of the admiring gallants assembled about her. Suddenly her color deepened, and a new light beamed in her eyes, for she had caught a glimpse of that form unseen before for years. At this moment one of her admirers proposed a promenade, and taking his arm she moved toward Harry, who was slowly advancing. Her heart beat tumultuously, and as they drew near, her lips parted with a smile of recognition; but with a cool, deferential bow, Harry passed on. Her brain whirled—her chest heaved—and for a moment she stood pale as the marble statue beside her.

"You are ill," exclaimed her alarmed companion, "let me call our hostess."

"No, no," responded Ella, "all I want is a little fresh air, the hall is rather close."

He hastened with her to the balcony. The cold breeze revived her, and with a strong effort she recovered her self-control. A little later she was moving through the mazy dance, totally unconscious that the excitement from which she was suffering had lent a strange charm to her uncommon beauty. And little did the admiring gazers dream that despair, not happiness, had heightened her bloom, and given this unwonted lustre to her eye. She tried to school her glances, but they would stray searchingly around. Harry, however, was nowhere visible, and ere long she learned that he had thus early withdrawn from the gay scene. Finally, Ella was in the solitude of her own room, and yielding now to the frenzy of her grief, with a brow rigid and ghastly, she passed to and fro.

"Six years the twentieth of last September—six years and four months to-night since we parted—and thus, thus have we met! My last hope is swept away," she cried, wringing her hands; "it is as I feared, Harry has become totally estranged; and this, this is why I have never seen nor heard from him. Would that I

might die and go home—home, where there is no more sorrow, where all tears shall be wiped away. But no, I must still live, and suffer." She seated herself, and clasping her forehead, bowed her head in hopeless agony. "Yes," she murmured, at length, "I will try, and, O God, wilt thou give me strength to subdue myself in this fearful conflict!"

She now sought her couch, and soon, in a restless, unrefreshing slumber, lived over again the terrible reality which had made her young life such a burden. The next day she heard that Harry had gone from the city, whither, she could not learn.

A week later Ella was again one of a festive party. The noble mansion was lighted from basement to cupola, for the entire house had been thrown open to the guests. Soul-stirring music vibrated through the lofty halls and corridors, and all seemed happy, from Ella, apparently the gayest there, down to the attendants who, in rich liveries were passing to and fro.

Suddenly Ella perceived that Harry had joined the guests. Her heart throbbed so that she could hear its beatings. She felt that her assumed cheerfulness was about to desert her, and a moment after, stole away, passing with gazelle-like tread from room to room, till at last she paused in a small apartment where those festive strains came only in faint, echoing murmurs. Tapers were burning in elaborately carved alabaster vases, shedding a soft, dreamy radiance around. Feeling that here she would be free from intrusion, she sank into a chair, and drew forth a heart-shaped locket, richly set with gems which she always wore concealed. Touching a spring it flew open, revealing a curl of soft, dark hair. Again and again she pressed it to her lips.

"Yes," she murmured, "I, the 'timid and yielding,' have proved true; but he—he is false!"

"Not false, Ella, but the victim of a strange mistake," said a voice which thrilled every nerve of her frame; and looking up, she beheld the object of her thoughts standing beside her. "Yes, Ella," he added, "till my return a few hours since, when some casual remarks from a friend revealed my fearful error, I believed you married—lost to me forever."

"Married!" echoed Ella, with a startled glance.

"Let me explain," said her agitated lover, "you will then, I trust, overlook the past." And in hurried accents he told how the news had reached him, and of the hopeless misery to which he had since been a prey.

"And now, Ella," he continued, "tell me,

shall I once more call you mine, or am I doomed to bear a blighted heart through life?"

"Harry, dear Harry, my love is still all your own."

"God be praised for this great happiness," ejaculated Harry, and he folded her to his heart.

A moment later Ella broke the silence. "How strange that circumstances should have so arrayed themselves against us, causing all these years of needless agony," said she. "A few months, Harry, would have revealed the truth to you had you received the letter containing an account of this same marriage, which I sent shortly after the royalist troops evacuated Philadelphia. It seems, however, that my messenger, Hervey the trapper, whom we both thought so trusty, was faithless, although he assured me he delivered it into your own hands. But, thank Heaven, all is now clear to you."

"Not quite," said Harry, "De Haven's blunder is still unaccounted for."

"He made no blunder, Harry—his story was correct—but *that* Ella Somers belonged to the invading party, and was the daughter of a royalist officer, Captain Somers. On becoming acquainted, the singularity of our bearing the same name led to considerable research, which proved us to be distantly connected, and to have inherited our Christian name from the same ancestor."

"Ella, this is an elucidation which would never have occurred to me in my wildest imagining," ejaculated Harry. "I tremble to think how narrowly we have escaped becoming life-long victims of this seeming truth, for I did not expect to return this time to Philadelphia; it was an unforeseen necessity in my business arrangements that compelled me, instead of proceeding as I wished, directly to New York, from whence I am to sail for Havre; and in this case we should probably never have met again."

"You are then going to leave me a second time, Harry?" said Ella, tremulously.

"Yes, but not for the battle-field, dearest. Now my aim will be to win for you a home—such a home as you ought to have."

"Ah, Harry, I do not covet a splendid home. Your love would suffice for my happiness in any abode, however humble. I would not have you wear away your strength in the effort to place me amid glittering surroundings."

A glad light beamed in Harry's eye, and his heart thrilled with a sudden joy.

"Ella," said he, "would you be content to go with me now, and share my present moderate means, you who have been reared so delicately? Say, will you go?"

"Harry, I will."



"God bless you, Ella. God bless you for this self-forgetting love which by a life of devotion I can never repay!" ejaculated Harry.

The lovers now arranged their plans, and it was agreed that three nights hence their nuptials should be solemnized, after which they would proceed immediately to New York. Those were three weary, anxious days to Harry and Ella. They met but once, feeling that the extremest caution was necessary to prevent discovery. Finally the hour arrived. Twilight was fast merging in darkness, when, trembling with excitement, Ella stole forth, moving swiftly on to the appointed place of meeting. She had not gone far when heavy, rapid steps fell on her ear; her heart throbbed wildly—she moved on even faster—she ran; but still they gained upon her, and at last a hand rudely grasped her, and a voice exclaimed, in a tone low, but full of the fiercest anger:

"So ho, miss; you flee from your father, do you, to throw yourself into the arms of that perfidious villain, Harry Irving? But I've had my eye on you, miss, and in spite of your wariness, you see I've outwitted you. By Jove, your effrontery is unparalleled! Five several times you have dared to oppose yourself to my will—have with a doggedness I never saw before in a woman, persisted in refusing alliances, any of which any other girl would have thought herself only too happy to secure. And now, now you would have eloped with this rascally traitor; but you'll find, miss, the time for having your own way has passed forever. I'll teach you a lesson, that will last through life. You'll soon learn whose will is strongest, yours or mine."

They had now reached home, and Mr. Somers led the terrified Ella in with no gentle hand. It was in the humble abode of Mrs. Dobson, Ella's foster mother, that she and Harry were to have met and consummated their marriage vows; but as moments dragged on and she came not, her lover suffered the deepest anxiety. He was about going to try and learn the cause of this alarming delay, when her sister entered, pale and breathless.

"Harry," she exclaimed, "all is discovered, and my father has carried Ella away—where I do not know."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Harry, "what direction did they take? How did they go?"

Netta told him.

"I will find her," said he, "no power on earth shall now sunder us!" And mounting his horse he started in swift pursuit.

At the same twilight hour during which Ella

had stolen forth so vainly, Mr. Irving sat alone, and all around him,

—like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Danced upon the parlor wall."

Suddenly his voice broke the deep stillness:

"Yes," he murmured, "for fourteen years I was a wanderer, moving on—on—on, in the vain attempt to get rid of that spectral presence. Then, weary, I made myself this home, where for ten years more it has never ceased to haunt me, night after night—night after night—" And he peered into the deepening gloom. "I see it now—now—there amid the shadows!"

His teeth chattered, and his eyes were distended with the horror that shook his powerful frame, for the figure, with slow, measured pace, advanced till it confronted, and thus addressed him:

"Your memory serves you well, O, Cain! It is just fourteen and ten years to-night, since, while travelling with your brother in India, you decoyed him to a lonely spot, murdered him, and threw his body into a jungle, that the wild beasts might devour it. Then you hastened, possessed yourself of his treasures, and with them and his two years old boy, left the country, whither no one knew. But a party of lion-hunters discovered your brother, who was not dead, as you supposed, and tended him with the most affectionate care, till at last, after months of fearful suffering, his frightful wounds were sufficiently healed to allow of his return to Calcutta. Shortly after, he found that a sum which he had secretly invested in a distant part of the country, and which had escaped your rapacity, had brought him profits so large that he was still a rich man. Immediately he started in pursuit of you, to wrest his child, if yet he lived, and your ill-gotten gains from your grasp. And year after year he has continued this apparently hopeless chase, till at last he has succeeded. Yes, O fratricide, you behold, not your brother's ghost, but his living self."

The guilty man tried to speak, but in vain, and his brother proceeded:

"But, although from what you just now uttered, it seems that your brother's blood has not ceased 'to cry unto you from the ground,' you have yet turned his son penniless into the world for an act of which I, his father, am proud. Your hour of retribution, however, has at last arrived. I demand that you yield up your blood-purchased treasures, and I have come prepared to compel it. You perceive I am armed to the teeth, and on your doorstep awaiting my call are those who will draw up and testify to papers

which you must sign. If you choose, it can be done quietly, and you can depart whither you please, in company with others, however, to a certain distance, that I may have proof that all has been conducted fairly. You will now please to order lights."

A groan now escaped the culprit, as with his terror-struck glance still riveted on his brother, he mechanically pulled the bellcord near him. A moment later lights were brought, the appearance of which having been the concerted signal, the party immediately entered, and as speedily as possible the business was accomplished.

The next morning, shortly after daybreak the guilty man went forth again a wanderer in the earth; not, however, penniless, but with enough from that brother with whose life blood his hands had been imbrued, to shield his old age from want.

On the afternoon of the same day, Harry, after a fruitless search, returned to his hotel, there to await a note from Netta. He was pacing his room restlessly, when a hasty knock at the door was followed by the immediate entrance of a stranger of commanding presence. In a voice hoarse with emotion he addressed the surprised Harry, and shortly after the father was weeping on the neck of his long lost son. Then came a further revelation, and Harry learned that his father knew all in regard to himself and betrothed, even to their unsuccessful attempt to elope, which had been for some hours on every lip.

"But, Harry," said his father, "I am now going myself to see Mr. Somers in your behalf, and if what I have heard of his character be true, I shall succeed."

This surmise proved correct, for Mr. Somers, on learning that Harry was now heir to possessions larger even than before, in spite of his toryism, yielded a ready assent to the proposed nuptials. A few weeks later Harry took his bride to a noble mansion on the outskirts of the city, which was to be their own and his father's future home.

It was toward the close of the second day. The bright fire on the parlor hearth darted up in numerous tongues of flame, uniting at last in one broad, warmth-imparting blaze. The setting sun looked in through lofty windows of stained glass, imparting a deeper glow to the atmosphere of the apartment, whose rich gilding, tall mirrors, costly draperies, and heavy, elaborately-carved furniture gave it an air of gorgeous luxury.

"Harry," said Ella, "even yet I can hardly convince myself that this is not all a dream. My happiness is almost greater than I can bear."

"It is but the beginning, I trust, of a life-long

reality," was Harry's earnest reply, as he gazed into the depths of her soft, blue eyes, and clasped her hand within his own. "Ella, my wife, our trials are over. We shall now glide on smoothly to the close."

And thus it proved. Love—that centre from which emanates all true happiness—ceased not to irradiate their path; and at last, at a ripe old age, the two passed gently together, from amid the weeping descendants gathered around them, into the spirit land.

#### MODERN DEFINITIONS.

**BELLE.**—A beautiful but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

**HEART.**—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

**HOUSEWIFERY.**—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

**EDITOR.**—A poor wretch, who every day empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

**VIRTUE.**—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

**HONOR.**—Shooting a friend whom you love through the head, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you hate and despise.

**MARRIAGE.**—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

**DEATH.**—An ill-bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

**FRIEND.**—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

**DOCTOR.**—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

#### PRESERVATION OF THE VOICE.

The general rules for the preservation of the voice may be said to be substantially the same as those for the preservation of health, resting on the fundamental principle, to be temperate in all things. There are, however, some particular points to be attended to, which the singer, to whom his voice is his fortune, must not neglect. The apartments, especially the bedroom, should be dry, airy, and well ventilated. The upper stories are much preferable to the ground floor. The dress of the professional singer ought to be light, and but moderately warm. Those who accustom themselves to wear overcoats are very apt to catch colds. That neither the chest nor the neck should be cabined and confined is sufficiently obvious. The best preventives against catarrh are: daily ablutions with cold water and hardening the body by exercise in the open air, regardless of the state of the weather.—*Hunt's Philosophy of the Voice.*

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

[ORIGINAL.]

## FRIENDSHIP'S APPEAL.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Well I know the words are olden,  
Which my heart would say to thine;  
Yet to me they seem as golden  
Links, which should those hearts entwine!  
Golden links, to bind us ever;  
Mystic ties, which nought can sever;  
Soft, sweet whispers, ceasing never,  
In the words, "Remember me!"

Fairy words—O, spirit-censer,  
Heart of mine, they rise from thee!  
Words of incense, growing denser,  
Sweet as Shebe's myrrh might be!  
Words, whose sweet, melodious measure  
Fills my inmost heart with pleasure,  
Hinting of a heartsome treasure,  
With their soft "Remember me!"

In the hour when mirth and gladness  
Sit beneath thy roof-tree's shade;  
In the day when grief and sadness  
Have thy heart in ashes laid;  
When fair Hope doth stay beside thee,  
When her presence is denied thee,  
Still, whatever fate betide thee,  
Cherished one, remember me!

When thy lips on mine are burning,  
And thy heart-swells meet my own;  
When thy breast for me is yearning,  
Distant, weary, sick and lone;  
In the joyous hour of meeting,  
As when sounds the farewell greeting,  
Be the hours slow-winged, or fleeting,  
Still I pray, "Remember me!"

Not alone when skies smile brightly  
Round the path where tread my feet;  
When my heart throbs me'er so lightly,  
And my cup holds unmixed sweet;  
But when fades my cloud-built palace,  
When I quaff the bitter chalice,  
When I bear earth's hate and malice,  
Faithful one, remember me!

Dear Achaes of my being,  
Let me hold thy hand again!  
Let me think that e'en the freeing  
Of thy soul can give no pain  
Unto me—that even in dying,  
Even with death's damps on thee lying,  
This shall be thy latest sighing,  
"O, my friend, I think of thee!"

The piety that is faithful in that which is least, is really a more difficult piety than that which triumphs and glares on high occasions. It requires less piety to be a martyr for Christ, than it does to look upon the success of a rival without envy, or even to maintain a perfect and guileless integrity in the common transactions of life.

—Horace Bushnell.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"MOTHER, was that our house once?"

"Yes, dear," replied the pale woman, casting a longing look at the splendid dwelling, "you were born in that front chamber. But hurry on, dear, it is ours no longer. Hold your shawl about your chest—the wind is very cold."

They were meanly clad, both mother and daughter. The former was past forty a few years, the daughter not yet seventeen. Annie Low was not beautiful, nevertheless her face was a rare blending of amiability and intellect. They passed quickly along over the well-trodden snow, and wended their way toward one of the lower quarters of the city. There they traversed the long, ill-looking street till they stopped before a narrow shop-door and entered.

"Any work yet, Mr. Mosely?" asked the widow, in a quiet tone.

"O yes, madam," said the man behind the counter, "we have plenty of shirts now. Shall I give you a bundle?" And he cast a glance, half impertinence half admiration, towards the young girl.

"What are your prices?" asked Mrs. Bartlet.

"Well, you know we generally give a shilling a shirt to common customers, but as it's you, you know, why, I think we'll pay two shillings. Shan't I take it home for you? It's a heavy bundle, too much for you to carry."

The widow hesitated. She had done sewing for this man before, but she did not like the way in which he looked at her daughter. A mother's heart takes alarm at a hint, a question, or a glance. Annie was too precious to be exposed to rudeness; she was the one, the only fair child of a widowed heart—but the bundle was too weighty for either mother or daughter, so she concluded to let it be brought.

"You can send it by-and-by," she said.

"O, I can't get anybody to take it—I must go myself. No inconvenience, I assure you—right on my way to supper. Miss, I wish I could offer you one of my arms," he said, coarsely, "but they happen to be both full."

They walked on, till they came to a very ordinary-looking house, whose steps were covered with children. The man smiled to himself as they ascended.

"I will take the bundle now," said the widow, with dignity.

"O, no ma'am; couldn't consent to let you

carry it," said the man—"I'll take it to your room."

"Put the bundle down, sir!" said the widow, with flashing eyes.

The man started, and had nearly let it drop. However, he threw it with an impatient jerk on the lower stair, and muttering a curse, turned and left the hall.

"What made you speak so crossly mother?" asked Annie.

"Never mind, child. Help me up stairs with it," said the widow, recovering her equanimity. She had seen the tailor wink across the entry to a vulgar-looking man who came out from a room near by, and whose reputation was none of the best.

"O dear!" It was said very bitterly, and with a heart-ache, as mother and daughter entered their own neat little room, an attic chamber lighted from the ceiling.

"It seems strange, doesn't it?" mused Annie, looking round.

"What seems strange, dear?"

"That you should have lived and I been born in that beautiful great house, and after all be reduced to the garret of such a place as this," replied Annie. "Who lives there now, mother?"

"You have heard me say before, child," replied her mother—"your uncle Harry and your cousin Eugenie. Your uncle Harry, your father's brother married my sister—poor Annie (you are named for her), she died before your father did, or we should not now be suffering in penury, or be forced to take insults from our inferiors."

"Well, it is home," said the young girl, gazing around, "and not so bad a one either. Now, if we get those shirts done—why, we can buy a beautifully thick shawl to wear between us. Shall I make tea to-night?"

"Yes, if you please," said the mother, sitting wearily down. "I'll undo the bundle and sort the work."

"Robert Southey, you are always standing before that picture!"

So cried a beautiful, high-bred girl, as she entered the splendid reception-room where stood the young man, gazing upon a sylph-like figure enclosed within a massive frame.

Young Southey turned round hastily—a rarely intellectual face was his—and greeted the beautiful girl with a smile.

"I cannot help admiring that picture," he said; "it has a fascination for me which I cannot explain to myself. Is there an original, or is it one of those gentle dream-faces that artists some-

times fashion when under the peculiar inspiration of heaven?"

"O, it's no dream-face," said Eugenie, lightly, "but a cousin of mine, I believe—that is, I've heard papa say so. She is living now, I believe, but dear me, they're dreadful common sort of people."

"They?" queried Robert Southey.

"I mean my aunt and cousin. They are in reduced circumstances, and I understand Annie has got so far down that she takes work at the shops. You smile, and I suppose you think I ought to know more about them, but I assure you it is not my fault. Ever since they would not consent to make it their home here, papa has forbidden me to have anything to do with them."

"But why did they not stay?" asked Robert.

"O, they had some foolish notions of independence—said they would not live on the bounty of those who had robbed them, and many other impertinent things. I wonder papa was so patient with them! I'm sure he couldn't help it if it was their home once, you know, if his brother willed it to him."

"So, so—" said Robert Southey. And his fine eyes roved again to the portrait. The noble face seemed lighted up with a trusting smile, as he gazed, and yet, it was but a child's face—a child of only seven years.

"How old is that cousin by this time?" he asked, carelessly.

"O, about my age. I assure you she's a very plain-looking girl. The painter idealized that face."

Eugenie Bartlet was both vain and heartless, and had not even wit enough to conceal either defect. She had fancied that she loved more than once, but never till the poet-face of Robert Southey met her vision, had she in reality known the true meaning of the much used, much abused word. She fancied that her beauty was irresistible—it was to some men, but not to him. He liked to call there because he often met Mr. Bartlet, who was a liberal patron of the arts, a good scholar and interesting conversationist, but for the handsome daughter he had nothing more than friendship—scarcely that.

She, however, fancied that he was interested in her—nay, that he was desperately enamored of her charms, and did not dream that he sought for heart, not beauty—for mind, not wealth.

"How long did they occupy here?" asked Robert Southey.

"O, till she was seven—in fact, that picture was taken the year my uncle died. There was a great time about the will, and when she found that it was really in favor of my father, the

widow left the house and went out West, where she has resided till within a few years. When they came back again, father offered them a home, but they refused. To tell the truth, I was not sorry, for I thought my cousin was a gawky. How could it be otherwise?—no boarding-school privileges. I suppose her mother has been her teacher, but dear me, she can't know much."

Robert Southey glanced at the speaker with a look she could not have relished, had she noticed it. Fortunately her eyes were cast down.

"Do let us change the subject," said Eugenie, with a little start of impatience—"what did you think of Gaurdaline last night? Wasn't he superb? I positively adored him—for the time, I mean."

Robert Southey seemed quite indifferent whether she adored him for the time or for all time, and replied to her arch look with a quiet, almost a contemptuous smile.

"The 'Barber of Seville,' is I think the most charming of operas," continued Eugenie, "don't you?"

"On the contrary, I dislike it the most," replied Robert Southey.

"O, is it possible? Why, everybody goes in raptures over it," replied Eugenie.

"I don't agree with everybody then," he said, quietly. "I have but little sympathy with everybody."

She looked as if she did not know how to take this declaration, and it annoyed her to see his eyes again wandering to the portrait.

"I'll take it down and burn it," she angrily ejaculated to herself.

After a few more common-places, Robert Southey took his leave.

He walked about until it was quite twilight, and then remembering an errand in another part of the city, he retraced his steps. Was it his guardian angel that prompted him?

He had nearly reached the place towards which his steps were bent, when he felt a light touch on his arm. He looked down. There was the face of the portrait, only more mature—much sweeter in expression. His heart beat as it had never beat before.

"May I ask your protection?" said a sweet voice—"some one has followed me and spoken to me more than once, and I—" the lip trembled, the eloquent eyes swam in tears.

"Certainly, I will protect you," said Robert Southey, drawing her hand within his arm—"and as to that scoundrel over there, I know him—he should be chastised as he deserves. He will be before long if he is not careful."

The man met his eye and skulked along a back

street. It was Mosely, the keeper of the shop.

"I should not have been out alone at such an hour, but my mother needed medicine," she said, as they walked along. The fair girl trembled excessively.

They moved rapidly away, till they came to the miserable building where lived Annie and her mother. Annie's cheek burned as the young man ascended the steps and opened the door for her. There were loud and disagreeable sounds up stairs, the entry was dark, and poor Annie stood hesitating.

"They are very noisy and quarrelsome, some of the families in the rooms," she said, timidly.

"Stop a moment," ejaculated Robert Southey. And he knocked quickly at one of the doors. "Lend me a light to show this young lady up stairs," he said, to the woman who appeared.

The occupant of the room hurried to light another candle. As she gave it to him, he placed a piece of money in her hand, which she was nothing loth to take—and desiring Annie to follow him, the young man went as far as she directed. The door of the garret stood open, and Annie's mother, with a strange gladness in her face, looked out towards Annie, as she came up the stairs.

"Thank this gentleman, mother, for his kindness in protecting me from insult," said Annie, gently. "But I left you sick!"

"I am well now," exclaimed the excited widow, "and here is what has cured me." She held a folded paper in her hand. "The will that was lost!—the will that Lawyer Crandall and other witnesses knew he made, is here in my hand! It is dated a year later than the one *his* brother has! Annie, my child, thank God with me—thank God!"

She had gone into the neat little garret-room—Annie, and Robert Southey following. The latter made no apology—he felt acquainted with the circumstances, and told them so. Annie's face was radiant—it was the picture quickened into beautiful life—the same innocence of expression, the same spiritual loveliness.

"Annie, you know how sacredly I have kept this little Bible since your father's death," said Mrs. Bartlet; "only in times of peculiar joy or affliction reading from its sacred pages, because it was the one your father used in his private devotions. One day when he was ill, but not yet sick enough to be confined to his bed, he asked me for a piece of green baize. I brought it to him and went somewhere—I forget where. When I returned, the Bible was covered. I asked him what he had covered it for, and he replied

with a smile, 'for you.' I thought he referred to the possible event of his death, and it made me sad. After that, he was struck with complete paralysis, and neither spoke nor moved. Once before, when thought to be very sick, and under the influence of his brother's stronger mind, he made the will in which Mr. Bartlet now holds our lawful rights. He had a strange fear of his brother—I never knew why he could always control my poor husband. To-day, after Annie went out, I got this Bible and read it, lying upon the bed. As I opened it, I thought the cover felt strangely slippery, and curiosity led me to push it hither and thither, until I felt sure there was a paper underneath it. I unpasted the baize, and there, folded carefully across the back of the sacred word, was the will. O, praise Heaven! We are poor no longer."

"Will you allow me to transact this business for you?" asked Robert Southey, turning to the mother. "I am a lawyer, and it would give me peculiar pleasure to serve you, as I am acquainted with your relatives."

One glance at the noble face before her, decided the widow. She accepted the offer with thanks.

"I will find you a better home than this, to-morrow," said the young man. "An uncle of mine is on the point of visiting England—you shall immediately be put in possession of a part of his house. This is no home for you."

Annie blushed, for the look he directed towards her was full of meaning. She felt as he did, that their meeting was no chance circumstance, but a direct providence, and his fine appearance won insensibly upon her heart.

"It is very strange, daughter—very strange!" exclaimed Harry Bartlet, walking back and forth hurriedly,—“are you sure?”

"Certainly I am sure," replied Eugenie Bartlet, with flashing eyes, lifting her bonnet with a spiteful jerk—"don't Robert Southey sit right in front of us? Yes, he came in with that Annie, that low, slop-shop girl and her mother—and you should have seen how splendidly they were dressed—that is, richly. Annie Bartlet never would show off, she isn't capable."

"That is very strange!" repeated her father, walking more quickly. "It cannot be—" He stopped short, a cloud of perplexity gathering across his features.

The beautiful Eugenie was savage. She snubbed her maid, and kicked her lap-dog, and broke the Sabbath twenty times before night came.

The next day the mystery was disclosed. There was no use in disputing the will—in con-

tending against the powers that were—but it broke the merchant down. He had lost previously in foolish speculations, and had on his hands only the house and a few thousand dollars which he had managed to save for his daughter's portion. The widow offered Eugenie a home, however, and she was too thoroughly humbled to decline. She felt that it was useless attempting to earn her own living, for she had barely a smattering of any essential knowledge. She could play a few tunes, she had painted a few landscapes, embroidered a few collars and worked a few lamp-mats—there her acquirements ended. Harry Bartlet, broken-down and conscience-smitten, went to California, and there he died. Robert Southey married Annie one year after the finding of the will. And as to Eugenie, she is always reported engaged, but we fear will never be married.

#### ETHERIZATION OF INSANE PEOPLE.

Dr. John E. Tyler, the Superintendent of the McLean Asylum, in his last Annual Report to the government of the Massachusetts General Hospital, thus refers to the use of sulphuric ether among the insane people under his charge:

"It is proper to remark, that sulphuric ether, introduced to the world as an anæsthetic, from the other branch of this institution, is daily proving itself a valuable agent in the treatment of insanity. So far as I have learned, no accident or uncomfortable occurrence has ever resulted from a discriminating use of a pure article. The object of etherization with us, I hardly need say, is the tranquillization of the nervous system—the producing of sleep—or, if not sleep, repose; and therefore, in the various forms of mania, melancholia and hypochondria—of which persistent and protracted vigilance is both an attendant and feeder, and consequent exhaustion endangers life, and where, as is often the case, all ordinary medication has proved utterly unavailing—ether is found to be invaluable and effectual, causing more than a mere temporary effect of quiet and sleep, by a general soothing and curative influence on the system."

#### PHILOLOGICAL ANECDOTE.

The College Record, a print published by the students of the Western Reserve College, tells this good story, illustrating the comparative flexibility of the Latin and English languages:

"You will observe from the word," continued the professor, "the great flexibility of the Latin language. 'Pater' is a father, and here we have 'Patruns,' an uncle on the father's side, and 'Propatruns' means a great uncle on the father's side. Can you make any such change in our language? Pater, Patruns, Propatruns—father—is there any way you can change father into uncle in English?"

"I don't think of any," replied the hopeful young philologist, "unless you can get him to marry your aunt."

[ORIGINAL.]

## MARTHA.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

It was in the bleak December,  
Flake by flake the silent snow  
Streamed adown the darkened heaven,  
Whitening all the earth below;  
And the old lost winds, bewailing,  
Filled the air with sighs of wo.

From a churchyard, lone and dreary,  
While all winter raged around,  
Mingling with the pained winds' wailing,  
Came a thrilling, plaintive sound;  
And that deep and restless sorrow  
In a maiden's breast was found.

Pale she knelt amid the tombstones,  
Like a statue of despair,  
With her dark locks closely clinging  
To her young face, passing fair:  
O, 'twas pitiful to see her,  
With her sad and vacant air,

As she wrung her hands in anguish,  
Moaning out her grief unblest,  
Folded now in dumb affliction  
On her sorrow-stricken breast:  
One alone beheld it wounded—  
Only He could give her rest.

Let the wild winds rave around her!  
Let the chilling snows come down!  
They are not so cold and cruel  
As a jealous lover's frown:  
Four long years the stricken maiden  
Felt the thorns of sorrow's crown.

One who made her heart a heaven,  
When eternal love he swore,  
In an hour of jealous passion  
Blindly shed his own heart's gore:  
She beheld him, and her reason  
Wandered out forevermore.

Rose the morn in cloudless splendor,  
And the pleading Sabbath bells  
Sent their message of salvation  
O'er the air in solemn swells;  
Unseen bells were faintly ringing  
From the snow-clad hills and dells.

While the symbol of redemption  
Beamed above the belfry gray,  
Thither were the faithful wending,  
Through the churchyard's holy way:  
Treading o'er the weary, sleeping  
Through their long, long Sabbath day.

Now a band of little maidens  
Held their way athwart the snow,  
Clapping happy hands with laughter,  
As the drifts would deeper grow;  
Soon their joy was hushed, beholding  
At their feet a form laid low!

"She is sleeping—we must wake her!  
O, my sisters, it is wrong

Thus to leave poor crazy Martha!"

Said an angel of the throng:  
While the sleeper's soul, enfranchised,  
Swelled on high seraphic song.

"She is dead—the broken-hearted,"  
Gasped an old man, drawing nigh;  
"Heaven rest thy soul, poor Martha,  
In its home beyond the sky!"  
Much the children marvelled, thinking  
She will waken by-and-by.

Pity's sigh was breathed o'er Martha,  
Fell the offering of a tear;  
And the kind and tender-hearted  
Gathered round her snowy bier;  
On her mother's breast they laid her,  
At the dawning of the year.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HUNCHBACK.

BY MRS. A. M. GILMAN.

"A *SPLENDID* creature! By Jove! how could she marry that monkey?" The speaker was a bachelor—a tall, slender, rather *distingue* looking person—of what age, only the parish register of his native town could tell. Time and fortune had both smiled upon George Dixon. He had just returned from a ten years' residence in China, where he had accumulated a fortune, which he by no means undervalued. "He's '*au*,' said 'money; 'siller will do it, Jenny.'"

The lady he thought so splendid, had evidently no lack of the same convenient material. He had just passed her on the sidewalk, accompanied by a short, humpbacked man, whom he termed "monkey."

Unfortunate as was the exterior, the "*personnel*" of Harry Hanniford, Nature had given him compensation in a large mind and beautiful soul. No one could look in the clear depths of his large, gray eyes, and say "monkey!" Capricious fortune, too, had added her compensation—not only by inherited wealth, but in a handsome, loving wife; truly, "a splendid creature!"

When the morning papers announced the marriage of "Harry Hanniford to Mary Goold," there was great fluttering, great excitement in the world—the *world* of "upper tendom" in the gay city of New York. It was impossible to tell which was the most exasperating—that *he* should bestow his fine establishment upon a poor girl, or that *she* should sell herself for money. Young men thought the latter decidedly the most shameful—that her handsome face and figure might have found a better market. Some said, "he had educated her, and she had married

him out of gratitude, or was afraid to do otherwise." In short, everybody wondered, and everybody agreed in one thing—that she could not love him; that his money was all she cared for. "Everybody" did not know Harry Hanniford.

"I would rather see my daughters dead," said Mrs. Little, as she descanted upon the "shameful sacrifice," "than married to such a man!"

Mr. Little looked mournfully into the faces of his freckled, flaxen-haired girls, as he replied:

"Money is power, my dear; besides being a very convenient article to have about one's clothes. Seriously, I could imagine many a worse fate for our daughters than Mary Goold's. Hanniford is a noble, whole-souled man, in spite of his deformed body. Curses on the frivolous, fashionable mother, who can expose her child to such mischances amongst hirelings, while she is shining in society! If they could only break their own backs, it would not so much matter!" soliloquized Mr. Little.

"Women are so capricious!" said young Parley, who was just returned from the continent, and nursing a dark shade upon his upper lip that might some day become a moustache.

"Women are the deuce!" said Uncle Pierre; "but, my word for it, Mary Goold—or her mother for her—has done a very sensible thing. The world judges, but the world is often mistaken, and finds out it had better have minded its own business."

Uncle Pierre was a bachelor, and the world had gossiped too freely about him, at one period of his life, which he had never forgiven. He spoke feelingly.

We do not propose to chronicle all the sayings of gossiping friends at the strange match, but merely to relate an "ower true tale" of that magical art by which it was produced.

Hanniford was thirty-five, when he gave his friends this fertile theme for conversation. His early misfortune, by fendering him unable to share in the rougher sports and exercises of boyhood, sent him to books and to music for solace and society; with them, and his mother and sisters, his years passed happily. The mother's heart was wrung with anguish at the result of her thoughtlessness. She was young when she married the rich Colonel Hanniford, and entered the gay circle of fashionable life in New York. She knew not her own heart—how much love for her first-born lay buried in it, beneath the ten thousand frivolities of her new station. But, when she saw *him*, her beautiful boy, a victim to the keenest suffering, and made a hunchback for life, she could not forgive herself for her criminal

neglect. From that hour, she loathed all the pomps and vanities that had so bewildered her; and, as far as the devotion of her after-life could make atonement, she made it. Harry was twenty-five, when she died; his two fond sisters were married, and he found himself alone in the house of his fathers—alone not outwardly, but in heart. "Auld Cloots," himself will be courted, adulated, if he has money in his purse. He was not jealous, or suspicious, as those in his condition are prone to be; he took the world as it is. His quick and clear discernment told him just how much he was sought and valued for his intrinsic qualities, and how much as the heir of Colonel Hanniford. Sensitiveness to the observation of strangers he could not help. To be an object of pity, or aversion, was equally painful; and therefore he avoided society. The few who knew him well, and loved him well, were those who had met him during his mother's life.

It was in May, not long after his mother's decease; Harry was sitting in his library, alone, as usual. He had been reading "Taylor's Physical Theory of Another Life," the life to come. It was not quite sunset, yet the high, intervening buildings, on the western side of the street, made it too dark to read further without injuring the eyes. As he closed the book, and seated himself by one of the long windows opening on the iron balcony in front of the house, his mind was filled with vague imaginings and aspirations after that more perfect state of which he had been reading. "A little while," said he, "and I shall know all. Yet"—he looked down on the gay, smiling crowds promenading hither and thither in the soft, bright lustre of the early twilight—"how beautiful is *this* life to those—"

He did not finish the sentence. No emotion of envy, or repining, was in his heart; it was full of that "sadness and longing which is not akin to pain." Almost unconsciously to himself, he murmured:

"Something this heart must have to cherish,  
 Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;  
 Something with passion clasp, or perish,  
 And in itself to ashes burn."

Just at that moment a little girl, of apparently ten or twelve years, with a bundle in her hand, crossed from the sidewalk opposite him, and rang at the street door. A thrill of pleasure shot through his veins, as he recollected that the housekeeper and her husband, his sole domestics, had gone out to recreate themselves in the soft, summer-like air. He descended and opened the door. The little girl was plainly yet very tidily and becomingly dressed in a pink calico frock, with short sleeves, and a white sun-bonnet. Her head was down, when she crossed the street, so



that he had not seen her face; he had only remarked the perfect contour of the leg and foot with the whiteness of the stocking, and the common yet nicely-fitting shoe that covered them.

She looked up at him, as he opened the door, and modestly inquired "if Mrs. Means, the housekeeper, was in?"

He knew, well enough, that there was no one in the house but himself. "Come in, little miss," said he, "and I will see."

Pretending to ascertain that Mrs. Means had gone out, he asked:

"Cannot I do your errand for you to Mrs. Means?"

She said, after a little diffident hesitation, that she had brought some shirts Mrs. Means had engaged her mother to make for Mr. Hanniford.

"I am Mr. Hanniford," he replied; and unfolding the bundle, and professing to be much gratified with the work, he paid her double the price marked upon them. "I want just as many more," said he. "Tell me your name, and where you live, and to-morrow I will bring the materials."

Thanking him with a sweet smile, she departed.

He took his hat and cane, stepped on to the sidewalk, and followed, at some distance—unperceived by her, as she hurried along—until he saw her safe at her mother's door. Then he returned, entered his library, and threw himself on the sofa, again alone! No, not alone—the image of the little Mary filled every chamber of his brain. A new sensation had stolen over him—he lost himself in delicious reverie.

It was late when the housekeeper came in, wondering Mr. Hanniford should be lying there in the dark. With bustling good nature, she lighted the gas, inquired if he was not well—if he would have this, or that, or the other for his breakfast.

He rose, and passing before the long mirror, started back, shuddering involuntarily, and threw himself again upon the sofa.

"I want nothing but a new body, Mrs. Means." He said it as if speaking to himself.

Mrs. Means opened her pale, blue eyes wide, in surprise. She had never heard him allude to his deformity before; and saying, in a tone of sympathetic deference, "you would not be so good as you are now, sir, if you had," bade him good night.

"If she could only *love me*—if she could *learn* to love me!" thought he. The housekeeper's remark had suggested a new idea. "The mother is doubtless poor—I can at least do them some good. Alas! what good have I ever done to others in all my useless life?"

Thus he meditated; and resolving to submit with patience to his inevitable lot—to benefit others, as far as in him lay—he went calmly to his bed. But all the night long he dreamed of the soft, bright eyes, and the sweet smile of the little Mary. He saw her—as a few short years would make her—a beautiful woman; he called her "my own," "my wife." With the same sweet, but more ineffable smile, she responded in love's own language. In a transport of joy, he awoke! It was a dream—yet the dream had penetrated his soul. "Dreams are but seems," he sighed, "yet this must become reality. It shall be the object of my life to win the heart of that child."

Upon the pretence of the shirts, he visited Mrs. Goold the next day, and found her a well-bred, intelligent, and still handsome lady of middle age—one of "God's poor," he termed her—chastened, not degraded by misfortune—laboring cheerfully for the support of her two little girls, her all in the wide, wide world.

Mrs. Goold was an orphan from early childhood, and had married a lieutenant in the army, much to the regret of her uncle and only protector, who disliked for her the necessarily roving life of an officer's wife. While they were stationed at a remote frontier post, the dear old uncle died, and the two little daughters were born. Five years afterward, Lieutenant Goold was, to their great delight, removed to New York; but within the first year of his residence there, he was seized with typhoid fever, and died. With a small pension, and her own untiring industry and economy, his widow supported herself and children, without luxuries, yet without want.

Hanniford did not learn all these particulars of Madam Goold's history at his first visit; but his quick perceptions told him, at once, that she was a lady in the truest sense of the word.

Madam Goold was a keen observer, and she read in the open, thoughtful face of the young man, true nobility of soul, and sincerity of heart. He took no particular notice of Mary, at his first call, but intimated so delicately his wish to be of service to them, that Mrs. Goold looked on him more as a messenger from heaven, than one of earth's unfortunates; and gradually came to regard him, not only as her best friend, but with the loving sympathy of a mother. To him, the short intervals of time spent in her retired home were the sunny spots in his existence. His passion for Mary increased, as he saw her fond helpfulness to her mother and little sister—how entirely her disposition accorded with her beautiful person. Misgivings would often come

over him, yet he cherished his dream in secret and silence, until two years had passed away—two years since the, to him, memorable evening—when he resolved to open his heart, to pour out his soul, to reveal his selfish purpose (he feared she would think it), to Madame Goold.

Calling one evening, after the children's hour for retiring, he found her, as he expected, alone, busy with her needle.

"I have come," said he, "to make you my confessor—I have committed a crime."

"You?" she replied, looking at him with both surprise and incredulity in her full, dark eyes. "You cannot have been guilty of any *crime*—and if you have, why confess to me? Pray, do not!"

"I must," said he, "for it is against you I have sinned. Promise to forgive me!"

"Confession ensures pardon with me, Harry. But you are jesting—you have done me no wrong—on the contrary, much good! May the good God reward you," she added, with tears in her eyes, "for I cannot!"

Thus encouraged, he told her all—his love for her child—the hopes he had dared to entertain—the one fond dream of his life. He ended in passionate earnestness. "Can she—can she love me?"

Unfeeling Madam Goold! she laughed.

"O, what an awful sinner! What shall I do?" she exclaimed:

"Shrinking back into the large chair in which he was sitting, Harry covered his face with his hands, and wished he could die.

Gently she removed his hands, and looking in the sad face, said:

"It is your turn to forgive me, Harry, for my ill-timed levity. I will be frank with you. Love, such as you ask, cannot—as we know too well—be compelled, or bought; the wayward little god often shoots aside of the mark set up for him. But Mary is yours, as far as my wish can make her so. She loves you now, but remember—she is only a child yet! I will leave it all to you and her, and time."

Hanniford went home, full of hope—though he did not forget the uncertainty. He rejoiced with trembling.

The evening Mary carried home the shirts, when her full, dove eyes, looking up from between their long, black lashes, and the sweet, intelligent expression of her young face had—so unknowingly to her—daguerreotyped themselves in the heart of the longing, lonely man, she saw, without noting, the unfortunate deformity of his person. She went home, without thinking of that—she remembered only the beautiful look,

with which the pale gentleman had regarded her. She told her mother what he had said, and how kindly he had spoken to her; but she did not tell her that, when she went to her bed that night, she covered her head deep in the bed-clothes, as if afraid something might see her thought, and wished, with all her heart, that she was grown up and could be that gentleman's wife—and how she went to sleep, and dreamed that what she wished had come to pass. For all this, it never entered her innocent head that he would ever think of her again, except as a poor little girl whose mother and self he could befriend by giving them employment. Afterwards, his occasional visits were the greatest events of her life—though a smile, but such a smile! and a kind word, were all he particularly addressed her.

His powers of entertainment were remarkable; and as he became more acquainted and familiar, not only the little Mary, but her mature mother was fascinated, charmed, by his lively and varied conversation. The hunchback was altogether ignored. Mary looked up to him, as to some all-knowing, superior being.

A short time after his "confession," Hanniford proposed that Madame Goold should break up her small establishment in the city and remove to ———, a country village, where there was (and still is) a celebrated female school, and place her daughters in it, at his expense.

"It would gratify the dearest wish of my heart, Harry," she said, "to educate my girls, and at the same time remove them from the perils of this wicked city; but I cannot—your reward will be too uncertain. If"—she hesitated—"if Mary should not wish to marry you—"

"Then she never shall!" he interrupted, most emphatically. "But, come what will, I shall be happy in ministering to her happiness—in fitting her to adorn prosperity, or meet the misfortunes of the world, should they ever overtake her. I have few objects in life, Mrs. Goold; do not, I beg you, deprive me of one that will give me so much real pleasure. Above all, do not let Mary know or feel that she is under any obligation to her unfortunate friend. If my seven years' service do not give me my Rachel, they will bring their own reward."

Madame Goold saw the pain a refusal would give the sensitive soul; and though she scorned alike the base idea of selling her child, or deceiving the generous man, she consented—trusting in the noble instincts and native good sense of the little "Rachel." The effect of absence was what she most feared. "Familiarity breeds contempt," is a trite but often untrue saying.

The familiarity of high-toned congenial natures breeds affection, blinds the eye to external asperities, and softens all those sharp points that first meet the eye of the stranger—and then, girls are capricious! Thus thought the mother.

Mary was a communicative little girl enough, and very imaginative. From the time she carried home the bundle to Mr. Hanniford, she began to form a picture-gallery in her mind. It was made up of a series of scenes in the possible future, in which the classical head and face of Harry Hanniford and her own little modest self, as she wished to be, were the most conspicuous objects. Often, when her little hands were busy with the needle, or in her few leisure moments, she wandered at her own sweet will, and sometimes lost herself in this charming gallery. Yet charming as it would have been in the eyes of connoisseurs, especially Harry's, she never thought of inviting any one, even her dear mother, to peep into it. Could Mrs. Goold have done so, it would have saved her many anxious thoughts, and Hanniford some foreboding pangs.

She moved to ———, as he desired. Time flew, as it ever does to the happy, swiftly away. Five years had passed! They had sprinkled a few gray hairs on the temples of the mother and lover, but changed the little girl to the woman, "bright and good." To become a teacher, was the object held out to her, and which she aspired to, even before she had found her good friend Harry—whose frequent letters, and three or four visits a year, had kept her from forgetting, even if he had not, as we have said, a permanent and prominent place in her ideal picture-gallery.

Meantime, he had become a celebrity—a "bright, particular star" in the horizon of literature. "If Rachel will not marry me, Leah will," said he to himself.

Many petted darlings of fashion would have done the same thing for the asking, for the fortune and the name of the talented hunchback. But for him, there were no eyes and no smiles like Mary's. The curious world knew as little of her, as she did of his fond idolatry.

"Hanniford is coming to the examination, Mary," said Mrs. Goold, as she handed her a letter. "See what he says!"

Mary read the letter, but made no remark.

"Why do you look so sober, so pale, Mary?" said her mother. "Are you not glad?"

"No, mother," she answered. "I wish he would not come. I shall make a thousand blunders, if he is looking at me."

"Why, Mary? Why do you care more for his observation than other people's?"

"I don't know why I should, but I know I do," she said, as she took up her light and retired to her chamber, glad, for the first time, to escape the scrutinizing eye of her mother.

It was a glad smile that rested, for some time, on the mother's face that night.

Mary had her wish. Hanniford was detained, by sudden illness, from coming, as he intended to do, to the examination. She graduated with great eclat, taking a majority of the first prizes. There were many beautiful and talented girls at this school; yet, had there been a prize for the "most unconscious loveliness," it would have been conferred on Mary by acclamation. The festivities closed with a ball, at which Mr. George Dixon, our returned millionaire, was, as he said, "smitten," and secretly made up his mind to bestow his hand and his beloved fortune upon the poor but beautiful Mary, not doubting—how could he?—that so great an honor would be accepted.

A few days, however, opened his eyes to the astonishing fact that Mary, though she found him a most delightful partner in the dance, and a man who talked very pleasant nonsense (which, by the by, we consider a great recommendation), did not care for him as a partner for life. And the tact with which she saved his pride, his vanity, the mortification of a refusal, in words, mitigated some real pain, and made him, he declared, her everlasting friend. Considering these circumstances, it was not, perhaps, very strange that he should call Hanniford "monkey."

"Do you not like Dixon, Mary?" said Mrs. Goold, almost tremblingly.

"I like him very much, mother," she replied; "but like is not love, and I do not want a lover yet, mother dear. I want to be a school-mistress and teach the young *Idea*. And, with your permission, I am going to ask our blessed friend Hanniford to get me a situation!"

"That is a bright thought, Minnie—do so, by all means," said the mother. "I have no doubt he will find you a most agreeable one."

Mary did not understand the peculiar smile that accompanied these words, but she sat down at her desk, and wrote a long letter to Hanniford, giving him an account of all that his "mal apropos illness," as he had termed it, prevented him from witnessing, and closed with the modest request that if he knew, or should know, of any vacant situation as teacher, or assistant teacher, in a high school, or seminary, that he would secure it for her. "I am very desirous," she added, "to return to my dear mother the money she has so liberally drawn from her small resources

for my education, and at the same time to continue that education, which I consider but just begun."

This was the answer :

"DEAREST MARY :—I deplored, as ill-starred, the indisposition that deprived me of a long-anticipated pleasure (that of being present at your graduating exercises), until I received your letter—the longest, and, allow me to add, by far the most agreeable that you have ever written me. 'Most agreeable, for what reason?' do you ask? Because, my dear girl, that in it you ask of me what you are pleased to term a favor. I do know of a situation that has long been vacant, and waiting for you to fill. Not exactly such an one as you inquire for, and possibly—God forbid it!—may not please you. It is as a governess I wish to engage you—governess to an orphan boy, a lonely man. You can fix your own salary, and be mistress of your own time. A little love is all that will be required of you. To speak plainly, Mary, dear, dear Mary! I love you—words cannot tell how much. From the time you rang at my door bell, when a little girl, and looked up with your soft, beautiful eyes into mine, you have been the charm, the brightness, the dream of my life. There is one (your own mother) who has known this—save God, none else. You did not know it—did you, Mary? It was not fitting that you should do so, until now that you are a woman, and can judge for yourself what will promote your happiness. I offer you my poor self, my home—which you can irradiate by your presence—my fortune, my all.

"Do not pity me, Mary. Life will indeed be a desert to me, my star of hope will go down in darkness, if I can no longer look forward to the oasis of your love. Yet the desert is soon crossed, and the weary at rest. Do not speak to me of gratitude—I cannot bear that, and I have had my reward in your pleasure and improvement. If you can, or do love the lonely man enough to become his 'governess,' his wife, then his heart, his arms, his home, are ready to receive you. Dearest, will you come?"

It would be impossible to describe the intensity of emotion with which Mary perused this reply to her letter. Trembling and pale, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and wept, long and uncontrolled—bitter? no!—blissful tears, in which the mother joined as heartily as herself. Gratitude, surprise (for she had never expected this) and love—yes, reader, angelic love!—filled her heart.

No criminal arraigned for murder of which he has been unintentionally guilty, ever looked with more anxious foreboding for the verdict of the jury, than did Hanniford for the reply, the "sentence" to his proposal. It was a needless fear. He had won, ignorantly won, the heart of the little Mary when a child, and he had, strange to say, "women are so capacious!" retained it until she was a woman.

When with a pale face, and more trembling

hands than hers, he at length opened the "sentence" which he had carried for two days in his pocket, without breaking the seal, he saw but two lines. They ran thus :

"DEAREST HARRY :—No situation in life could please me so much as to be your 'governess,' your wife. MARY."

—What did he do? He did not throw up his hat, or kick over the chairs, or throw his favorite cat Dolly down stairs; but he *did* throw himself upon the same sofa where he had first dreamed of Mary, and wept like a woman. Few such tears are shed in this bitter world, and they leave no furrows where they flow!

That night, Mrs. Means remarked to her husband "that in all the ten years she had kept house for Mr. Hanniford, she had never seen him look so handsome, or so happy before."

Some years—I dare not say how many—have passed since Mrs. Means and Mr. George Dixon made their different remarks; but Hanniford, God bless him! looks happy still.

#### A LIVING FAITH.

In a public school in New York, a short time since, on an alarm of fire, a terrible panic ensued, and many of the scholars were injured by rushing to the doors, and one of the teachers, a young lady, jumped from a window. Among the hundreds of children, with whom the building was crowded, was one girl, among the best in the school, who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The color indeed forsook her cheek, her lip quivered, the tears stood in her eyes—but she moved not! After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked her how she came to sit so still, without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such a fright. "My father," said she, "is a fireman, and he told me if there was an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still." —*Boston Transcript.*

#### A GOOD REPLY.

A native deacon, named Hagop, has now the charge of the Protestant Armenian church at Trebizond, in Asia Minor. To show his shrewd quickness in reply, the following anecdote is related: Some years since, the deacon was employed by an English mercantile house in Samsun, and was required to work on the Sabbath. This he steadily refused to do. His employer used all his ingenuity to convince him that it was necessary and right to do so then. "What," said he one day, "if an ass fell into a pit on the Sabbath day, does not even the Saviour say that it is right to pull him out?" "Certainly," replied Hagop; "but if an ass has a habit of going every Sabbath and falling into the same pit, then his owner ought either to fill up the pit or sell the ass!"

[ORIGINAL.]

**HUMAN LIFE.**

BY N. T. COLMAN.

Ay, life indeed is not what youthful dreams foretold!  
Hope's glittering wing hath dangled, tipped with shining  
gold

What nearer view discovers basest ore—and sad  
Droops the faint heart that erst was bounding high and  
glad.

O Earth, that seemed so fair, how soon thy flowers decay!  
Our joys, the near and dear, how swift they pass away!  
Time brings us not the blessings we have sought,  
And disappointment only mocks the hopes we brought.

O Earth, how soon, alas! the buoyant heart of youth  
Grows chill beneath thy stern realities of truth!  
How soon where we have gambolled in our joyous play,  
With pilgrim's staff in hand we take our weary way!

Ah, dreary is our waking from youth's glorious dreams,  
That have so cheered our pathway with their radiant  
gleams;  
And bitterly we greet the tidings pale-browed Sorrow  
brings,  
To lead afar, for aye, from Hope's enchanted rings.

And yet, faint heart, from thy repinings cease, and know  
Thy Father's eye of love still keeps its watch below;  
His hand of mercy surely will not send to thee  
One single grief, but for thy good eternally.

Let youth's vain dreams in ashes lie—for thee, behold!  
Life hath more noble gifts than earthly fame or gold.  
Ay, more than human love, that gift most like divine,  
Immortal treasure—heavenly home may yet be thine.

Then gird thine armor for the strife, and bravely bear  
A dauntless men within temptation's deadly lair:  
Believing meekly that all human ill or woe,  
Through its disguise, some time, an angel face shall show.

[ORIGINAL.]

**RICHARD COLEBY.**

**A MATTER OF FACT STORY.**

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

RICHARD COLEBY was a handsome, intelligent young fellow of twenty, at the time my story opens. He was a general favorite with everybody, especially the ladies. No one in Ashton-under-line could sing a better song, or make a more effective extempore speech when called upon, than he. There was no conceit about him; on the contrary, he was smart—as smart as steel. I have seen many fellows in my time possessed of similar accomplishments, but I never saw one less vain of them than he, or apparently less sensible of his superiority over the masses. It was perhaps this fact alone which made him so universally esteemed—we might say lionized.

He was employed as an overseer in the extensive cotton mills of Hogart & Co., and maintained his mother and sister in a very comfortable way with the proceeds of his labor. Hogart was a pompous, overbearing man, selfish and unscrupulous, and known to be the possessor of immense wealth. His origin no one knew. He might have sprung from the lowest kennel of the lowest street, for aught he could ever learn himself in reference to that interesting fact. Like Mr. Gradgrind, he rather rejoiced in the fact of a doubtful origin, which implied that he had come up without assistance or encouragement, and had made himself just what he was by the force of his own energy and talent.

He had been married about two years at this date, and was not far from fifty when that proud event of his life occurred. He had married a gentlewoman—a young lady, at the time, as rumor asserted, not quite twenty. Her father, the younger son of a baronet, by some failure in some sort of genteel speculation, had become his debtor, and the daughter, as a very natural consequence, was sacrificed to satisfy a rapacious creditor, and set his gentility once more on its legs with a full purse. A union springing from such causes, had no tendency to enhance his value, or elevate him very much in his young wife's romantic esteem, though she still endured him as a necessary evil. He was excessively jealous, especially of all young gentlemen, whether they flattered, or merely treated her with the civility that wealth alone, unaided by beauty, would have inspired; and it was frequently remarked by those who knew something of their domestic eruptions, that the beautiful Mrs. Hogart often chafed like a roused tigress beneath her golden fetters.

It was on the occasion of the gala festival of the Druids, which are patronized, and have been from time out of mind, by the surrounding gentry and nobility, that Mrs Hogart first saw Richard Coleby. She was greatly charmed with his appearance, for he was one of the prominent actors on the occasion we refer to, and did not hesitate to express a most enthusiastic admiration of the comely druid in the presence of her arrogant spouse. Hogart said nothing in regard to who he was, but hated him most intensely from that moment. He would have discharged him on the spot, could he have done so and given any reasonable excuse for so doing; but the character of young Coleby was hitherto above reproach, and he had served him faithfully in his capacity of overseer. But an opportunity at length presented itself in the shape of the Corn Law difficulties, in which Coleby and many other intelli-

gent operatives were arrayed against the manufacturing interest; and this, Hogart deemed a sufficiently plausible excuse to warrant his discharge. Our hero, nothing daunted by this contemptible retaliation, as it appeared to him, sought employment from other mill-owners, but unfortunately the character which Hogart had given him seemed to follow him everywhere, and from that hour, as the phrase is, he was a marked man. "Have you a character?" was the usual query. He had none, poor fellow! No mill hand ever had, excepting their employers were disposed to give it to them. No work, no money. The next step is either the chances of transportation or the workhouse. Coleby understood this but too well. He had seen many a fine fellow end that way, who had been driven out of the pale of the manufacturing protection.

In vain did he humble himself to Hogart (a thing which his proud spirit never could have brooked, but for the benefit of those who were very near and dear to him), and begged him to do him the simple justice which his case merited, but the jealous and purse-proud man laughed his humble petition to scorn, being, as it might be conjectured, too mean and truckling to recommend him, aside from the pretended reason of his discharge as a competent overseer. Rendered desperate at length by this cruel and determined spirit of opposition, which none but a contemptibly depraved nature would have harbored under the circumstances, our hero was so far carried away by the increasing sense of his wrongs, as to threaten at various times to be "even" with his great enemy, which by putting *this* and *that*, which we shall presently mention, together, might be pretty liable to imply murder in the opinion of a magistrate, especially if it should be subsequently shown that a crime of that nature and magnitude had afterwards been perpetrated upon the person so threatened. And, indeed, such was the fact in the present case. Hogart was found dead a few days after—murdered, it was said—in the lane which conducted back to the river from the fine mansion-house which he owned and occupied. The coronor's verdict was that he came to his death by a blow or blows inflicted upon the head by some person or persons unknown. The threat of Coleby was recollected by a score of disinterested people, and a warrant was immediately issued for his arrest. Mrs. Hogart was one of the witnesses; for she, in company with another lady had been the first to discover the body and raise the alarm. But what was her astonishment on beholding the prisoner to recognize the handsome druid, whose beauty and grace of deportment she had so highly ex-

tolled on the occasion of the festival! He was pale, very pale—but his proud bearing and firm responses went far to convince her of his entire innocence of any participation in the murder. The magistrate, however, was of a different opinion, for after summing up the evidence, which he considered, as he expressed it, "amply sufficient to warrant a committal," he bound him over for trial at the next assizes.

Generous and impulsive, young and romantic, believing in the prisoner's entire innocence, and already greatly prepossessed in his favor, since the gala-day on which her eyes had first singled him out among a host of others, in which he had no peers, it was only natural that the lovely widow should feel a sudden interest in his future fate, and determine to save him from an ignominious end if possible. By dint of inquiry, she soon discovered the relation which Coleby had formerly sustained to her late husband, as well as the pretended motive he had for his discharge; and remembering well the bitter expression of scorn which yreathed his lips whenever she alluded to the handsome young fellow of the festival, she very shrewdly attributed the unmanly proceeding more to the disagreeable effects of a jealous disposition, than to any opposition in regard to the Corn Laws. And this surmise of itself still farther interested her in the fate of Coleby. That very evening, a carriage drew up in front of the humble tenement of the prisoner's mother, and a lady closely muffled alighted therefrom and entered the house. It was Mrs. Hogart. She had succeeded in discovering their address, and would not allow herself to sleep till she had driven there and offered consolation and encouragement to the half distracted mother and sister. She placed a fifty pound note in the widow's hand, and told her not to rest until she had secured Attorney Atherton (an eminent criminal lawyer), in her son's defence. "Please favor me by not mentioning my name in this connection," she said, before taking her leave, "for the public, not regarding your unhappy son, perhaps, in the same light that I do, might seize upon the circumstance as an appropriate subject for scandal."

No sooner was Mrs. Hogart gone, than the widow drew on her shawl, and started for the residence of the great legal luminary of Ashton. She found him at home (he was cosily seated, with the evening paper in one hand, and a glass of old Madeira in the other). She stated her business—very briefly, for lawyers you know always insist on that—and he promised to call at the jail next day and see him. Agreeably to promise, he visited the prisoner at a very early

hour in the morning, and was pleased to learn that he knew no more of the murder, if indeed there had been any, than the farthest person in the world. He assured the lawyer that so far from being the murderer of Hogart, that, if the truth were known, he did not believe but he had died a natural death. This might be a reasonable hypothesis to build upon, and Atherton instantly called for a *post mortem* examination, which he attended himself in person. The surgeons called—after what they were pleased to term a careful examination—decided as had previously the coronor, namely, that the unfortunate man had undoubtedly met his death at the hand of violence. But luckily, this decision was not by any manner of means satisfactory to Atherton. He did not believe that the blow inflicted upon the forehead—and there was no external evidence of there having been more than one—was sufficient to cause death; and we shall see how he was right in his conjecture.

At this time there resided at Staely Bridge one of the most skilful surgeons and anatomists to be found out of London, and thither, by the order of Atherton, a messenger was despatched in hot haste, to summon him to attend the examination. In two hours he was there, and in five minutes after divesting himself of his hat and cloak, he pointed out the difficulty to his professional friends. It was an obstruction in one of the small arteries leading to the heart, and as he proved to them must result in instant death. The blows on the forehead would not, and could not have terminated fatally—and, as he shrewdly observed, was in all probability produced by the concussion attending the fall. It was afterwards admitted by the servants who bore the body to the house, that they found him with his face resting on a curb-stone. They visited the spot, and to the satisfaction of every one, found blood on the stone where the head had laid. Without these corroborative evidences, and the clear judgment of the Staely Bridge surgeon, the impartial government would have put *this and that* together, and the gifted and handsome Richard Coleby would have been publicly executed as a murderer. The result of the *post mortem* examination was duly submitted to the magistrate, and Coleby was discharged before another sun shone on his first and last criminal experience. There is but little more to add, and perhaps that little may prove the most interesting part to our readers.

Richard Coleby, full of gratitude to Mrs. Hogart for the kind interest she had taken in his fate, waited on her in the morning to give vent to the lofty emotions she had inspired, which re-

sulted, we are happy to state, in the appointment of himself as agent over her extensive cotton works. And such excellent satisfaction did he give in this new place of trust, that at the end of six months, she very wisely consented, after a very eloquent appeal, gallantly proffered on his knees, to take him into the concern, as a partner for life. And to-day, kind reader, he is one of the most generous and magnificent cotton lords in England.

#### THE CROW.

In an article on winter birds, we have this defence in the *Atlantic Monthly*: He consumes, in the course of the year, vast quantities of grubs, worms, and noxious vermin; he is a valuable scavenger, and clears the land of offensive masses of decaying animal substances; he hunts the grass-fields, and pulls out and devours the underground caterpillars, wherever he perceives the signs of their operations, as evinced by the wilted stalks; he destroys rats, young mice, lizards, and the smaller serpents; lastly, he is a volunteer sentinel about the farm, and drives the hawk from its inclosures, thus preventing greater mischief than that of which he himself is guilty. It is chiefly during seed-time and harvest, that the depredations of the crow are committed; during the remainder of the year, we witness only his services; and so highly are these services appreciated by those who have written of birds, that I cannot name an ornithologist who does not plead in his behalf.

#### JAPANESE FAMILIES.

"Every house in Japan seemed to be overrun with children, in some of which I counted ten or a dozen, and all of about the same size! The birds in a nest, the chickens in a coop, the frogs in a pond, are not more compact and crowded than these human beehives seem to be, and I may add, or more happy. The average number of the inmates of each house in Japan is estimated at between *thirty* and *forty*! They eat but little meat except fish, which abound in these waters, both in the bays and in the sea, and are easily procured as well as fine. A gentleman told me that he believed, from his most careful observation, not above *one in fifty* of the people ever eat any other animal food."—*Journal of Commerce*.

#### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Go, at moonlight's dreamy hour,  
Where the silvery ripples shine;  
Mark a little lovely flower:  
Be that lovely floweret thine.

Mild as heaven's own blue, it beameth  
Like a clear and cloudless sky;  
Image of true love, it seemeth  
To the heart sweet words to say.

And methinks its blue eyes glisten,  
Full of love and tender thought;  
While from far it whispers (listen!)  
"O, forget, forget me not!"—FROM THE GERMAN.

God hath given to man a common library—his works; and to every man a proper book—himself.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GERMAN EMIGRANT.

BY WILL WINDHAM.

A song, a song, my boys,  
In praises of the sea,  
Which bears us on its breast,  
To our home, right gallantly!

Ay, swell the chorus loud!  
Let it swell across the main!  
We break the tyrant's rod,  
We rend the oppressor's chain.

The good ship speeds her way,  
Her white sails cut the wind;  
And blest we call the day  
When we leave these shores behind!

What care we for the danger,  
Since all we love we bear  
Within this oaken ranger—  
Our every hope and care!

For we will win a name  
Which shall recorded be  
By the iron pen of fame,  
In the page of history.

Farewell, then, land of our birth!  
To purer climes we roam:  
To a land where love, and truth,  
And freedom find a home!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GIPSEY QUEEN:

—OR,—

## THE ROSE OF GLEN VALLEY.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"MURDER!—Help!—O help!"

How sharp and fearfully distinct that cry rang out on the midnight air! But there were none to hear it, except the two ruffians, who pressing still closer to their victim bore him heavily to the ground.

"He is dead!" said the oldest one, dismounting, and placing his hand upon the heart of the wounded man, who lay upon the ground without sense or motion.

"We had better make sure of it," said the other, significantly pointing to the river at a short distance.

His companion understood him, and without a word on either side, they lifted up the body and carried it to the river. There was a heavy splash, something that sounded like a stifled groan, and the broad waters rippled quietly over it—the moon emerging from beneath a cloud, looked down as calmly and placidly, as if crime

and murder were a thing unknown. The two men then mounted their horses and rode swiftly away.

"This is a good night's job," said the shorter and younger of the two.

"I should judge so," returned the other, drily, "as it gives you one of the richest earldoms in England."

"Ay, and by my knightly faith, you shall find that the Earl of Elrington is not ungrateful. The thousand pieces of gold shall be yours to-morrow, and if there is anything else I can do for you, you may command me to the full extent of my power."

"There will be a merry bridal to-morrow."

"Very!" replied the younger one, with a light, mocking laugh. "Lady Blanche will wait long at the altar for her lover—and as for my good cousin Walter, who has been my rival in love and ambition, I'll warrant he'll sleep as sound to-night as he would were he pillowed in her arms!—But we must separate here," he added, as they emerged from the forest into the open country. "We must not be seen together. Adieu. We shall meet to-morrow at the bridal."

And so saying, he turned the head of his horse into one of the two roads that were before them, and his companion taking the other, they parted.

In an elegant boudoir, partly reclining upon a low couch, was a fair, young girl of not more than eighteen summers, apparently in a deep reverie. Her thoughts are very pleasant, for there is a half smile around her mouth, and an expression of thoughtful and subdued tenderness in the deep blue eyes and on the smooth, open brow. An elderly woman, who had entered some minutes before, but who had hesitated to disturb her, now approached.

"It is nearly ten, Lady Blanche," she said, addressing her young mistress. "In half an hour the guests will be here."

"Can it be possible that it is so late as that?" she replied, starting from her seat. "Ah, Mina, Mina, I am so very, so very happy!"

"God grant that it may last, lady!" said Mina, solemnly.

A shadow fell across the young girl's sunny face. "I am afraid I am too happy for it to last," she said, thoughtfully. "But come, Mina," she added, gaily; "your skilful fingers must be more than usually nimble, or I shall be late, and at my bridal, too."

It did not take Mina long to loop back those clustering curls, and to arrange the shining folds that fell so gracefully around that exquisitely moulded form, yet she had hardly finished, when



there was an impatient knock at the door, and a man entered, whose bowed form and white hair bore the impress of extreme old age. It was Lord Vernon. He gazed upon his daughter for a moment with an expression of mingled pride and pleasure.

"God bless you, my beloved child!" he murmured, fondly. "But come," he added, "the carriage is waiting, my love, and our friends are growing impatient."

"Has not Walter come yet, father?"

"No. It is rather strange, but I suppose something has detained him. He will probably meet us at the church."

As Lady Blanche passed down through the group of menials that lined the hall, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the bride, many a heart blessed her sweet face, and prayed that all the bright anticipations its smiles and blushes shadowed forth, might be realized.

To Lord Vernon's surprise, the Earl of Elrington was not at the church door when they arrived. His brow grew dark with anxiety, though he endeavored to allay the apprehensions of his daughter, whose cheeks alternately flushed and paled at her embarrassing position.

Just as they were about to return, Lord Vernon noticed a horseman approaching at a furious pace, whom he recognized as Jacob St. Croix, the young earl's cousin. His clothes were torn and dusty, and his face pale and haggard, as he hurriedly alighted from his horse which was covered with sweat and foam.

As his eye fell upon Lady Blanche, he hesitated, and casting a significant glance upon Lord Vernon, beckoned him aside. But this movement did not escape the observation of Lady Blanche, whose cheek grew pale with fear.

"It is from Walter!" she exclaimed, breaking from her attendants and following her father. "Tell me," she added, wildly, addressing Jason St. Croix, "is he sick, dead?"

"Be calm, my dear child," said Lord Vernon, soothingly, whose countenance betrayed great agitation; "the young earl is not dead, only missing. It is to be hoped he will yet be found."

Lady Blanche made no reply, but fell pale and gasping into her father's arms, who quickly conveyed her to the carriage.

Many of the bystanders gathered around Jason St. Croix, anxious to know the cause of this strange scene. From the narration he gave, they gathered that the earl had disappeared, no one knew whither. That there was no clue to his fate, excepting his horse, which came home a few minutes after midnight, with dark stains of blood upon his breast and sides.

The grief and horror with which Jason St. Croix narrated these circumstances, produced a very favorable impression on those who heard him; for he was next of kin to the late earl, and upon his death would come into possession of the extensive lands and earldom of Elrington.

"My child," said Lord Vernon, a few months after, who was in close and earnest conference with his daughter, "I would not urge you to take this step, were I not assured that it would result in your ultimate happiness."

"I do not doubt it, father," said Lady Blanche, languidly. "But somehow the very thought is repulsive to me. I never liked Jason St. Croix, and cannot say that I like him any better since his accession to his new honors. There is to me something treacherous and cruel in the very glance of his eye and the sound of his voice."

"You are prejudiced, my daughter; I see nothing of this. Indeed, I believe him to be an honorable man, in every respect worthy of you. You have no brother," added Lord Vernon, solemnly, as his daughter made no reply, "and will soon have no father, for my race is nearly run. It grieves me to leave you so unprotected, and it would take the last sting from death, could I see you the earl's wife."

"Let it be as you say, father," replied Lady Blanche, indifferently. "Since Walter is dead, I care little what becomes of me."

"The earl has been waiting some time to see you, Blanche; may he come in and receive your consent from your own lips?"

Lady Blanche inclined her head. And in a few moments the wily man was by her side.

"I have no heart to give you," she said, in reply to his earnest protestations, lifting her eyes calmly to his face, "but my hand is yours whenever you choose to claim it."

"If the most devoted and tender love can win your heart, it cannot fail to be mine, dear lady," said St. Croix, softly.

"Nay, my lord," said Lady Blanche, firmly, "it will avail little. All the heart that I have is buried in Walter's grave. Yet I promise that all I can give you shall be yours any day you name."

Jason St. Croix murmured a few words of thanks, and then raising her hand respectfully to his lips, turned away, and mounting his horse, rode rapidly towards Elrington castle, his heart full of exultation at his success.

As he was passing through a narrow defile, a form wrapped in a large cloak suddenly crossed his path, startling his horse so that he nearly threw him from his saddle. With a muttered imprecation, he turned towards the intruder.

"It is I, Jason St. Croix!" said a deep, hollow voice. And throwing back the cloak, the pale light of the moon fell upon the tall form of a woman, clad in a strange, fantastic attire. Her flashing eyes were black as midnight, as also was the heavy mass of disordered hair that fell below her waist, and her complexion dark, even to swarthiness. Yet, in spite of her wierd, unearthly aspect, there was something in the general contour of her face which showed that she had once possessed more than common beauty.

"Ardelle!" exclaimed St. Croix, astonished.

"Nay, Jason," said the woman, with a low, bitter laugh, "not the loving and trustful Ardelle Silencia, whom you lured by your vile arts from her happy home, but Cleopatra, the gipsy queen!"

"I—I thought—"

"You thought me, as you intended me to be, *dead*!" she said, interrupting him with a still more bitter laugh. "But, my dear friend, poison does not always kill, even when administered by so practised a hand as yours. I have many an antidote for such as you gave me on the night of our last meeting!"

"You are talking at random, woman," said St. Croix, sternly, recovering in a measure, his self-possession. "What is it that you want of me, money?"

"Not for worlds would I touch your gold, Jason St. Croix," exclaimed the gipsy queen, with a haughty gesture; "red as it is with the blood of the innocent! No, I came to warn you, man, that the cup of vengeance is nearly full, that the sword of justice is ready, even now, to descend upon your head! Go, and instead of fulfilling the wicked purpose that is in your heart to-night, mount your fleetest steed, and escape into some far country, and there by a life of penitence strive to retrieve the past!"

"Are you mad, woman, to address such language to me?" exclaimed St. Croix, angrily.

"Nay, hear me out, Jason," said the gipsy queen, calmly. "To-morrow is to be your bridal day, is it not—that is to witness your marriage with the beautiful Rose of Glen Valley, Lady Blanche Vernon?"

"It is," replied her companion, a grim smile of satisfaction flitting across his face at the recollection.

"Woe to the dove, when it mates with the kite! Jason St. Croix, was not the earldom of Elrington sufficient for thee, that thou must lay thy blood-stained hands upon the betrothed wife of thy murdered cousin?"

St. Croix fairly reeled upon his saddle. "What mean you?" he gasped.

"Nay, be calm, Jason," said the woman, mockingly, as she observed his agitation; "let not thy craven heart fail thee now. Dead men tell no tales! The moon that beheld that deed of blood, the river that received the body of thy victim, have no tongue to accuse thee! Yet is there one whose eyes were upon thee, and whose vengeance will surely overtake thee. Go, I warn thee to flee from the wrath that is coming!"

Jason St. Croix remained some seconds with his eyes fixed intently upon the spot where the woman disappeared. The cold sweat started out in large drops upon his face, and his limbs shook as if he was seized with an ague fit.

"She is no woman," he muttered, to himself, as he spurred his horse onward, "but a very fiend! But were she twice the fiend that she is, she should not stand between me and my promised bride!"

He reached Elrington castle in safety, and endeavored to drown all recollection of the scene through which he had just passed, by large draughts of wine. But it was in vain; those black eyes seemed to be burning into his very soul, and the tones of that strange mysterious warning still sounded in his ears.

"Pshaw," he exclaimed, after an ineffectual effort to banish it from his mind, "it is a mere suspicion on her part, she can know nothing about it. But let her, too, beware; for by the God that made me, if she crosses my path again, I will send her where her babbling tongue will keep quiet for the future!"

Once more Lord Vernon's castle is all bustle and activity. The bells ring forth a merry peal, for it is the bridal day of the sole daughter of his house and heiress of all his wealth, Lady Blanche, the rose of Glen Valley.

A murmur of mingled pity and admiration filled the church as the bride entered. Her face was almost as pale as was the costly veil, whose ample folds fell nearly to her feet, and it bore the impress of deep-seated melancholy. She looked more like a corpse than a bride, and the whole proceeding resembled far more a funeral than a merry bridal. The bridegroom soon entered, whose haggard countenance indicated that he had passed a sleepless night.

No applause followed his entrance, even among his own retainers, for he bore no resemblance to the late earl, his predecessor, whose affable and engaging manners had made him a general favorite. His morose, unsocial disposition and haughty bearing made him both disliked and feared.

As he took his place by the side of Lady Blanche, he looked little like a joyful bridegroom,

his manner was abstracted. and his eye wore an anxious and restless expression, and several times he gave a sharp, hurried glance around the church, as if fearing to meet some unexpected guest. He grew calmer, however, when the ceremony commenced.

When the man of God arose, and bade those, "who saw any just cause why this man and woman should not be joined in the bands of holy wedlock, to declare it now, or ever after hold their peace," it was considered by those who heard it as a mere matter of form, and they were startled by the sound of a deep hollow voice in their midst, which said, "Hold, I forbid the marriage!"

The bridegroom turned towards the place whence it proceeded. He started, and grew pale, as his glance fell upon the swarthy brow and flashing eyes of Cleopatra, the gipsy queen.

Unabashed by his angry glance, or the many eyes fixed upon her, she exclaimed boldly:

"I proclaim Jason St. Croix, falsely called Earl of Elrington, to be a foresworn lover, a false knight, a treacherous and cruel kinsman, and a murderer, and therefore no fitting mate for the pure and gentle lady Blanche Vernon."

"It is false; she is mad!" said St. Croix, hoarsely; "let the ceremony proceed."

"Fool," muttered the woman, "you rush on your own destruction."

"Walter, Earl of Elrington," she added impressively, turning towards a man who sat in the back part of the church, muffled up in a large cloak, "come forward and prove the truth of my assertion."

At these words the man arose, and throwing back the cloak, revealed a face, which though pale and ghastly, bore a strong resemblance to the young earl's. Then walking deliberately up the aisle, he approached the altar, and fixed his eyes sternly on the countenance of the guilty man.

When Jason St. Croix's eyes fell upon him, he stood like one transfixed with horror. Then throwing his arms wildly above his head, as if to protect himself from his further approach, he fell heavily to the floor, blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils.

All but one, among that horror-stricken group, supposed it to be the spirit of the unfortunate man, who had returned to take vengeance on his murderers, and feared to approach him. But Lady Blanche, rushing forward, threw herself wildly upon the bosom of her lover, obtaining convincing proof as she did so, from the warm kisses that fell upon her cheeks and lips, that it was no spirit, but her own dear Walter in *propria*, person.

When they lifted Jason St. Croix from the place where he had fallen, they found that life had departed, he having ruptured a large blood vessel.

It seems that the wounds given to the young earl were not, as his murderers supposed, mortal. His plunge into the river, instead of rendering his death certain, restored him to consciousness, and when he arose to the surface, he made a desperate effort to regain the shore. In this he would not probably have been successful, for he was very weak from the loss of blood, had it not been for the gipsy queen, who was crossing the river in a boat with some of her followers. She picked him up, and conveying him to her tent, nursed him through the long and dangerous illness that followed, with the most devoted and tender care.

The earl became aware, on his recovery, of his cousin's usurpation of his estates and title, also of his betrothal to the Lady Blanche, but retaining a grateful sense of his indebtedness to the heroic woman to whom he owed his life, and who, in spite of all, still cherished a strong affection for his treacherous cousin, he allowed her to warn him, hoping that it would induce him to flee the country, delaying for that purpose, his appearance until the very last moment.

There was another bridal day appointed, at which there were happy and smiling faces; upon which day Lady Blanche, the beautiful rose of Glen Valley, gave her hand to Walter, Earl of Elrington, to whom she had long since given her heart, and who was well worthy of both.

Both the earl and countess tried to induce Cleopatra, the gipsy queen, to settle down in the neat, pleasant cottage the earl had given her. But they could not prevail upon her to give up her roving life, to which she was strongly attached. She made it a rule, however, to visit the Elrington manors as often as once a year, and the earl gave strict injunctions to all of his tenants that neither she nor her followers should be molested at these times.

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#### LOVE OF NATURE.

By swift degrees the love of nature works,  
And warms the bosom—till, at last sublimed  
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,  
We feel the present Deity, and taste  
The joy of God to see a happy world.—THOMSON.

#### ELEGANCE.

To these restless grace impart,  
That look of sweetness formed to please;  
That elegance devoid of art,  
That dignity that's lost in ease.—CARTWRIGHT.

#### GENEROSITY.

The secret pleasure of a generous act  
Is the great mind's great bribe.—DRYDEN.

[ORIGINAL.]

## BIRD OF HOPE.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Come, sweet Hope, come back to me—  
Bird of song so blithe and free!  
Come, and fold each snowy wing  
Close about my heart, and sing.  
I will listen evermore,  
Love thee as I loved of yore;  
Nor in sorrow, doubt, or pain,  
Will I send thee forth again.

I was tired of human life,  
Dark temptation, sin and strife;  
Each without its shape of guile  
Sought to lure with hollow smile;  
Till the blossoms all were dead,  
And the pleasant light had fled:  
O, I've been so sad and lone  
That the singing-bird hath flown!

Bird of Hope, and where art thou?  
Long, so long, thou tarriest now!  
Dost thou bide in summer bowers,  
Where the southern orange-flowers,  
With the roses snowy white,  
Incense-laden, bless the light?  
Is it there, sweet bird of spring,  
Thou hast plumed thine airy wing?

Dismally the bleak winds sigh,  
Whispering, as they hurry by,  
"Once this heart was full of day,  
Gladdened by the sunny May."  
All the purple blooms are dead,  
Sombre shadows reign instead;  
Come to me, thou lovely guest!  
Come, and soothe this vague unrest!

I will fold my hands and wait  
For thy coming, bird of fate;  
Till I hear the rushing sound  
Of thy pinions homeward bound.  
Softly—thou art come, I know,  
By my sad heart's throbbing so;  
Thou art come, and evermore  
Wilt thou tarry as of yore!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RESCUE.

## A TALE OF THE LAST WAR WITH ENGLAND.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCORN.

"AMERICANS, are you? We'll see about that presently; in the meantime, just pack your traps and pass them into the boat, there. As for those bits o' paper, look! you can judge how much I value them." And the speaker—a burly, English naval lieutenant—tore the two protections in a dozen pieces, casting them in the faces of the men he addressed, when, turning away with an

ironical smile upon his countenance, he addressed Captain Mills, who stood near, an angry but helpless spectator of the scene, demanding, "How much more of this trash have you to bring forward to support the assertion that your crew is composed entirely of Americans?"

"None," was Captain Mills's decisive rejoinder. "You will not dare to remove those men whose protection you have just destroyed?"

"Will not dare! Ha, ha, ha! you shall see. I'll trouble you to muster your crew, my fine fellow. And, hark ye! just smooth the wrinkles in your brow, or you'll find yourself somewhat short-handed when I leave you."

And again the insolent puppy, conscious of his power, indulged in a provoking chuckle, which the gallant Mills suffered to pass unnoticed, while he hastened to his cabin, to escape further insult or provocation, while the two seamen, whose protections he had destroyed, stood immovable at the gangway, gazing with lowering and compressed lips at the scene.

"Do you hear, you lubber?" demanded the English officer, approaching. "Be off, and pack your traps; if they are not in the boat in fifteen minutes, you go without them."

"We go without them, then," said Will Harding, one of the twain. "If you take us to serve your rascally king and country, I reckon you'll have to find us toggery; for you can set me down for a marine, if ever I stain Yankee cloth by wearing it in any such service."

"Rascally king, eh? You've got a lesson to learn, and perhaps I sha'n't take particular pains to impress it on your memories. Into the boat with you." Adding to the midshipman who accompanied him, "See those lubbers into the boat, Mr. Howard, and if they show sulky, just give them a taste of the darbies." And the speaker turned away to proceed with his inspection of the crew, from which he had called the best men in the person of our heroes, and which he now viewed with contemptuous disdain, deeming them beneath the usual standard of seamen, and consequently beneath his notice.

As he turned from contemplation of the little crew, one of the latter brought forward his right hand, which he had hitherto held concealed in his rear, and suddenly elevating it, darted an egg at the retreating officer, which struck him on the right shoulder, bespattering his brilliant uniform, and emitting a stench which at once betrayed its putrescence to all.

Turning quickly, his glance rested on the offender, a mere youth, ere he could regain his former position, when bounding towards him, he grasped him by the shoulder, apparently, medi-

tating instant and summary vengeance for the insult, when a simultaneous movement of the crew to the aid of their messmate induced him to pause, when he hissed :

"You've earned your rations and a berth aboard a king's cruiser, young man; into the boat with ye. Once on the deck of yonder sloop, your accuracy of aim shall be made subservient to a better cause than to which it has been recently devoted."

"Not by a jugful, Mr. Officer! If you take me out o' this craft, you've got to do it by force, an' then I'm a soger if you don't wish you hadn't, 'cause I've a peccoliar method of renderin' my presence extremely disagreeable to sich gentry as you be."

The Englishman heard the youth with a smile of contempt, then with an expressive gesture to his adherents, rudely pushed the brave youth toward them, when they seized and ironed him, and in that helpless state, passed him into the boat, in which his two messmates already lay, suffering the indignity of the shackles.

Three minutes later the officer, with his odorous uniform, had embarked, and the boat with his three captives was dancing over the billowy space intervening between the respective vessels of the captor and the captured.

The scene just described, occurred on board the bark *Helen Sears*, of Salem, on her return passage from the Levant, whither she had been on a trading voyage, just prior to the declaration of the war of 1812 by the American Congress, and at a moment when her master and crew, cheered by a view of the northern headland of Massachusetts, looked upon their voyage as already brought to a successful termination.

Aware of the insolent outrages so frequently perpetrated upon the persons and against the liberties of American seamen, by the officers of Great Britain's cruisers, Captain Mills had viewed the rapid approach of the English sloop of war, disregarding all her signals to heave to; a round shot through his foresail warned him of the necessity of instant compliance, when hauling his course up, he braced up his head yards, coming to with his maintop-sail to the mast, about two hundred yards distant from, and on the starboard bow of the sloop, which holding way some fifteen minutes longer, rounded to on the barque's weather beam, and lowering away her first cutter, sent her to board the latter with the object we have seen carried out so successfully.

Captain Mills's crew were to a man, Americans, natives of the north shore, and personally known to him prior to their shipment for the voyage,

some of them being more or less related to him by blood or marriage, and one—the youth above mentioned—being his own and eldest son, who was making his initiatory voyage.

The worthy captain's emotions, on being informed of the imprisonment of his son, may be more easily imagined than described. Suffice it that ere the sloop's boat had succeeded in gaining three lengths from the barque, he appeared on the latter's quarter rail, loudly demanding his boy's release, and offering any sum his captors might demand, as ransom for his release. But the only reply vouchsafed by the irate officer was an insulting laugh, followed by an order to his crew to "give way with a will," adding to the distressed father :

"You can have him after I've done with him, if you'll only take the trouble to claim him."

"Captain Mills," said the mate, at this instant laying his hand on his superior, "take my advice and let that fellow go for the present. Bob wont come to much harm for the next four and twenty hours, and by that time we can effect his rescue, or I'm mistaken."

"Effect his rescue!"

"Ay. Just squint at the southeast; there's more'n a capful o' wind there I reckon, an' that Britisher'll find himself embayed an' on a lee shore 'fore he's aware of it, while here we are, well in with the land, an' can make a port with this breeze in less than three hours. Ran the barque into Glo'ster, and mark my words, I'll be on the track of that fellow 'fore dark, with as fleet a vessel and as staunch a crew as ever sailed under the flaunting flag of England. We can do nothing as we are; but with the aid of a hundred trusty fishermen, we can take that brass-bottomed serpent, or my name aint Ned Burbank."

"Would you attempt it?"

"Would I! Would you attempt to rescue Bob?"

"Ay, if it cost me my life."

"He is your son—my brother and my only sister's husband are his companions—without them I shall never see home again."

"Thank you, Burbank," exclaimed the captain, accompanying the words with a fervent pressure of the hand, adding, "Fill away the mainyard, and give her the muslin. It shall be as you propose. Up helm, there; keep her north-nor'-west." And the old man sprang to the braces to aid in the execution of his orders, which were speedily fulfilled, when the *Helen* bore up for Gloucester harbor, in which she anchored three hours later, followed by a score of fishing vessels of various tonnage, to whose

crews Captain Mills communicated tidings of the outrage just perpetrated on board the barque.

'Twas two P. M. when the barque anchored, and ere the hour of four, the plan conceived by Mr. Burbank for the rescue of the captives was in a fair way of being carried into execution. The news of the outrage had been conveyed ashore as soon as the barque came to, when it spread like wild-fire through the adjoining towns, creating the wildest excitement, and engendering a unanimous spirit of resistance to such oppression, and desire to punish the oppressor.

With the tidings of the outrage, had been told those of the intended rescue, when all who could be of any service posted to the beach, ready to volunteer for the undertaking. In this manner were volunteers obtained, from whom one hundred trusty, well-trying seamen were chosen, who embarked in the schooner *Petrel*—a vessel of one hundred and thirty tons, under the command of Captain Mills, and Mr. Burbank, when the vessel was got under weigh; having received, in even the short period allotted to the task, a full supply of water and provisions for all hands, for at least a week's cruise.

Clearing the harbor, Captain Mills crowded all sail to the southward on the starboard tack, until he made the light on Cohasset, at eight P. M., when he tacked to the eastward, holding all fast, although the breeze, having settled in the southeast, continued to freshen gradually, forcing the gallant little vessel, with his eager freight of manly hearts, through the rising billows at a rapid rate.

Leaving Mills and his devoted crew to continue the chase through the night, we will convey our readers to the deck of the English sloop, placing them there at the moment her boat, with its crew, the first lieutenant and his three captives, rounded to under her gangway.

"Did you meet with opposition, Mr. Williard?" demanded the commander of the sloop, ere his first lieutenant could move from his position in the stern sheets, upon the boat dropping under the gangway.

"Not much, sir; but I received an unpardonable insult—an insult to the flag in my person," he continued, mounting the side, "which with your permission I shall wipe out at the gangway on the back of its perpetrator."

"Whew, Williard, whose henroost have you been robbing? One would think from the peculiar odor shed by your clothing, you had been meddling with the domestic arrangements of some barnyard fowl."

"Ay, that's it," exclaimed the enraged lieutenant, rendered furious by the cool, sarcastic

tones of his commander. "I've got him, and will teach him to throw rotten eggs, blast him!"

"O, by all means, Mr. Williard. Which of those three jail-birds is the offender?" said the captain, glancing at the captives in the boat, which was now dropping under the quarter davits.

"The youngest, sir, a rank rebel as ever breathed."

"We'll tame him. And the others?"

"Are of the same kidney; all cook-a-hoop with their protections, when I did them the honor to claim them as Englishmen."

"And then?"

"I tore the bits of parchment before their eyes, having taken a decided fancy to them, and here they are."

"Right; we'll make them Englishmen before we've done with them. But are these all?"

"All that were worth having. I brought the best men I could find." And touching his hat in reply to the bow with which his superior received this last assertion, the first lieutenant sought the wardroom to effect a change in his uniform, the odor of which was far from being agreeable.

Our three heroes had by this time been safely landed on deck, where they were accosted by the captain, who professed to believe them English.

"Well, my precious bantams, aint you ashamed to be caught in such rebellious company as those Yankees, and sailing under their flag, while our king spares no expense in fitting out such trim-built craft as this for your special accommodation?" The men made no reply, whereon he resumed: "Speak, you lubbers! Answer me, if you do not desire a taste of the cat."

Still no reply, whereat the gallant commander became thoroughly enraged, applying to them the most opprobrious epithets, until endurance became impossible, when the fearless Bob Mills rejoined:

"I guess yeou'll find us Yankee tu the backbone, mister, ef yeou'll on'y keep on talkin', an' take off these darbies."

"Eh, what's that, you scoundrel?" roared the captain, rendered furious by the implied threat.

"Do ye like eggs, cap'n?" continued the fearless young madcap. "'Cause ef yeou du, yeou'd better make sail arter the old man; he's got any number he'd let yeou hev cheap, bein' they aint so fresh's they might be."

A suppressed titter among the sloop's crew welcomed the proposal, and served to enrage her commander still more, who sputtered out:

"Seize that scoundrel up, quarter-master! Give him eggs, curse him! Flog the flesh off his bones!"

A quarter-master moved reluctantly to execute the order, and proceeded to remove Bob's irons, in order to make a spread eagle of him, when the latter, on finding his hands free, quickly darted his right hand into the face of the former, causing him to execute a summerset, and then, gaining the commander's side with a bound, ere the latter had time to ascertain his object, had gained possession of his sword, with which he bounded into the waist, and placing his back against the bulwark, brandishing his weapon, said:

"Flog me, will ye? Come on! You can kill me where I stand; but the English lash is yet unmade that will draw the first drop of the Yankee blood from Bob Mills's veins!" And the heroic youth brought the point of his sword to a level with his breast, ready to defend himself against any attack.

For a moment the captain was dumb-founded, when recovering himself, he ordered some of those nearest him to disarm the young hero; but the attempt proved a failure. One fell, cloven to the chin; a second reeled back, howling, exhibiting a handless arm, and a third fell, pierced through, when their companions retreated, appalled by the prowess of the young hero, who seemed within himself a host.

Even Captain Wilmont paused in admiration of the courage with which that fearless boy defended himself, defying his whole ship's company, and hesitating, reluctant to order the marines to shoot him down, entered into parley.

The boy-hero refused all terms, until assured that both he and his messmates would be spared the indignity of the lash, when making their instant release from irons a term of the armistice, and beholding it complied with, he resigned his weapon, and with his messmates were led below, where the rough tars met them with a hearty welcome generally, a few remaining aloof from an attachment to their messmates who had fallen in the attempt to obey their commander.

Although the latter had, complied with young Mills's demand at the moment, he had no intention to permit such a young tiger to remain at large, and ere an hour had elapsed, had him once more in irons, and safely deposited on the sloop's deck, from which he assured him he should come, only to hang at the sloop's fore-yard arm.

The sloop had been heading easterly of south, when lying close-hauled on the starboard-tack; but soon after the confinement of young Mills a second time, the wind veered into southeast,

obliging the sloop to tack to make an offing. Once fairly rounded, Captain Wilmont levelled his telescope to the southeast, where a speck or two was visible in the horizon, when after a few minutes' scrutiny he ordered sail to be shortened, adding to his first lieutenant:

"If I mistake not there comes the van of a fishing fleet, and as we must have men, we cannot do better than relieve them of all they can spare. Those Yankees are the right mettle after all; a crew of the grit exhibited by that young scamp in irons would prove invincible."

"Yes, sir; but I fear we should never succeed in rendering their courage available."

"We must run the risk, however. Let them once stand on an English deck, and 'twill go hard with them if I cannot make their courage subservient to British interests."

This remark reached the ears of Will Harding, who with his messmate, Joe Burbank, had been suffered to remain at liberty, and who now turned away, murmuring:

"Perhaps you may; but I shouldn't be surprised if you found that ere fishing fleet worse than a nest of hornets round your ears." And descending to the berth deck, he sought his chum, Burbank, whom he found in confab with a group of seamen, who on his approach, hailed him as a countryman, and from whom he learned that one-third of the sloop's crew, at least, were Americans.

To them he made known Captain Wilmont's avowed intention, which they heard with pleasure, as it bid fair to increase their number, when they hoped to be able to effect their escape in a body by taking possession of the sloop, and carrying her into some minor port on the coast, as they had already bound themselves by a solemn oath to never fight for the advance of British interests. They moreover assured them of the ultimate safety of their heroic countryman, vowing that ere a single hair of his head was injured, their heart's blood should be spilt in his defence. And that vow would have been kept, had circumstances rendered it necessary. His fierce onslaught a few hours previous had aroused their slumbering courage, and from that moment each Yankee heart in the vessel had nominated the youth as the leader of their little band, looking upon him as did their fathers on the "hero of his country," as a leader sent by Heaven to open the path to them from worse than slavery.

Caution was necessary, and they were cautious. Throughout the remainder of that day, three of the disaffected portion of the crew were seldom seen together; yet the spirit of revolt was rapidly disseminating through the ship, em-

bracing within its circle ere eight bells in the first watch, not only every American, but also quite a number of native-born Britons, who evinced as much eagerness as their transatlantic cousins to enjoy the sweets of immunity from British tyranny, as illustrated in the discipline maintained by Captain Wilmot.

At eight bells the fleet, some eight or ten sail, running for a harbor, were almost within hail of the sloop, when the latter fired a gun to leeward as a signal for them to lie by till morning, which, however, was totally disregarded by the majority of the fleet; one or two only rounding to under the lee of the sloop in obedience to her signal, while the others, taking advantage of the darkness, and their proximity to land, shaded all lights, and crowding sail, effected their escape.

Aware of this fact, and the fruitlessness of, as also the extreme peril attending a chase, Captain Wilmot resolved to make sure of those who remained under his lee, and with a view to do so, contrary to the resolution first formed, ordered the first and second cutters away, instructing the officers in charge to bring off every seaman they could find in the schooners, leaving only the master, mate and cook of each to work them into port.

This order was obeyed to the letter. Ere an hour elapsed, the boats returned, bringing collectively, twenty-three able and ordinary seamen, who had composed the fishing crews of the vessels in question, and who, on gaining the sloop's deck, were instantly ordered below, where their sinking spirits were cheered by the cordial welcome extended by their countrymen, who lost no time in imparting their scheme, which was rapidly arriving at maturity, and the success of which this last addition to their number led them to view as certain.

Throughout the night, the sloop lay under topsails, head reaching off shore; but making little progress through the water, Captain Wilmot being desirous to make still further additions to his number ere he bore up for the West Indies, to which he was bound; and as the thick haze of night gradually dispelled, he was roused by his second officer, who reported a large schooner, lying to on their weather-beam, evidently well manned, from whose crew he suggested the possibility of obtaining still further reinforcements.

Ere five minutes elapsed, Captain Wilmot had taken a stand on the sloop's quarter-deck, and was viewing the schooner through his glass, when having subjected her to a somewhat protracted scrutiny, he ordered the yards up sharp, hauling up to come within speaking distance.

An half hour elapsed, during which the vessels gradually noared each other, two men, exclusive of the man at the wheel being all that were visible aboard the schooner. But at the close of that period, her crew began to muster, one after another showing themselves, until some eighteen or twenty were visible.

"That fellow is well manned, even for a fisherman," said Captain Wilmot, at length, addressing his first officer. "Show him our bunting, and fire a gun to leeward. He will understand the signal, and drop down so that we can board him."

These orders were obeyed, when the schooner's mainsail was run up double reefed, and she began to set away to the windward, as if doubtful of the sloop's intentions, when the commander of the latter ordered a second gun to be fired, which failing in its desired effect, he ordered a round shot to be pitched into the retreating vessel, and all sail to be made in chase.

The shot went through the schooner's foresail, doing no further damage, however, when she fell off four points, which Wilmot perceiving, exclaimed:

"Ah, he finds we are not joking. Avast those sails; hold fast all. Have the first cutter piped away, Mr. Williard, and see that her crew are well armed. You will have odds to contend with in yonder vessel."

"Ay, ay, sir." And the first lieutenant issued the necessary orders, which were scarce executed, when Captain Wilmot hailed the schooner, now within speaking distance.

"Schooner ahoy."

"Ahoy."

"What vessel is that?"

"The Rescue."

"Where from, and where bound?"

"From Cape Ann, and bound to the rescue."

"Bound to where?" muttered the Englishman. "Did you catch that last word Mr. Williard?"

"Not clearly, sir; but I think he means *Kistogouche*, N.F., at least it sounded so to me."

"Ah, that must be it," rejoined the captain, when replacing the trumpet to his lips, he added, "Drop astern and lay by to leeward; I wish to send a boat aboard after some fish."

"Ay, ay," responded the captain of the schooner, as the latter fell off a half point to a course, which if persevered in, would most certainly lay her afoul of the sloop, which fact escaped the observation of the Englishman, who, satisfied that his game was ensnared, leaped down from the hammock nettings and repaired to his cabin.



Had he observed the eagerness depicted on the countenances of most of those on deck, he might have been led to suspect foul play somewhere; but he passed on, unmindful of all save the addition to his crew in perspective. The schooner had been readily recognized by several of those last pressed into the sloop, while the signal at her masthead was as readily recognized by Burbank and Harding, as the private signal of their late commander, from which fact they rightly inferred that he was near at hand.

This fact was rapidly communicated to their countrymen, and among the rest to their confined messmate, whose release was speedily effected by a small party, who bound the marine guard, hand and foot, leaving him confined in the prisoner's stead, while they removed the latter to the main deck.

This task had been in course of execution during the dialogue above given, and was completed ere Captain Wilmot sought his cabin, which he had scarce reached, when he heard the first lieutenant warning the schooner off to avoid collision. The warning hail was repeated, succeeded by a volley of tremendous oaths, which induced Captain Wilmot to hasten on deck, which he reached just in time to see the schooner run foul of his mizzen-rigging, and at the instant he heard the cry from an hundred throats:

"Our messmates! to the rescue!"

"Ha, what does this mean?" he demanded, hurrying aft; but pausing amazed at the numbers which came tumbling over the quarter rail, from the schooner, he turned to issue orders for defence, when he was tripped up by an athletic seaman—one of his own crew—and securely bound.

But little noise or confusion prevailed, while but little resistance was offered, so that ere five minutes elapsed, all was over, the daring fishermen in possession of the sloop, and the fearless young hero in the embrace of his father.

A few minutes sufficed to spike the sloop's guns, and bind her crew—i. e., all who made the slightest show of resistance—when Captain Mills and his gallant comrades repaired on board their own vessel, accompanied by over one hundred of the sloop's crew, who, to prevent or delay pursuit, cut up her remaining gear, to an extent which rendered new gear necessary ere sail could be made.

This done, the vessels were disengaged, all sail made on the schooner, whose crew bade adieu to the vessel of war with three groans of derision, and a loud, exultant cheer, over their bloodless victory.

Six hours later, the Petrel came to in Glou-

cester harbor, where her crew, with their new companions, were received with a warm welcome, and every demonstration of joy by the citizens, many of whom they had given up for lost, and whom they were overjoyed to meet once more.

In conclusion, Captain Mills and his companions learned what they would have been overjoyed to have known eight hours earlier, that war had been declared against England, the news having arrived during their brief absence, thereby clearing them of the charge of piracy on the high seas, to which, otherwise, they would have been liable.

Such is the substance of a yarn the writer once heard related by an old salt, who professed to have taken part in the rescue above described, for the truth of which he cannot vouch, however, yet is more than half inclined to admit, although no mention of the circumstances herein related, is made in the history of the last war, or the events which led thereto.

#### PIKE'S PEAK.

A Munchausen of a letter-writer says, "Another plan is to bore a hole in the side of the mountain, and fill it with coal and bitumen, a rousing fire is then built, and the proprietors sit around and 'blow it.' Shortly the gold begins to soften and melt, when quickly a stream of molten gold, as thick as your leg, runs out through the fire, and is caught in the moulds of sand made for the purpose, from whence the gold comes in sheets eight or ten feet square, of the thickness of first class boiler iron. Gold is too plenty here, in fact. A paper of tobacco will buy two tons of it. I am turning my attention to something different. I have found in the Gulch, from which I date this letter, lumps of gold nearly as large as a handsled, fairly encrusted with diamonds. I have dropped the gold business since, and have been steadily laboring in the diamond department. You will not believe me, perhaps, but it is a solemn fact that I have already collected a bin full of splendid diamonds, nearly as large as your fist—more or less. Among them are over one hundred larger than a piece of head cheese."

#### TAKING DOWN AN EXQUISITE.

There are some half-caste children living in Sydney; and these, semi-barbarous as they are, appear to have caught the smartness of their white compeers. There was one who used to sell oranges on the Circular Quay; and it was highly amusing to mark the easy way in which he would rid himself of a troublesome customer. One day, a slim exquisite, with an elegantly dressed young lady hanging on his arm, was tormenting the little black as he chattered for some fruit. The boy kept his temper for a time, but at length broke into a passion. "You, fellow, gentleman! You, gentleman, want three oranges for twopence? Why," and he tossed up his burnt sienna chin, "my mudder eat many better fellow than you for breakfast!"—*Footers' Life in Australia.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BROKEN HEART.

BY LEOLA W. KENDALL.

'Twas midnight, and the silvery moon  
Smiled lovingly on earth;  
The nightingale her sweetest tune  
Was warbling full of mirth.  
Fair Myra came with weeping eye  
To a stream, and kneeling low,  
She whispered to the listening sky  
Her tale of love and woe.

In girlhood's sweet and happy day,  
When friends around her clung,  
And every heart was light and gay,  
As mirthful songs she sung,  
Love's messenger in beauty came,  
With rosebuds on his way,  
And whispering softly Myra's name,  
He stole her heart away.

To Italia's fair and sunny skies,  
Where Beauty's throne is set,  
The artist bore his gentle prize—  
His timid "mignonnette."  
But, O, how changed!—the marble brow  
Bespeaks a world of care;  
No rosy hue is lingering now  
On the cheek so pale and fair.

A broken heart, a faithless love,  
A scared and blighted life,  
A beauteous star as those above—  
A young deserted wife!  
No kindred friends nor loved ones there,  
Far from her childhood's home;  
No shelter from the chill night air,  
Save heaven's azure dome.

She gazed in the placid stream—  
Its star-gemmed surface clear,  
And fancies with the moon's pale beam  
Her god's reflected there!  
A frantic plunge, with white arms thrown  
Towards the native shore,  
And upward glance a stifled moan,  
And life's short dream is o'er!

The moon shone on with tranquil ray,  
And kissed each tiny wave;  
While night-birds sung a tender lay  
O'er Myra's lonely grave.  
All earth is still—the beauteous scene  
Sweet holy dreams impart;  
But underneath that sparkling sheen  
There rests a broken heart!

They who are the most afraid of a cold or the cholera are the most likely to catch them: so it is with many other evils, mental as well as bodily. Like the nettle, they sting only the timid; grasp them firmly, and they are innocuous. Fly from them, and they pursue you; face them, and they are gone.

[ORIGINAL.]

## NELLY'S NOSE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

NELLY and I stood by the brook—the brook that ran like a little zigzag stripe of silver through a shrubby meadow, flushing red and gold in the early autumn. The glow of sunset drifted like a crimson mist over Nelly's white robe, and as she turned her head towards me, I saw that the ivory of her slender throat was stained with the same pink light. Her straw hat swung by its broad, green ribbons from her arm, and the heavy braids of her soft brown hair, falling over the little comb of wrought silver that was almost too slight to confine them, dropped their rippling lengths upon her shoulders.

Ah, my lover's heart, beating high with love and tenderness, called Nelly beautiful, though I knew all the while that no eyes but partial ones would have seen her so. Her features had no chiselled regularity—her complexion, though fair, was pale—her white forehead was quite too full and high for feminine beauty. Her mouth was no rosebud—its soft crimson curve was not dainty enough for that. But her eyes had something in their depths that reminded me of the flowing of the clear, bright waters at our feet; a sunny sparkle and a shadowy darkness, that sometimes, when they poured their full radiance upon me from under the fringed shelter of their lifted lids, quite dazzled me into the belief that they were nothing more nor less than stars prisoned in little rings of azure. The hair drooping back in heavy curves from the whiteness of her full forehead, had a tint like the underside of a robin's wing. The slightest possible flush of color lay always on the rounded oval of her cheeks—a color at once so faint and so fresh, you could think of nothing but apple-blossoms while watching it come and go on her face. Her slender figure had a mellow grace in every outline—her—but what is the use of going further? I might carry my description forward forever, dear reader, and you would never see her as I saw her then by the brookside—standing so near me that the hem of her fluttering garments swept my foot—the reflected light of the blood-red sunset pouring over her like a rosy baptism.

We had been talking about—about—I hardly like to tell you what, the subject was so very singular and unromantic for a pair of lovers to be discussing—about *noses*. Something suggested the topic, and we were soon deep in a merry controversy upon the respective merits of the different styles of olfactory organs distributed

among the human family. Long noses, short noses—straight noses and crooked noses—flat noses and humped noses—thin noses and thick noses—noses big and noses little—hooked noses and pug noses—all came under our laughing criticism.

Now Nelly's nose, be it known, had just the daintiest idea in the world of aspiring skyward—scarcely enough to be perceptible—but just sufficiently to give an arch, piquant expression to her face. I told her of it jocosely. Goodness gracious, the tempest that I raised!

(*Moral*: Never joke a woman about her looks. The dickens may be to pay if you do.)

You will notice that I have departed from the stereotyped method of story-writers, and thrown my moral in at the commencement. I am not accustomed to giving any such instructive turn to my articles, and was afraid I should forget it.

Well, Nelly resented it. Although I had not thought to offend, the flushed face, the pouting lips—the indignant sparkle of the dilating eyes, showed me that Nelly was not only wonder-struck, but provoked by my impudence.

She vowed that her nose didn't turn up a particle—that nobody had ever insinuated such a thing before—that her nose was not any worse looking than some other folks' noses she had seen in her life (I knew by the way in which she glanced at mine—a Roman on the largest scale—that *that* shaft was aimed at me). She said her nose was decidedly Grecian, as any one with half an eye might see—that Ned Hinton had said so (Ned Hinton was a sort of rival of mine—I hated him, and she knew it); that if I couldn't get anything better to do than to find fault with other people's looks, she should advise me to go where folks relished such meddling impertinence better than *she* did.

How long her pretty red mouth could have discharged such an unslackened torrent of indignant words, I don't know, for I interposed gently.

"But, Nelly, my dear—"

"You needn't call me your dear! I won't be 'deared' by any such great, cross, disagreeable, saucy man! *My* nose turn up, indeed! I tell you it's straight as an arrow."

"Why, Nelly, I know it's only just the slightest bit in the world—the merest trifle—but then there is no use denying that it *does* turn—"

A great, wide-open flash of Nelly's blue eyes checked the sentence. She turned her back to me in a huff, shrugging her shoulders angrily, and tearing, with a little defiant motion, the scarlet leaves from a bush that grew beside her—tossing them upon the brook, and watching them

as they floated away, like bubbles of fire, upon its bosom.

I waited a few moments, and then laid my hand coaxingly upon her arm. She shook it off spitefully.

"Nelly!"

She did not answer me—only flung a handful of the flame-colored leaves upon the water, and set her dainty lips together as she did it.

"Nelly!"

Another little cloud of fiery foliage fluttered gently down to the brook. Nelly maintained a frigid silence.

"Nelly Heath, you are a little vixen!"

She wheeled about with a suddenness that startled me.

"And you Chester Milt, are a great, unmanly stupid! My nose is no more of a pug than yours, and you know it."

"I didn't say it was, Nelly."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I didn't."

Words ran high. It was a regular out-and-out lovers' quarrel. Nelly looked as though she had a good will to bite me, and I—ungallant fellow—if I could have acted my pleasure, would have shaken the little tantalizing witch half out of her senses.

A blank silence of many minutes followed. Nelly twisted her hat ribbons off and on her slender fingers, while I, confused and irritated, fumbled away nervously at my vest pockets. As luck would have it, my fingers came in contact with a little folded paper, and a sudden flash of recollection, forgiveness and delight, thrilled over me at the touch. In it was a ring—a ring I had bought for Nelly that very day. I had forgotten to give it to her before; but now I would make a peace-offering of it, I thought. I drew it quickly from its resting-place, and unwrapped it carefully. Nelly caught sight at it as the light glimmered and sparkled on it. Her head was averted instantly.

"Come, Nelly," I said, reaching out my hand, "where's the use of quarrelling? Let's be friends."

The averted face was turned toward me a trifle—that was all.

"See, I have something for you, Nelly. Will you accept it?"

The head moved another trifle. I saw her steal a sidelong look from under her lashes at the ring, and a ghost of a smile rippled across the redness of her exquisite lips, as I crowded the fairy circlet on the end of my little finger,

and extended it towards her. Then she gave her head a haughty toss, as much as to say she would not be conquered so easily—drew down her features into an expression of the most profound indifference, and yawning with a pretty affectation of weariness, looked innocently up the brown, winding path that led to her home.

I knew the battle was half won, and with a quick, daring motion, caught one of her hands, and prisoned it firmly in my clasp. There was a short struggle—a little burst of laughter that *would* come, in spite of her efforts to restrain it, and then I released her. The ring was glittering on one of her taper fingers like a thread of sunshine. She did not thank me, but stood coquettishly silent, her head tipped archly on one side, her white lids drooping, till their lashes darkened her cheeks. A bashful color drifted into her face—a smile, half pleased half pettish, provoked her mouth, and she drew the slender golden circlet backward and forward upon her finger with a childish air of uncertainty, coyness, and embarrassment.

All at once she looked up into my face, opening her blue eyes to a dazzling width, and arching her brows with a coaxing, aggrieved manner peculiarly her own. Then she stole a little soft hand forward, and dropped it, with a shy, fluttering motion, like the fall of a white dove's wing, upon my arm.

"My nose *doesn't* turn up, *does* it, Chellie? Say no, there's a dear, good boy."

Chellie was a pet name she had given me, because, as she said, Chester was so hard to speak, and Chet was a disagreeable nickname.

"Really, Nelly, I can't fib for you. Your nose is just the sweetest, prettiest, dearest little nose in all Christendom—I think so truly—but for all that, I must say it has a slight, a very slight—but the deuce, Nelly! Why need you get so angry about it?"

She had snatched her hand from my arm while I was speaking, and a quick rush of angry blood suffused her face as I finished.

"Here, take back your old ring, you hateful, cross creature! I won't wear it!" And she drew it off with a gesture of superb disdain, and reached it toward me. "Take it, I say," she added, with a stamp of her slippered foot, seeing that I made no movement to accept it, "or else, I'll—"

She held it threateningly over the brook.

"Very well, miss. It is yours to do what you like with." I folded my arms haughtily, for I had my share of pride as well as she, and she had roused it. "There is no great loss, I have heard, without some small gain. I shall at least

lean in what estimation my gifts are held. That will be some advantage."

A scornful movement of Nelly's arm was my answer. The ring fell into the dimpled waters. There was a bubbling sound as it wound slowly downward through the silver tide; and we both watched it with a sort of sympathetic fascination till it settled, a tiny golden speck, on the pebbly bottom of the brook. The waters were shallow, and a single dipping of my arm might have saved it. But I would have scorned to act so boyishly. I was thoroughly angry, and drawing myself up proudly, I stalked away with the majesty of an insulted emperor. Not before I had seen the rapid cloud of regret that swept over Nelly's face, however. I carried that with me for a triumph and a consolation.

Strange as it may seem, I had not walked half a dozen rods, before my wrath was entirely dissipated. I loved Nelly Heath to distraction, and Nelly Heath loved me. Why should I take such child's play to heart? Were we not engaged lovers, and was not that the first difference we had ever known? Should I let a moment's anger conquer years of love? If I couldn't bear with her coqueries and peevishness *once*, was I fitted for the dearer relation I soon hoped to hold towards her? I was ashamed of myself, and turned to retrace my steps, vowing, as I did so, with a returning rush of lover-like tenderness, to reconcile her in spite of herself.

But I thought I would give her a surprise. I would see what she was doing—notice how my sudden and angry departure had affected her. So I stole back noiselessly by a roundabout path, dropped down quietly behind the very bush from which she had torn the leaves so petulantly a few moments before, and pushing aside the branches glanced through.

Jubilate! I could have kissed her with delight. She knelt on the bank, one round arm bared and dipped even to the curve of her polished shoulder, in the brook, over which she was leaning eagerly. She was trying to reach the ring, I knew; but the waxen arm, outlining its ripe, firm whiteness in the water, was all too short for the task.

"What a ridiculous little goosey I am," I heard her whisper to herself, "to get so excited about nothing. What will he think of me? But, any way, he oughtn't to have said so about my nose." Here she threw herself back with a pant of exhaustion. "I'm sure it *don't* turn up a bit (she pouted, and with a disturbed smile, drew her hand doubtfully over the questionable organ, flattening the end of it with a comical gesture down upon her lip); if I thought it did—I'd—I'd—but it *don't*!"

And with this consoling exclamation she returned to her task. In her eagerness, she forgot to steady herself. 'The yielding turf gave way beneath her weight, and with a faint cry, and a vain attempt to save herself, she fell forward into the water. Before I had time to rise from my crouching posture, she had struggled to her knees, and sat there in the brook, looking about her with a glance that was made up of fright, chagrin and mirth. She shook out her saturated hair, and a shower of pearls rained down about her dripping shoulders. Then the air trembled with a peal of the merriest, most delicious laughter that ever issued from human lips.

I sprang up and confronted her. Her face reddened instantly, and she made an ineffectual attempt to rise; but her long skirts (hoops were not yet come in fashion) were tangled in a clinging, unmanageable mass beneath her, and held her.

At first she looked as if she hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; then the ludicrousness of her situation recurred to her again, and another musical trill of merriment rang through the meadow. "Help me out, Chellie."

I folded my arms with a grim smile of satisfaction, and replied:

"No, miss, you are on your knees to me now, and I mean to keep you there a while. Our positions are reversed from what they were a few months ago. You must promise better fashions for the future, before I help you."

"But, Chellie, my dear—"

"You needn't call me your dear. I won't be 'deared' by such a little shrew."

"Do—do—help me—I shall drown, Chellie!"

"On one condition."

"What is it?"

"You shall say yes to the next three questions I ask you."

She hesitated. "I won't make any such promise. If you wasn't a monster you wouldn't stand there so coolly. I tell you I'll drown, if you aren't good."

"Do, dear. I should like to see you do it in two feet of water."

"Chellie, dear Chellie (she said it with a little grimace), I promise."

"Well, then, don't you think your nose is a pug—a horrid pug?"

"No—I'll stay here forever before I'll say yes."

"All right, madam." And I turned to leave.

"Chellie, come back. I don't know but it is a pug, now, but it *won't* be if ever I get on dry land again."

"No, that won't do. Does your nose turn up?"

"Yes, it is turning up at you this minute, you obstinate old tyrant."

"Very well answered, Miss Nelly. Now for the second question. Do you love me best of anybody in the whole world?"

"Ye—n—no—yes! I'll pay you for this when I get able."

"All right. And now for the third and last. Will you marry me in six weeks from to day?"

Nelly's brown head drooped till her crimson cheeks almost burned upon the water. Then she looked up reproachfully.

"For shame, Chellie!"

But I was merciless. I had been tortured and tantalized and coquetted with long enough. I would have my answer.

"I suppose you don't like to give me a plump 'yes' for that. I'll be kind; if you *think* 'yes,' but can't *say* it, just put out your arms to me, Nelly, dear."

There was a struggle—I saw it daguerreotypied in her face. Then, as if from a sudden, irresistible impulse, she made a loop of her white arms, and reached them up toward my neck. I stooped—put my head under her snowy yoke, threw one arm around her shoulders—and drew her up, half laughing, half sobbing, into my arms.

"Now get the ring for me, Chellie," she said, struggling from my embrace.

"But the water is so roiled, I can't see."

"Just try—that's a darling."

I was willing to do most anything to oblige her just then. So I knelt down where she had knelt before me, and bent forward, looking long and searchingly into the disturbed water. I could see nothing through the muddy waves. So I told her. Just then I felt her two hands on my shoulders—a little, quick push, a merry laugh, a triumphant clapping of Nelly's rosy palms—and, reader (gracious knows, I hate to own it), I was floundering in the brook.

"I told you I'd have my revenge—I told you—you monster! Now how do you feel? My nose *doesn't* turn up—I *don't* love you best of anybody in the world, and I *won't* marry you till—I get ready!" And gathering up her dripping skirts she bounded away.

A very demure little woman has just sidled up to my desk, and read the above. It is Mrs. Chester Milt. Now she has me by the ears—O, mercy—how she pulls! She says I must tell you, Mr. Ballou, and you, dear readers, that her nose *isn't* a pug—that it's purely Grecian in style. Well, so be it—her nose *doesn't* turn up an atom.

P. S. She has gone (in confidence to the reader). Her nose *is* a pug. I swear it, by yonder cradle. Adieu.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE APPLE-TREE IN THE LANE.

BY MRS. S. F. RESERVE HAYES.

It stood close by where, on leathern hinge,  
The gate swung back from the grassy lane;  
Where the cows come home when the dusky eve  
Its mantle threw over hill and plain.  
Its branches, knotty and gnarled by time,  
Waved to and fro in the idle breeze,  
When the spring days wore a blushing crown  
Of blossoms bright for the apple trees.

Its shadow fell o'er the crystal stream,  
That all the long bright summer days,  
Like a silver thread mid the waving grass,  
Reflected back the golden rays  
Of the noonday sun, that madly strove  
To drink the fount of the brooklet dry;  
But the light clouds showered tear-drops down,  
Till the glad brook laughed as it gilded by.

Never were apples half so sweet—  
Golden russet striped with red:  
As those that fell on the yielding turf,  
As we shook the branches overhead.  
A trysting-place for youthful friends  
Was the apple-tree, in days of yore;  
And oft we've sat beneath its shade,  
And talked bright dreams of the future o'er.

And when the warm October sun  
Shone on the maple's scarlet robe,  
We gathered apples smooth and fair,  
And round as our own mystic globe.  
The stately hemlock crowns the hill,  
And dark pines rise above the plain;  
But one we prize far more than they—  
The apple-tree in the pasture lane.

Long years have passed, and cows no more  
Come home at night through the grassy lane;  
Where the gate swung back on leathern hinge,  
I stand and gaze on the far-off plain.  
No more we list to the music low  
Of the crystal stream, as it ripples on;  
And the apple-tree, in the pasture lane,  
Is but a dream of the days bygone.

[ORIGINAL.]

## P E T E .

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

SOME years ago, I travelled on horseback through a portion of the interior of Virginia. It was near midsummer. One evening, while I was yet some miles from my place of destination for the night, I was overtaken by a thunder storm, which rose suddenly in the southwest. Looking about for a shelter of some sort, and perceiving a building upon a rising ground, ahead, I spurred on towards it as fast as possible.

The place afforded a shelter, and barely so. It

was a small, dilapidated outhouse of some description, and had apparently belonged to an humble dwelling, the chimney of which was still standing, a little way off. It had the appearance of having been destroyed by fire. A few rods further away, stood an edifice of very picturesque character. It was one of those quaint, old-fashioned churches, a very few of which are still left standing in Virginia, of which not only the model, but the bricks themselves, were brought from England.

Having been built in an exceedingly substantial manner, the walls of the church were almost entirely perfect; but all the wood work had gone to decay, and the owls and the bats had long been the sole tenants of the place. A luxuriant growth of creepers now mantled the walls, and hung in verdant fringes about the doors, and curtained the moss-grown windows with graceful festoons of living green. Close by the church was an old graveyard, which looked as if it might have been coeval with the earliest days of the colony. There was a stone wall around it, but it was much dilapidated, and quite in keeping with the ruined church and its "ivy-mantled tower."

Though common enough in Europe, such scenes are rare in this country, and I was much struck with the novelty as well as the beauty of this one. And it was beautiful—exceedingly—and in fine weather would have been doubly so. Magnificent trees, which might have been giants of verdure even in the days of Pocahontas, were scattered profusely over the face of the knoll, which was skirted on all sides by a dense forest, except where a grassy, lawn-like slope appeared, bounded by a swift running brook, which I could hear murmuring with unusual distinctness, in the almost supernatural stillness which precedes a thunder-gust.

But the fury of the storm soon began to mar the quiet beauty of the landscape, or rather to change it to a scene of grandeur and sublimity. The thunder rolled nearer, and longer, and louder; the trees began to toss their great arms wildly in the swift-coming blast; rain fell in torrents from clouds black as midnight; and the little brook became so swollen and so noisy, that it was distinctly heard above the uproar of the elements.

Just as the first drops of rain were beginning to fall, a gentleman rode up to the outhouse, coming from a direction opposite to that by which I had arrived. He at once followed my example, by entering and leading his horse in after him. The bridles were slipped off, and the animals were allowed to crop the grass, which grew luxuriantly in one corner, where the shanty had been un-

roofed, while we sat upon the ground, or sauntered about, and gazed out upon the storm.

The tempest raged furiously, and the rain fell like a vast water-spout, for half an hour or more, and then began to slacken, but still fell too fast to make riding in it endurable. Night closed in while the fury of the storm was yet hardly abated, but there was a moon, which though invisible, prevented the darkness from becoming oppressive.

It was a wild and weird-like scene, with the lone, ruined church and its white gravestones, lit up occasionally by the glare of the lightning, and the fierce storm-wind tossing the tree-tops, and sighing, moaning, shrieking and howling, as if tortured spirits from the graves below were careering on the wings of the blast. As the darkness increased, my companion and myself drew closer together, and ceasing to bestow our chief attention upon things without, began to beguile the dreary hours with cheerful conversation.

The name of my fellow-sufferer was John Wardour. He was an old-fashioned Virginia planter, and a good specimen of the breed. He was still, he told me, the occupant of the lands which his ancestors had settled, more than two hundred years ago, and which had remained in the family ever since. He was a frank, cheerful, good-humored, social and agreeable companion, not book-learned, but intelligent nevertheless.

Just as it became quite dark, we were joined by a third person, a nephew of Mr. Wardour's, introduced to me as Richard Clabrell. He was thoroughly drenched in rain, but the night was warm, and it did not seem to give him the least concern. He came to the old building with the expectation of finding his uncle there.

"Hark, Richard," cried Mr. Wardour, "don't you hear old Aunt Patience screaming 'Fire, fire, fire, fire!' as she runs down towards the branch? Don't you hear her?"

We all listened.

"It seems to me," said I, "rather more like some one calling a dog."

"I dare say you are right; but it sounded to me very much like Aunt Patience."

"And who is Aunt Patience?" asked I, "if I may be so inquisitive."

"She is a certain perturbed spirit, who wanders over these hills, on stormy nights, wrapped in flames, and rousing the echoes with her cries."

"I should think a rain like this would soon put her out, though she flamed ever so fiercely."

"The rains of thirty-five years have fallen upon her without effect. Her story is a negro

legend, or neighborhood tradition, and her ghost is firmly believed in by all the colored folks."

"Pray let me hear it."

"It is a very simple affair, amounting only to this: A savage old negro, a native African, called Uncle Bruff, once occupied the house of which the chimney you saw before dark is the only relic. He had received the house, which was quite a comfortable one, and his freedom, as a legacy from his old master. He was industrious, had a good deal of ingenuity, and was not a bad sort of a negro, upon the whole, when he was sober. When drunk, he was a fiend incarnate.

"Aunt Patience was Uncle Bruff's wife. She was quite a famous character in her way, being a noted negro doctress, sorceress, etc., and often consulted by the whites also. When in his sober senses, Uncle Bruff was kind enough to her, and a little afraid of her, in fact; but in his fits of intoxication, he used to beat her most unmercifully. These outbreaks, though rather more frequent than 'angel's visits,' did not occur oftener than once in six or eight weeks; but they rarely terminated without a battle, in which Aunt Patience, being the weaker vessel, was generally vanquished, and sometimes greatly abused.

"One windy night, about this season of the year, Uncle Bruff's house was seen to be on fire. There was at that time a negro cabin just beyond the branch. The people in it saw the flames, and ran in that direction. Just as they were approaching the stream, they saw a human figure, running towards them, all enveloped in flames, and screaming, 'Fire, fire, fire, fire!' as if in the last extremity of mortal agony, while another dusky figure was seen at the top of the hill, crying, 'Here, Bull! here, Bull! here, here, here!'

"The first figure was Aunt Patience, with her clothes all on fire, and her flesh half-consumed from her bones. She passed them like the wind, and when she reached the branch, which was full of water, plunged into it. The flames were of course extinguished, but she reached the water too late to save her life. Before she breathed her last, she told how Bruff had tied her to the bed-post, and then set fire to the house. She remained in confinement till the fire itself burned the cords and liberated her. She escaped from the house just before the roof fell in, and used the last remnant of her strength in a desperate effort to reach the water.

"Uncle Bruff was arrested, while sleeping off his debauch, tried, convicted and hung upon that great white-oak tree which grew before his door, and under the branches of which the deed of violence had been perpetrated. Ever since that time, particularly on stormy nights, the negroes

can hear, above the roaring of the tempests, the shrill cry of 'fire!' while the ghost of Aunt Patience flies down the hill, and a dusky figure stands at the top, shouting—"

"Here, Bull! here, Bull! here, here, here!"

It was not the narrator who pronounced these words, but a real, bona fide, "dusky figure," which we could dimly discern, near the summit of the hill, looking ghostly enough, in the cloud-covered moonlight, and uttering the very cry attributed to the phantom murderer. As the figure drew nearer, it disclosed the form and face of an elderly negro, who might have passed for a fac simile of Uncle Bruff.

"Hillo!" cried the story teller, hailing the ghost.

Thus adjured, the phantom came to a halt, apparently uncertain what to do.

"Peter, Peter! Ho, Peter!" shouted Mr. Wardour, again, at the top of his voice.

Do you know, gentle reader, that one of the surest tests by which to distinguish a southern man from any other sort of a man, is his mode of calling aloud to any one? Instead of successive repetitions of the name, each one terminating with the rising inflection, such as northern men would make use of, he calls out the name once or twice with the rising inflection, and then almost invariably utters a long "ho!" followed by another repetition of the name, to which, as well as to the "ho" itself, he gives the falling inflection, as in the above instance.

But (to return from the digression) a ghost must be spoken to, you know, as an indispensable preliminary to ulterior proceedings. This time the appeal seemed to be successful, for the dusky figure began slowly, and it would appear cautiously, too, to approach the shanty.

"Bless my soul and body, Mas' John, how glad I is to see you," cried the dusky figure, in a most unghostlike voice, and bringing into view a most unghostlike person.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, Uncle Peter?"

"O, Mas' John, dis ole niggah mos' gone; mos' done skeert to def!"

"What do you mean, old fellow?"

"Lor, bless me, marster, didn't you hear ole Aunt Patience, jis now, a yellin' like a painter?"

"No, I didn't. But I'll tell you what I did hear—I heard Uncle Bruff calling his dog Bull, just as plain as preaching."

"Shoh, now, Mas' John, you knows bery well dat was me a-callin' my Bull; and I do reckon it did soun' like Uncle Bruff, too."

"And so you think it really wasn't old Bruff?"

"Shoh, Mas' John, you's makin' fun o' me. But I did hear Aunt Patience, nebberwidstandin'; I did indeed, sir."

I may as well say to the reader now, what I learned afterwards, that the darling foible, the ruling passion, I may say, of old Uncle Peter, was the use of big words, real *sesquipedalia verba*, most of which he had picked up from an eccentric old physician with whom he had lived several years. Mr. Wardour was his master, but the old man, being a favorite, and also the husband of Mrs. W.'s nurse, had been permitted for a long time, to live where he pleased, and to keep all his earnings for himself.

"Well, Peter," said Mr. Wardour, "one thing is very certain; if any other darkey had been passing the hill, he would have sworn to the last hour of his life, that he had seen the ghost of old Uncle Bruff, and heard him call his dog."

"Lor' ha' mercy on us, marster; I never done 'flected on that once-t. An' I has been a-callin' Bull for de longes', too. And here comes de ole dog hisself dis bery minute. He done got strayed away somewhars, and I is so mortal feared dat de ole feller is gitten a hankeran arter de henial iniquerty of killin' sheep, dat I is been a-callin' of him, and a-perusin' de whole vicinity for him, for ebber so long; tell at las' I done hear Aunt Patience a screamin', as if she was tree or four ghosteses all biled down into one; and den I done got skeert, and started off a runnin' wid de velocity of a race horse, tell I done heard you a callin' me—and mighty glad I was, too, to find it was you."

"Well, Uncle Peter, it is hard work to teach an old dog new tricks; but I should think that you might have been cured of seeing and hearing ghosts by this time, as well as your master. You have not forgotten the old Elderbank house, have you?"

"Ah, Mas' John, you nebber did git de right disincumbration of dat affa'r, no how. De fac is, you can't trus' to de testament of your own seven senses, when dar is ghos'es about."

"That's very true, Peter; for I trusted to the testimony of your senses in that case; they deceived me in the most ridiculous manner."

"And didn't ye never find no deceiviveness about your own cow-stick orgums, marster?"

"Ah, there you have me, Pete. My own acoustic organs did not come off with flying colors in that affair, I must confess."

"But you don't discriminate correctly, Mas' John. You don't 'lowance efficiently for de fac' dat one gentleman mought hear a ghos', and annuder gentleman mought come arter and hear



somefin' altogedder separate and distinguished from the freemoners primerarily observed. And it's my 'pinion, marster, dat de cow-stick narves ob your y'ears is done got discombobberated a little, so dat you can't 'stinguish de delikit grabitations ob de soun's. 'Taint everybody what can hear ghoses, any more'n see 'em."

"Do pray tell us what it's all about," said I.

"Well," said Mr. Wardour, "is is merely an adventure—a very foolish adventure—that Uncle Peter and I had in an old house of mine. It had formerly been occupied by old Dr. Raven, an old friend of mine, and Peter had lived there a number of years. Though not a regular 'haunted house,' Peter would tell you that some queer things had been seen there—principally, I think, by Peter himself. However, with all its equivocalness of reputation, I purchased it, with the intention of fitting it up for my principal overseer. As I could not get workmen to go at it at once, it became necessary to employ some one to stay in it and take care of it. Peter, being a trusty fellow, was chosen for the purpose, and as his old woman was not willing to leave her poultry and other matters, he went thither alone. After remaining on the premises two days and two nights, my *locum tenens* came and told me that the house was haunted, and that nothing on earth would induce him to spend another night there; it would be as much as his life was worth. But Peter shall tell his own story. I have no desire to misrepresent him, certainly; but I really do not think that he has much confidence in my accuracy, in relation to such matters. At all events, he shall speak for himself. Tell us all about it, Uncle Peter."

"Well, gentlemen, you see, dough I was willin' enough to be master's loaf-an'-team-ends, as he calls it, I never had no great 'pinion of dat Eldebank house, no how. I never seed no ghoses dar, but I has knowed of very extrodinarius things havin' transfried thar. Ole Dr. Raven was a very onaccountable ole gentleman. A man what puts lightnin' into glass jars, and makes it jump out again and knock people down; and a man what kin make a little wooden duck dat'll come when it's called, and swim all about arter a piece o' bread—such a man wa'n't very likely to leave the most quietest o' houses behind him.

"But when I done went dar, to take the consolé of the place, I never 'lowed no sich concinerations to intervene wid my exchange ob de duties obtainin' to my profession. No, siree; I was jist as becalmed and disconcerted as I am this previous minute.

"Well, nuffin' of specious importance happened in de day time. I had a good big job o'

ditchin' to do dat day, and when night come, I was perfectly extarminated wid fatiguedness, and went to sleep widout knowin' it. Nex mornin', I was conscience of havin' had some mos' frightful dreams, ef I only could done 'membered 'em. Them dreams would a been enough to a done skeert the strongest o' minds—the mind o' Sampson hisself—from off'n de sentinel of its equarimity. But, lor' bless you, sir, I never minded 'em, no more'n ef dey hadn't been nothin' but de fantastagoriums of a morberly sensorius imagination.

"Mas' John knows what a diminative sort of a squeakin' little v'ice ole Dr. Raven had. Well, it seemed to me as ef I heard dat bery same ole soun', as ef de ole man was a makin' effits to wake me up; and yit I wasn't de leas' mite skeert, not tell de nex mornin'. Dat day, dar wa'n't no ditchin' to do, nor nothin' else, much; and when night come, I wa'n't much sleepy. I done made my bed up in de big dinin' room, close-t by de back winders. De wind done riz, jist as I went to bed, and ole Borax begun to blow his bellowses as ef he had wind to made for all de blacksmits in creation.

"I don't reconsider myself a skeery man in generally, but dat night I raly couldn't help feelin' a sorter kinder trepidation 'bout de pericornum, and a sort o' shatterin' cessation in de narves ob my jaws. De moon was a shinin', but de clouds done skewered de brightness ob it ebery now and den, so dat de landshape out o' doors had a skeery and onsartain look.

"I was jist gittin' into a little doze o' sleep, and at de same time lis'nin' to de howlin' ob de wind, when all at wunst I heard a little squeakin' v'ice, jis' outside de winder, singin' out, 'P-e-t-e!' It was ole Dr. Raven hisself, and nobody else; for nobody else couldn't a made sich a noise, ef dey done tried a hundred years. My gracious Lord and Marster knows it, I was nigher onto bein' skeert to def dan eber I was before sence de day I was borned. I was skeert all over, head an' foot, coat an' breeches, inside an' outside; and I didn't know what to do nor which way to turn. I was afeared to stay thar, and still afearder to run away.

"Arter keepin' my head covered up in de bed-clothes a long time, I done got a little more courageouser, and first I peeped out, and den I done got up and looked out'n de winder. Not a livin' soul was to be seed, 'ceptin de trees, and de clouds a-drivin' ober de tops ob 'em. I done went to bed agin, and I hadn't hardly time for to begin for to feel drowsy, when I done heard de ole doctor's ghos' agin, a-squeakin' out, 'P-e-t-e!' jist as plain as ef he war alive. Dis time it

seemed to make me narvous like, for I done bounced out o' bed like a trap-ball, and runned to de winder as quick as winkin'.

"Dough it was so 'zactly like de ole doctor, I still had a sort o' 'spicion how it mought be somebody a temptin' to play a trick on me. And, shore enough, it wa'n't. Thar wa'n't a livin' thing thar but de ghos', and dat mought as well not a ben, since it was perfec'ly visible, and couldn't be seed no how. By dat time, my bery livers and lights was a stewin' wid pure reprehension. De miracles ob my heart was a-beatin' theirselves to pieces agin de photogram, and I felt like I was actily in a 'tic'lar mortice (in *articulo mortis*, perhaps). Dat ar's Latin for dyin'. I larnt dat from de ole doctor hisself. He was great on Latin.

"I tell you what, gen'lemen, I would a guv my two fat hogs and my best turkey gobbler to be out'n dat scrape—and dat's no small thing to say. I'd a guv 'em all ef I on'y could a mustered pluck enough to a cut and run. But the ghos' was on de outside, and I could nyther reterograge nor intreat. Ef I on'y had de proper materiums, I could a exercised de ghos', and laid him flat on his back, in de bottom ob de Red Sea, 'longside o' ole Phareeo's chariot-wheels. But widout de materiums, you see, I couldn't a done it *segundy martem*, as de ole doctor used to say he done practiced, allers. And ef important affa'rs aint done *segundy martem*, dey better be let alone.

"Well, gen'lemen, de short and de long of it are, dat ebery single indevigewil time I shot my eyes and tried to go asleap, it wa'n't many minutes afore dat same squeakedy v'ice would cry out, 'P-e-t-e!' in de bery same identikill peculiarity of intoration what done belonged to de live Dr. Raven, afore he done shovelled off de immortal kile. 'Taint no small taters of a sarcumstance dat would keep me layin' awake de whole enduring night, but not one iotal of a wink did I git on dat memerble 'casion; and when I woked up nex' mornin' I had harly strenth enough lef to crawl ober to Mas' John, at de great-house, and tell him all about my knock-tarnal adventurs."

"Well," said Mr. Wardour, "that is the end of Uncle Peter's share of the narrative, which has been given in much better style than I could aspire to. It only remains to give an account of my own 'knock-tarnal adventurs' on the same spot, which I will do in as few words as possible.

"Curiosity as well as interest led me to inquire into the nature and properties of Peter's ghost, so that I might 'exercise' him, if possible, after my own fashion. With this view, I determined

to sleep alone in the same room which Uncle Peter had occupied. A bed was accordingly put up there, and about ten o' clock I took possession of the premises, with no other companions than a camphene lamp, a Colt's revolver, and one of Dickens's new novels. I had resolved to sit up till midnight, but no longer. It came to pass, however, that I became so much interested in 'Bleak House,' that one o' clock came and went without my having perceived it. In fact, it was near two before I obtained my own consent to go to bed, and up to that moment I had neither seen nor heard anything of the ghost.

"Nor did it seem that I was likely to be more successful after lying down. I kept my ears wide awake for some time, but all was quiet, and my 'cow-stick' apparatus gradually yielded to the approaches of sleep, and I became perfectly 'sound' on that question. I slept profoundly for some hours, and it is not probable that I would have waked before morning, if it had not been for the blowing down of a heavy door, which had been propped up the day before, to keep it out of the mud. It was close to one of the windows, and fell with quite a crash.

"As I lay listening to the howling of the wind without, I began to think that if his ghostship really intended to make himself heard, now was his time. Indeed, I don't know but that I had the folly to make a speech to that effect, to the shade, or rather the voice, of any possible Dr. Raven who might be within spiritual earshot. While this idea was still occupying my mind, I heard, just outside of the window, apparently, as good an imitation of old Doctor Raven's shrill enunciation of the word 'Pete,' as could well be conceived of by the most lively of imaginations. I might just as well confess what you all know to be truth, that I was a good deal startled, or—not to put too fine a point on it—I should perhaps even say frightened.

"I lay for some length of time, thinking the matter over, and truth obliges me to admit 'the soft impeachment' which memory wakes at stern conscience's bidding, that if it had not been for very shame's sake I would very probably have lain there all night. But the fact is, after ridiculing Peter's cowardice, and professing my own determination to sift his story to the bottom, it would hardly do to lie tucked up in the blankets till morning, with the ghost apparently playing his pranks at my elbow. So I mustered up the necessary quantum of resolution, sprang out of bed, lit my lamp, and dressed myself.

"In the meantime, the shrill cry of 'Pete!' had been twice or thrice repeated. I waited till it came again, and then, as suddenly and speed-

ily as possible, sprang out of doors. The wind was whistling, the tree-tops were twisting, and the moon was struggling through dense masses of clouds, the whole scene presenting an appearance very similar to that of the heavens and earth now before us. But no ghost, living or dead, could anywhere be seen.

"Ever since I heard Uncle Peter's story, I had been inclined to think that he had been made the dupe of some one, who had played a trick on him, either for his own amusement, or for some graver reason; and I thought it not improbable that a similar experiment upon my own credulity might be attempted. In this view of the case, besides my revolver, I had provided myself with a short, thick blunderbuss, which I had loaded heavily with mustard-seed shot. Among other surmises on the subject, I had conceived the suspicion that some unknown enemy might have taken this method to depreciate the value of my property. This notion did not tend to heighten the amiability of my feelings towards the ghost, and I resolved to have a shot at him, if such a thing were possible.

"With this object in view, I stationed myself behind a clump of rose-bushes, blunderbuss in hand, within a rod or two of the window just outside of which I had heard the noise, determined to blaze away at the thing, whether I saw it or not. With such a weapon, at that distance, no serious damage could be done with such fine shot. I had been thus lying in ambush about ten minutes, when I heard again, above the loud roaring of the wind, and more distinctly than before, the same shrill, sharp, long-protracted 'P-e-t-e!' At the very instant I let fly with the blunderbuss—bang!—in such fashion, that the end of the 'Pete' and the beginning of the 'bang' were, as Dr. Raven himself would have said, synchronous and co-existent. Now, then, I've bagged the ghost, thought I.

"No, sir-ee; not a bit of it. Though I ran to the spot with all possible expedition, there was (as a Frenchman would say) no more ghost there, dead or alive, than in the palm of my hand. It was a pure water-haul. I've been in a goodly number of quandaries in my time, but I do not now remember any puzzlety quite so puzzling as the one I now speak of. Could there really be then ghostly 'voices that syllable men's names?' Pooh! I could not and would not believe any such stuff. The phenomenon must have a solution, irrespective of the dissolution of old Dr. Raven; and if that solution could be effected by resolution, I was resolved to solve it.

"My resolution was to take my stand at that window, and never leave it till I had 'plucked

out the heart of the mystery.' I did so, and I had not very long to wait before the sound came —'P-e-t-e!'—and now seeming to be right above my head. I had already noticed that it came simultaneously with the strongest gusts of wind, and now that I was so close to it, I began to doubt whether it really was so exactly like old Dr. Raven's 'Pete,' after all. Distance lends enchantment to sound, as well as to the view. Watching the window closely, I next discovered that when I heard the sound, I saw something move at the top of it, at the same instant. The noise came again. Pooh! it wasn't a bit like Dr. Raven. I continued to watch the window, and the something moving at the top of it, and satisfied myself that that something must be connected with the noise. I went to the ice-house, and procured a ladder which I knew to be there. I placed it against the window, climbed to the top of it, seized the dusky something which I had seen waving to and fro up there, and brought it down with me. I then listened as before, but the ghost was silent. No wonder. I held him in my hand, with my thumb and finger on his neck. The ghost was a bunch of radish tops!

"Yes, indeed; nothing more nor less than a bunch of seed-bearing radish-tops, which had apparently been hung up to dry. It had hung in such a position that the sharp points of the pods containing the radish-seeds, came into contact with the surface of one of the panes of glass, so that where the wind blew with a certain degree of violence, these points were rubbed across the surface of the glass with a good deal of force, producing a very peculiar, shrill, screeching sound, which really did resemble the old doctor's tone in the pronunciation of the word 'Pete.'

"Instead of going to bed again, I remember that I stood for some time, cogitating about the psychology of the thing. If, thought I, I had been the first to hear this sound, instead of Peter; that is, if I had heard it for the first time without knowing anything of Peter's story, or having my mind at all pre-occupied with it; if I had not been led beforehand to expect that if I heard any sound at all that sound would be the word 'Pete,' I think it altogether probable that I would not have taken it for an articulate sound at all. I did not go there, in fact, with the expectation of hearing the word 'Pete,' because I did not believe that Uncle Peter had heard any sound of the sort; but still, that word was uppermost in my mind, and when I did hear a sound, imagination so shaped it that I could have sworn positively that it was the word 'Pete,' uttered by somebody.

"It is precisely this same trick of the imag-

ination which gives rise to the most startling and successful of deceptions practised by professional wonder-makers. The ventriloquist, for instance, tells you that he is about to address a man in the cellar. He then utters words and sentences, in a low tone, and with a feigned voice, and because your attention is all the time directed to a point beneath the floor, you imagine the sound to be there, which, otherwise, would only seem to be a faint sound issuing from the performer's own mouth. In the same way those who call themselves biologists, or psychologists, take captive the will of their subjects, through the influence of their imagination; and it is by dexterously playing upon the same string that many of the best feats of the ordinary juggler are performed.

"As for the ghost story, there is nothing more to tell. I had solved the problem to my own satisfaction and to that of others. In making this statement, however, candor compels me to except Uncle Peter, and those of his colored friends of whom he is the especial oracle. His faith in the ghost remains unshaken, and as for my explanation of the affair, it was only last week that I heard him tell one of his cronies that 'Mas' John's inversion of dat 'ar recurrence was perfectly ridiequillous, and his hypothernuse ob de eborgine ob de soun' obseletely adsurb.'

"But, now that the rain is over, I think you will admit that a cup of hot tea would be a pleasant addition to this dry (though sufficiently damp) ghost story. If you will do me the honor to ride over to my house, not two miles distant, you will find an indifferently good one, flavored with a hearty welcome, and accompanied with something more substantial. What say you?"

I accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given, and took more than one cup of tea in the hospitable mansion of "Mas' John."

#### A SELF-MADE MAN.

Captain Hudson, of the Niagara, was once, says the Jamaica Long Island Farmer, a baker boy in Brooklyn. One day he chanced to be in the navy yard at Brooklyn, and the thought struck him that he would like to enter the navy. So, going to the proper officer, he applied for admission. The novelty of seeing a lad alone, boldly asking for a place so often secured by political preferences, or by the entreaties of influential friends, attracted at once the attention of the officer, and he inquired, "What can you do?" The reply was prompt and decisive:—"Anything that another boy can." He was told to call again, and a few days passed, and the place was given to the enterprising lad. Scarcely in his new position, he began to show marks of genius and aptitude which outdid his associates, and step by step the baker's boy rose to influence and rank, and to-day he stands among the highest ones who compose the United States navy.

#### THE SOIL BREATHES.

Certainly it does, just as truly as you do. A few years since, if one asserted that trees had lungs and breathed, he would have been held to an argument to prove it; just a few years earlier nobody would have believed that a fish's gills, and the leaves of a tree, and the lungs of a beast, all performed the same office, that of aerating the blood or sap. The soil breathes. How does it breathe? Its circulating fluid, the blood of the soil, is water; this comes to it from the air, and is already aerated. True, but this soon loses its gases by contact with the soil, just as the arterial blood fresh from the lungs, loses its oxygen when passing its circuit in all parts of the body. The blood comes back to the lungs for more oxygen, but the blood of the soil cannot do this, so we must let the air in, to come in contact with it. We cannot here explain the working of the air in the soil, but would thus briefly enforce the necessity of stirring the soil during droughts as deeply as practicable, not to interfere with the roots of growing plants, and those of previous culture, so that a deep light soil shall invite a free circulation of air beneath the surface. Hot air, the moment it presses beneath the surface, becomes very moist, from the water which it originally contained, and it deposits it, thus not only aerating the soil, but adding to its moisture. Cold air can hold but little moisture, but hot air dissolves an immense quantity, which it deposits when it cools, or on cool surfaces. Who has not noticed of a winter's day, a locomotive leaving behind it a snowy cloud of vapor, like a comet's tail, often floating for minutes after the train has passed? Think of this, and watch the steam car on a day like those of midsummer, the hot breath just as full of water as in winter, is puffed out into the eye of the sun, and not steam enough shows to make a shadow—it is so quickly absorbed by the air.—*Homestead.*

#### TWO GENEROUS SOULS.

Micajah Harris was an active soldier of the Revolution, and became captain. He and his wife's brother, James Sheppard, were taken prisoners by a tory scout, and conveyed to some halting-place on King's or Indian Creek, where it was proposed to put them to death. When the halt was ordered, one of the tories proposed to another to shoot them. He offered the unwelcome office to another, and he to another, till the whole scout had declined the bloody work. They then told the prisoners, if either would shoot the other, he should be discharged. They indignantly rejected the proposition. Sheppard then said to their captors that, if one life would satisfy them, he was single. His brother-in-law was a married man, and had one or two children. He asked, therefore, to be the victim. Harris would not accept this generous sacrifice, but said, with manly courage: "If one has to die, let us both die together." The tories, struck by the self-sacrificing spirit of their prisoners, discharged them both on parole. They could not, however, give up their plunder; so they seized Captain Harris's fine horse, which he rode, and sent him home on foot.—*Facts of the Revolution.*

False delicacy is affectation, not politeness.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A DIRGE.

BY LIZZIE MORSE.

Cease, O mad winds—cease your mocking!  
 Shriek not forth that dirge-like wail!  
 But whisper low as blue waves rocking  
 In the light of the new moon pale.  
 Talk, O talk with a spirit sighing,  
 With moaning voices faintly dying,  
 Of him we've buried, buried low,  
 Where the green waves sullen flow,  
 And the plumed grass is mournful swaying,  
 And wild birds chirp in the forests, straying.  
 Then whisper, whisper, all so lowly,  
 We buried him in twilight holy—  
 Just in the dusklight dim,  
 We buried, O, we buried him!

Then hush, O winds, and come not shrieking  
 Around the spot where we've laid him low;  
 But soft as south winds gently seeking  
 The banks where moss and violets grow.  
 Sigh with me when the moon is glowering,  
 And her wizard light o'er earth is showering  
 O'er him, o'er him the loved and cold,  
 Sleeping still down in the mould.  
 O, pity him, and me, so wildly weeping,  
 With cold and dying anguish o'er me creeping,  
 As lone I lie thus by his side—  
 Loved one, loved one, claim thy bride!  
 Glad I'd sigh my parting breath,  
 And with thee sleep in silent death.

Now, o'er his grave my lone watch I'm keeping,  
 The psalming pines sing soft in tune;  
 While the silver moon and dews are weeping  
 Among the sleeping bowers of June.  
 Then when the purple morning breaks,  
 The lark beside thy low bed wakes;  
 And springing showers around thy sleep—  
 A joyous song, while I, listening, weep;  
 And the sun with his yellow plumes is sweeping  
 'Long the azure waves where the mist is sleeping.  
 Whisp'ers, then, in mournful dirges,  
 With the faintest, softest surges:  
 He is sleeping, sleeping lone,  
 Where passing billows rock and moan.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ARTIST PRISONER.

BY CHARLES W. DENNETT.

SUCH a sight, sis!" cried young George Derivale, springing into the house, throwing his cap across the floor and himself on a sofa—"they emptied the prison-ship to-day, and marched the men up to the Duane Street sugar house. Defenders of their country! O, Saint George! Such a set! Blear-eyed, ragged, sore, some with beards and hair a yard long, I was going to say. I never saw such beggarly-looking rascals!"

Kate, the sister of the boy, stood as he came in, before a small mirror arranging her curls. When he spoke, however, she turned round hastily, and a moment after sat down listening with breathless interest to all he said. She was a lovely girl, with classical features, curls of auburn, a somewhat haughty bearing, and eyes that, though not large, were clear and lustrous as diamonds. All the surroundings betokened wealth. The doors were of massive mahogany, on which shone handles of silver. The walls were panelled with oak, and where not covered with rare old pictures, seemed like mirrors, so highly were they polished. The carpet was soft to the tread as down, and the cumbersome furniture gleamed in the sombre light—for the heavy shutters were nearly closed—as only the magnificent side-boards and arm-chairs of the time we speak of could gleam. The room was very large, and the beautiful boy, reclining, the more lovely girl sitting, framed in by its richly colored walls, made a pretty picture, that might fill the heart as well as the eye.

"How many do you think there were?" asked Kate Derivale—and a close observer might have seen the firm lip tremble, and the pale cheek change a shade paler.

"O, a hundred—a hundred and fifty, I should think;" answered the boy—"perhaps more. They didn't make much of a show, you know—though I'll be hanged if some of them didn't show pluck, for when they passed old Nutting's door, as many as fifty of them gave three of the most horrible groans you ever heard. I declare if they didn't chill me. But then they are enemies to the king, you know, and deserve no mercy. I wouldn't give 'em any. Lieutenant Downing! you should have seen him face about and scowl, when the villains did that. Old Meacham on the stage isn't anything to him in the heroics, I vow!"

"For pity's sake don't use such vulgar words," said Kate, striving to speak without excitement. "I wonder if that widow Lincoln's son was among them?"

For an instant the rich blood surged over the cheeks of the young girl, making her face radiant.

"What! the one who used to ride by here so often? I guess so. If he is, he's pretty down in the mouth, I imagine—rather think he's lost that fine, martial air. But Lieutenant Downing will be here this evening, *of course*;" and he made a mocking bow towards his sister. "He will give you all the information you want, though if I were you, I wouldn't speak of such a scaly set, any way; and overcome with the re-

collection of their grotesque appearance, the thoughtless boy threw his head back and burst into a fit of laughter.

"What has the lieutenant to do with the prisoners?" asked Kate—she was looking down, carelessly winding a bit of colored worsted over her fingers.

"O, I don't know, except he's had a sort of office fixed up there—he will superintend in some way. Nothing will suit him better. I tell you if he isn't down on the rebels, never faithful officer was. It would do him good, I believe, to cut their heads all off and send them for trophies, as the Indians do the scalps of their enemies. Well, he's a brave fellow!"

"I wonder if he is brave enough to show mercy?" murmured Kate.

"Mercy! mercy! for those rascallions; I wouldn't show 'em mercy—the blood-thirsty rebels! Why, they'd murder us, if they could. Tit for tat—that's my motto."

Kate said nothing more, but leaving her brother, she went her way up the broad stair-case, magnificent with carving, and entered her own chamber. It was as lofty as the room below, and everything upon which the eye might fall, was suggestive of girlish taste and purity.

Kate went slowly towards her toilet-table. Her face was very thoughtful. There was a look of care upon it now that she was alone, and a faint trace of sorrow. Taking from her belt a small key, she unlocked an ebony box, and lifting therefrom a little package she unfolded it, and disclosed to view a youthful face, with dreamy eyes, but of a lofty countenance, though it could not have been called strictly beautiful. A smile leaped to her lips, but at the same time her eyes were filled with tears.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured; "he with his glorious tastes, his love of the quiet and beautiful, to be penned up in those horrible prison ships, and now to be led brutally through the streets a spectacle for the people, and thrust into a worse prison still. It must not be—yet how *shall* I save him? I must set my wits to work—but first I'll go and see his mother."

In another moment the miniature was safely locked away. A plain light mantle was thrown over her dress of gray silk, concealing the beautiful neck and arms. A bonnet of a somewhat Quaker hue and shape was donned, and followed by a white-headed servant, she moved down the broad street and soon came to the then suburbs, where pretty cottages stood embosomed in thick though graceful foliage. At the gate of one of these houses she paused, and turning to her servant, said:

"John, you need not call for me till five this afternoon. Tell my father I have gone to visit a friend, but unless he asks very particularly, you need not say who. You understand?"

"I will do exactly as you say, miss," replied the man, with an almost worshipful glance lighting his bronzed face; and he left the cottage with a quicker step.

Kate paused a moment on the threshold, to admire the morning glories whose rich colors embowered the whole entrance. Then without knocking she entered, opened another door, and laying aside her bonnet and mantle, she went into still another apartment, where she was met by a joyful exclamation of surprise from a sweet girl of fifteen summers, who sat by a window, knitting diligently.

"I am so glad you have come;" the latter exclaimed, laying her work aside and hastening forward, "I know mother will be better now."

"Is she sick?" asked Kate, anxiously.

"Yes, old Miss Sloperton called in and told her that my brother was marched along the public streets this morning and lodged in Duane Street sugar house."

The lip of the fair child quivered.

"You know Edward is not strong," she continued, "and Miss Sloperton gave us the minutest account of his appearance. O, my poor brother!"

"Don't weep, dear," said Kate, taking the hands of her friend from her face, and kissing the tear-drops away. "Where is your mother? I am come to tell her that I will try to liberate Ed—your brother from Duane Street."

"You!" cried Laura, her eyes sparkling afresh. "O, will you? How she will bless you. You *will* do it, I *know* you will, you have so much influence."

"Yes, I will do it," said Kate, solemnly, making a great resolve in her heart, "the Father helping me, I will liberate him from that terrible place!"

"O, mother, mother!" cried the girl, springing up stairs, "here is dear Miss Kate Derivale, and she says she will liberate brother Edward from Duane Street. How shall we thank her?"

"We cannot thank her, my love, but the God of the widow will bless her forever for the consolation she has given this poor heart." And rising from the bed where she had thrown herself a few moments before, she kissed the young girl who stood before her. She was a beautiful woman, tall and queenly, and the lineaments of a noble mind could be traced in her fine features. But for the grief visible in her face, the dejection that continual losses had brought upon her, she

would have been extremely youthful in appearance.

As they were about to descend the stairs, Mrs. Lincoln said :

"I wonder if Miss Derivale would not like to peep into my son's studio? He wished me to keep it locked, but I am certain he would feel honored to admit such a visitor!"

Kate blushed, and Mrs. Lincoln, unfastening a key from a bunch at her side, gave it to Laura. The two young girls turned away, while the mother went below stairs to provide refreshments for her guest.

"O, beautiful! beautiful!" cried Kate, as the door swung open and the myriad colors that haunted the walls flashed their wealth of tints upon them.

The room was large, the largest in the house, and notwithstanding it was almost crowded with the appendages of a studio, an air of extreme neatness pervaded everything. It was even artistic in its order. Pictures, finished and unfinished, stood and hung everywhere. Almost breathing forms of marble beauty were placed against the walls and in groups, for studies.

"My brother bestowed a great deal of pains upon this room when my mother built the house," said Laura. "You see in that window are squares of colored glass. He obtained them in Venice, when he travelled with my father, five years ago. Many of these marbles, too, came from abroad; there are some antiques."

"But this! O, this is so lovely!" cried Kate, with enthusiasm, pausing before a rural cottage in front of which stretched an emerald lawn divided by an avenue that was bordered with royal elms. Gardens and statuary and a fountain could be seen in the perspective, and cattle reposing or browning. Above was the clear sky of an English June, and over all a rich, hazy atmosphere, through which the sun shone cheerily.

"That! O, it is indeed a sweet place! It was my birth-place, my home." And she gazed and gazed with longing eyes that were soon tear-dimmed.

"Yes, my father had it painted two years before he came to America;" she continued. "O, shall I ever see it again?"

"What is in the easel?" asked Kate, turning curiously towards a covered picture.

"I don't know," replied Laura, "he told me the day he went away not to look; so I cannot tell you what subject he was at work upon. But I will get the one he finished just before he set this up. Wait a minute." And she ran from the room.

"He did not tell me not to look;" murmured the curious girl; "I am sure it will do no harm just to take a peep." And she lifted a corner of the covering, but started back, crimson with blushes. It was a portrait of herself, and the face was exquisitely finished.

"There, here it is; isn't it him to the life?" cried Laura, exhibiting a picture of her brother. "Why, how warm you look! I'm afraid I am fatiguing you."

"O, no, no!" said Kate, looking at those beaming eyes, that noble countenance, with a high-beating heart, "it is indeed very like;" were the tame words that came to her lips, she added in her heart, "the face of a god."

"And now you will go down to dinner. Afterwards we will come up here again if you like. You have not seen half; there is a book filled with sketches taken in Italy, and there is another in which he has copied the most beautiful marbles. To think," she added, "of my noble brother who has so much genius, and who has never known any confinement, to think of his being shut up in that horrible prison-ship. Why! they say the prisoners have not had enough to eat, or to wear; that their clothes are in rags, their beards and hair matted and uncut—O!" And shuddering at the picture her vivid imagination drew, and which was not as vivid as the reality, she hid her face in her hands.

In a moment she looked up again, smiles were struggling with tears as she said, "but you will liberate him."

"I will try my best, dear little Laura," replied Kate.

"O," said the young girl artlessly, "how he will love you for it!"

Perhaps the rich crimson flew again to the cheeks of Kate—so haughty in her own household, so humble, so childlike in this.

Late in the afternoon the white-haired footman called for his lady.

"Is any one at home, John?" she asked, stepping lightly from the cottage door where stood Laura and her mother. Laura was just putting the last flower to a splendid bunch of roses which she had gathered for her friend.

"The lieutenant, Miss Kate," said the man, with a curl on his lip, however, as he turned hastily aside.

"Has he been there long, John?" asked his mistress.

"I don't know indeed, Miss Kate. I saw him coming out of the general's room;" he replied, half smiling, as he saw the cloud that gathered instantly over her fair face.

"I don't like that!" said Kate to herself. "What can make papa so fond of that man? Well, I must humor him at any rate—humor them both, I suppose." And as she walked homeward, many plans were formed and thrown aside.

"In the parlor, Kate!" said George, roguishly. "I wouldn't stop to dress; you don't know how pretty you look!"

"Nonsense; let me go, George; there you have torn my veil, see."

"Well, isn't it worth a kiss?"

"No indeed; George, don't tease me; let me go."

"I say, Kitty, put on that dress I like so well, and somebody else likes, too." But Kate had disappeared, and was busy in her own room.

"I will look my best," she murmured, "as I have a favor to ask." And she did indeed look her best in the quaint robe of soft green lustre, with emeralds on her arms and around her throat.

It was a beautiful vision that entered the great parlor, and that in the blaze of the chandelier, seemed fairy-like and not of mortal mould, as she glided along. There was no one present but a tall, handsome officer in full regimentals, who rose from his chair, where he had been looking over music, and with a low reverence escorted the lovely girl to a seat beside him.

At first the conversation was quite common place. Then the lieutenant requested music, and it is to be supposed that a particular song that Kate sang with much pathos brought to a crisis the feelings that controlled him.

"Miss Kate," he whispered, "may I speak to you upon a subject that lies near my heart?"

Kate was not agitated in the least, though she could divine the nature of the communication he was about to make.

"I have seen your father," he said, "with reference to addressing you in proper form, and making you an offer of my hand and heart. I do most solemnly assure you that I love you," he added, somewhat passionately.

Kate could hardly forbear a smile at the formality with which he commenced, but strange to say, not one of her pulses leaped the quicker for this declaration. She knew that her lover was very handsome, very gallant and soldierly, and very much devoted to her, but she did not love him. Very calmly she told him so, but he was pre-determined not to take any denial, for he had her father's promise, and he had told him that his little Kate would be proud, shy and hard to win.

He asked her if he might continue his visits still

with an ultimate view to her hand. She willingly accepted his friendship, although she gave him no hope. But he was a self-satisfied, if not a vain man, and he hoped much from patient waiting and a gentle assiduity.

"So the rebels were carried to a new prison," she said, after a pause, tapping her fan lightly against her hand.

"Yes, they are lodged in more roomy quarters, though care will be taken that no leniency is shown them."

"Are they much emaciated?"

"Very much. They reported three of them dying as I came away this evening."

Kate felt a shudder run from head to foot at this cold-blooded announcement.

"Are they in any way made comfortable?" she asked again.

"O, no! that is, there are no great pains taken. Some of them who have influential friends, get a little more to eat, I suppose. We are instructed to treat them with as little mercy as possible."

Kate drew a long breath, involuntarily moving away from the lieutenant.

"Are people ever allowed to see them?" still persisted Kate, looking at him eagerly.

"That is entirely at the option of the officers in charge, Miss Derivale," he replied.

"O," she exclaimed, "how I should like to go."

"I should not like to have you go; few ladies could endure the sight."

"Ah, Lieutenant Downing, there is many a wife, a mother and sister who could endure the sight, if she might only behold those she loves, who are dearer to her than life!"

The young girl spoke with so much passion that the soldier was startled.

"Would you wish comfort, ease, *success*, to the enemies of your country, Miss Kate?" he inquired.

"I would wish that common humanity might be shown them—but I am no great partisan, you know. I love my country and honor my king, but I have a woman's heart; when I hear of suffering, I could wish to alleviate it."

"A very good sentiment, Miss Kate, but the chances of war bring these things about; you must not blame us who are but humble instruments in the hands of our king."

"Why can I not go and see these rebels?" asked Kate again. "It would be so novel a sight."

"You can if you would; but I warn you that the woman's heart will suffer, and perhaps your censure would not fall on the right ones," he said.

"And who would they be?"



"The rebels, not us. However, you shall have a chance to sympathize with their sufferings, if you will. Your brother will perhaps accompany you to the temporary place of imprisonment to-morrow, at twelve; dinner will then be served."

"Thank you, lieutenant," replied Kate.

At twelve the next day, Kate with her brother was admitted into the yard of the old Sugar House. The young girl could with difficulty repress a shriek as she entered, for lying upon the ground, stark and pallid, with beard unshaven and matted hair, lay a poor wretch who had just been brought out of the prison, dead. His cheeks were worn to the bone, and told a pitiful tale of hunger and disease. In the thin fingers a blackened crust of bread was clutched, as if he had been carrying it to his lips when he died.

Both her brother and herself stood as if they had been paralyzed, gazing at the fearful corpse, while the guard read, or seemed to read her pass. It was questionable, so long did it take him, whether he read it at all, especially as from the way which he returned it, he had held it upside down.

"I vow, Kate, that fellow looks as if he had starved to death," said George, his face expressing the sick horror that filled his soul.

At that moment a slight, pale figure entered, presenting also, a pass. She was followed by a stout man bearing a white pine coffin. For a moment she stood like one bewildered, as she saw the dead man; then throwing both hands up, with a wild shriek she fell on his body, uttering the most piteous lamentations.

"Was there no other way of putting you out of torment, dear Robert? Must the cold-blooded wretches murder you by inches, and then thrust you like a dog outside their prison house? O! look at that face! look! He was a handsome man, my Robert was; see—see what they made of him. Look at the sunken eyes, the hollow cheeks. My God! reward them for their deeds of death!"

With her hands clasped, her head thrown back, she looked like some avenging spirit; but alas! she was sadder than that, a despairing, heart-broken widow, who had not even the consolation of remembering the last words spoken by the dying lips of her only son, of meeting the last glance and treasuring it forever.

"My good woman! do your work quickly. This is an unusual privilege, I assure you. We seldom give the bodies to their friends;" said a voice that Kate knew well.

"God Almighty curse you at home and abroad—sleeping or waking—in your body and

in your estate!" cried the woman, with gleaming eyes, and a fierce scream.

"Take her out!" shouted Lieutenant Downing, both frightened and angry. "Why should you curse me, woman? I had nothing to do with it!"

"Curse you, all of you, English dastards! who don't know how to treat prisoners, but throw your dead about like dogs; I say curse ye, all of ye; and may your cause go down in blood, in death, in defeat! It will, I tell you, as sure as there is an Almighty Father who prospers the right, and rewards the wicked according to their deeds, it will!"

"Take her away, and him too," said the lieutenant, now angrily touching the corpse with his foot.

Kate turned pale. The woman flew like a tigress upon the officer, and but for help, she would have torn his face and his clothing in shreds. She was carried out from the gate a raving maniac, and years after, when she had grown harmless, her story was told as she moved about the streets.

"Come, Miss Derivale," he said, smoothing his disordered attire, "this is a strange welcome, to be sure, but you wanted to see, and perhaps you will think this is not the worst."

Trembling as she leaned on the arm of her boy-brother, she entered the building. It was capacious and gloomy. A new reinforcement had arrived, and been conducted to one of the upper stories. The mean windows emitted but a feeble light, and the stench from the old vats and cisterns was at first almost intolerable.

The lower floor was covered with straw; the boards and sides of the building were slimy and mould-stained. Bats had made their abodes in the rafters—spiders worked cheerlessly in dust covered corners. Here there were huddled one class of the prisoners. Some of them were crouched on the floor, eating voraciously, some of them stood against the wall, languid, suffering, fever-smitten. They sighed as they saw the face of a woman, and turned away while memory gnawed, like a canker, in their hearts.

"And these are the fruits of war!" said Kate.

"Yes, these are the chances of war," echoed the lieutenant, who did not hear her plainly.

"Kate," George nudged her elbow; "who is that hungry-looking man in the corner, who is staring so at you?"

O, what a leap her young heart gave when she recognized in the large, melancholy eyes, the silken beard, the square, massive brow, Edward Lincoln—the man who long ago had won her girlish love!

"Let us walk," she said, "I fancy he knows me." And going round in the direction of the eager gazer, she saw his eyes dilate, and, through the marks of his exposure, a vivid color crept along his cheek.

"Keep your courage up," she said, in a low voice, as she passed him.

"What did you say to that fellow? I thought you spoke to him," said George.

Kate did not answer, but was thoughtful.

"Will you go up stairs?" asked Lieutenant Downing. "They are not in as good condition there as here, though; more diseased and ragged."

Kate shook her head.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed George, as they walked out into the fresh air, "that fellow was Ed. Lincoln, the artist, as sure as I'm alive! Did you know him?"

"I felt sure I had seen him before," said Kate.

"I tell you what, sis, between you and I, I think if King George knew how those men were treated, he'd dismiss every officer from the service. It's mean; it's outrageous. I'll protest against it! Why, Kate, many of the prisoners were gentlemen! Hy! I wonder how Downing will sleep on that curse? By Jupiter! I'd rather be run through than hear such a one against me."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Kitty just the ones!"

"O, but papa! have mercy! His father was an English gentleman, and his mother is a widow. Her whole dependence is placed on this son. Father, I will never ask you another favor. See, my mother's eyes plead for me."

She pointed to the portrait of her mother, that with mild, benignant gaze looked down on them.

"I tell you it wont do, child;" said the general, nervously. "English by birth or not, he was in the rebel ranks, and must suffer with the rest. Why should I show him mercy?"

"O, father, for my sake!" pleaded Kate; "for his sweet sister's sake; for the sake of his mother, he is an only son, and she a widow. He will go away from here, father; it will never be known; he has resources abroad. Do hear me, father!"

"On one condition, then—that you marry Lieutenant Downing."

"Father—I—will!"

The beautiful head sank down. There was a shudder of the whole frame; but as she looked up there was a settled determination stamped on her white face. She would make the sacrifice, and in heaven he would know and bless her for it.

The next day the widow and her daughter sat at their work. They had said but little. Their hearts were sore. Hope deferred had taken all heart from their labors. They were near despair.

There was a sound of carriage wheels. A heavy step on the threshold. One wild scream uprose as the haggard, unshaved son and brother stood with outstretched arms before them. They were nearly beside themselves with their great joy.

"She has kept her word;" cried little Laura, "she said you should be released: O, Heaven bless her!"

"God reward her!" echoed the mother.

Whether or not the curse of the desolate falls upon him who receives the malediction, Heaven only knows. But one morning Lieutenant Downing was found dead and purple in his bed, and there were marks of strife with another all about, though the door was locked on the inside, and his chamber was three stories from the ground. He came not down at his usual time. Hour after hour passed, and growing alarmed they forced an entrance, and found him in this frightful condition.

Not a week elapsed before it was known that Edward Lincoln with his mother and sister had left the country, but whither they were going they apprised no one. But they went not alone. Kate Derivale accompanied them. She left behind her a note, avowing her sympathies for the rebel side, asking forgiveness of none but her father. It was a terrible blow to the old general, and he never forgave her. Years after, when the American army was triumphant, the star of freedom in the ascendant, Edward Lincoln returned to his adopted home, a proud and fond husband, and Kate shone loveliest among the lovely ladies of the land. She was the wife of a patriot, and became the mother of senators.

### MARRIAGE.

Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments, pathetic, succinct, and elegant, has declared the benefits of marriage. They are these: 1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase them. 2. Hast thou none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some. 3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it. 4. Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, and bear thee up. 5. Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy. 6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy. 7. Nothing is delightful at home. No society is equal to marriage. 8. The bond of conjugal love is adamant. 9. Kindred increase, parents double, brothers, sisters, families, nephews. 10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue. 11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life. 12. If nature escape not punishment, they shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that without marriage,

"Earth, air, sea, land, full soon shall come to nought,  
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE HAUNTED WELL.

BY LENA LYLE.

In a mossy dell where the fairies dwell,  
Is a stream they call the Haunted Well,  
In a scented grove where the fairies rove  
At twilight hour to tell their love.  
Within that spring the mermaids sing  
Sad songs as their white hands they wring;  
For nought is there but grief and care,  
Clad in the dark robes of despair.

And the evening star from her light car,  
Looks down through the limpid wave from far,  
Where beneath the wave the waters lave  
A fairy's tiny, jewelled grave.

Long years have passed since the fairies last  
Gazed on the lovely Alacaste—  
The bright-eyed fay who, day by day,  
Fanned with her light wings care away;  
For a stranger came with his eyes of flame,  
And Love was his bewitching name;  
He won the maid by the words he said,  
And then her trusting heart betrayed.

As the low winds sigh, and the trees reply,  
As the echo-bells so faintly die,  
As the flowers meet with kisses sweet,  
Ere fades their life as fair as fleet,  
So Alacaste, when the bright day passed,  
And the hours of night were coming fast,  
Ere eve was dressed in her purple crest,  
Sank 'neath the waters dim to rest.

And since that day, when the silver ray  
Of the moon does with the wavelets play,  
From her silent grave in the seaweed cave,  
She floats upon the billowy wave.  
And the fairies bright, in their robes of light,  
Weep for her through the stilly night;  
And with tiny bell and magic spell,  
They chant around the Haunted Well.

And the evening star from her light car,  
Looks down through the limpid wave from far,  
Where beneath the wave the waters lave  
A fairy's tiny, jewelled grave.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE TEMPERANCE VOW.

BY MRS. M. T. CALDOR.

My brother Harry was coming home from college. That was an event to awaken joyous emotions, and numberless preparations in the whole household, from my pale "spirituelle" cousin Alice, to our stout energetic Bridget, who declared heartily, while she beat away furiously at some eggs, to be used for a cake, very much in Harry's favor, during his school-boy days, "that the sight of his merry face would do her more good than all the doctor's medicine in town."

So we all agreed simultaneously, though none of us just then, stood in any wonderful need of said medicine, except, indeed, our darling Alice. But alas! what potent charm could any physician find to bring back the rose, that for two years had been silently but surely withering away from that delicate cheek?

Alice Hale, my mother's orphan niece, for many years, now, a member of our household, was just as near a perfect character as any I have ever known upon this sinful, selfish earth. Very beautiful she was, too. Nellie Anderson used to say, she was like the Peri, Moore had so charmingly portrayed, only she had never erred.

There was everything about her that demanded, and received tenderness. The timid, beseeching glance of her soft gray eye had averted many a storm from her mischievous schoolmates, for never a teacher had been installed in our village school, however crabbed and strict with others, but had been at once melted by the gentle grace and serene loveliness of Alice's character. And how every one grieved, when little by little her strength gave way, till she was seldom seen amid the woodland haunts and merry gatherings of her young companions.

Harry's coming, however, seemed to give reviving strength to the frail blossom, we had so tenderly sought to guard from ill. Indeed, he seemed to bring new life and sunshine to the whole household, with his bright, handsome face, and cheerful, laughing voice, and very proud was I to perceive the whole village likewise began to feel the nameless charm of his gay, frank manners, and to seek his society on all their festive occasions.

But presently I became aware of something, I could hardly define or realize what it was, that had stolen in upon us, and left in my mother's gentle face an anxious shade of care, and on my father's brow a gathering, ominous frown. Alice, too, looked wistfully and sadly at times, into Harry's face, which would flush hot and confusedly beneath her gaze, with an expression I could not fathom. But a little time and it was sadly enough explained to me.

We were sitting around the sofa where Alice reclined, very late, one evening, waiting for Harry's return from a fishing excursion on a neighboring lake. Alice and I chatted cheerfully, but my mother wandered restlessly to the window, every now and then, and came back to her seat every time with a heavier sigh. Slowly the hours wore on. Our talk died away and we remained silent, scarcely daring to glance at each other's faces, lest we should discover there, some new and dismal foreboding. Clear and

ringing the hour of twelve rang out in the hall. My father's face had grown so dark and stern, that mother, after another anxious peering forth into the darkness without, came to him and laid her hand beseechingly and deprecatingly upon his arm. He fondled the thin, white fingers, but his gloomy brow did not lighten.

"There he is," exclaimed I, joyfully, as a rustling noise came to my ear. Every one turned toward the door, but all was silent again. It was not Harry.

"Alice, love, it is too late for you to be awake. You and May had better go now," said my mother, softly.

"Please let me stay," Alice replied, in a whisper, "I could not sleep, and you would be so lonely."

But at that moment a footstep was heard on the walk outside. This time there was no mistake; but surely not Harry's firm, elastic tread, that wavering, unsteady shuffling. My poor mother's cheek grew ashy white, while a fiery light flashed in father's eye, as he laid a restraining hand upon her, as she attempted to go out into the hall, and said huskily:

"Nay, let him come here into the peaceful family circle he has disgraced.

Every eye was turned to the door, and there, O, merciful heavens! could it be my darling brother, with that staggering gait, those blood-shot eyes, and that foolish, imbecile smile? I covered my face with my hands, while Alice turned the sad, rebuking glance of her pure eyes upon the unhappy boy. He looked conscious of our distress, stammered a few incoherent words of apology, and turned to retreat, but reeled and fell.

We sprang toward him in terror, but my father, like a stern, relentless fate, motioned us back, and bade us leave him; therefore sadly and dejectedly we sought our chambers. I would not talk to disturb Alice, but tossed feverishly through the night upon my pillow, trying to shut out the degrading vision that danced before my eyes. My brother, my gallant, generous-hearted brother, in his youthful strength and beauty, a drunkard! O, it was horrible!

It was an embarrassed group that gathered around our usually cheerful breakfast-table, the next morning, but Harry was so thoroughly grieved and penitent that I could not find it in my heart to say more than a whispered:

"O, Harry, for my mother's sake, for the sake of our hitherto undivided family, never let us see you so again."

He kissed me twice, and then asked, while the hot blush of shame tinged his cheek, "Did

Alice see me? May, you are a good girl, say, did Alice see me?"

"Yes, Harry," I answered, sorrowfully.

"Tell her how it was, May, how they coaxed and flattered me, and kept me singing while they filled my wine-glass oftener than I was aware. I was crazy and mad with excitement. It shall never be so again."

I firmly believed him. Alas, alas, a few weeks more and the disgraceful scene was repeated. Thrice in one little month we saw him reeling through the hall, and then my father's anger could no longer be restrained. We saw Harry called into the library one morning, and heard loud, wrathful words, and passionate replies, but trembling and tearful my mother and I clung to each other, not daring to interfere. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Harry, pale with anger, rushed through the room. My mother's sharp voice of agony called after him, and I begged and implored him to speak to us. He heeded not a word, but was dashing from the house, when clear and silvery through its commanding tones, rang out Alice's voice, and then he turned back, knelt one moment at her feet, while his burning lips pressed her pale, pure cheek, then wrung my hand, and left another trembling kiss on mother's forehead, and was gone, actually gone, while we stood speechless, in stony despair, knowing too well, how hopeless any attempt to move my father's will would prove, for when once aroused, his wrath seemed inexorable as fate. Miserably wore away the day, and mute and frightened we gathered together through the dreary evening, while my mother's lips grew wan and dry, as the usual hour of retiring came, and no Harry there.

"It is time you were all abed, and the house closed," said my father, at last, looking up from the newspaper he had certainly derived little information from, since it had not turned through the whole evening. He handed us our lamp, and we dared not disobey. I sank down upon the bed, and burst into a violent fit of crying, when we reached our room, but Alice stood up before me, white and still, and calm, like the stony despair of a marble Niobe.

"May," said she, in the unnatural tones of suppressed excitement, "we must find him this very night, or Harry is lost forever."

Her eye glittered strangely, and I was blind that I did not see how fatal it would prove, for her to venture out in the damp, chilly air of night. As it was, I begged to go alone, as she was not strong enough to walk far; but she gave hardly heed to a word of mine, and was ready, wrapped in her thick shawl and hood,

before I had decided it would do to go. Noiselessly we stole down the staircase, past the chamber door, where we could hear my mother's sobbing voice pleading for the erring one. It was still and quiet throughout the village. Scarcely a light was left twinkling through the dimness of the window panes, and we wandered vainly from street to street. Then in a hoarse whisper Alice gasped, "We must go to the mill stream, May."

With what wildly beating hearts and convulsively clasped hands we sought the water's edge. A long, dark object was lying extended on the bank. With a wild scream Alice bent over it. It was only the trunk of a tree recently felled. The whole scene was breathing peace and calm. What mockery to our beating hearts and tumultuous fears.

Slowly and sadly we retraced our steps. As we neared the house, Alice whispered, "I cannot rest to-night, May, without finding him. I feel as if I were to blame for all. Poor Harry! he loved me, May, and I told him it was useless, since I had no heart to give. I shudder lest that has driven him to recklessness."

Trembling and exhausted, she leaned heavily against me. "Alice, Alice!" cried I, in alarm, "it was wrong for you to come out so. See how wet your dress is with the dew. We must go in instantly."

At that moment a crouching figure rose up from the grassy bank by the roadside. It was Harry. Poor boy, he was watching the house he had left in such a passion. Alice sprang forward to speak to him, but only his name came; a gurgling, choking sound followed, and she reeled backwards. I broke her fall with one extended arm, and Harry sprang to her support. Scarcely knowing he was seeking the home he had renounced, Harry carried her into the parlor. As I brushed away the falling tresses from her face, a warm tide bathed my hand. My frantic screams brought our parents with a light, revealing—misery of miseries!—our Alice lying white and still, a crimson stream oozing slowly from the deathly lips.

A weary, sickening night of horror followed. I cannot picture Harry's frantic remorse, nor the affecting sight when the father and son clasped hands above the insensible girl, reconciled through their mutual grief.

The pitying physician shook his head sorrowfully, as he laid his fingers on the slight, thin wrist. "No hope!" he said, solemnly turning away from our beseeching glances. Yet life came back a moment. Feebly, slowly, hardly like life. The white lips moved, the eyelids flut-

tered, and feebly came the whispered, "Harry."

My brother bent frantically over her, crying through his sobs, "Alice, Alice, I have murdered you, who was the angel of my life, and all my hopes of heaven."

"She seemed to gather strength miraculously. The glassy film faded off from the soft gray eye, almost the accustomed silvery clearness came back to the thrilling voice as she said, slowly but distinctly, "No, no, is all good and right. I was failing surely before, and now it is sweet to think I am saved so much pain and weariness. My death will be a blessing, for you will promise me now, Harry, never, never to touch the wine-cup again. Dear, kind friend, it is all sweet and right, I shall rest so sweetly with my mother."

That ineffable, holy smile, irradiating the dying face with such unearthly glory—how it hushed our selfish grief. And then came again the terrible struggle, and the gushing life stream oozing from the pallid lips. The short time it lasted seemed interminable, and we deemed it hopeless to dream of another revival; but once again we caught the words, "Harry, promise, promise."

My brother dropped upon his knees, pressing his quivering lips to the cold hand upon the coverlid. "I promise, angel Alice, I promise!"

Once more that smile. All her remaining strength seemed gathered up to answer triumphantly, "I shall register that vow in heaven," and then suddenly and forever the spark of life went out. Forevermore on earth, but who that saw her die, could not know how surely it kindled in a purer flame above?

Many, many years has she slept now, beneath the churchyard sod, by her mother's side; but her memory is green and fresh in all our hearts. Often and often, in the gay scenes of festivity that occurred in after life, have I seen some jovial friend pass gaily to my brother's hand the sparkling wine-cup—never yet, but Harry has turned shivering away with pallid cheek and quivering lip, as if Alice's fragile form and angel face bent over him from above, to witness the faithful redemption of his word. He sleeps now, alas! beneath the far off waters of the Indian seas, but there were many years of trial and temptation faithfully surmounted, and it was never violated, thank Heaven for that! but righteously and honorably kept that solemn TEMPERANCE VOW.

#### FAME.

For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,  
Retouch her figure with his gifted hand;  
Mellow soft colors, and embrown the tint,  
Add every grace which Time alone can grant;  
To future ages shall her fame convey,  
And give more beauty than Time takes away.—DAYDEN

## The Florist.

Now vernal suns begin to shine,  
And birds to trill their choral song,  
Now opens the flower and buds of vine  
The garden trellis all along.—ELLISON.

### Requisites of Flower Culture.

It is a well known fact that plants absorb their nutriment by the roots, and this nutriment is conveyed through the stem into the leaves. There it is subjected to a process by which a large proportion of water is discharged—the rest submitted to the action of the atmosphere, and carbonic acid is first generated, and then decomposed by the action of light. Flowers, therefore, require, in order for their successful culture, not only change of soil, but that they be refreshed with proper moisture. The best kind of manure is well-rotted horse dung, or other animal manure. Liquid manure, obtained by soaking the dung in water, may be advantageously applied; but it must not be used too strong, or it will injure rather than invigorate. One great point to be ever kept in mind by the florist is, not to overload the plants with rich or watery food, or they will abound in leaves, and the flowers be few and very inferior.

### Choice of Annuals.

At this season, when the days are lengthening, the rays of the sun are shining warmer, and spring is opening, those who love to cultivate flowers, now ask themselves what to plant in order to make the garden most attractive. Annuals are the cheapest, and produce the desired effect the quickest. Some kinds of annuals are deemed absolutely indispensable, such as stocks, asters and the phlox-drummondii. The veronica-syriaca makes a fine show when grown separately; and the same may be said of the dwarf lobelias and convolvulus minor.

### Daviesia.

Australian shrubs, with deep orange yellow colored pea-flowers, which should be grown in a greenhouse, in well-drained pots, and in a soil composed of equal parts of sandy loam and peat. The pots will require to be often watered, but should have no saucers, as the roots are easily withered by drought, or rotted by excess of moisture. The species are propagated by cuttings stuck in sand under a bell-glass, but without bottom heat.

### Soap Suds.

Take care of them. Do not throw them away. Apply them to grape-vines, inside and outside the vinery, if you have them; if not, water the rose-bushes with them, or any similar shrub. Do not apply hot; put in a barrel, and let them cool first. Save the suds!

### Dielytra Spectabilis.

Let none of our readers fail to buy at least one of these splendid plants and set it out in the garden. It is very hardy and sends up numerous offshoots when well established.

### Pansies.

Pansies from seed will bloom in ten or a dozen weeks after they are up, if sown in March under glass, and planted out in the end of May.

### Annuals.

Every garden, however small, should have a plentiful supply of annuals, so arranged as to keep up a perpetual bloom from spring to autumn. The tender annuals may be sown in pots and kept in the chamber or parlor until it is time to set them out in the open air, taking care not to expose tender plants till all danger of frost is over. In this latitude about the latter part of May we may feel safe against frost, though it is well to have empty flower pots or straw ready to cover over in case of a threatening night.

### Heliotropes.

Quite a large number of new varieties of the heliotrope—one of the most fragrant and admired of flowers—have been produced by French florists. One of the best of the older sorts is the Louis Napoleon, a dark one, with a light eye, truss large and fine. The varieties known as the Gem, Corymbosa, Constance, etc., are all pretty, though marked by great similarity. The newer varieties are better. One of these, called albicans, has a fine light flower, nearly white, with a good truss.

### Geraniums.

These are great and deserved favorites with every one who has the least taste for flowers. The pots generally employed are too small to allow the root sufficient room to expand; and, consequently, the flowers do not attain that size and beauty, nor are they so abundant as they would be if the plants were turned out during the summer months into an open border, instead of being kept in pots all the year round.

### Maurandia Barclayana.

An elegant climbing-plant, of rapid growth, suitable for trellises, frames, etc., loaded with its rich, purple, foxglove-shaped flowers until late in the autumn. It presents a charming appearance. *M. rosea*, similar to the above, except in the color of the flower, which are a bright rose.

### Potting Plants.

In potting plants, always be sure to secure perfect drainage, but place in the bottom of the pot bits of broken earthen ware or pottery, covering them with moss and then fill in with dirt. Many persons lose valuable plants by not attending to this point.

### Verbena.

Those who cannot procure plants conveniently will find no difficulty in raising fine varieties from this seed. They will bloom freely the whole summer. From different varieties of the verbenas alone a handsome bouquet can always be made up.

### Bulbs.

After your bulbs have done flowering, take them up, dry them carefully, put them away in a dry dark place to be set out again in October. This is the practice of the Dutch florists than whom there are none more skillful.

### Alonsoa.

These are beautiful greenhouse plants, of several varieties, but flower finely in the open ground. The flowers of all the species are a rich scarlet.

### Heart's-Ease or Pansy.

Within the last few years, this simple but strikingly beautiful flower has received much attention from professional florists, and there are now several hundred varieties. The old and common kinds are perennial; but many of the new and expensive sorts are strictly annual. They require great care in their cultivation, to prevent their degenerating or sporting their colors. Propagation is easy by seeds, layers, or dividing the roots. If by seed, it must be sown as soon as ripe, in a rich, light, loamy soil, in a shaded situation, but not under trees. The seeds should be sown evenly, and as thinly as possible, in pans or boxes, placed in a gentle heat till the seeds germinate. When the seedlings are about an inch high they may be planted out, about six inches apart, in shady weather; they may be afterward thinned to half these distances, a sufficient space till they show flower.

### Planting Flowers in Pots.

Flower-pots should be but very little larger than what the plants require at the time they are put into them, and should be changed as the plants increase in size. They should have the hole in the bottom covered with pieces of earthen ware or oyster-shells; and when the plants are first set in them, which is generally done with more or less earth about them, the whole of the vacant space, while the plant is held upright, should be filled with fine mould, and a moderate quantity of water be immediately given. In removing a plant from a small pot to a larger one, the whole earth is generally taken up entire, and placed in the large pot, upon a bed of earth, laid at the bottom of that pot, and which must be enough to raise the surface of the old mould to very nearly the level it should contain. Thus the plant will receive very little if any check.

### Garden Flowers.

This is now the most proper season for planting the beautiful and early flowering pyrus japonica, of which no garden should be destitute. The blossoms are of a superb scarlet and it is one of the earliest shrubs in the garden; deciduous, though by some called an evergreen. The plant is bushy, and well adapted for single plants in grass-plots, or forming low, ornamental hedges. There is also a variety with delicate bluish-colored blossoms—equally hardy. These plants are valuable for their extreme hardiness as well as for their brilliant beauty. A very pleasing, striking effect is produced by planting them at intervals inside an evergreen hedge so that the brilliant scarlet of the blossoms shine through.

### Simplicity of Style in the Garden.

The adoption of too great a mixture of style in gardens is an error that should always be guarded against. It is the source of numberless little incongruities of appearance; and although, where the space is very small, it may be somewhat difficult to attain any style at all, yet a mixture of the formal and the free, the decorated and the simple, is sometimes seen mixed with poor effect. Straight and regular lines should never be blended with curved ones. Preserve simplicity and the garden will prove more effective than if more is attempted.

### German Ten-week Stock.

The new large flowering varieties are superb, with beautiful, showy, and most fragrant flowers. No garden is complete without them.

### The Mignonette.

This is one of the most admired of flowers. It is made a perennial shrub, and dispenses its odors at all seasons. A young plant should be placed in a garden pot, with a stick of about eighteen inches in height inserted by its side, to tie up its branches to; as it heightens, the leaves and young branches being kept stripped off from the lower part, so as to form a stem to the height required. As soon as the seed-vessels begin to form, they should be cut off, which will cause the plant to throw out a fresh supply of blossoms; but these plants should never be suffered to perfect their seeds, as it would greatly weaken them, and generally cause their entire decay. It is frequently observed that the seeds of the mignonette which scattered themselves in the autumn, produce finer plants than those that are sown in the spring—more thrifty in their growth, and more profuse in their blooming. It is, consequently, a good plan to sow a part of the seed at that season of the year, in pots or boxes, kept in frames through the winter, or in a greenhouse.

### Propagation and Care of Roses.

Roses may be propagated in various ways. Cuttings placed in warm, sandy soil, and covered with a window-sash, and frequently watered, will generally strike in a short time. The hardy kinds are more commonly increased by layers. In the early part of summer, select a young, well-ripened shoot; make a slit upwards in it, about half way through, just below a bud; in the tongue thus formed insert a small chip, to prevent its closing up, then peg down the shoot in the soil, three or four inches below the surface, fill up the hole, and cover the earth with moss, grass, or a flat stone. The extremity of the layer should be several inches above ground, and tied to a stake, to prevent injury to the forming rootlets.

### Crocus.

In whatever way the crocus may be planted, the leaves should never be cut off till they begin to wither, as without their assistance the plant cannot accumulate matter to form its new bulb for the ensuing season. The new bulb always forms above the old one, so that in four or five years they will have almost pushed themselves out of the ground; and for this habit of growth, crocuses are generally planted three or four inches deep.

### Phlox Drummondii.

A beautiful and indispensable plant, blooming till late in autumn. The new varieties are *Thunbergia*, handsome climbing-plants; the *Alata*, buff-colored flowers, with dark throat; and the *Aurantica*, or orange-flowered, also a beautiful variety. The plants throw out many lateral branches, and will require training to a trellis or frame-work.

### Save the Bones.

The value of bones as a manure for field or garden, should induce farmers to save them for this purpose. In the winter, quantities might be gathered, broken and mixed with compost, or applied directly to the soil.

### Geraniums.

If any shoots are growing too long for the rest, cut them back, or pinch out the end of the branch. No plant should be allowed to grow to a great length.

## Curious Matters.

### A Curious Will.

An inhabitant of Montgalliard, who died in 1822, left the following testament: "It is my will that any of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth; but that on the day of my burial the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles, and fifes. All the musicians of Montgalliard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

### Singular Fact.

The Salem Register says, that at a sale of old furniture in that city, recently, there was accidentally discovered in one of the articles sold, a small secret drawer, in which was found a will, duly drawn, signed and witnessed, which was not presented for probate at the time of the testator's death. The will was made thirty-three years ago; the testator has been dead about a quarter of a century; and the property was long ago administered upon and distributed by due process of law. Whether the legatees or their heirs, who may have an interest in the distribution, will take any measures to secure the establishment of this testamentary document remains to be seen.

### Whale Hunt in Orkney.

A few nights ago, says the John o' Groat Journal, the villagers of St. Mary's Holm were surprised by a strange hubbub and noise in Holm Sound. The villagers turned out to a man, mustering some ten boats, got afloat—four men on an average to each boat—and found a flock of "bottle-noses" that had lost their reckoning, blowing off steam quite near the village. Battle was given immediately, and after a short but hot pursuit, the whole flock of seventy whales was stranded a little east of the village, among rugged black rocks. The whales were large on the average, and in fine condition.

### The Elastic Egg.

Take a good and sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, and allow it to remain twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in, it must be covered with water having some soda in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried. Keep it as a curiosity to puzzle your friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in the bottle.

### Hoe-Cake.

A hoe-cake is not now what it used to be. It gets its name from the mode of baking. It was originally baked upon a hoe. An old hoe (a hoe was one of our primitive implements of agriculture, but now almost out of use) which had been worn bright, and the handle out, was placed upon live coals of fire, with the eye down, and on it the cake was baked. Now, hoe-cake is baked upon a griddle, or was before the griddle came into use.

### Mysterious Case.

A Mrs Burny, of Tippecanoe, Harrison County, Ohio, a highly respectable lady, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, during a peculiar condition of her physical and mental organisation, has preached a sermon a half an hour long, every other Sunday at ten o'clock, for eighteen years. While preaching she reclines upon a bed. Her instructions are generally excellent, and abound in scriptural quotations; but when she recovers her consciousness she has no recollection whatever of what she has been saying. Several years ago, her case excited the attention of several medical gentlemen, who, while they had the utmost confidence in her sincerity, could give no satisfactory explanation of the mystery.

### Scientific Discovery.

M. Moser of Konigsberg, Prussia, it is said, has shown that light constantly emanates from all bodies, even in complete darkness, and that when placed near each other they receive upon their surfaces reciprocally pictures of each other. These photographic pictures, however, are invisible, and continue to be so until they are developed by the application of certain vapors, such as that of water, mercury, iodine, etc. These marvellous discoveries of M. Moser have been fully confirmed by other more recent inquiries.

### Curious Question of Survivorship.

A curious case has recently been decided in England. A Mr. and Mrs. Hambling were both killed by a falling building. The husband was taken from the ruins quite dead, while the body of his wife was warm. The question was raised whether it could be safely presumed that the wife survived her husband, as this would cause a variation in the distribution of the property. The court decided against the supposition.

### A wonderful Couple.

There is now residing in Wardsbore, Vermont, a venerable couple—Captain John Rice and his wife—who were married November 16, 1790, a period nearly approximating to seventy years, or dating back to the year succeeding the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, in 1789, or Washington's first visit to the New England States as the first President under the same. Captain Rice was born October 9, 1771, and his wife in 1769.

### Singular.

Calvin Pepper, of Albany, New York, claims that if common coal gas be directed into a body of sand, it can be lighted with a match in an instant, making the sand hot enough in one minute, with two cents' worth of gas, to keep a common-sized room comfortably warm in winter for eight hours, giving a flame without smoke, or odor of any kind. Time must be allowed to verify these statements.

### Wonderful Escape.

A child recently fell over the precipice of Dover Cliff, 800 feet high, and escaped with a few bruises. The cliff has by successive falls lost its perpendicular at many places, and at no place is the abrupt descent more than 70 feet. With the fall even thus broken, the child's escape was miraculous.

### Still Growing.

James Wright, a citizen of Conway, who was fifty-one years old and six feet and six inches high in September, 1868, has grown since then full two inches, and now stands six feet and eight inches high in his shoes.



### The Countess of Orkney.

Mary, Countess of Orkney, was both deaf and dumb; she was married in the year 1753, by signs. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, raised an immense stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse (who was an Irishwoman, and like all persons of the lower orders in her country, and indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies"), lifted it with an apparent intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was deficient in herself.

### Novel Use of a Woman's Mouth.

Lately a man and woman named Gavan called at Ford's jewelry store in Rochester. They looked at and priced various articles, and in due time the clerk missed something, and had the pair arrested. Gavan was told that he must go the station-house. As he was about to leave the house, he begged to be permitted to give his wife a parting kiss, supposing that she was to be allowed to remain in charge of the premises. As they were in the act of exchanging tokens of affection upon the lips, the officers saw something glister, and at once demanded of Mrs. Gavan what foreign substance she had in her mouth. She denied that she had anything concealed there except what nature had given her; but this would not satisfy the police, who at length persuaded her to disgorge another seal, which had been stolen from Mr. Ford, but which he had not previously missed.

### A queer Experiment.

M. Groux, the gentleman with the thoracic cavity which admits of an inspection of the internal mechanism, has had an electro-magnetic machine made, which, applied through the orifice, tinkles a bell with every pulsation of the heart. The machine was made by Mr. Farmer, of the Alarm Telegraph office. Recent experiments were made in connection with the exact and delicate apparatus in the observatory at Cambridge. The operating forces were divided, one portion taking their post at the observatory, the other in Boston. The principal agent, M. Groux, himself, being here, the heart's impulses were transmitted over the electric wires, and instantaneously recorded at the observatory.

### Cheap Barometer.

Dissolve some camphor in alcohol and throw into the solution some soda. The camphor precipitates in snowy flakes, which are collected by passing the mixture through a filter, they are then collected and put into a vial containing a saturated solution of camphor (in strong alcohol). The vial is then tightly corked and placed where it will not be disturbed, when it will prove an unerring index of the weather. In fine weather the precipitate rests on the bottom, but on the approach of a storm it will rise to the surface with a tendency to the quarter opposite to that from which the storm is coming, the flakes being affected electrically.

### Sagacity of a Dog.

One day during the recent sleighing, Mr. Eber Hart of Brighton harnessed a pair of spirited young horses to a sleigh, partially loaded, for the city. The horses took fright while standing without a driver, and ran away. A large mastiff owned by Mr. Hart saw the horses start and gave chase, pursuing for half a mile before he overtook the runaways. He passed them, and by presenting himself in the track in front of them endeavored to check their speed, but to no purpose; they actually ran faster for the barking of the dog. Failing in this, the dog dropped out of the track, and following behind, he seized the reins, dragging upon the ground, and did not relax his hold until the team stopped. After he had been drawn for some distance, his pull became greater upon one line than the other, which drew the horses toward a fence, where they stopped. We are assured that this was an actual occurrence as stated.

### Parisian Advertising.

Recently, upon the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, in a well-appointed barouche and pair, was to be seen a gentleman, having on either side of him a lady in a ball-dress, and without a bonnet. One of these had a profusion of golden locks, exquisitely arranged; the other was a brunette, with hair equally fine. Both turned their heads towards the apparently favored gentleman sitting between them, whom they seemed to be addressing with great animation. The first impression on the spectator, after admiring the beautiful hair of these ladies, was one of wonderment that they should venture abroad in the cold wind so slightly clad. On closer inspection, it appeared that they were wax figures, and that the carriage was the ambulatory advertisement of a hair-dresser.

### Ancient Relics in Ireland.

A curious bronze weapon of the ancient Irish was found below the soil on a farm at Carnles, Ireland, lately. It is in a good state of preservation, and is about five inches and a half in length, including a socket evidently intended for a wooden shaft or handle, and pierced with rivet-holes. It is about one inch broad in the blade, double edged, and tapering to a fine point—one side quite smooth, and the other ribbed in the centre. The weapon is curved towards the point—whether so formed, or as the result of accident, we cannot say—A silver coin, evidently English, of very great age, and weighing only seven grains and a half, was lately found at Skirry; and a Roman bronze coin, clipped, bearing a well-defined bust of Vespasian on one side, and marked with the letters S. C. on the reverse, was dug up near Glenravel.

### Extraordinary Growth.

The gardener of the Agri-horticultural Society of India gives an instance of the extraordinary growth of the bamboo. The shoot was planted in July last, and in four months attained a height of forty-five feet and a width of twenty-two inches. The plant must have grown the sixth of an inch an hour, a speed nearly, if not quite, viable to the careful watcher.

### Enormous Pig.

At a recent agricultural show at Malton, England, was a fat pig, one year and eleven months old, which weighed within six pounds of eight hundred weight.

## The Housewife.

### **Veal Cutlets fried.**

Procure cutlets half an inch thick, coat them with the yolk of eggs well beaten, strew over them bread crumbs, grated lemon peel and nutmeg, put some fresh lard in the pan, and when boiling put in your cutlets; when the cutlets are cooked, take them out and put them before the fire to keep hot; dredge into the pan a little flour, pour in a little water, squeeze in lemon-juice to taste, season with pepper and salt, add mushroom catsup, boil quickly until a light brown, pour it over the cutlets, and serve—the cutlets being laid in a circle round the dish, and the gravy in the centre. Serve hot.

### **Pimples on the Face.**

Sponge the parts with very hot water for a quarter of an hour every morning; then take a rough but soft towel, and press deeply while rubbing the surface, so as to press out the hardened contents of the follicles, which cause the pimples. By perseverance in this plan, although these pimples already existing will be made worse from the irritation of the rubbing, yet fresh ones will cease to appear; and in time the eruption will be nearly or quite cured. It always ceases after thirty or thirty-five years of age.

### **Marmalade.**

Marmalade may be composed of almost any fruit; the best, however, for this purpose are apricots, peaches, oranges, quinces, eggs, plums, apples, etc. They are usually made by boiling the fruit and sugar together to a kind of pulp, stirring them constantly while on the fire. It is kept in pots, which must not be covered till the marmalade is quite cold; the proportion of sugar is half a pound to each pound of fruit.

### **Orange Fritters.**

Take some oranges, pare off the rind quite close, cut them in quarters, and blanch them for a quarter of an hour; then drain them, take out the seeds, put the oranges into a light syrup, and simmer till the syrup thickens; remove them from the fire, let them cool, cover them with syrup; dip each quarter into butter, and fry them to a nice color; sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve them.

### **Plain Tea Cakes.**

A teacup and a half of sugar, half a teacup of butter, a little flour, and half a nutmeg. Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a teacup of milk, strain and mix it with the cake; add flour till stiff enough to roll out; roll it out half an inch thick, cut it into cakes, bake them on flat buttered tins, in a quick oven. If baked slow, they will not be good.

### **Lemon Cake.**

Three cups of loaf-sugar, one of butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, then stir in the yolks of five eggs well beaten; dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a cup of milk; add the milk; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth; add them; sift in four cups of flour as lightly as possible; lastly, add the juice and peel of one lemon, the peel grated.

### **Soap.**

When preparing to make soap, add a little old soap to the lye and grease. This will greatly facilitate the labor of the making.

### **A delicate Rice Pudding.**

Boil half a pound of rice in three pints of milk until the milk is absorbed by the rice; turn it out of the saucepan, and, when cold, add to it three well beaten eggs, with a little nutmeg and sugar; put it into a buttered basin, and boil an hour. This made in smaller proportions is a light and pleasant pudding for an invalid. A laurel leaf, or a bit of cinnamon, may be boiled with the milk and rice, if either flavor is liked.

### **To preserve Eggs.**

Put into a pan one bushel of quicklime, two pounds and a half of salt, and a pound of cream of tartar. Mix these together with enough water to reduce them to that consistence as to cause an egg to swim with its top just above the liquid. Then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them perfectly sound at least two years.

### **For a Cough.**

Roast a large lemon very carefully without burning; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze it into a cup upon three ounces of sugar-candy, finely powdered; take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you. It is as good as it is pleasant.

### **Bread for Horses.**

Oat or rye meal, 8 parts; mashed potatoes, 2 parts; a little salt and yeast to ferment. Mix and bake. Give 4 four-pound rations daily. It is stated that this method effects a great saving over the common plan of feeding horses.

### **To preserve Steel from Rust.**

Dust your grates with unslaked lime, and leave it on until fires are required. Table-knives not in use should be put in a box, in which sifted quicklime is placed, about eight inches deep. The lime should not touch the handle.

### **To raise Bread without Yeast.**

Mix in your flour of pearl ash or subcarbonate of soda, 2 parts; tartaric acid, 1 part; both finely powdered. Make up your bread with warm water, adding but little at a time, and bake soon.

### **Squill Mixture.**

Take of the milk of ammoniacum, four ounces; syrup of squills, three ounces; mix them together. Dose, two large spoonful every sixth hour. It is efficacious in coughs, asthma, and oppression on the chest.

### **The Bite of Insects.**

Insect bites, and even those of a rattlesnake, have passed harmless, by stirring enough of common salt in the yolk of a good egg to make it sufficiently thin for a plaster, to be kept on the bitten parts.

### **To relieve the Breath from Onions.**

A few fresh walnuts, or raw leaves of parsley, eaten immediately after dinner, will speedily remove that disagreeable taint which always infects the breath after partaking of onions or garlic.

### **To prevent Hair from falling out.**

Make a strong decoction of white-oak bark in water, and use it freely. It is best to make but little at a time, and have it fresh at least once a fortnight.

**Potato Pie.**

Peel and slice your potatoes very thin into a pie dish; between each layer of potatoes put a little chopped onion (three-quarters of an ounce of onion is sufficient for a pound of potatoes); between each layer sprinkle a little pepper and salt; put in a little water, and cut about two ounces of fresh butter into little bits, and lay them on the top; cover it close with puff paste. It will take about an hour and a half to bake it. The yolks of four eggs (boiled hard) may be added; and when baked, a tablespoonful of good mushroom ketchup poured in through a tunnel. Cauliflowers divided into mouthfuls, and button onions seasoned with curry-powder, etc., make a favorite vegetable pie.

**Lamb dressed with Rice.**

Half roast a small fore-quarter, cut it into steaks, season with salt, lay them in a dish, and pour in a little water. Boil a pound of rice with a little mace; strain it, and stir in half a cup of cream, or more, according to the quantity of meat; add the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and a little salt; cover the lamb with the rice, and with a feather put over a little egg yolk, reserved for the purpose. Bake it in an oven till it is of a light brown color.

**Sweet Potato Buns.**

Boil and mash two nice potatoes, rub in as much flour as will make it like bread, add a little nutmeg and sugar to your taste, with a tablespoonful of good yeast. When it has risen work in two tablespoonfuls of butter cut finely, then form it into small rolls, and bake on tins a nice brown. Serve hot, split open and butter; either good for tea or breakfast.

**Rice Waffles.**

Beat three eggs very light, stir them in one pint and a half of flour, adding by degrees as you mix in the flour two pints of milk; then add a pint of boiled rice, with a tablespoonful of butter stirred in while the rice is hot; salt to the taste, and add one tablespoonful of good yeast; if they are made at noon, they will be fit for baking at tea-time.

**Nice Gingerbread.**

Three pounds of flour, six ounces of butter, one ounce of the best powdered ginger, one ounce of ground caraway seeds, half an ounce of sweet pepper, two pounds of treacle, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda mixed in boiling water. Butter and treacle both melted. Bake in a slow oven for two and a half hours.

**A Delhi Pudding.**

Take three or four apples, pare, core and boil as if for apple-sauce, with nutmeg, a little lemon and sugar to taste, with six ounces of currants nicely washed. Have ready a good suet crust, rolled out thin; spread the apples over the paste, then sprinkle the currants, and roll it up properly, closing the ends, and boil it as a jam-pudding.

**Raspberry Vinegar.**

Six pints of raspberries to a quart of vinegar. After a few days mash them and strain them, add two pounds of crushed sugar, boil it half an hour, skim it, and when cold bottle it.

**Scotch Bread.**

One pound and a quarter of flour, three-quarters of sugar, three-quarters of butter, essence of lemon to taste. Bake twenty minutes in rather a slow oven.

**Camphor Ioe.**

This substance, which is a very delightful thing to rub on the exposed parts of the person, to prevent chapping and sores from cold, is made as follows:—Take one pound of rose-water, one ounce each of wax and spermaceti, two ounces of camphor and one ounce of rosemary. Melt the camphor, wax and spermaceti in the oil by a gentle heat; then add the rose-water, stirring briskly or rubbing in a large mortar, and lastly, the perfume. The consistence may be varied by increasing or diminishing the proportion of wax and spermaceti.

**Onolet.**

Take four eggs, beat up with a bowl of milk seasoned; heat the skillet, then put in a lump of butter; when melted pour in the egg; as it browns at the edge turn it over to the middle, and keep turning each edge; then cover the skillet with a plate and let it steam a little while, then turn it over into the dish.

**Holiday Cake.**

Five teacupfuls of flour, one of melted butter, one of cream, one of treacle, one of brown sugar, two eggs, one ounce of powdered ginger, half a pound of chopped raisins, four teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda mixed with a tablespoonful of vinegar—vinegar and soda last. Bake two hours in a slow oven.

**Pearl Barley Pudding.**

Put a quarter of a pound of pearl barley into three pints of water and boil two hours; add half a teaspoonful of salt; pour it into a pie-dish. Pare and cut two large apples, the same as for an apple-pudding. Mix them with the barley and three spoonfuls of sugar. Bake an hour. To be eaten with sugar and cream.

**A Shoulder of Mutton.**

This is always better boiled than roasted. One of seven pounds an hour and a half. Introduce the spit at the shank bone, and pass it along the blade bone. A rich gravy from the meat; stir in a little flour to thicken.

**Elder-Flower Ointment.**

Gather the buds or earliest flowers of the elder-bush; simmer these in fresh butter, or sweet lard. It makes a healing and cooling ointment for the skin, in cutaneous diseases.

**To revive Gilt Frames.**

Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with an ounce of soda; blow the dust from the frames with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture.

**To prevent Chapped Hands.**

Wash them with flour of mustard, or in bran and water boiled together. *To Cure*—Wash them with soft soap, mixed with red sand; or, wash them in sugar and water.

**Noyeau Cream.**

One pound and a quarter of flour, three-quarters of sugar, three-quarters of butter, essence of lemon to taste. Bake twenty minutes in rather a slow oven.

**Cream Sponge Cake.**

One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one half cup of cream, and two eggs.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* we close the *ninth* volume. We are now prepared to bind up the volume just finished in our neat, uniform style, at a charge of only *thirty-eight* cents. The reason that we bind the work so cheap, is, that we desire to make it an object for our subscribers and readers to preserve the volumes. The increasing demand for this marvel of cheapness shows that the public realize that it is the cheapest work in the world; and though published less than five years, it has already reached the remarkable edition of 114,000! Enclose us *one dollar*, and the Magazine will be sent for a whole year. We shall still go on improving it, from month to month, as the edition increases. This could only be afforded by reason of its immense circulation.

MUSIC.—Our lady readers who have an accumulation of *sheet music*, have only to gather it together and hand or send it to our office, 22 Winter Street, and it will be very neatly and handsomely bound, and returned in *one week*, at the lowest rate of charge. It thus becomes vastly more ornamental to the parlor, is permanently preserved, and is far more convenient for use.

COL. COLT.—This gentleman, now one of the wealthiest men in New England, is said to have been obliged, twelve years ago, to mortgage a lathe and some machinery, to secure a debt of \$750. Never despair.

DRUGGED LIQUORS.—The grand jury of Baltimore have reported that a large proportion of the crime in that city is directly attributable to the sale of drugged and poisonous liquors.

VERY PROPER.—The New Haven Brewster (racing) Park Association have adopted a by-law which prohibits profane swearing.

VERY IMPORTANT.—A Paris letter in the *Independence Belge* states that Mario and Grisi have quarrelled.

### "MAKE A NOTE."

The inevitable Captain Cuttle tells us at the end of all his sage quotations, to search for them in the authorities indicated, and "when found, make a note." The Japanese appear to adopt the worthy captain's maxim to the full extent; for they make a note of everything. Visitors to that singular people say that every one seems to be eternally taking notes of what everybody else is doing. Each Japanese has his breast pockets full of note paper, and is provided with a convenient writing apparatus, worn at his side; and his chief occupation in company appears to be, to write down memoranda of what others say or do. There is little conversation among them, except in formal, set speeches; the tongue has little to do; but the pen is constantly at work, setting down their observations of one another. Occasionally they compare notes with each other, and signify their assent or dissent from the opinions or statements recorded, by an audible grunt. The governors and other high officers are accompanied wherever they go, by one private and two public reporters each. The latter forward direct to the capital at Yeddo, particulars of all the officer's acts, and their reports are checked by the notes of the private reporter. Reporters are also set upon every stranger who visits the country, and all his sayings and doings are chronicled with a precision that far surpasses the *espionage* of the French police. How these remarkable people can find time to attend to anything else, in the midst of their incessant note-taking, is a matter of wonder. One would think that they would get so heartily sick of the business that they would exclaim, with the player-king, "Bring me no more reports!"

OLD TIME TRAVEL.—The first stage coach to Boston from New York, started the 24th of June, 1772, from the "Fresh Water." It was to leave each terminus once a fortnight. It reached Hartford Conn., in two days, and Boston in two more.

TRAVELLING TYPOS.—Two printing presses are about to be started to the gold regions at Pike's Peak. A Yankee must have his newspapers wherever he is.

**FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.**

Insurance against loss, in some form or other, is of very ancient date, and traces of the principle may be discovered even in savage life. Among the Romans it was a recognized custom, that when a man's house should burn down, his friends should recompense him by costly gifts. In this we see the principle of insurance. The whole social circle are members of a mutual insurance company, and each one of them is a party insured by all the others. But in modern times the kindly courtesy of the friendly relation is superseded by the more regular and reliable promptings of interest, and insurance has become a regular business, to be transacted like any other business for profit, and at an ascertained and fair rate of compensation. The rates of insurance are now adjusted with mathematical precision, so as to produce a sufficient sum wherewith to pay losses that may occur, and to defray the necessary expenses of the business, including interest on capital held as a reserved fund. Nor is this adjustment produced by mere guess work, nor is it a bold risking of chances; it is the result of careful and accurate computations, made upon an immense number of observed facts.

The principle upon which insurance rests, is the wide distribution of interests, so as to prevent the possibility of a great and ruinous loss to the individual, by his submitting to a small annual premium. It is in short, the homely maxim of increasing the safety of your eggs by not putting too many in one basket. Five hundred eggs in one basket stand a much greater chance of total smash, than five eggs each in one hundred baskets. So in a community of two hundred persons, each owning as his only property a house worth five thousand dollars; if one of these houses must be destroyed by fire every year, it is safer for each person to contribute twenty-five dollars a year to pay for the house that is to be burned, than it is for each one to run the risk of his own being the fated house, instead of that of one of his neighbors. In the one case the result would be that one of the citizens would be ruined entirely, and in the other that nobody would be loser to a greater extent than twenty-five dollars. Insurance is, when rightly understood, an approach towards the equal distribution of property, so that all may share and share alike; and is probably the nearest realization that society will ever see of that equal and exact justice as to property division which is so beautiful to contemplate in theory, but so utterly impossible to realize in practice, in man's present corrupt and imperfect state.

The advantages of insurance upon property

are limited, however, to those who have the good fortune to possess property. Not so insurance upon life. Every person has a life in which he or some one else is interested, and upon the continuance of which the welfare and comfort of others may depend. To such a life there is an insurable value, which may be realized in case of its loss, by those who are interested in its continuance. In this sense the life of a person is actually property to those who are dependent upon his exertions, and like any other property it may be insured against loss by the payment of a suitable premium. This life insurance is within the reach of every man who can lay aside a small amount from his daily earnings, wherewith to pay the annual premium. And how few, how very few are there, capable of earning anything, who cannot do this! The most trifling sum spent in useless luxury or unprofitable indulgence, if saved from day to day, would at the end of the year amount to enough to pay an annual premium upon the value of the person's life; and he at the same time be all the better for the saving. The money paid for premiums on life policies is usually taken from the current expenses of the year, and if it did not go for that purpose, would probably be expended for something that would produce no lasting benefit. It is therefore like laying up something against a rainy day, to pay money for life insurance; and we moreover lay it up where it is beyond our reach for any temporary emergency in which we may be placed. It is all very well for a man in business to talk about laying aside a stipulated sum every year, and investing it where it will draw interest; and so to accumulate a considerable amount against the day of his death, instead of putting it in a life insurance company. But the trouble is, that when the money is within his reach, he will be tempted to use it for some pressing call, and thus scatter it again. A dear friend may be in distress, and want to borrow; and how can he deny the promptings of friendship? Or his own business may be increasing, and require more capital; and where can his savings be safer than in his own business? But the dear friend fails, or the business breaks down, and then, where are his cherished savings? All gone to destruction, with his own or his friend's property, as the case may be. But if the same amount of money were annually paid into a good life office, where it would be beyond his control; then the storm might come, the winds blow, and the rains beat upon his house, but he would still have the cheering assurance that should his earthly tabernacle fall, there was something laid up for his wife and children against the rainy day.

### A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

There is, and for some time past has been, a change for the worse going on in this country, in respect to breaches of the peace. Personal violence is getting to be altogether too much the order of the day, in the settlement of private controversies. Nor is this increased disregard for law confined to the reckless rowdies of community, who have formerly monopolized this mode of settling grievances; but it is manifested to a great extent among men who pretend to appreciate and conform to the decencies of society. Those who occupy high social and professional position, and are entrusted with important and honorable public duties, are in too many instances the counterparts of vulgar ruffians in word and deed. Such low resorts are entirely inexcusable in men of education and refinement; and yet how common is it at the present day, to find men of high standing in public or in private life, giving loose to the impulses of anger, in low and abusive language, or deeds of personal violence towards their opponents. It is but a few days since a prominent merchant of this city, having some altercation with a recently-elected member of Congress, called that person a liar, and actually kicked him out of his store. Members of the national legislature from time to time set such examples as this, by resorting to disgraceful language in abuse of each other, and to actual blows. The floor of the United States Senate has been repeatedly the scene of such ruffianism, and the House of Representatives, as well. These things ought not so to be; and the people, without distinction of party, owe it to themselves to apply a reform.

These conspicuous violators of public decency should be effectually rebuked by being banished from official station, that their prominent example may not corrupt the morals of the country so extensively. The law-makers, of all men, should be pre-eminently in their own language and conduct, the respecters of law. They should bridle their anger more than other men, chasten their language with a more scrupulous care, and above all, restrain their hands from deeds of violence and bloodshed. The sacred palladium of the peace should be the object of their profound respect; and in their own language and conduct they ought to be conspicuous examples of manly forbearance, and patient conformity to the requirements of law. In this regard the standard of public men has greatly degenerated from the earlier times, when Webster and Calhoun, and men of their high and honorable conduct, were the occupants of the legislative seats of the nation. There was a time when it

could with truth be said that the United States Senate was the most dignified public body in the civilized world; and that in propriety of language and conduct, the national House of Representatives was far before the British House of Commons. Can these things be said at the present day? No, they cannot be; and to the shame of our country is it, that such a confession must be made. The character of either branch of Congress is much lower now than it was formerly; and we cannot but think that in this deterioration may be found the true cause of the increased disregard for decency of language and conduct which is exhibited by influential members of community.

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**WELL PAID.**—Scribe, the French dramatist, is said to have received \$30,000 last year from his pieces played on the stage, \$15,000 from the publishers of his works, and \$60,000 from his money invested in houses and government securities. \$105,000 income is no contemptible feat for a goose quill to perform!

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**REMEMBER.**—Any person who sends us \$5, with five subscribers' names, for our *Dollar Magazine*, gets a copy gratis for the whole year. Take a sample among your neighbors, and this can be accomplished in a leisure hour. The cheapest magazine in the world!

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**A TOPER.**—Lord Eldon was celebrated as a *bon vivant*. "How many bottles," said his late majesty to Stowell, "can your brother take at a sitting?" "Why, I really can't say; but I should think, your majesty, any *given* quantity."

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**A GOOD IDEA.**—"The mind of a young creature," says Bishop Berkely, "cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to use even that which is bad."

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**THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."**—The oldest inhabitant is the link between the dead and the living. He remains here to check the vanity of the present by his testimony to the past.

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**A GOOD ONE.**—Why may it be said that Dutchmen come into the world ready dressed? Because they are born in Holland.

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Ballou's *Dollar Magazine*, not yet five years old, has reached the extraordinary circulation of nearly one hundred and fifteen thousand copies monthly. It is the *cheapest* magazine in the world.—*Ladies' Repository*.

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**LUSUS NATURE.**—A black canary bird was recently hatched out in England.

## CHEATS IN DIET.

The fraudulent mixture of foreign substances with articles used for food, is severely punished in the city of Paris, and the police are ever vigilant to detect and bring to justice offenders against the laws regulating these matters. Cheating of this kind is practised to a great extent in our large cities, but seldom meets with its merited penalty. Fortunes are made by men who impose worthless or deleterious substances upon their customers, mixed with articles of food or drink; and the cheat goes on successfully until the purchaser finds it out for himself, and quits the false trader for one more honest. Of course, thousands of reckless or ignorant people never detect the imposition which is practised upon them, and continue for years to suffer in health, or in purse, while the swindlers who abuse their confidence grow rich by their wicked practices. There is great necessity that the public authorities should look into this subject carefully, and see who adulterates bread, sugar, milk, wine, tea, coffee, and many other articles of daily consumption; and all such should be promptly punished by adequate penalties and ignominious exposure.

Throughout France, the adulteration of such articles is made a very serious offence, and is promptly punished by fine, imprisonment, and the publication of the sentence upon conspicuous placards. The practice of systematic and thorough exposure operates very effectively to deter traders from attempts to cheat in this way, because they dread the effect upon their trade. In Paris, recently, a milkman who was convicted of "falsifying alimentary substances," was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. He was an old offender, and at the instance of the public prosecutor, his punishment was made more severe on that account. Another, convicted for the third time of the same offence, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of two thousand francs. These men were also doomed to have six placards of the judgment posted up. A widow named Binaldy, a milkwoman, was fined and imprisoned for the falsification of milk, by adding thirty per cent. of water; a milkman, who was convicted of abstracting cream from milk, was sentenced to six days' imprisonment, and fifty francs fine; a wine-merchant who watered his wine, and a grocer who mixed chicory with his coffee, suffered a like imprisonment. All these offences, it will be perceived, were comparatively innocent as to the nature of the adulterations; yet the punishment was heavy. The cases of more flagrant crime, by mixture of

noxious articles with food, are very rare in Paris, owing to the great vigilance of the police, and the very heavy punishments which are inflicted on those who are convicted of thus abusing the health of their customers, and robbing their purses.

## MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

It is well known that Napoleon often honored Talma by inviting him to breakfast with him. At Dresden, Mademoiselle Mars, the great French actress received the same compliment. Among the numerous questions the emperor addressed to her was one relating to her first appearance.

"Sire," she replied, with her customary grace, "I made a very small beginning. I glided along imperceptibly."

"Imperceptibly! You are mistaken; you would say that you conquered admiration by degrees. But believe me, mademoiselle, I, in common with all France, always applauded your rare talents."

After his return to Paris, in 1815, Napoleon reviewed his troops, during two consecutive days, on the Place du Carrousal. He recognized among the soldiers, Mademoiselle Mars, who had even penetrated the lines of the troops to obtain a better view of the spectacle before her. Napoleon rode up, and said:

"What are you doing there, Mademoiselle Mars? This is no place for you."

"Sire," replied the witty actress, "I am tired of seeing caricatures of gentlemen on the stage, and I wanted to see a real hero."

**DESCRIPTIVE.**—According to a recent account of Aspinwall, N. G., one may have a perfect conception of the place by picturing to himself "a single, dirty, miserable looking street by the water's side, and a few consumptive, filthy two-storied houses, on which hundreds of half-starved turkey-buzzards are roosting."

**LIGHT.**—It takes about sixteen and a half minutes for light to pass over a space equal to the diameter of the earth's orbit, which is nearly 190,000,000 miles; therefore it travels at the rate of about 200,000 miles per second.

**COAL DISCOVERED IN THE WRONG PLACE.**—Dr. Livingstone has discovered an immense coal-field at Tete, on the Zambesi, Africa. It is of about as much use there as a flannel shirt would be.

**ORIENTAL IDEA.**—In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

**DRAM-DRINKING, NOW AND THEN.**

Many a friend of humanity, as he has contemplated the ravages of intemperance, has had abundant reason to wish that rum-making were numbered among the lost arts. More than half of all the pauperism, and three-quarters of all the crimes which afflict civilized society, are traceable directly to the use of intoxicating liquors. And the worst of it is, that the evils have greatly increased within the last thirty years, both in number and degree, notwithstanding the active influence of the temperance sentiment during that period. About thirty years ago the curse of adulteration was added to the original mischief of alcohol; and to this cause is probably attributable the added horrors which have marked intemperance since that time. Rectified spirit was then introduced as an article of trade, under the lying name of "pure spirit;" and this being neutral in flavor and color, and withal very cheap, has furnished a very available means of adulterating pure liquors, and thus enabling the vender to cheat the purchaser. But the cheat has not extended to the purse only, of the deluded customer; it has reached his health and life. For this rectified spirit is made of the meanest and most deleterious substances that can be tortured into alcohol, and is then run through charcoal to rid it of flavor and color. This charcoal process communicates the deadly property which makes the adulterated spirit of the present day so much more fatal than the genuine liquor of other days. Many of our readers have heard of instances where men in the olden time, drank freely and even to excess, of spirit, every day of their lives, and yet lived to a great age, and never had any such affliction as delirium tremens, or *mania a potu*. The disorder was altogether unknown to our forefathers, and has sprung up in modern times. At the present day, a man cannot devote himself steadily to drinking the stuff that is sold for drams, without incurring the disease almost at the start; and the chances are that he will drink himself into his grave in the course of five years. What is the difference between then and now? Is it in the human system, or is it in what men drink? The latter is the true suggestion. Men are the same by constitution, now, as then; but then they drank pure New England rum, distilled from molasses, and not tampered with; whereas now, almost invariably, those who drink, pour down noxious, filthy compounds, poisonous of themselves, without regard to the alcohol.

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**SMOKING.**—Prentice says of tobacco, the more men *fume* the less they *frat*.

**NATURAL PHOTOGRAPHY.**

Wonders will never cease. The marvels of spiritualism have their ups and downs in the public estimation, as this or that adept succeeds in developing some new phase of psychology; but still there is a settled belief among men that "there is something in it," if they could only get at the rights of it. Almost akin to these spiritual wonders, is a discovery recently made by a philosopher named Moser, of Königsburg, Prussia. He has demonstrated that bodies in contact or placed near each other, reciprocally photograph their pictures upon the surface of each other, and that these pictures can be made visible by the application of certain chemical vapors, similar to the process made use of in the photographic art. M. Moser's theory is, that light constantly emanates from all bodies, even in complete darkness, and that the action of this light, though invisible to the human eye, is sufficiently powerful to etch a picture of the body upon any near object. Other experimenters profess that the results of their observations confirm the truth of this theory. If this be so, a man is not safe from detection in any wrongful act which he may perform, however much alone he may be at the time, or how completely soever shrouded in darkness. The vapors of mercury and iodine can bring his evil deeds to light, and picture them forth to the observation of his fellow-men. Here we have a material illustration of the operation of conscience, which takes a sketch of every evil thought or act at the time of its birth; and subsequently, by its subtle vapor, pictures it forth to the mental eye, in all its native deformity and ugliness. And thus, too, we find that the natural, as well as the moral world, is ever calling to us, in tones of solemn warning, to think and act only right.

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**OUR NEXT NUMBER.**—In our number of the *Dollar Monthly* for the next month, we shall present the finest connected series of illustrations which we have yet published in these pages. It will be typical of American national characteristics, and will embrace a dozen or more brilliant original pictures.

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**FRIENDSHIP.**—Be slow to choose a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; scorn no man for his poverty, honor no man for his wealth.

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**A NOVEL IDEA.**—A church, designed exclusively for "outcasts," is said to be soon erected in Cincinnati.



## CHINESE SUGAR-CANE.

Repeated trials in all parts of the country appear to establish the fact, beyond dispute, that the Sorghum, or Chinese cane will not make sugar, even though grown in the southern country, and fully matured. A writer in the "Farmer and Planter," of Columbia, S. C., states that careful experiments have been made by the most skilful chemists in that State, during the past year, to test the practicability of making sugar from the juice of this plant, and the result is, that sugar cannot be made. The syrup derived from the Sorghum is pronounced to be "glucose," or fruit syrup, which is not crystallizable, like the juice from the true sugar-cane, and some other vegetable substances. It is therefore decided that the Sorghum is useful only for the manufacture of syrup, to be used in that state; and for this purpose it has been and will be found a very profitable article of culture. The yield of syrup is large, and it sells very readily at fifty cents per gallon, for table use. As we have before remarked, it is esteemed a great delicacy in this shape, and is much sought after. A great desideratum with farmers is to devise some means by which the ground stalks may be rendered safe food for cattle. The flinty coating upon the outside is very injurious to the stomachs of cattle, by cutting the membrane; and in some cases, death has been caused in this manner. Unless the sharp, silicious covering can be neutralized in some way, the ground cane of the Sorghum will have to be discarded as fodder.

**TEMPERANCE IN RUSSIA.**—So many of the peasants of Kovno, and the neighboring provinces, have become members of total abstinence societies, that the men who hold the monopoly of the brandy traffic fear very much that they will not be able to pay the sums which they have agreed to pay for this monopoly. This extraordinary movement is attributed by some to the influence of the clergy; others think that it is produced by the approaching emancipation, the peasants now having some object in accumulating property.

**PHYSICAL TRAINING.**—One of the first maxims applied to the management of both girls and boys in England, is in the words of one of their old physicians—"Plenty of flannel, plenty of milk, and plenty of sleep."

**COMFORTABLE HOMESTEAD.**—A Litchfield county (Conn.) man advertises what he calls a "small but comfortable homestead." He says "there is a barn, but no house, on the place."

## THE HUMAN LUNGS.

The necessity for air to support life is pretty generally conceded in theory, by every one, but in practice many people seem to concern themselves very little what kind of air they breathe. Bad air, which is actually poisonous to the lungs, is made very little account of by many people, provided they do not actually faint in inhaling it. And yet nature is crying out to us continually, that if we would be healthy, we must breathe pure air. Blood, the river of life, cannot be supplied to the system, without the agency of air, and the wonderful and elaborate arrangement of nature, whereby air is taken into the lungs for vivifying the blood, should operate as a perpetual caution upon this subject. The number of cells in the human lungs amount to no less than six hundred millions. According to Weber, who is esteemed good authority by the scientific world, the diameters of these cells vary from the 70th to the 200th of an inch; and by estimating the internal surface of each of these cells as equal to that of a hollow globule of equal diameter, we find that six hundred millions of such cells present a collective surface of upwards of one hundred and sixty-six square yards. It thus appears that whatever kind of air we breathe, whether pure or putrid, that air is constantly coming in contact with an extent of breathing surface equal to the side of a large sized dwelling-house, or a ship's mainsail. What an essential thing is it, then, that this great laboratory where blood is vitalized, should be supplied with proper material for the business!

**HONORS TO ENTERPRISE.**—Queen Victoria has just made a baronet of Mr. Cunard, the projector of the English lines of ocean steamers. The people of the United States long ago made a commodore of Mr. Vanderbilt, his Yankee competitor.

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.**—This Magazine contains more *original* matter than any other published in the United States, and its circulation is exceeded by but one other monthly published in this or any other country.

**SAD ACCIDENT.**—During a masked ball in Paris, a costumed individual lit a cigar, and, accidentally, a large wig, which he wore. Before he could free himself, he was fatally burned.

**REMEMBER.**—Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Fifteen years ago, Mr. Knight, a London publisher, had a page of advertisements in the Times.

Mr. Bailey, the English sculptor, has retired from his professional labors, a rich man.

Sir Edward Landseer has modelled the lions for Nelson's monument, Charing-Cross, London.

The Prince of Wales, it is said, will marry the Princess Alexandrina of Prussia.

In case of war, the British government could raise \$350,000,000 without additional taxation.

In the British Museum, there are 30,000 American books—560,000 volumes in all.

Ristori will leave Europe for the United States in November next.

There is insured in the London fire-offices upward of £100,000,000 of property. The number of fires in that city was 1114 the last year.

In ten years the number of persons passing through London Bridge station has increased from 620,000 to thirteen millions and a half.

Baron Rothschild's new chateau at Terriere, France, has cost him over three and a half million of dollars.

Mrs. Brougham has opened a small dramatic establishment in London, called the Garrick Theatre.

The British government is about to establish a monthly steam postal service between Australia and Panama.

The quantity of rain which fell near London in the past year, was less than in any other year in the present century.

A plan for the emancipation of the serfs of Russia, under their authority, has just been completed by ten of its governments.

An Universal Exhibition, to be organized under the protection of England and France, is announced to take place in Constantinople in 1860.

Mr. Macmurray, a wealthy paper manufacturer, has become proprietor of the London Journal, of which Mark Lemon has lately been the editor.

A statue of Oliver Goldsmith is about to be erected at Dublin. The proposition came from the Earl of Carlisle, who contributed one hundred pounds.

The London Times says that there are 9000 miles of railway in Great Britain, which has cost £315,000,000! The average interest which they pay is about 3 1-3 per cent.

In two provinces of Denmark women are allowed to vote, and at a late election for representatives several ballots were cast for female candidates.

The number of unpaid letters deposited every year in the post-office in Great Britain is 2,500,000. Of these about 80,000 are valentines, about 60,000 of which are rejected.

The British Museum has a collection of about 30,000 books published in the United States, which is more than double the extent of any similar collection of American books in our own country.

The effective force of the Austrian army in Italy was lately stated at 180,000 men.

Thirty persons were lately killed by the fall of a church at Weissenbern, Germany.

If Paris increases at the present ratio, in 1890, there will be a population of 4,000,000.

Malicious and witty Parisians have nick-named the *Moniteur* the *Menteur*—liar.

The city of London has now a larger population than the six New England States.

Mr. G. A. Sala, the popular author of "A Journey Due North," is coming to America.

Vasa de Agius, a notorious bandit, who has committed 70 murders, has been arrested at Cagliari.

No franking privilege exists in England. Even the queen is obliged to pay her own penny postage.

Count Sigismund Krasinski, the Polish poet, recently deceased at Paris, left a fortune of about \$1,500,000.

The brother of the King of Abyssinia has just arrived at Paris. He is perfectly black, and very handsome.

M. Didot is reported to have paid M. de la Guernoniere 10,000 francs for his pamphlet, "Napoleon III. and Italy."

The fifth volume of M. de Lamartine's series of *Lives of Great Men*, has been issued. It is called "History of Cæsar."

Mr. W. C. Macready, the tragedian, is now, we understand, conducting a school at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire.

The authorities of St. Petersburg have interdicted the further preaching in that city of Father Souaillard, the well-known Jesuit.

The receipts of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England, for 1856 are put down at £130,000 (about \$650,000). A much larger sum than any previous year.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur is engaged upon a new painting, the subject "Highland Drovers," forming a companion picture to "The Pyrenean Muleteers."

The learned Russians connected with the college in Peking have recently announced that according to the last census returns, China contains a population of four hundred and fifty-five millions.

The Union Bretonne, of Nantes states that the Russian government has recently given orders to the shipbuilders in different French ports to the amount of ten millions of francs. Those of Nantes will reckon for three millions.

A queer story is circulating on the continent, to the effect that the Holy See is now engaged in recruiting a body of 5000 men in Ireland, who are to be sent forthwith to Rome to form his holiness's body guard.

The length of railway lines sanctioned in India is 4847 miles, the length in course of construction is 3038, and the length opened for traffic is 559 miles. It is estimated that within three years from the present time more than 3000 miles of railway will be opened. The cost of construction is about \$55,000 per mile—one third the English average.

## Record of the Times.

The unclaimed dividends in the Bank of England amount to over five million dollars.

The duration of human life throughout the world is thirty-three years, on an average.

The Spanish-American Exhibition is to take place in Madrid, in 1861.

The last invention in Ohio is an India-rubber meat saw. Progressive age, this.

Canada now has a regular line of weekly steamers to Liverpool.

One hundred and nineteen of the students at Princeton College, N. J., are members of churches.

Dr. Lyman Beecher has reached his eighty-fourth year. He is the father of "all the Beechers."

On the roof of the old Farmington (Conn.) church, there are shingles which have been there 82 years. Some are 18 inches long and three quarters of an inch thick at the butt.

A dancing master was taken up in Natchez, lately, for robbing a fellow-boarder. He said he began by cheating a printer, and after that, everything rascally came easy to him.

A year and a half ago, four young ladies in Cincinnati were married at the same hour. Two have since separated from their husbands, and the other two are trying to get separated.

In Dayton, Ohio, a favorite actress recently announced her benefit, and promised to present a new hat to the gallant gentleman who should bring the largest number of ladies.

It is affirmed that in the last ten years 4,000,000 of immigrants have reached our shores, each bringing, on an average, \$100 in gold, making an aggregate of \$4,000,000 of currency.

Forty citizens of Waterville, in Litchfield, Connecticut, have formed a joint stock company, with \$10,000 capital, for the manufacture of pen-knives, each subscribing \$250.

Planter & Smith, of Lee, Massachusetts, man,ufactured 1200 reams of note paper, in forty-eight consecutive hours, on one machine, lately—without once stopping the machine.

Street vendors in New York are now required to obtain licenses, according to a recent ordinance; and since it was passed, 420 licenses have been granted, for which \$2210 have been received.

The New Orleans Crescent says that market has been swept of Spanish and Mexican doubloons, the latter being worth \$17 in Cuba; when brought here and sent to our mint and recoined into eagles or coin, they lost about 10 per cent.

The Williams College Library has received from Mr. Nathan Jackson \$750 worth of books as a nucleus for a theological library, to accompany the professorship of theology which Mr. J. founded last year.

A letter from San Francisco says: "California is a great country generally—I believe it is so understood—and whatever it doeth, is done up to the handle. When it is dry, it is the driest dry—and when it is wet, it is the wettest wet ever one experienced."

Oregon contains 185,000 square miles.

Harvard University has a fund of \$1,009,636, nearly all of which is profitably invested.

At Baltimore, Md., they are about to build a new exchange which will cost \$100,000.

The New Orleans Picayune tells us that cotton factories are starting up all over the South.

An "American Indian Association" has been formed in New York.

It is stated that Anna Bishop, with her children, is coming to the United States to reside.

Coal has already been found in no less than four counties in Michigan.

The Ohio officials estimate the population of that State at 2,300,000.

The School of Design attached to the Maryland Institute at Baltimore is very prosperous. It has 643 pupils.

Captain Daniel Brown, believed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, died lately in Pennsylvania, aged 88.

A marble monument has been erected in Cuba to Lieutenant Crittenden, who was one of the victims of the Lopez expedition.

Coal exists in 81 of the counties of Illinois, and over a hundred mines are now worked in 31 different counties.

There are three hundred and thirty orphans in the Girard College, Philadelphia, at the present time.

The number of letters which passed through the post-offices of Great Britain, the past year, was five hundred and twenty-three millions.

Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted.

Mr. Thomas Dodworth, the founder of the "Dodworth Band," has been appointed by the Postmaster General postmaster at Morrisiana.

An iron mine has been discovered near Chehalis Valley, about thirteen miles from Portland, Oregon, which promises to yield a rich supply of superior ore.

In a town in North Carolina, there is said to be three men who have had eleven wives and fifty-six children, and that neither of the men are fifty years old.

The largest liquor dealers in San Francisco have estimated that the daily consumption of liquors in that State amounts to about 8000 gallons per day.

The Buffalo Express says: "It is probable that at least 20,000 tons of iron, costing \$550,000, will be consumed by our iron works during the coming year."

An iron railroad depot, and a large number of bridges, for the Havana Railroad, Cuba, has just been constructed in Baltimore, and some twenty superior workmen have gone on to erect them.

Since the publication of the late statistics relative to the health—or rather the want of health—of New York, a contemporary surmises that persons hereafter wishing to commit suicide, instead of taking laudanum, strychnine or arsenic, will simply visit that city.

## Merry-Making.

What is the easiest fence a sportsman ever took? Offence.

An auctioneer does as he is bid, a postman as he is directed.

Rather ominous—to be importuned by your wife to get your life insured.

What machine is sometimes seen in a ball-room? A spinning jenny.

Who is the greatest general of the age? General Consumption.

Why is snuff like the letter S? Because it's the beginning of sneezing.

Why have the ladies discarded streamers? Because they prefer beaux (bows).

Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are the bearers of idle tails.

Why was Adam the first runner that ever lived? Because he was the first in the human race.

A fat candidate for office, in Alabama, who is said to weigh three hundred and seventy-five pounds, asks the people to *try* him.

A popular writer says that men, like children, are "pleased with a rattle." Not much, if it is at the tail of a snake.

There is at present a man in New York whose temper is so exceedingly hot that he invariably reduces all his shirts to tinder!

In regard to late suppers, cause and effect may be stated in a single word—attenuated (at ten you ate it).

A Frenchman has written to say that he has invented a remedy for the 2-shake, which will alleviate all pain 4-th-with.

Why is fish-peddling, morally considered, an objectionable business? Because one sells what he knows has been hooked.

A new measure of distance. A recent traveller by the Sound route says Boston is exactly twenty-four cigars and six brandy cocktails from New York.

"Indeed you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his mistress. "Pooh, pooh," said she, "so you'd say if you didn't think so." "And so you'd think," he answered, "if I didn't say so."

An individual, the other day, remarked upon the street that money is the great lever, in the affairs of mankind. "A very great lever, indeed," replied Blinks; "I never could keep it."

Mrs. Partington says that she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and would come so good to wear his old clothes out.

"That was quite a severe coughing fit," remarked the sexton to the undertaker, when they were taking a glass together. "O, it's nothing save a little ale which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ha, that's just like you," said the sexton; "you always lay the *ciffin* on the *bier*."

If you would enjoy yourself, always be late at a ball; it's *past time*.

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

Never check a man for building castles in the air—it is the cheapest architecture.

Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on, like most railroad stock? Because it is below par.

A bank and a jail were broken in T——, last week—the former by outsiders, and the latter by insiders.

What foreign institution does starving a jury approach the nearest to? The Diet of Hungary.

Why is one-and-sixpence like an aversion to "small change?" Because it's hating-pence (eighteen-pence.)

The Frenchman eats roast horse, the Chinaman eats roast rat, and the New Zealander eats roast missionary.

There is scarcely a man who does not inveigh against the scandal of women, but they all of them listen to it.

A New Orleans critic says Formes can go an octave below the diaphragm and comes up dry from his "melodious belowing."

It seems paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the latest intelligence always consists of the earliest news.

The transit across the English Channel, is supposed to be the *sick transit* alluded to in the well known Latin quotation.

"That's very singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "O, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural!"

Rochefoucault said that the reason why lovers are so fond of one another's company, is that they are always talking about themselves.

Miss Nancy says a man is good for nothing until he is married, and, according to her experience, he aint worth but a dreadful little when he is.

A young man was lately fined \$15 for stealing an umbrella in Cincinnati. We believe this is the first instance on record of a man's being punished for stealing that article.

A Yankee, according to the poet Saxe, is a driving man. "He sees aqueducts in bubbling springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything."

A gentleman asked a negro if he would not have a pinch of snuff. "No," replied the darkey, respectfully, "me tank you—Pomp's nose not hungry."

The wit of the peasant was illustrated by the remark of a beggar on being told by a gentleman that he never gave alms to strangers. "Sure, then, your honor will never relieve an angel."

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### ☞ GIVEN AWAY. ☞

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